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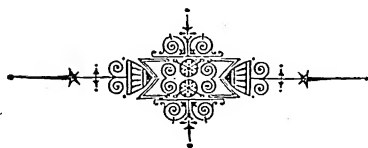
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Author of *John of Gerisau*, *God's Prisoner*, *Rising Fortunes*, *A Princess of Vascovy*,
Our Lady of Deliverance, &c.

CHAPTER I.—BARBE.



GRAND BAYOU Light was once the scene of a very terrible tragedy ; and the horror of it was heightened by the fact that it occurred on Christmas Eve.

Pierre Carcassone, master-mariner, of Morlaix in Brittany, returning from a voyage to Newfoundland, which had been unduly prolonged by reason of shipwreck, found his home broken up and his wife gone off with a man whom he had called friend, taking with her their two-year-old daughter.

Carcassone was a quiet, self-contained man. He made no parade of heart-break, but, having learned all that was to be learned, set off after the fugitives and his missing honour.

He had not far to go. They had believed him dead. Possibly inclination had persuaded them all too easily thereto. Paul Kervec had obtained the appointment of keeper of the Light on Grand Bayou. He was a widower with one son, a boy of about the same age as La Carcassone's daughter. At Grand Bayou, Carcassone found them. He reached Plenevec after dark on Christmas Eve, borrowed a boat, and pulled straight out to the tall white pillar with the beneficent halo round its head. He climbed the iron ladder and entered the dark doorway. Exactly what passed is not for any man's telling, since, of the principals in the affair, Carcassone alone remained alive, and the spectators were too young to testify. Up above, the light shone bright and constant as usual—Pierre saw to that—and down below in the dark the boat from Plenevec ground limpets and barnacles to pulp, and wrestled all night long with its bonds as though desirous of escape.

In the morning the tall white shaft stood calm

and serene in the Christmas sunshine, and told no tales to Plenevec ; but presently Pierre Carcassone descended the iron ladder carrying two little bundles very carefully under one arm. He laid them between his feet in the bottom of the boat, and pulled steadily back to the shore, and the children prattled at the white clouds sailing in the blue sky.

The owner of the boat came down to meet him, and grumbled at the scoring it had got. Pierre threw him a five-franc piece, on which he got drunk that night and attempted to beat his wife, and thereby reaped much sorrow, since she was the better man of the two.

Carcassone picked up the children, and with one on each arm walked up to the village and sought out Monsieur Gaudriol the gendarme, to whom he said, 'I have killed Paul Kervec, keeper of the Light out there, because he took away my wife ; and I have killed her also. This is my child ; this is his. I am at your service, monsieur.' And Sergeant Gaudriol, thinking it a fine joke, smote him mightily on the back and told him he was either too fast or too slow, since this was certainly not the 1st of April. At which Carcassone knitted his face and said again, 'I have killed Kervec because he took away my wife, and I have killed her because she permitted it. You had better see to it. Also, find some one to tend the light. I did it last night. It must not be allowed to go out or some one may get hurt.'

Sergeant Gaudriol, looking into his eyes, saw that the man was not jesting, but really meant what he said ; and he turned and led him to his house, Carcassone still carrying a child on each arm.

In the result, after all due formalities had been faithfully observed, the jury at Plouarnec, before

whom Pierre was tried, found circumstances of great extenuation in his case, as might have been expected. Still, the law had been seriously broken, and two people had been killed. No doubt they had deserved punishment; but punishment is the prerogative of the law. As a warning to others who might be tempted in like manner to take matters into their own hands, Pierre was sent to the hulks for five years.

Life had lost its savour for him, and on the whole he would have preferred the guillotine, except, indeed, for the fact that, if there were a future life—as M. le Curé said—the chances were that he would tumble across Kervec and his wife there; and he had no wish to meet them again any sooner than was necessary.

His baby-girl was taken charge of by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol de Léon. Kervec's boy was taken away by an aunt who had married into Strawberry Land, just across the water from Brest.

Carcassone bore the hulks—as he would have suffered the sharp kiss of the slant-edged knife—with sombre composure. When his time was up he returned to his own country, and was received by his own people without any sign of opprobrium, rather as a man who by the hardest of labour had paid a just debt. He had no wish to return to the sea. He had no desire to live on the land. He had no great desire, in fact, to live at all. He asked nothing but to be left alone: a sombre man without a hope or a wish.

The post of light-keeper at Grand Bayou happened to fall vacant, and for the first time in five years he found himself with a longing. The authorities were at first doubtful; but there was a kind of bizarre fitness in the appointment. They remembered how, even on the night of his outbreak, he had scrupulously tended the light, 'lest any one should get hurt.' They gave him the post on trial, and never was Grand Bayou light better tended.

He went over to St Pol de Léon and demanded his daughter Barbe from the Sisters. They had grown to love the child, and would have kept her. But his mind was made up and he would take no denial; and, finally, with tears and prayers, and many doubts for her future, they let her go. They were good women, if narrow, and the little white seeds they had planted in the child's heart had fallen on good ground. The teaching she got in the convent was all the teaching Barbe Carcassone ever had, save such as came to her in wider ways; but it sufficed.

The tall white shaft on Grand Bayou became her world, and she craved no larger one. Life there, in its seclusion and exclusion, was akin to that of the convent, with heaven already added—the wide wonder of the skies above, where the snow-piled mountains floated and hung and bore her thoughts away; the nearer glory of the ever-changing sea below; and she, midway between

the two, belonged to both, and found in both her heaven.

In such a rare expansive atmosphere Barbe grew and blossomed superbly in mind, body, and spirit. At nineteen she was a glorious creature: tall and strong and supple; a mighty swimmer in deep waters; learned in the simple lore of sea and skies, whose depths and beauties her great calm eyes seemed, through much contemplation, to have assimilated into themselves. The sun and moon were her very dear friends; and she had a vast acquaintance among the stars—though, as they had never been properly introduced to her, she had had to give them names of her own which would have astonished the astronomers. The gorgeous Atlantic sunsets and the chaster glories of the dawn were her pictures. For music she had the distant, sweet chants of the fishermen as the heavy boats crept over windless seas in and out of Plenevec, and the sweet, shrill whistle of the wind, and the wild rush of the great western waves as they leaped up the Light, and roared and hissed as they fought in mid-air behind it, and then gathered themselves together and humped their foam-laced backs for the final rush on black Cap Réhel. And of these things she never tired.

These were her higher branches of study. In the rock-pools at the foot of her tower were cool water-gardens, where strange and wonderful plants waved tremulous fronds and filaments; and delicately tinted anemones—amber and crimson, rose and white, and rich purple-maroon—studded the dark rocks and gleamed in the broken lights like living gems; and in every pool there dwelt a sweet-faced maiden with eyes like her own, but of a still darker shade, and floating hair like hers, but of a somewhat lighter tint, who started up at her approach, and eyed her with ever-fresh surprise, and then smiled a grave, glad welcome to her. Sometimes, when she was still but a little girl, Barbe talked with the pool-maidens; but as she grew older she only sat and watched them, while her black cat, Minette, frisked about the rocks all abristle with excitement and with recollections of the time when she clawed at a moving thing in a pool and the moving thing shook hands with her in a way she never forgot. Through much observation, too, Barbe knew every kind of fish that flashed, like a quiver of startled nerves, round the rock; but they were cold-blooded creatures and impossible friends, and she knew by their eyes that they always looked upon her advances as only the first step towards the frying-pan. With the birds she fared little better, though they could not, indeed, get away from her as did the fishes. Very sore was her heart each morning when she gathered them up inside the lantern railing, and smoothed their ruffled plumes, and tried in vain to adjust their broken necks, and lavished on them kisses sweet enough, one would have thought, to charm back life even into soft, warm bundles of feathers, and then dropped them sorrowfully one by one into the tide as it ebbed.

Far away across the Creuset rose frowning Cap Réhel, and there the sea-birds swung and circled in myriads, till it seemed as though a cloud of mist hung always on the Head. When the wind blew off the land she could sometimes hear their screaming, and many years' close observation of their movements had taught her when a western gale was brewing.

Her constant and only companions were the black cat Minette and a crippled sea-gull which she found inside the railing after one stormy night, with both wings and one leg broken and one eye gone. She nursed him back to life and christened him Pippo; and Pippo, in return for the food he could no longer seek, did his best to cultivate a spark of gratitude, and flopped after her wherever two broken wings and one leg could carry him, and regaled her with piercing cries under the belief that he was singing, and waged ceaseless warfare with Minette. But sea-gulls are soulless creatures at best, with little to choose between them and the fishes; and even a black cat is not heart-filling, though there is a certain comfort in the soft, warm feel of it; and at nineteen Barbe Carcassone was unconsciously ripe for deeper experiences.

She was fully content with her life as it was. There was no craving in her for a larger one. Her heart had known no hunger, because its fare had always been so simple and its satisfaction so easy of accomplishment. For the rest, her father was a silent, self-contained man, whose stores of seafaring lore she tapped at times by sheer pertinacity, but always with difficulty. He read much, and she read after him, anything and everything that came her way.

She rarely set foot on the mainland. She had no friends there, for she had had no opportunity of making any. So far she had never felt the lack of them, since her kingdom had yielded her all that she desired. Twice a week, when the weather was good, her father pulled round to Plenevec for supplies in the rusty coble that hung from the beams in front of the entrance-door. When the weather was too boisterous he did not go, and they fell back on the tinned provisions of which the store-room always held a month's supply.

Neither Barbe nor her father had ever had a day's illness since she and he went to Grand Bayou. They lived inside in a concentrated atmosphere of Scotch paraffin from the huge tanks below and the dripping lights above, and outside in a counteractive atmosphere of sweet salt air and sunshine, of spindrift and the scent of the sea-weed; and the mixture seemed to suit them. Shoes and stockings were unknown to them except in mid-winter; and Barbe's shapely feet and ankles projecting from her short blue woollen skirts were a sight to make a man's blood spin the quicker.

The one time in the year when Barbe Carcassone was distinctly and absolutely unhappy was on

Christmas Eve, for on that anniversary her father behaved as he did at no other time, and in a way that terrified her. He always charged and trimmed the lamps that night with more than usual care. He laboured at the winch till the great weights that kept the light revolving were at their very highest point. Then he ordered Barbe up into the lantern, and himself took possession of the little parlour down below and held grim festival there. He set out glasses and bottles: three glasses and three bottles—one of rum for Paul Kervec, one of cognac for himself as became a master-mariner, and one of thin wine of Chablis for his wife, because she had shown a mild liking for it during their short married life. There, all night long, he sat solemnly toasting the dead who had died by his hand, filling the glasses each with its own special liquor, and draining them one after the other till he sank into stupor, or, by some odd twist of the muddled brain, rose in a fury—as happened more than once—and smashed bottles and glasses and furniture as he chased imaginary victims round the room. The while Barbe sat shuddering stolidly, with Minette quivering in her arms, on the trap-door of the room above, whither she had been drawn like a moth to the flame. She heard her father, with whom speech was so rare a thing, speaking now as though to make up for all lost time; and it was strange talk and unnatural to listen to. The man he had down there with him was Paul, and the woman was Barbe like herself. When had they come off from the shore? And why did they never reply to his sallies? And why was she never allowed to see them? Ah, Barbe! it was just as well you should not know.

More than once it happened that the company below fell out, as I have stated, and terror reigned; and more than once it happened that the maddened man crept on his chest up the ladder, with blind hands and groping feet, and tried to come through the trap into the next room—possibly to tend the light as he had done that first night, possibly with less philanthropic intent. But whatever his intention, Barbe deemed it advisable to keep him out, and so she sat heavily on the door. And the stumbler on the ladder pushed at it with his head, growling curses, but soon gave it up, and cursed his way slowly down the rungs again; while Barbe, on the other side, prayed earnestly to the Virgin for succour in this time of need, but never moved off the trap.

It was always the same, and had been so since ever she could remember. Christmas Eve was always a curdling horror for her, and Christmas Day a time of gloomy remorse for her father. Then things fell back into their regular routine, and life was bright again—for Barbe at all events—until the evil time came round once more.

Never once during all these years did any mariner come to grief on Grand Bayou for lack of the warning light, though more than one labouring stranger, out of hand through stress of weather, came wallow-

ing helplessly along the Race, and was ground over the Devil's Teeth into the Creuset—the Melting-Pot—which lies, in the shape of a mighty under-jaw, between Grand Bayou Light and the towering cliffs of Finistère. Then the lonely dwellers on the Light, which stands on the outermost fang of the Teeth, heard the shouts and cries of drowning men—horrible in the dark, more horrible still in daylight by reason of added sight—and were powerless to help. Like higher ministers of grace, they might warn, but could not save by physical means, the souls that went past to their death. Never since they came to the Light had any man who got into the Melting-Pot come out of it alive; but of dead men they had drawn out not a few.

It was in such case that Barbe and her father stood breasting the fury of a wild spring gale one morning, clinging to the stout wooden railing that ran round the lantern, peering breathless and narrow-eyed into the storm. Their eyrie thrummed in the wind, and shook with the pounding of the waves. Behind them the Melting-Pot boiled and churned as though the devil himself were in it; and the frowning cliffs beyond, for a league on both sides, were white half-way up their sides with flying spume.

A dirty rag of sail which looked no bigger than a handkerchief came bobbing towards them through the gale, and they watched it intently. It had a meagre chance, which lessened every second. It was palpably in the grip of the Race. If, by good

seamanship, by luck, by Providence—if by any means whatsoever—it could weather the Light it was safe. It seemed, like a sentient thing, to be straining every nerve thereto. It grimped to windward inch by inch, and raised the watchers' hopes; then it swirled away in the treacherous current, and lost in a second more than it had gained in the previous minute. Once more it clawed tooth and nail up into the wind, only to be swung back towards destruction; till it looked as though the fiend himself had gripped it by the keel, and was playing with it as a cat plays with a mouse.

'It is finished,' growled Carcassone at last. 'They are done;' and he turned and went into the lantern. He had seen it all so often, and it was not good to look upon.

Barbe clung there still, and looked down pitifully at the little ship rolling past to its doom. The men on board saw her. One of them waved his hand in farewell. Instinctively her own hand rose in answer, and the man below, with death in his eyes, thought suddenly of the priest at the altar when he stands and elevates the Host before the kneeling people. The tinkle of the tiny bell was in his ears, the scent of the incense in his nostrils. Then the Devil's Teeth ripped the bottom out of the ship and the seething water was over his head; and Barbe gave a sob, and followed her father into the lantern, and tried to rid herself of the thought of it by vigorous polishing of reflectors.

CONFESSIONS OF A CIGARETTE-SMOKER.



ALMOST every really heavy smoker of cigarettes will agree with me at once that no secret or mystery has been better preserved than that relating to the extraordinary increase during the past decade in the consumption in this country of the little rolls of paper filled with Virginia or so-called Egyptian tobacco. The smoker with the peculiar and deadly habit of which I am about to speak knows perfectly well why such an enormous increase has come about, and is not in the least degree surprised at it. Having regard to his own experiences, his only surprise is that it has not been even greater; but, for reasons best known to himself, he rarely mentions the secret even to those who are possessed of it. Thus it happens that the outside world has for the most part remained in complete ignorance; so much so, indeed, that when it is sprung upon us that the reason why one merchant, who ten years ago used to sell cigarettes to the value of only forty pounds in a given period, now disposes of one thousand pounds' worth in the same period, is simply that the consumer has contracted the curious habit

of inhaling all the smoke he extracts from the cigarette down his bronchial tubes and into his lungs—well, we will discredit and even ridicule the idea.

However, it is perfectly true; and there are many thousands of men in the country who wish it were not. It is no exaggeration to say that this new habit of inhaling the smoke of cigarettes—a habit which has only come into vogue in this country during the last few years, and which in the next few will inevitably tell a great tale upon the mental and bodily capacity of the nation—more quickly obtains a strong hold upon those who give way to it than any other habit which has for its object the gratification of the senses in one way or another. Any man of ordinary will-power who is given to alcoholic excesses can abstain for a week or two with the expenditure of a very slight effort, and of course he can in many cases with the same amount of effort absolutely stop even the smallest indulgence for ever; but of some hundreds of men whom I have known to have contracted the habit of cigarette-smoke inhaling, I have only heard of two who have

been successful in shaking it off, though in fully 90 per cent. of the cases an effort of a more or less determined character had been made. This may sound a little strange to those who are not in the secret; but there are much stranger disclosures to be made, and they are in many respects of a quite pitiable character.

First, however, let us briefly notice the extent to which cigarette-smoking has really increased in the last ten years or so. The figures I have just quoted as to the increase in the business of one merchant are actual figures, and the rate of increase shown is not anything out of the ordinary. I have no doubt but that some of the great tobacco firms which have several retail depôts each in all the principal streets of London, and in some of the larger cities outside the Metropolis, could show even more striking figures of the progress of the cigarette habit. I have been told of a single wholesale firm of cigarette manufacturers who used to make and sell only a quarter of a million of cigarettes a week, but who now dispose of five millions in the same period; and another wholesale firm which at one time had practically no business at all in this article is now manufacturing no fewer than thirty millions of cigarettes a week. The enormous increase in consumption, as in all other cases, necessitated an improvement of a substantial character in the machinery which was used for the purpose of the manufacture. There was a time when the cigarette-machine was despised by the wholesale tobacco manufacturer; nowadays there are about a dozen different kinds, and in a certain factory there are at least fifty of them hard at work the whole year round, and each of these machines is capable of turning out two hundred thousand cigarettes a day. With such fast-increasing outputs there has been, as another natural result, a corresponding decrease in cost to the smoker. At one time cigarettes could only with difficulty be purchased in any other form than in packets of a hundred, which, though the quality was very moderate indeed, used to cost seven or eight shillings. If a hundred were not needed, a single cigarette could be bought for a penny, but under no circumstances for less. The Americans were responsible for the idea of the little packets of ten or a dozen, which were retailed in the first instance at from sixpence to a shilling; and their neatness and extreme portability was the attraction at the outset.

The inhaling habit, as it is practised at the present time, came later and gradually. It is now perfectly safe to assume that, whilst a smoker of only twenty or thirty cigarettes a week may or may not inhale—probably does not—every man who gets through more than a dozen in a day almost certainly does; otherwise the insipidity of nicotine taken in this form would very quickly pall upon him, and such a consumption would be impossible. The man who is fond of his pipe, and has not learnt to inhale, is always more than satisfied with half-a-dozen

cigarettes in a day, and cannot see any sense in smoking them. On the other hand, the confirmed inhaler, who has abandoned himself entirely to the habit, thinks nothing of forty in a day; surprising as it may seem to the uninitiated, it is by no means an uncommon thing for such a man to smoke as many as seventy, and I have even known this figure to be exceeded. Of course, the cigarettes are not smoked outright; as soon as the nicotine which collects at the lip-end begins to taste strongly the man who inhales rejects it, and lights a fresh one from the burning end.

Individual consumption in thousands of cases being on this grand scale, the striking advance in the sale of cigarettes is explained; but those who know nothing of inhaling will still feel very doubtful about the mystery to which I alluded at the outset, and how the secret could possibly have been preserved if the habit were so general. However, this can be completely accounted for. The fact is that in two cases out of three the man who has become a confirmed inhaler is to a degree ashamed of the practice, and is shy of mentioning it to any one save another victim. He has become aware of his own weakness, and also of the impossibility of giving any reasonable excuse for the nerve-destroying habit which, he is fully conscious, his non-inhaling friends would first of all ridicule and then condemn. Therefore it is that the latter know nothing of it. I have found, too, that a man who is a victim is very chary of admitting the fact even to an unfortunate like himself.

It will be very difficult for the uninitiated reader to realise the exact nature of the practice and the sensations of body and mind which the habit produces; and I would give an earnest warning at the outset against allowing the curiosity to be so excited as to desire to go in for any practical experiments. I have known many cases of a man becoming a confirmed inhaler simply through indulging in a single trial, even though that trial made him ill, and he had derived anything but enjoyment from it. A subtle and inexplicable fascination is developed almost instantaneously. The victim will just try it again to see if the same effect is produced, and presently he tries it four or five times a day, even though, as is inevitably the case, he is for a few minutes wholly incapacitated for work or occupation of any kind as the result. The confirmed inhaler knows so well the baneful effects that it is very seldom indeed that he deliberately teaches the habit to another person, being aware that he would be committing what would be the equivalent of a crime for which his injured friend would never cease to blame him.

Inhaling consists simply in drawing a volume of smoke from the cigarette into the mouth, and then taking a deep breath, in the act of which the smoke is carried from the mouth down into the lungs. One or two medical men with whom I have discussed the matter have said that the fumes never really

enter the lungs—that they get no farther than the bronchial passages ; but I should think that in the case of a confirmed inhaler, at all events, this view is very questionable, because a feeling of irritation in the lungs is often experienced when the habit has been indulged in with more than usual freedom. However, let the nicotine fumes go where they may, in their passage they come into intimate contact with the nervous system, and the result is an instantaneous communication to the brain, which takes the form of a momentary semi-paralysis—when a man is new to the habit, that is. I remember very well the experience of a youngster of eighteen on his being taught to inhale the smoke of a cigarette for the first time. One afternoon some friends persuaded him to make the attempt, and he did so. Almost upon the instant he fell full length upon the floor in a dead faint ; his features became pallid, his pulse faint and irregular ; and those about him were for a time in a great fright. He came round, of course. A day or two later he tried to inhale again, with a result not quite so bad ; and he went on trying till now he is a veritable slave to the habit. This overpowering feeling of faintness is experienced on almost every occasion a first attempt at inhaling is made, showing how strong is the effect upon the nerves which have never been put to such a trial before. From this the deduction is inevitable that there must be serious permanent injury. The old inhaler says that he never experiences this feeling of paralysis ; but that is simply because his nerves and senses have been dulled by the practice.

Of the extremely powerful effect upon the occasion of these first trials I can adduce some curious illustrations. On one occasion the victim at the time was suffering from a very violent attack of hay-fever, with a watery discharge from his eyes and nostrils for a couple of days ; and he was in a state of intense misery. He was a confirmed smoker ; but at such a time he had the most intense loathing for a pipe. Somebody told him to inhale the fumes of a cigarette, which would soothe him without causing the same irritation as smoking in the ordinary manner would. He did so, and went through the stupefying experience ; but when he recovered from it in the course of two or three minutes the hay-fever was fast disappearing, and in less than an hour there was not a trace of it left. This man tried the same cure upon two or three occasions subsequently, with a similar but not quite so effectual result. Nowadays he is accustomed to inhaling, and it has no effect upon the hay-fever. I have heard of two or three well-authenticated cases of precisely the same character, and of others in which neuralgia has been cured for the time being by this first inhaling ; but though these persons have become confirmed inhalers they cannot cure themselves now. Medical men are able to furnish a logical explanation of this curious result.

As to the inexplicable fascination of inhaling,

which operates immediately and with a fast-increasing force after the first attempt is made, I have a curious but pitiable story to tell, which I know to be absolutely true. There was a large family in which there were two or three grown-up sons, all cigarette-smoke inhalers, and a younger brother only nine years of age. The young men one day amused themselves most thoughtlessly and reprehensibly by giving the child cigarettes to smoke and teaching him the baneful practice of inhaling. It was none the less cruel because they did not guess the result. This was that, some time afterwards, the child was found at odd moments of the day hidden away in a room where he thought he would be safe from discovery, inhaling whilst in a state of semi-collapse the fumes of a cigarette which he had obtained surreptitiously. He is much older now, and the promise of his boyhood that he would be a tall, athletic fellow has not been fulfilled. He is an ashen-faced and bent-backed weakling.

Now we have some idea as to what a wicked enticement there is in the beginning of the habit. 'What does it matter?' asks the inhaler who is warned at the outset. 'I can cease this trick at any time if I think it is not good for me.' Can he? No. He may begin by inhaling half-a-dozen cigarettes a day ; in a month or two the number has been doubled ; at the end of his first year as an inhaler he may be doing his twenty or thirty, and thereafter any excess is possible, and even likely. Then the inhaling fever is upon him, and only a victim can understand how much such a person is to be pitied, and how very sorry he feels for himself, and how helpless withal. You never hear of his misery, because to confess to one who did not understand the effect of the practice would make him seem so very foolish in permitting such an absurd habit to gain the mastery.

Let me describe the feelings of a man who has reached the fifty-cigarette-a-day stage. The degree to which they are experienced upon the following lines depends, I should say, to a certain extent upon the man and the circumstances of his life. Thus the big muscular man who is full of animal spirits, and whose mind is never more seriously exercised than upon questions of sport, suffers infinitely less than he who lives in a great city, is of a somewhat nervous temperament, and spends laborious days in thought and study. It is the latter who is by far the most addicted to the habit and who falls to the lowest depths ; and it is to him that I refer.

It is not the smallest exaggeration to say that when the fever is upon a man the ordinary enjoyment of life is ruined. If he is a conscientious man he has a guilty feeling always reminding him that he is doing himself a grievous wrong. He says at night, 'To-morrow I will give it up ;' and in the morning, with a sense of shame, he lights a cigarette and inhales the first deep breath whilst he is dress-

ing in his room. It does not really seem to give him any pleasure; it only makes him listless and stupid; but he feels that he must do it, and for the remainder of the day he chafes when the circumstances of the moment make a cigarette impossible. Every meal is an irritation after the first few moments, because smoking is prevented thereby; especially is this the case at dinner-time. The Parisians lately introduced a dinner novelty which to a considerable extent 'caught on.' Right in the middle of the dinner they serve a Russian cigarette, just big enough to afford half-a-dozen deep inhaling breaths and satisfy that longing which at this stage is becoming acute. There can be no doubt that this curious custom was invented entirely in the interests of the victims of whom I am speaking. The practice has come to London, where the inhalers have applauded it; other people laugh at and condemn it.

The fevered inhaler is ill at ease in the theatre or in the drawing-room, and he is often led to resort to most extraordinary subterfuges to gratify his desire even for a few brief moments. I have known a man who, finding it necessary to travel in a non-smoking compartment of a railway carriage, got out at every stopping station and took a few puffs at a fresh cigarette in the minute or two that were afforded him, and then threw it away with but half-an-inch consumed. In this way a dozen cigarettes had been disposed of in a thirty-mile journey. However, the cigarette is not always thrown away after the first few whiffs because of necessity. After the inhaler, who has been hard at it for some time, has forced himself to a brief respite, he will often light a new cigarette, suck at it for a few seconds only, and then, with a listless feeling that he has had enough, reject it; but at these times only a few minutes will elapse before he feels the spell upon him again, and a fresh cigarette is handled, with the same result. This victim inhales most during the late evening hours, shirks his bed as long as he may for the further satisfaction of the craving; and, if possible, he will inhale for some time after his head has been laid upon the pillow. I know of one case of a tray for cigarettes being attached to the side of the bed, so that they might be available during the waking hours of the night, insomnia being an inevitable result of the habit; and many a time after the man who sleeps in this bed has turned out his light for the night he has lit it again that he might have 'just one more' before finally consigning himself to unconsciousness. The torture which such a man experiences when from any cause a cigarette is not available, but when there is no other hindrance to his indulgence, is strange indeed. I remember how an inhaler in that predicament ransacked some boxes in which were a number of old pipes, relics of the happy days when the smoke-breathing passion was unknown to him, and when these innocent pipes were as the essence of enjoyment. Now, with feverish anxiety, they were taken from

their hiding-place, the bowls examined for plugs of tobacco which might have rested in them for all those months and years, and each plug extracted until there was sufficient of a dirty heap of foul tobacco to fill up one of the pipes, which was then lit, smoked, and the fumes inhaled. The inveterate inhaler will inhale smoke from any pipe or from the strongest cigar if need be; indeed, as he advances in his vice he often experiences a desire for something a little stronger than the ordinary cigarette smoke.

In the majority of cases the results of such excess as this are pitiable in the extreme, mentally and physically. In the first place, a constant and severe nervousness hangs over the victim. He is in a continual state of lethargy which he cannot overcome. His mental powers are very considerably dulled, and his capacity for work is greatly reduced. Only with difficulty can he apply himself to the reading of any thoughtful book; in an evening at the theatre he is bored before nine o'clock, and seeks an excuse for a cigarette between the acts. The difference that comes over such a man after the first cigarette of the day is in itself remarkable and convincing. I have known him to begin the day fresh and with a determination to avoid the poison as long as might be, that some heavy task before him may be properly performed. All has gone on well for a time; the work has proceeded. Then comes the temptation to have just one cigarette, and in a moment will and determination vanish, and the power for work with them. The task is then trifled with and finished carelessly, or never finished at all. From the intellectual point of view there can be no doubt this man is vastly inferior to what he was in his pre-inhaling days. Physically, his constitution is undergoing a severe strain, which may break it up. The pulse becomes very irregular, the heart is weakened, the appetite is greatly diminished, and the hollow cheek and sunken eye are palpable indications that something is seriously wrong. This description of the physical effect is not mine; it is given by one of the most eminent physicians of the day. The victim, moreover, almost inevitably develops a peculiar kind of asthma, and becomes very susceptible to lung-trouble of all sorts.

I was discussing the matter not long ago with one of the most famous men in the medical profession—a man, in fact, who has the honour of attending upon royalty. He was telling me of these baneful effects, and I asked him why he did not initiate a crusade against the vice. He inhaled the cigarette smoke himself; but he answered significantly, 'What is the use? They wouldn't stop it.' A leading tobacconist in the city of London told me that in the space of five years he had seen regular frequenters of his shop completely broken down in mind and body through having contracted the inhaling habit; moreover, that some of them were in the cemetery who, he was convinced, would not have been there if they

had stuck to their pipes and cigars. Of course, the medical certificate did not give inhaling tobacco smoke as the cause; very likely it said consumption; but I can quite believe, and so can any other confirmed inhaler, that it was the cigarette that was the cause of it all.

The moral of all this is a simple one: Never upon any consideration be tempted to inhale for the first time. Probably this initial attempt would lead to the establishment of the habit, with all the sad consequences I have enumerated; and, as I indicated at the outset, breaking away from it is such a difficult matter that not one person in a thousand ever succeeds in the attempt. Inhaling is one of those habits which cannot be broken off by degrees; the division must be drawn sharp and clean, and for a period there must be no smoking of any sort. To the confirmed inhaler this system of cure is a painful one; but it is the only one that I have known to succeed.

It must not be thought that I have one word to

say against smoking in the ordinary, sensible way; my statement is intended to serve as a warning against a vile and most injurious habit of which the general public knows little or nothing, but which may prove of serious injury to the nation. I am aware that men in high places inhale and do not seem to suffer thereby, and also that in some Southern climates the natives almost universally are addicted to the habit from their childhood. Yes; but I have already admitted that it is largely a matter of constitution, occupation, and temperament as to how a person can endure the practice; and, emphatically, the average British temperament is not suited to such a habit as this any more than it is to opium-taking. Its ravages are increasing most among the young men of the large cities and towns, who constitute the particular class who are least able to withstand injury from them.

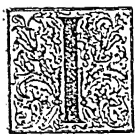
The cigarette-smoke inhaling habit was never meant for Great Britain; for evil is it here.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

By MARY STUART BOYD,

Author of *Clipped Wings*, *Our Stolen Summer*, &c.

PART I.



IN the wisdom of riper years, Loddard regards the intervention of Grice, Junior, as one of those lucky little fates that went to the shaping of his career; but at the time of its occurrence, and for years after, he regarded it as an exasperating injustice.

Loddard was not famous then. His writings could hardly even be accounted popular, though the appearance of *Madame Malcontent* during the previous winter had advanced the market value of his fiction by an extra guinea a thousand words. It was early in April that the astute editor of *Nugent's Magazine*—who, to quote his own words, liked 'to catch 'em as they come up'—scenting a probable success in the young author, commissioned him to write a serial for the following year.

At that date Loddard, in common with most budding geniuses, imagined that his muse wrought best unfettered by the restraints of a commission; but the offer was tempting, and chambers in the Temple and the membership of three clubs, if one has the instincts of hospitality, cost money. Therefore Loddard accepted it eagerly.

'An eighty thousand word novel for serial publication, to be delivered complete on or before 15th October. Why, I could do it on my head,' Loddard, whose verbal communications were not remarkable for the purity of style that characterised his writings, remarked jubilantly.

'Better get to work at once,' counselled his

comrade Pixley, to whom he made the boast; 'for time flies, and October will be here before you expect it.'

Thus advised, Loddard set to work the morning after he had signed the agreement. He laid in a ream of manuscript paper, two boxes of pens, a gross of assorted paper-fasteners, and a six-penny bottle of blue-black writing-ink. Pixley, who shared his rooms in Brick Court, had gone out of town; and for four complete days Loddard's oak was sported against the incursions of sympathetic friends. Nature, however, had made Loddard a gregarious animal, so the evening of the fourth day saw him back among his cronies at the Falstaff Club. The following morning found the little frenzy for work completely abated, and two days later Pixley heard by post-card that Loddard had run over to Paris for Easter.

When he returned, the London season was in full swing. A rising literary man has many temptations to neglect his work; and Loddard lacked the cast-iron physique that plays all night and works all day: with him, inert mornings invariably succeeded energetic evenings. The work that had begun so briskly lagged heavily. The summer was hot, the river cool, and boating had always been a passion with Loddard; so it required but little persuasion to induce him to become one of a trio who were camping out at Shiplake.

The breathless days of August discovered him

back in the stuffy Temple chambers groaning under the thralldom of the Demon of Despondency, who ever dominates the middle of a novel for the writer who is not a mere machine. Thus Pixley found him one stifling day when the turgid smoke-cloud hung heavy over submissive London.

'This won't do, old man; won't do at all,' Pixley declared, seeing his friend, unshaven and haggard, engaged in a hopeless conflict with the intricacies of the seventeenth chapter. 'Lost your capacity for writing? Not a bit of it. You were late last night, of course. If you're going to finish that novel in time you must get away to some quiet place where there's clean air to breathe and no distractions.'

'August: not a quiet corner in the country. Worse than town,' Loddard groaned, removing the steaming handkerchief that bound his hot brows, and dipping it afresh in the bowl of vinegar-and-water that stood among the litter of papers on his writing-table.

'I know the place. Grassweller's Farm, down at Marshfields. You remember I went there seven years ago when I got run down over a tough exam., and came back feeling splendid. It's a ripping farm: old thatched house, cows and pigs, and an orchard and beehives. Lots of cream and new-laid eggs. A good bathing-beach, and not a soul to speak to. Take my word for it, you won't be there two days till you're turning out stuff at the express speed of a sensation novelist.'

The two men had been college chums, and sheer dissimilarity of disposition had since kept them close friends. Pixley, who was a barrister, lacked Loddard's distinguishing touch of genius, though he owned the stability of character that was awanting in his more brilliant friend. Loddard was wont playfully to dub Pixley his conscience; still, however he might grumble thereat, he rarely failed to act upon his friend's advice.

At four-thirty next day the one-fifteen train from London deposited Loddard, with a big portmanteau and a small brown bag containing the precious manuscript, on the platform of Marshfield Station.

'Grassweller's Farm? 'Tain't a farm no longer,' replied the boyish porter of whom Loddard asked directions. 'The Land Company bought up the ground over five years back. But if it's lodgings you wants, there's plenty for the taking.'

The driver of the black-and-yellow bus belonging to the Imperial Hotel, despairing of getting any other customers, offered to convey the traveller whither he listed; but Loddard's long limbs were cramped with the railway journey, and he preferred to walk. Leaving his portmanteau at the station, and retaining possession of the precious brown bag, he set off afoot in quest of shelter.

The air was sharp and exhilarating—a relief after the languorous, exhausted atmosphere of town; and the two-mile walk, albeit over a dusty highway, was pleasant. With the nearer approach to the sea the country lost all pretensions to rurality. The old farms, with their quaint thatched dwellings, had vanished; and fields, their sandy surface sparsely clad with sun-burnt turf, were seamed by half-made shingle roads leading nowhere. Staring placards inviting intending purchasers of these desirable building sites to apply to the Marshfields Land Company braved the breeze like the banners of some forlorn hope.

In the spaces nearest the beach sanguine builders had run up rows of unblushingly jerry-built, red-brick houses. Many of them were unoccupied. Towels and bathing-costumes drying on the window-sills of others evinced the fleeting presence of summer visitors. In the years that had elapsed since Pixley had seen it, Marshfields had made a valiant attempt to develop into a populous seaside resort, and had lamentably failed.

Loddard was ever ruled by passing emotions. Turning to flee the place, he chanced to traverse a road so naïvely incomplete as to arouse the pity awarded all crippled things. Portarlington Villas comprised a couple of small semi-detached houses of the most stereotyped aspect. One of the pair was empty; and the erection of a second couple had apparently been abandoned, for the brick outline of one had risen only a yard above the ground level, while the sole visible evidence of its twin was the rough trench for the foundations.

To the unimaginative eye, the only occupied dwelling in Portarlington Villas was not a whit more depressing than many of the other houses dotted about the district. Yet to Loddard's super-sensitive temperament there seemed something peculiarly pathetic about the well-polished brass plate affixed to the low wooden gate which announced that pianoforte instruction might be had within. The sight of a neatly written card bearing the legend 'Apartments' which was placed in an obscure corner of the front sitting-room window, as though the exhibiter were afraid of its being seen, completed the conquest of Loddard's sympathies. Sincere pity for whoever depended for sustenance on these frail methods of earning a livelihood impelled Loddard to enter the tiny front garden—the one plot whereof was filled with tobacco-plants whose melancholy blossoms, drooping discoloured in the sunshine, suggested that their owner had reached the lowest depths of despondency—and knock at the door. Ten minutes later he was installed in the apartments, which consisted of a bedroom upstairs and the front drawing-room, whose draughty oriel window looked out across a parched field. The landlady had proved to be a gentle-eyed young widow; and the fact that she refrained from telling him

so assured Loddard that she had seen better days. The furniture of the rooms was unobtrusive. The crayon drawings on the walls, though but feeble travesties of Nature, were a decided improvement upon the customary oleograph, and Loddard congratulated himself on the absence of the omnipresent white crochet antimacassar.

His hunger appeased by an impromptu meal of mutton-chops and tea, Loddard fared forth to reconnoitre. A short survey sufficed to convince him that, whatever its shortcomings, Merishfields would assuredly not prove distracting.

In the window of the Land Office near the station he had seen a bird's-eye view wherein the perfervid vision of prophecy portrayed the sea-front as it might be. The artist had endowed barren Merishfields with sundry palatial hotels, a casino, a pier with a concert-hall, and a stately crescent flanking

luxuriant winter-gardens; but to the callous eye of reality the hotels and the casino and the pier had no existence, and the half-moon of the crescent was reduced to a segment of ambitious-looking empty houses facing a wind-swept stretch of sterile ground.

Interviewing the ancient mariner who lounged resignedly by the half-dozen weather-beaten bathing-boxes drawn up high and dry on the beach, Loddard chartered one for an early hour on the morrow; then, confident that in the entire absence of all excitement Merishfields would prove an invaluable locality for concentration of thought, he returned to his rooms in the cheap little red-brick house, and, unlocking the brown bag, arranged the implements of his craft upon the writing-table, feeling already an unwonted appetite for work.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE COTTON TRADE.

By ALBERT SIMPSON.



ATTENTION is now being directed, and none too soon, to the prospects of our leading manufacturing industries; and amongst others the position of our cotton industry would seem to claim, above all others, a most careful scrutiny. It has been proved beyond dispute that this industry has ceased to be increasing in England to any important extent, whilst in other countries of the world, notably in America and Japan, it is advancing by rapid strides; and that, whereas we in England once consumed three-fourths of the total crops of raw cotton, we now only consume about one-fourth. It is not reasonable to suppose that this country could for ever monopolise the production of cloth for all the world; but that so much activity should prevail in many other countries whilst comparative stagnation exists here is matter of the deepest concern.

Much has been already said about our manufacturers not adapting themselves sufficiently to the requirements of foreign markets; and our consuls in various parts of the world have repeatedly alleged this as being one great cause why the manufactures of other countries are preferred to our own. This may in some cases have been the excuse given to our consuls by the native dealers; but it cannot possibly be the true reason. It must be remembered that the businesses of our merchants and manufacturers are carried on by quite different individuals. It is the object of the merchant to ascertain the requirements of his particular market, and, having ascertained them, to give out his orders accordingly to the manufacturer. If one manufacturer could not make the article, another would; and, besides, a merchant is not forced to confine himself to English manufactures. As a matter of fact, com-

petition amongst manufacturers in England is so keen that they are always ready to meet the merchants' requirements. Years ago manufacturers of cloths in England kept on making the same kind of cloth year after year, and when they could not obtain orders, piled it up until a demand for it arose. All this has long since been changed, and our manufacturers have often fifty to a hundred different kinds and qualities of cloth making in the course of a few weeks. If the native merchants had told the consuls the exact truth, the latter would have learnt that it was the price which induced them to prefer American, Japanese, or German goods to ours; but they were not likely to admit this fact, because such an admission would probably depreciate their own selling price to the native consumer.

There can be no doubt that this matter of price is the principal, if not the only, cause why the demand for English cloths has not increased as it ought to have done. It is notorious that our foreign trade in many varieties of cloth, especially with India, has become extinct. The native buyers, whilst admitting that the English cloths are better made and are of better appearance than those made in the native mills, prefer the latter because they are cheaper; and thus what was once a large portion of our trade with India has been entirely lost. Assuming, therefore, that the principal cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of our cotton manufacture is owing to the comparative sale price of our cloths, it ought not to be an impossible task to discover the cause and to apply a remedy.

In order to understand more fully the position, a short review of the ancient history of the cotton trade of England is desirable.

Cloth made from cotton and many other fibres

has been manufactured in every country of the world from time immemorial; but until the introduction of steam-power and machinery it was made by hand upon various kinds of rough frames and hand-looms. Thus the principle of manufacture has been thoroughly understood the world over. The invention of steam-power and machinery in this country, together with our supplies of coal and iron, entirely revolutionised the industry, and enabled us to produce cloth much cheaper than could be done by hand-labour even in countries where labour received the lowest rate of remuneration. From this time forward the production of cloth in England advanced rapidly, and mills sprang up in all parts of Lancashire and the adjoining counties; and although there were periods of depression every now and again, owing to famines abroad or to overproduction for the time being at home, these periods were of short duration, and were followed by prosperous years, which far more than compensated for the losses sustained. Thus the so-called cotton lords of Lancashire were looked upon with envy throughout England. It is contended by most people that this prosperity was the outcome of our policy called Free Trade; but there are others who insist that it was caused wholly and entirely by our being the first country to adopt steam-power and machinery, and to our possession of unlimited supplies of coal and iron, and that we attained our prosperity through these advantages in spite of our so-called Free Trade policy. It is a remarkable fact that our greatest rival in neutral markets at the present time is America, where a policy of trading exists diametrically opposite to ours. The result of the Peninsular war, which almost destroyed the mercantile marine of other countries, left the ocean-carrying trade of the world practically in our hands. This advantage we are now gradually losing.

The first exhibition of our industries in London did much to impress other nations with the value of our manufacturing industries, and taught them how to acquire them; and recent exhibitions have completed their education. Private individuals who possess advantages belonging to themselves keep such advantages as secret as possible for fear of imitation. We as a people seem to delight in giving to friend and enemy alike all the advantages we derive from our conquests abroad and our inventions at home. For some time foreign capitalists were short of money, and contented themselves with filling buildings with our second-hand machinery; but, under the fostering care of their respective Governments, they are now able to buy the best machinery, and are therefore in this respect on an equal footing with this country. In recent years any extension of the trade in England that has taken place has been chiefly through the Limited Liability Act, the ultimate result of which will probably prove disastrous to all concerned.

We have now to consider how it is that the cloths

manufactured in England are being gradually superseded by those of other countries. There is no doubt that the chief, if not the only, reason is that of price. As to the comparative position of our English cloths as regards quality and manufacture, they are unrivalled. The cost of making a piece of cloth may be divided into four heads: (1) the cost of the raw material, (2) the cost of wages, (3) the cost of the fixed expenses, and (4) the cost of the manufacturing expenses. The various proportions of these items are about as follows: upon an average plain cloth, the first item is nine-sixteenths of the total cost; upon the second item, four-sixteenths; upon the third item, one-sixteenth; and upon the fourth item, two-sixteenths. Upon a fancy cloth the proportions of the second, third, and fourth items to the first are higher. The cost of the raw material, which is the chief cost, is the same to all countries, subject to differences in the cost of carriage from the cotton-fields. It is the economies made in the other items, comprising seven-sixteenths of the whole cost, which enable one country to undersell another. Wages, if left to themselves, would be automatically adjusted, as has happened with the wages of domestic servants in England; but for some years it has been the policy of trade-unions in England to extract the utmost rate of wages possible from the employers; indeed, a well-known leader, recently deceased, made no secret of his opinion that every penny of profit over and above a low rate of interest upon capital should go to the workmen. Such a policy as this can have but one ending, and will gather together a storm before long which will astonish the working-classes of this country. Any individual who possesses sufficient capital to live upon, with a low rate of interest, will not risk that capital in a manufacturing business; and any individual who is short of the necessary capital cannot borrow it and live upon a low rate of interest. If the individual employer is abolished altogether, capital must still be found from some source; and it will require an experienced head to guide the business, who will command a high scale of remuneration, or the concern will not prosper. An employer with his own capital at risk is more likely to work the concern to advantage than a paid superintendent.

Whether this be so or not, capital will not for long remain in a trade which does not yield a satisfactory return for capital and services rendered, and also a sufficient surplus out of which the machinery can be kept up in first-class condition. Unless this is done, the earnings of the workpeople will decline as the machinery depreciates; and this is much more important to them than a considerable decline in the rate of wages. The costly scale upon which trade-unions both of employers and employed are now carried on, amounting as it does in the aggregate to at least 10 per cent. of the wages paid, is an element of expense which enhances the cost of our manufactures without adding a

fraction to their value. Until recently, the mandates of the trade-unions were enforced by a system of picketing, and much indignation is being expressed because our judges have declared it to be illegal. Why should it be illegal for an employer to follow a discharged workman from place to place, advising every other employer not to engage him; and legal for workmen either singly or collectively to beset an employer's premises, and by means of persuasion, money, or intimidation, prevent other workmen from obtaining work from that employer?

Again, the policy of the trade-unions at present is to resist any labour-saving appliances, unless the operative is allowed to keep to himself the whole of the increased wages arising from such improvements.

The third item of cost comprises the fixed expenses, such as rent, insurance, rates, and taxes. This item is materially affected by the amount of work produced, and is a question of management and of the docility of the workpeople. The item of rates is a most serious one, and is beginning to attract more attention. The assessment of mills and works for rating purposes is, as a rule, in the hands of a body of men who hold property of a different description, and who for the most part do not understand that a mill daily depreciates but never appreciates in value. During the last ten years there were plenty of instances where a mill and other property close by have been sold by auction both for the same amount, yet the assessment of the mill to the rates was from 150 to 300 per cent. higher than that of the other property. Where rates are high this is a most serious drawback, especially when compared with similar charges in other countries. In Canada any one erecting a new mill is exempted altogether from rates for twenty years. Again, the unequal incidence of rating is well backed up by the Government. The cotton-trade for some years past has been the butt for those faddists who desire to get into Parliament, and when there desire to show a reason why they should remain. All the enactments cause expense; some are no doubt desirable, but others are vexatious and imperfect. The Employers' Liability Act is proving very costly, and is increasing in expense on account of the malingering of so many of those who claim compensation, and of the disinclination shown by the County Court judges to deal with such cases. The provision to provide fire-escapes from every room containing forty workpeople is adding wholly needless expense in many cases. More workpeople are employed in the weaving-shed than in any other room of a mill, and yet no one living can remember a person being injured owing to a fire in a weaving-shed. In point of fact, except one or two cases of fire caused by incendiaries at night, a fire in a weaving-shed is almost unknown, and the rate of insurance is comparatively nominal. Many other instances of excessive legislation might be quoted; but

these are sufficient to show that needless items of cost exist which tend by so much to cripple our trade.

The facility given to speculators in the raw material is another tax upon our industry. It is well known that in Liverpool and New York the year's cotton crop is bought and sold hundreds of times over. The transactions are on paper only, and for the most part are as much gambling as playing at pitch-and-toss. Those who gamble thus have no interest in the trade, and pay little or nothing towards the taxation of the country. If the balance of their transactions were not a balance of profit they would soon cease to operate. Their dealings, however, increase year by year; and, as their gains do not add one penny of value to the article they gamble in, it must follow that the loss falls upon the cotton-planter or the manufacturer, or upon both. These accumulated imposts upon our manufacturers have so handicapped them that they can no longer undersell our foreign competitors in neutral markets as used to be the case years ago. These competitors, moreover, are working under very different conditions from our manufacturers. For the largest part of their production they are safe from outside competition, being protected by ample tariffs in their own countries, and they can afford to sell their surplus production in other markets against ours at a loss. The prices at which they sell regulate our prices, and they will always undersell us so long as they can secure a profit upon the main portion of their productions at home. Our markets are free to these productions, and the prices the foreigner takes fixes the prices we can secure.

It may be matter of surprise to some that, with all these adverse influences at work, there has not been a greater decline in our trade than exists; but to those engaged in the trade it is no mystery. For the last twenty years the new mills erected by private enterprise can be counted on the fingers of a hand; those built have been under the Limited Liability Act, fostered by an unusual period of cheap money. The erection of these mills has caused the destruction of numbers of private concerns, and the shareholders have reaped no advantage, it having been ascertained that, taken together, the shareholders of these limited liability mills would be better off to-day if they had invested their money in Consols. At the present time, out of the seventy-seven limited concerns mentioned in the official Share List, the shares of fifty-seven are at a discount, three are at par, and seventeen are at a premium. It would have been impossible to form these companies but for the assistance given from all parts of England in the shape of open loan-money; and the facility of obtaining this has led to the formation of gangs of promoters, who will probably carry on their operations until the bubble bursts.

It may be instructive to know how a large proportion of these limited liability companies

are got up. A few men—say, two or three mill-managers, an architect, a landowner, and a consulting engineer—meet together in a public-house, and decide that it is desirable to put up a new mill. The mill-managers desire to become directors, the landowner has land to sell, and the others seek professional employment. They agree to subscribe amongst themselves perhaps five hundred pounds or one thousand pounds in shares for a mill employing altogether some eighty thousand or one hundred thousand pounds of capital. They then interview machinists, engineers, contractors, and others, and, under promise of orders, induce them to take shares. The company is then floated, and loans at call at 4 to 5 per cent. are advertised for. These loans are a great temptation to those who have money lying in the bank at $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 per cent. interest. The lenders look at the picture of a large, massive building in course of erection, and fancy that there is ample security for their money. In this way loan-money is got amounting in many cases to four or five times the paid-up capital. So long as profit is made over and above the interest payable upon loans, all goes fairly well; but as soon as the profits become less than the loan-interest (which must be paid out year by year), or when instead of profits there are actually losses, the floating capital disappears, and the directors resort to mortgages and debentures to enable them to carry on a little longer. The supposed security of the open loan-holders thus vanishes

into thin air, and they have no power to prevent the directors from giving these mortgage securities and without even acquainting the loan-holders of the fact. The present position of our trade is, therefore, of immense importance to thousands of open and unsecured loan-holders all over England, most of whom have no idea how slender their security is.

To sum up, we have before us the following facts: that England once possessed a monopoly of the manufacture of cotton goods; that this advantage was the result of cheap production; that private enterprise in the trade has been annihilated; that co-operative enterprise has been unsatisfactory, and is in a most perilous position; and that the causes are as follows: reckless and ever-increasing gambling in the raw material, the speculative promotion of new mills, the unreasonable demands of trade-unions and their obstructive tactics with regard to improvements, the mischievous and imperfect enactments of the legislature, and the protection extended to our competitors by their own Governments. Until these evils are cured our cotton-trade will continue to decline, whilst that of our rivals will increase. We expend thousands of lives and millions of money in securing fresh outlets for our manufactures, and impose grievous direct taxation upon our commercial and producing classes, and then throw open these markets to our foreign rivals without money and without price.

THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS.



THE Tibet of the New World, a country unknown to Messrs Cook and Gaze, is the object of no personally conducted tours, and is shut off from the rest of the world by great mountain-ranges. It is not closed against the globe-trotter by law and custom, but is so far removed from ordinary lines of travel that in effect it is almost entirely isolated. Like Tibet, it has vast areas of lofty, wind-swept plateaus, the bases for still higher snow-capped mountains. On these tablelands the traveller, weary of eternal barrenness and silence, will suddenly come to the edge of some great *quebrada*, and see, far, far below, a valley looking so green and fresh, with a silver line of water wandering through its midst, and with trees and corn, and a group of miniature red-tiled houses nestling round a toy church. It is a glimpse of another world after the cold glare of the *altiplanicie*.

The remoteness of such a valley is typical of the lives of the people who are born, live, die, and are buried there, their world bounded by the mountains surrounding the little spot of green on which their life-drama is played out.

Doubtless the latest event of general importance was the introduction, some three hundred years since, of the breed of cattle that plough the little fields and the progenitors of the horse or mule that carries the *patron* on rare occasions to the far-off town. Their fields are little patches of ground mainly on the mountain-side; and to see the sleepy oxen draw the wooden ploughs across the slopes is nothing less than appalling. To plough the fields up and down is impossible; even to plough them across seems an absolute defiance of natural laws, and irresistibly suggests the query, What if the farmer should slip and fall—plough, oxen, and all—upon a neighbour who is planting potatoes on the lower ground? Such an accident seems imminent. Above these sloping fields are the small flocks of black alpacas, herded by little children who are as sure-footed as their charges; and a drove of llamas, with their long necks and large, eager, curious eyes, may be seen coming down an almost precipitous mountain-path, loaded with wheat to be ground in the mill below, or bearing silver or tin ore for some distant smelter.

In such a valley as this, among the remoter slopes of the eastern Cordilleras, there lived for

nearly three hundred years the descendants of a Spanish family which had emigrated from Spain during the later half of the sixteenth century. The course of the waters of the small stream that rose but a mile or two farther up the valley, in a deep cup among great mountains, had been explored by them about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and one of the explorers, who, after innumerable dangers, sufferings, and privations, had at last emerged upon the broad waters of the Amazon, left to his descendants a curious account of his travels, interspersed with many pious reflections.

From the heights above the valley, as the sun rose, away in the north-west appeared for a moment a shaft of dazzling white, the snow-clad cone of Illimani; and as the sun sank it lit up for a few minutes a long, dark line upon the eastern horizon marking that great Amazonian forest covering half a continent. In the valley and the surrounding mountains were many signs of a civilisation anterior to that of the Spaniards. The hillsides were dotted with old mines and dumps of washed and unwashed ore; and within were galleries, tunnels, and chambers honeycombing great spaces of ground. The Spanish conquerors, after having despoiled the conquered race of all the precious metals already in their possession, had forced them to work in the mines, and had won vast quantities of gold and silver from the old workings.

The family of the owner of the valley began with a Don Pedro in the later part of the sixteenth century, and continued with a ninth in succession of the same name in these present times. During nearly three centuries of occupancy they kept a rough record of passing events; and from this journal, or rather collection of disconnected notes, it is proposed to hastily sketch a series of events that culminated in a remarkable find of hidden treasure a few years ago.

The notes begin by relating how in the year 1560 the first Don Pedro who appears in the narrative sailed from Spain, and after a prosperous voyage landed in Panama, whence he gradually travelled down the Pacific coast to some port not named, but apparently about the eighteenth parallel south of the Equator. Of his journey inland we are told nothing; in fact, these earlier notes are little more than a few dates and a glorification of the original family; but in the year 1572 he accompanied an expedition as far as the western base of the eastern Cordilleras, and there helped to found the city of Orepesa. In this new settlement he apparently lived and died, for we are only told that he married, somewhat late in life, Dona Maria Isabela Vargas, a beautiful young lady, who brought to him as a dowry a great tract of unexplored country granted by the Spanish Crown to reward the services of her father. In the early years of the seventeenth

century Don Pedro, the second of the name, was sent out by his father to explore those unknown possessions, in extent a principality, which lay on the farther side of the great mountains that girdled the new city.

Don Pedro travelled slowly from one small settlement to another of Quichua Indians, who then, as now, grew their scanty crops and tended their small flocks of alpacas upon the mountain-sides. At last, on the Eve of St Vincent (the 26th of October) 1611, he reached the summit of the range, and saw for the first time the waters running east and north, instead of south and west. A little before sunset the party were suddenly enveloped in a thick cloud; and, travelling down a steep path among much brushwood, the Don lost his companions. Alone upon the mountain-side, he all night slowly and painfully followed a path that led towards the east, and at break of day arrived at the edge of a great amphitheatre almost entirely surrounded by high mountains. As the day brightened he saw that the valley was inhabited, and that he had discovered something more important than a few Indian villages with their little strips of cultivated land. A river with broad reaches ran through the centre of the basin. The slopes of the mountains were dotted with black spots, which he knew were the entrances to mines; and watching the river-bed, he noticed that it gradually became covered with men and women, digging great trenches, sluicing and washing the gravel, and hurrying hither and thither like a colony of ants. Men disappeared into the mines and reappeared bringing back loads of ore, and all down the valley was the stir and bustle of a thriving industry. He had, by pure chance, discovered the gold-mines and washings of Chuquivalle, from which the Incas had extracted wealth to be reckoned in millions, and from which the Spaniards were to win during the coming centuries a treasure valued at more than eight million pounds sterling.

Being without a single follower, there was nothing to be done but to return with all speed to the city, after leaving instructions that his companions were to follow him, and then to come back with a sufficient force to take possession. Shortly afterwards the valley, the mines, the washings, and the people were formally taken possession of, and the Indians passed from one form of slavery to another, being now forced to work for Spanish masters instead of under the milder rule of the *caciques* of the Incas.

As time went on the mining claims were subdivided, disputes arose as to titles, the Government officials became more and more rapacious, and wasteful methods of working were prevalent; until at last, during the wars of independence in the earlier years of the past century, the valley was entirely abandoned, and the mines and washings deserted. The gold-bearing area was so great and

so rich that it was far from being exhausted; but no man's property was safe, there were no workers to be had, and from that day to this the shafts and galleries, the tunnels and canals, formerly so productive and so eagerly exploited, have been unused and almost forgotten, the cup-like valley only affording a scanty pasturage for a few alpacas, llamas, or cattle, attended by their child-herders.

In time the owners of this vast tract of territory, growing poorer with the stoppage of the mines, emigrated from the city to the region in which the Golden Valley is situated. They had no more faith than others in the old mines. The former methods of working by hand had been spasmodically tried, and had not resulted in immediate success, so the whole area was regarded as totally exhausted.

Some forty years ago Don Pedro the ninth in succession was the head of the family, and ruling with an iron hand in that remote corner of the world. As compared with his neighbours, he was highly civilised and widely travelled, for he had been abroad, even as far as Spain, and there he had learned some facts which had an important influence upon his future life. His ancestor the second of the name had transmitted in various letters some particulars of his marvellous discovery among the peaks of the eastern Cordilleras, and his descendant naturally took great interest in what were certainly curious family relics. In reading them he was struck with a singular omission. When the discoverer had first looked down on that far-back St Vincent's Day upon the unknown valley he had seen a crowd of busy workers washing gravel, excavating, carrying loads from the mines to the water, and from the water to the hoases. Surely all this work was not fruitless. Yet when he returned and took possession of the valley, the mines, and the people, only the smallest modicum of gold was found stored, apparently the result of merely a few days' working; but when he was in possession of the mines and of their workers, with the certainty that in a short time a great fortune would be secured, it appears that no notice was taken of the discrepancy, or if a *cacique* or two were tortured to extract information, apparently there was no result. Nor was there any record of such a proceeding. However, this latest Don Pedro was not satisfied. He argued that by the year 1611 the Spaniards were hated and feared by the aboriginal races; that probably—nay, almost certainly—the discoverer had been seen and the object of his journey known; and that the time between his first journey and his second was devoted to storing away in some inaccessible or secret place the mass of metal which doubtless had been on hand, so that, when the alien race had passed away, the 'Child of the Sun' might find his treasure undisturbed.

Our Don Pedro returned to his home; and,

accompanied only by an old *peon* who was reported to know every foot of the country, he searched diligently and patiently for the hidden gold. He lived the life of a recluse upon the *hacienda*, and spent the greater part of those long and weary years in descending into the old workings, exploring the galleries, examining the banks of the rivers, visiting and revisiting every pile of rocks that dotted the mountain-slopes and every old site of a building, and once even climbing the great peak at the summit of the mountain, only to be disappointed. He had become a middle-aged man, bronzed with sun and wind, silent, reserved, somewhat surly, when suddenly his family were astonished by the announcement that he was about to make a journey to the coast, perhaps as far as Europe. He went, and soon was heard of from Spain. From the date of that journey the family prospered exceedingly. Formerly no better off than the other owners of huge and unproductive *haciendas*, they speedily became rich and of importance.

During Don Pedro's visit to Spain he had established a relative there as a merchant, and now he began to export the produce of the country thither, apparently with great success. His sons were sent to be educated in Paris and Madrid, and no luxury procurable was too costly; but he returned to the old life, refusing to leave the *hacienda*, and meanwhile directing his large export business from that remote place at great inconvenience.

Then, two years before his death, which occurred in the closing years of the last century, he made a further and final change in his habits. He left the *hacienda* and went back to live in the city. There he led a strictly religious life, was reported to have given great sums of money to the Church, and died in all the odour of sanctity.

At Don Pedro's death the old family record, which had been for many years in his exclusive possession, was again brought to light. Added to the various entries by former owners there was a remarkable account which explained a life that had always seemed very mysterious to his family and neighbours. In it he recounted the conclusions he arrived at after the perusal of his ancestors' letters during his first visit to Spain, his conviction of the existence of a hidden treasure, his long years of unrewarded search, and finally his success. All his life he had regarded St Vincent's Day, on which his ancestor had first seen the Golden Valley, as peculiarly fortunate for his family; and it was on that day, according to his account, that the rediscovery was finally made. At last, after long and systematic search, success seems to have come quite accidentally.

It was the night of the 26th of October, St Vincent's Eve, and Don Pedro and his old *peon* attendant were sleeping out under the shelter of a great rock high up on the mountain-side, not to lose one moment of that anniversary which he

was persuaded would at some time bring him a fortune. He had devoutly invoked the assistance of the saint, to whose direct interference he always afterwards attributed his success. Before sunrise on the morning of the eventful day they were sitting by a little fire, for the air is chilly at fourteen thousand feet high, drinking their morning cup of black coffee. The rising sun threw long lines of light across the amphitheatre and tipped the opposite mountains with gold. The first beams lit up a little isolated group of rocks upon the summit of a hill a little in advance of the main range, and in close proximity to a principal group of the old mines. Suddenly the Indian stood up. He was gazing intently at those rocks, with the air of a man trying to recall some long-past remembrance. Then he pointed to the group with outstretched arm, saying, 'When I was a child we called those the Rocks of Gold.'

That was enough for Don Pedro. Such an utterance on such an auspicious morning foretold almost certain success. It was midday before they stood on the summit beside the rocks, for, though apparently near, the way had been long and steep. They saw a number of stones, ten to twenty feet high, standing in a small, irregular circle, some upright, some leaning over at various angles, and within the circle a large slab, apparently a fallen rock, lying on the ground. There were no traces of any opening; but the horizontal slab was selected to begin operations upon. Half-an-hour's work was sufficient. Immediately under the scanty turf and the few inches of soil was found a mass of rubble, solid as rock, and evidently artificial. There were no tools at hand for the breaking up of this mass; but these were speedily brought, and a thick wall broken through. Then the treasure-chamber was found. The searchers saw that this was no hurriedly excavated vault made at the time of the discovery of the valley, but had doubtless belonged to a substantial edifice formerly used for a similar purpose.

All the mysterious after-life of the fortunate finder was now understood. His establishing a European connection and his large export business were part of a well-arranged plan to convert his treasure into property less liable to discovery and confiscation. He had, little by little, during many years of trading, gradually invested the entire hoard of the precious metal in properties, merchandise, and credits that no Government, however paternal, could well touch. The treasure-chamber was now empty; but the wealth taken from it had been great.

Now the Golden Valley is again deserted; the river is slowly eating out the threads of gold in the white quartz veins, and adding to Nature's store of wealth deep down on the bedrock; the old workings are gradually becoming more and

more ruinous, the treasure-chamber has been filled up, and there is no longer any sign of its existence. Perhaps the condor which circles slowly above the little flock of alpacas grazing quietly round the mouths of the old mines may yet see, during his century of life, a fresh invasion in search of the same precious metal that formed the treasure hidden and discovered upon two occasions on St Vincent's Day, with so many years between.

HIGHLAND MEMORIES.

AGAIN the hills,
That all the year have called me from afar
With welcome urgency that nought could bar—
Again they stand about me, as to charm
All care away, and shut me from alarm
Of fretful ills.

What then doth lack?
Is't not enough? Say they not still the same
As in time past? What do I dare to claim
Which now I have not, having elsewhere all
The hillside beauty which has held me thrall,
And drawn me back?

Oh! yet forgive,
Land of the hills I longed for, land of dreams,
That whispered cool the rush of highland streams
When I was city-bound and sad of heart—
Forgive me that I seem to stand apart,
A fugitive,

Unsatisfied,
Not yet at rest. Was there some other voice
Which called with yours, and thrilled me to rejoice
That I should see again in comradeship
The Tummel Falls, the cloud-wreath's lift and dip,
The mountain-side

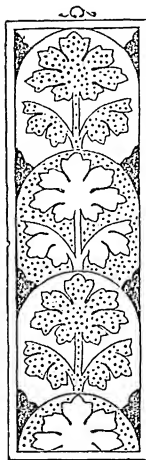
Touched into light
By sudden gleam clear shining after rain?
Just so I saw them once. I thought again
To know that comradeship inseparate
From this remembered beauty. Now with late
And laggard flight

Such thought has sped.
Yet to my heart, which ever listens still
For that lost undernote of magic thrill,
The songs of wood and mountain-side and burn
Bring quick remembrance which can never learn
That hope is dead.

E. M. S.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART I.



ONE-ROOMED cottage, thatched and whitewashed, stood in from a thick hawthorn hedge fringing the lane, scarcely a furlong from the rough main-road across the moorland.

Behind the cottage, and screening it from the keen north winds that in the winter days sweep relentlessly over the near waste of fern and heather, towered an irregular wall of fir-trees. Between the trees and the cottage nestled a large garden, part of it cultivated, and part clothed in a dense undergrowth of nettles and brambles, with stray clusters of golden ragweed, over which, in late summer, hovered the sombre Gamma moth, the rich-hued Painted Lady butterfly, the Red Admiral, the Peacock, the Tortoiseshell, the Small Copper, and the Alexis Blue.

This unpretending homestead, occupying a small, cup-shaped hollow among the undulations of the moor, was hardly noticeable from a distance but for the tall, green fir-trees forming a landmark amid the wilds. Neat and well kept—with no unsightly refuse-heap or mire-pit, and with none of the untidiness and disorder often to be observed about a farm-labourer's cottage—it bore evident traces of being tenanted by one whose lot in life was different from that of the peasantry in the sparsely populated valleys of our western county. The windows and door seemed always freshly painted and the walls newly whitewashed, while the wicket by the lane swung easily on its hinge, the latch shut clean to its staple, and the pebbled path remained without a weed. Close to an angle of the wall a crystal spring bubbled from a spout in the masonry, and thence trickled along the lane, till, beyond an outlet in the far hedge, it joined a babbling brook. Often, seated on a bank near the stream, I have listened, in the lengthening days, to the bleat of the swift-winged snipe as, aloft in the azure sky, the bird soared above its hidden nest beside the rill.

Within the cottage, a wooden screen at right angles to the door shielded the room from the cold

wind that in winter, despite every precaution, crept over the threshold and whistled through the crevice near the latch. This screen made it possible, even in the severest weather, for the window to remain open without discomfort to the lone dweller of the moorland cottage, whose very life was the breath of the free upland wind. A single picture—an oil-painting of a broad landscape with a distant valley, and having in the foreground a giant tree overshadowing a group of youths and maidens dressed in unfamiliar guise—its surface cracked with age, adorned the wall by the bed.

To me the interior of the cottage was of extraordinary interest; but chance visitors would find nothing remarkable, except perhaps the short-barrelled guns—an old fowling-piece and a new breech-loader—hanging over the fireplace, or the shot-flasks, powder-canisters, rabbit-traps, and similar paraphernalia—the usual possessions of a sportsman of simple tastes—occupying a row of hooks nearer the window. Almost the only other objects of interest were a box containing a litter of straw which was evidently the bed of a dog, a trout-rod leaning against the wall in the farthest corner of the room, and a small bookcase filled with well-known books and with others hardly to be looked for in such a library. Everything else was apparently concerned with the ordinary domestic life of a lonely man; but the secrets of the man's craft were hidden from a stranger's sight.

Old Philip was a poacher, and, during the years in which I knew him, lived among the wilds, supported almost entirely by the spoils of wood and field. Unlike Ianto the gillie, who in his declining years changed his habits and earned a respectable livelihood by fishing and fly-tying, Philip was a vagabond to the end, a child of Nature, a worshipper of the moon rather than of the sun, loving the lengthening nights of autumn more fondly than the lengthening days of spring. Looking back over the period of our intimacy, I recognise, with ever-increasing clearness as certain

incidents are recalled, that some mysterious chain of circumstances must have been connected with his early life. Strange it was that, like Ianto, he never spoke of the distant past. Some folks said he had deserted from the army, others that he had once driven his carriage-and-pair. Such rumours were doubtless the outcome of hap-hazard speculation. But repeatedly I surprised him into remarking, 'When I was'— Then, however, he would abruptly pause, and adroitly, with consummate ease, turn to another line of conversation. Still, for the moment his face had changed; I almost thought that the soul of the old barbarian had suddenly donned a garb of penitence and prayer; and interrogation, for very shame, died away on my lips.

The cottage, together with the land attached to it, formed one of the lots of a large estate put up for auction at the village inn long years ago. Owing to a blunder, the cottage came under the hammer first. Philip's bid secured it for a mere trifle before the possible buyers in the room were fully aware of what was being done. But the mistake could not be rectified; and, while the remainder of the property passed into other hands, Philip, previously unknown to the district, settled down, the subject of seven days' wonder, in his hermitage amid the bleak moorlands. Presently his doings ceased to be of any special interest to the country-folk; though idle rumour, and apparently well-founded report, gradually won for the man the name of Philip the Poacher. I question whether a single soul save Ianto the gillie knew how well that title was deserved.

When first I made the acquaintance of the poacher, and—largely through Ianto's persistence—was received into favour, the sum of his years was reaching its apex in the lower chamber of the glass, while the sands were few in the bowl above. Age had begun to tell, and field and cover exploits were fewer and less daring than of old. The district was peculiarly favourable to his vagabond life. The lands around were mostly freeholds possessed by the farmers, and were so indifferently preserved that Philip ran little risk of organised pursuit in his midnight raids; but the moor and several large estates in the valleys were vigilantly watched, the keepers ardently desiring above all things to secure the man who, like a shadow, would elude his pursuers at the very moment when they were most confident of effecting his capture.

The apparent ease with which he escaped was well illustrated during the winter before his death. Because of illness, Philip was sorely in need; so he determined to make a series of raids on a large warren near the residence of a county magnate against whom he cherished a grudge. For some years he had not visited the place. His risk would be great, now that his limbs were stiff and rapid movement was impossible; so, reluctantly, he had been forced to turn his attention elsewhere. The temptation could not, however, continue to be

resisted: he would make a few more big 'hauls' like those of old, and then, again, be content with 'little and good.'

The warren occupied part of a great orchard almost before the door of the mansion, on the far side of a broad salmon-river, and was five miles distant from the fringe of the moor. Around the mansion the wooded hills formed a narrow horse-shoe, while the only outlet from the natural enclosure lay across a low water-meadow in the direction of the village. Philip had ascertained that several keepers invariably watched the home covers: one patrolling the village side, another the woods in the neighbourhood of a suspected hamlet up-river, and the third the approaches to the woodlands from the hills above.

The poacher's first visit was a success; he netted over thirty rabbits, hid them in the woods of a neighbouring estate less carefully preserved, and before returning home sold them to an egg-merchant on his way to the nearest market town.

Philip's second expedition was almost as successful, though he found the warren closely watched, and so could net only certain burrows here and there in the woods. At daybreak a farm labourer, journeying to a distant flannel-factory with a load of wool, relieved him of his spoil.

To reach the fields near the mansion the poacher had to go far out of a direct line, and cross the village bridge two miles below the estate. A boat, used by the occupants of the 'big house' when they desired to take the shortest path to the village, was moored at the brink of a pool close to the orchard. In reaching his destination Philip could not make use of this boat, for the simple reason that he would be obliged to cross the river to get it. On the occasion of his third raid, in taking a by-path to the village bridge, he almost ran against one of the keepers who had crossed the ferry and was gallantly escorting a servant-maid on her weekly visit to a hillside farmhouse. Here was luck: the boat was evidently lying on the near side of the river, and by taking advantage of its position Philip would save a five-mile walk. So he lay in the ditch till the keeper was out of sight; then, retracing his footsteps, struck down through the woods. After reconnoitring, he swung the boat out into mid-stream, and by means of a chain fastened to a guide-rope reached the opposite bank unperceived. But, according to the story he told me, he felt a presentiment of danger, and was forced almost against his will to take precautions which had never before entered his thoughts. On landing he released the boat and pushed it off from the shore, so that it swung idly in mid-stream beyond the reach of any one attempting a straight journey to or from the village.

Philip, acting under the same impulse as had prompted him to send the boat adrift on the guide-rope, resolved to take still further precautions; but for what purpose was not at all evident to his mind just then. It was a calm, moonless night;

and, with ferrets worked quickly and surely, and their prey bolting freely, in less than an hour a score of conies lay dead outside the burrows. Prompted by the strange instinct already alluded to, Philip conveyed his spoils to the thick undergrowth near the river, and there stowed them in two sacks which he had hidden beneath the alders. Having securely closed the neck of each bag, he tied a long cord, at the middle, to a white stone, which he noiselessly threw to the opposite bank, after an end of the cord had been carefully attached to each of the bags. The poacher hoped that this artifice would enable him to pull the sacks across the river on the following night, and thus unobserved to remove his spoil.

When the bags had been carefully placed Philip returned to the warren, creeping along in the shadow of the hedge. Taking up his nets and ferrets, he prepared to return homewards. His greatest fear was not of the keepers, but of a big bull-mastiff that had recently been seen accompanying the night-watchers. This dog had been taught to catch and hold a stranger without in any other way injuring him; but Philip doubted the perfection of the dog's training, and looked forward with no little perturbation to the possibility of an encounter.

Just as the old man was stealthily moving among the trees, a keeper appeared in the open near the river, and Philip suddenly found that he was pursued. Luckily the dog was not with the keeper. The poacher's chance of escape lay in immediate flight and subsequent strategy. He was between the watcher and the mansion, with the river to the left, and probably another keeper in the woods to the right. To plunge into the stream with the enemy in hot pursuit would be madness. At once he decided as to his course of action, and, bracing himself for the needed effort, sprinted away from the river and across the orchard towards a gap in the hedgerow near the wood. He gained the gap, but saw, to his dismay, that another keeper stood near the house, the bull-mastiff at his heels. Doubling sharply to the left, he crept back towards the river, in the shadow on the far side of the hedge, and then hid in the ditch. For a time this ruse was successful; the pursuer, imagining the poacher had dashed into the copse, turned to the right, and whistled to his companion.

Not daring to remain in hiding since the dog had joined the chase, Philip rapidly continued his way towards the river, and, after doubling back again, retraced his footsteps, so as to baffle the dog if it picked up his scent. He then silently waded into the pool, and, holding his ferret-bag high above the water, struck out for the opposite shore. Before the keepers returned he had pulled the sack of rabbits across, and was well on his way towards a peasant's cottage, where, after hiding his load, he remained for the rest of the night, while his clothes hung drying before the turf-fire in the kitchen.

Among the various branches of the poacher's art, ferreting is perhaps the simplest, and at the same time the most remunerative. The intelligence of the ferret is not of a high order; it cannot be trained to any great extent. An insatiable lust for killing and a quenchless thirst for blood are the most pronounced characteristics of the weasel family; but in the various strains of ferrets considerable differences exist, and for obvious reasons poachers are content only with the best animals that can be obtained. Some ferrets are bad-tempered, and cannot be cured of biting; others are slow in their movements among the burrows, but when on the scent of a rabbit will not leave it till they have evicted their quarry. Others, again, become keenly excited when on scent, hissing, and ruffling the fur along their spine; and, provokingly eluding every attempt at capture, seem to delight in remaining for a long time within the burrows before coming to hand. A small, quick, docile animal is the best, and for choice it should be white, and therefore visible when a 'polecat' ferret would not be readily distinguished from the 'trash' in the ditch. A fast worker causes the rabbits to bolt with such celerity that they fall into the toils of the purse-nets before they are aware that anything unusual is proceeding. Philip the poacher possessed a particular strain for many years; and, having obtained a market through a dealer in a distant town, he gradually acquired notoriety as a breeder, and was able to make a considerable yearly profit from the sale of his surplus stock.

The muzzle used by Philip consisted of two strands of linen thread twisted together, and passed through a piece of cobbler's wax. A loop, placed behind the canine teeth of the lower jaw, was tied beneath the lower lip, then the ends of thread were brought up, one on each side of the mouth, and knotted above the nostrils. Next, all the threads were twisted together over the face and midway between the ears till, at the neck, another knot was tied so as to enclose a tiny bunch of the ferret's fur. The strands were again separated, passed on both sides of the neck, and fastened together at the throat, the muzzle thus being made complete. The ferret suffered little or no inconvenience if the 'muff' was properly adjusted. Philip, at any rate, never adopted the old-fashioned and brutal method of sewing the animal's lips together at their edges. He was always careful, while adjusting the muzzle, to allow the creature just sufficient freedom for the jaws to enable it to nip a rabbit slightly, and thus accelerate bunny's movements in bolting. His purse-nets were rarely staked; when a rabbit dashed out it was instantly entangled in the loose folds, from which escape was well-nigh impossible. He had found from experience that if a rabbit happened, through his clumsiness, to get away, it was not easily netted a second time, but chose to sulk in a blind-alley of the burrow, and there occupy the attention of the ferret till

tormented to death rather than to flee for possible safety outside.

Though little skill was required for ferreting, great care and dexterity were necessary in setting snares. The noose of twisted brass wire was placed, for rabbits, one thumb's-height above the ground; for hares, twice as high. To determine the distance, the hand was laid on the ground and the thumb stretched perpendicularly. Philip loved to work in a thick double hedgerow where, among the brambles and fern, his wires could not readily be observed. Having examined the 'creeps' of the rabbits through the gaps and about the holes, he could at all times determine the probable movements of his prey. Directly after leaving their burrows, rabbits are fond of squatting on the little eminence marking their excavations; thence they

leap out on to the grass. The aim of the poacher was so to adjust his wires that the rabbit in jumping from the mound might be strangled. If set too low, the noose was seen or touched by a rabbit crouching to feed; if placed more than a thumb's-height above the soil, it struck the rabbit on the ears, and then also failed to achieve its purpose.

Often, during favourable weather, when there was reason for expecting that the night would be dark and still, old Philip began his work in the evening by setting snares in favourite spots on the outskirts of the preserves. As soon as darkness fell he netted the larger warrens. Then, returning homewards in the dense darkness which usually precedes the dawn, he visited each wire in turn, and deftly and quickly, wherever a victim was found, removed all traces of the creature's frantic struggles in the grass.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER II.—ALAIN.



THE storm held all through the day, but broke in the night; and when Barbe came out into the gallery to watch the dawn, the waves were fawning on the rocks below like penitent dogs licking the hand they snapped at yesterday. The sea was still dark green, edged all along the cliff-foot with a fringe of snowy lace. The Melting-Pot alone refused to be still; it boiled and tumbled viciously, as it always did after a storm, a thing of evil humour and everlasting discontent.

As the light grew Barbe's keen eyes caught something on its surface. She gazed intently, then reached inside the lantern for a glass, took one long look, and sped down the ladder to her father's bunk.

'Father!' she gasped—'a man!—on a spar!—in the Creuset!'

'*Eh bien!* he is dead,' growled her father, who was just getting comfortably warm after a cold night up above.

'Perhaps not—perhaps not. We must see.'

'*Eh bien!* Go along. I will come down,' he said, as one duty-driven against his inclination.

Barbe ran down to the boat that hung from the beams by the entrance-door. She had it in the water, first one end, then the other, by the time her father appeared. She took one oar, he the other, and they rowed cautiously down outside the Teeth, where the water came boiling out of the Pot and rose under them in strange, sudden bursts and surges, like mighty jelly-fish leaping at them out of the depths. The man and the spar had got into a corner where things went round and round for days sometimes, beyond reach even of the casting-line. It was impossible to get the clumsy boat in. It was difficult enough to hold it anywhere near the boiling Pot.

'He is alive!' said Barbe eagerly. 'I am sure he is alive! See, he moves!' as the spar gave a sudden joggle.

'It is only the water,' said her father.

'Oh, how can we get him?' she cried. 'We cannot leave him there.'

'We can't reach him,' said her father. 'Besides, he is dead.'

'He may not be. We must get him.'

'No man ever came out of the Pot alive.'

'He looks alive,' said Barbe.

'Well, you'd better go for him,' said her father, with grim humour. 'I'm not going to drown myself for a dead man.'

She hesitated a moment and looked again at the figure on the tumbling spar; then without a word she unbuttoned her skirts as she sat, and shook herself free. For one second she stood with her foot on the gunwale of the boat, a glorious figure, clad only in the modesty of an angel bent on an errand of mercy and a coarse cotton shift which the morning breeze flapped gently about her shapely legs. Then the boat shot away at her kick, and she was slipping deftly through the broken water at the edge of the Pot.

The Race ran strong, but Barbe knew every trick that would mate it. She swam like a seal, and Pierre edged along as near to the outer rim of the crucible as the heaving coils would permit.

Barbe hung there just outside the corner pool, which swirled slowly and swung to and fro, and boiled, and showed a different aspect every second, and each one worse than the last, till the spar and the man came bobbing along her way. It was almost within a long arm's-reach when some sudden twist from below shot it away, and she had to wait till it came slowly round again. She waited, poised for a leap as it were; then she dashed in and flung one white arm over the man's body. His

face was leaden, his lips blue; but he opened his eyes for a moment, and said '*Dieu!*' and then closed them wearily, for which Barbe was glad. She struck out vigorously for the outermost circles. The writhing coils below tried to grip her; they belched up in her face and spat at her, and flung her to and fro. The man and the spar were like an anchor to her; but she had got them. They were hers, and she would not let them go.

Twice she circled the pool, but each time nearer to the outer edge. She pushed through at last, and the Race carried her down to the waiting boat. She shoved the man and the spar alongside, and hung to the gunwale, panting and rosy red, with all her hair afloat about her like a nymph of the sea. Pierre let her hang while he drew the man in and laid him face down in the bottom of the boat. Then he took her two hands and braced one foot against the gunwale, and she scrambled in and had her petticoats round her before his oar was in the rowlock.

Getting the waif up the iron ladder was a matter of extreme difficulty for them. And at last, after much cogitation, Pierre bound the man's two wrists tightly together with his silk necktie, and putting his head through the looped arms, carried him up like a sack of flour, and laid him in a spare bunk in the sleeping-room. He was limp and sodden and sorely bruised with his twenty hours' cold boiling in the Pot.

Pierre hurried Barbe away to get dry clothes for herself and hot cognac and water for the new-comer, and then proceeded to maltreat him back to life—the first man that ever came alive out of the Pot, and so a curiosity.

Barbe, dry-clothed, with life exuberant bounding in her veins and glowing in her face like a halo—though the eyes of common flesh might not perceive more than that she looked wonderfully beautiful—came in with hot soup and cognac, attended by Minette and Pippo in a state of much excitement and expectation, and stood watching while her father administered the stimulants drop by drop to the patient.

There was a new, deep light in her eyes as she watched—a light very nearly akin to that which shines in the eyes of the young mother as the downy head of her first-born nestles up to her side. The mother-heart in her was stirred. All-unconsciously she was tasting the joy of maternity—with none of its pains indeed, yet with all its gratitude for dangers passed; for at risk of her life she had given life, and she felt as though this new life belonged to her.

Moreover, though her range of comparison was of the smallest, it was a very comely piece of humanity that lay there in the twilight of the bunk. A long, straight-limbed figure, well knit and strong, though limp and lax enough at the moment; young, too, with a well-tanned face and a white-creased forehead, which came from much wearing of a stock-ing-cap under a blazing sun, and imparted to its

owner a look of cheerful surprise; and long yellow hair which fell and curled on a pair of broad shoulders.

She had drawn him from death certain and close. She remembered the novel sensation of that startled jump which her heart gave when her naked arm went over his chest and his blue eyes looked into hers for a moment. It was very odd. It was very delightful.

'*Bien!*' said her father as the long limbs straightened and then contracted into comfort, and the heavy eyes opened again and looked up at them with drowsy wonder. 'He returns.' He continued to drop soup and cognac between the lips which were beginning to turn red again, and presently the man was sitting up with the spoon in his own hand, stowing away the soup as if he had not tasted food for thirty-six hours, which was about the actual state of the case.

'It is good to be alive again,' he said at last, with a sigh of content. 'And it is very good to eat when one has starved. That soup was surely made in heaven. Where am I, monsieur and ma'm'selle?'

'You are on Grand Bayou Light,' said Pierre.

'I remember,' he said, with a nod. 'And the rest?'

Pierre shook his head. 'All gone; and by rights you should be with them. You are the first to come alive out of the Creuset.'

'All the same, I would sooner be here;' and the young man gazed intently at Barbe, and his face became all brown as the creases disappeared in puzzlement.

'Surely I have met ma'm'selle before somewhere?' he said at last.

'But no,' said Barbe vigorously, and a flood of hot colour ran all over her and made her feel overwarm.

'Nevertheless,' he persisted, 'it seems to me that I know ma'm'selle's face;' and his memory groped back to find the clue, but overshot the mark. 'It might be some one like ma'm'selle,' he said musingly; 'but I do not think so, for never in my life have I seen any one else so—so like ma'm'selle,' he added lamely, the while his bold blue eyes drank in all her ripe beauty, and enjoyed the draught so palpably that another energetic 'No' broke unconsciously from Barbe's lips.

His name, he told them, was Alain Carbonec, and he had lived most of his life in Plougastel, just over the water from Brest. He had been two voyages to Newfoundland, and it was the second one that had landed him in the Pot. And ever as he spoke his eyes rested in puzzled wonder on Barbe, but with never the slightest thought that but for her he would by this time have been past all wonderment and would have solved all puzzles.

To Barbe he was a great and novel enjoyment, and a quickener of many new thoughts and feelings.

Not very often between alpha and omega can one

point the finger of memory with absolute precision to an act or a moment and say, 'There the change began. That was the actual turning-point in my life.' Life and death we gauge to the nicest fraction; but life's other changes are mostly gradual. We recognise the flower and the fruit; but the hidden seed has long been working underground, and when precisely the white shoot first began to struggle towards the light we know not.

In that strenuous moment when Barbe Carcasone's strong white arm encircled the unconscious Alain and drew him tight to her breast for the struggle out of the pool, a new sense, of which she had never known the lack, sprang up full-grown within her. She felt it, but did not understand it. How should she? For it was very much more than a half-drowned man on a spar that she drew to herself at that moment: it was life's best flower and fruit.

Do I say that she felt it? What she felt as the man's eyes opened and looked wonderingly into hers was that something fluttered in her throat like a startled bird; that the glorious life in her veins leaped and rushed with new, amazing vigour; and that the water of the Race, which had been cold, became suddenly tempered to her blood. These were the outward signs visible to herself of that inward and spiritual grace which is the nearest thing earth has to heaven. It was a veritable baptism into a new and larger life—a baptism by full immersion. Hitherto, by reason of the fewness of her needs and lack of knowledge, she had been content with what she had, and her nature had craved no more. Henceforth it would take more than sea and sky to fill her heart. She had looked into the eyes of a man, and found them good. Fortunate it was for Barbe that the eyes were the eyes of a good man. Whenever she raised hers to his she found them fixed on her. She said to herself that it annoyed her. To get rid of them she went away up to the lantern. There were no eyes there to trouble her save the reflections of her own. She felt a novel lack and loneliness, and went downstairs again, and saw the bold blue eyes of the young sailor shine the brighter for her coming. *Eh bien!* if he liked to look at her, what harm? She would pay him back the same way. He was nice to look at, and he had seen many strange things, and his telling of them was full of interest.

A day and a night's boiling in the Pot claimed a full week for recovery; and in that short week Barbe learned things that all her previous nineteen years had failed to teach her—things which the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol de Léon could never have taught her though she had lived with them for a hundred years.

Alain was doubtless much more deeply versed in woman's ways than she in man's, or thought himself so; and that amounts to much the same thing when the knowledge of the wisest is but a confession of ignorance, an academic trifling with the dainty

covers of a sealed book, a superficial dallying with an unsolvable enigma. Still, no man lives for nineteen years without gleanings some stray stalks of vicarious knowledge, even though his personal experiences may have been of the most limited. He had lived a clean, simple, amphibious life, half-fisher, half-farmer, as is the way in Strawberry Land. But he had mixed much with his fellows, and he had eyes and ears as good as any, and better than most. He had seen many girls in his time, and Plougastel is not without its beauties; but he had never seen a girl like this one. There was in her something of charm and grace which set her above every other girl he had ever met. What it was he could not tell.

'By much watching,' he said to himself, 'I shall find out;' and with so pleasing a subject the study was much to his liking.

However, the simple mighty source of Barbe's untutored grace was beyond him while he lay in his bunk and watched her. In a crude way, man-like, he looked to surprise art—rather perhaps artfulness—where there was in fact nothing but the free, unfettered grace of Nature—Nature innocent of corsets either of mind or body, and so void of any slightest touch of self-consciousness or restraint. Here were no gauds or beguilements, either of manner or dress, such as even the girls of Plougastel assumed on occasion, and the girls of Brest: '*Eh bien, assez!*' One does not speak of such in the same breath with this one.' In her homely garb and bare feet and uncoiled hair—which tangled all his soul in its dark meshes, and would have greatly scandalised the girls of Plenevec, whose hair is sacred and always hidden in many caps—she was the most wonderful girl he had ever seen.

In a crude way, however, he came perhaps to some slight understanding of the causes that had made her what she was, when he dragged his bruised limbs up the ladders to the lantern one day while she was busy polishing the reflectors.

'*Ma foi!* what a sight!' broke from him as he sat with his feet dangling through the rails of the gallery, and looked out on the blue sea, and the white-piled sky, and the savage cliffs with the league-long fringe of foam-lace at their feet, and the wavering cloud of sea-birds up above. 'And have you lived here long, mademoiselle?'

'I have lived here all my life,' said Barbe.

'But sometimes you go ashore?'

'Almost never,' she said, with a shake of the head. 'This has always been my home.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' he said, with the wonder of a man who has spent his life among men, and with something of the pity of the mariner who hates above all things an anchorage on a lee-shore. He looked thoughtfully at the girl, and then again at the wide sweep of the sea, the slow majestic movement of the clouds, and the wild grandeur of the cliffs, and he knew that the girl fitted in with her surroundings. Perhaps just a glimmer of understanding was vouchsafed to him, for he murmured

another half-unconscious '*Mon Dieu!*' and presently added an impatient '*Si, si,*' which might probably mean, 'That explains it, you fool. Could she be anything but what she is in such a place?' Then, with his eyes resting thoughtfully on Barbe, to the

exclusion of all else, he went a step farther, and wondered dimly if she could have been anything but just what she was whatever her surroundings had been; for after all, he said to himself, the kernel makes the nut, not the shell.

UNEXPLORED ST ANDREWS.

THE CASTLE PASSAGE AND THE SUPPOSED CRYPT.

By W. T. LINSKILL.



IN 1879, while workmen were excavating for the foundations of a new house at the north end of Castle Street, St Andrews, and opposite the ruins, a subterranean passage from the Castle, partially filled up with stones and rubbish, was quite accidentally discovered; and but for the energy and zeal of local antiquaries, who insisted on a further examination, the small portion exposed would have been closed again, and thus lost to sight and memory, just as in bygone days similar interesting and important remains in the old city have been. I am inclined to believe that both the original commencement and the termination of the passage have yet to be revealed, and that further examination under the Castle and also in the opposite direction would doubtless lead to most interesting discoveries. For years I have tried to trace the continuation between the Castle and the Cathedral, but have not yet succeeded. However, I have not given up hope of doing so.

Where does the passage so far discovered lead to beyond its present sudden termination on the rock staircase? It must have communicated with one or other of the three castles; but there is no evidence to decide specially in favour of any of them. One theory is, that it may have communicated with the room of the unfortunate Cardinal Bethune (or Beaton), though the passage may have existed at a much earlier period; another, that it may be the 'secret postern' referred to in history, or the 'lower trance' mentioned in Knox's *History*, into which dead bodies were thrown in time of siege; and, again, that it may be a part of the dungeon where Alesius was confined. I think, however, that as the Castle and the Cathedral may be considered as the manse and church, the passage now shown is probably the beginning of a covered way between the two places, and would be used only in times of necessity or pressing emergency.

The present modern entrance to the Castle of St Andrews is situated to the east and at the foot of the familiar and historic ivy-covered tower. I will now describe that portion of the passage, as a guide to the explorer.

Descending a few steps, by the moat or fosse, we arrive at a wicket-gate of modern construction,

framed in red brick. Immediately inside this gate is a small pile of candles for the convenience of visitors; but lamps would be better for the purpose. The passage, which here descends by a very steep and tricky incline, is about five feet broad and four feet high, with a deep groove cut in the rock floor as if to afford greater head-room. A short distance from the entrance, on the right, there is a seat hewn out of the rock, and beside it a niche which may have served as a resting-place for a key or other small article. A little farther along the passage there are cuttings in the rocky sides which clearly indicate that a door had once been placed there. At this point a dummy passage or *cul-de-sac* branches off at an angle to the eastward for about twenty-one feet. It is about four feet high and about five feet broad, with a groove cut in the floor as in the principal passage. About midway in this branch passage there is another branch, which, however, is only about five and a half feet long. I am inclined to think that the existence of the *cul-de-sac* quite confirms my own theory that the chief object of the constructors was to make straight for the Cathedral, and hence the sudden turn; and also that they wished to avoid the extra labour of cutting the passage under the moat. It may be that after commencing this side-passage they found—as any one may see on close inspection—that it would have come out on the face of the cliffs, and no particular object would have been gained thereby; therefore, they were compelled to follow the course under the moat, which entailed enormous labour.

Continuing the rapid downward course, the passage gradually becomes much wider, and the height is increased to five feet four inches. Then suddenly a corner is turned, and the explorer descends by a ladder into the lower and the most interesting part of the passage. This aperture, which to the uninitiated might prove a dangerous trap, is seventy feet distant from the entrance. Alongside there is another seat or recess cut in the rock. Here one resolute man might have kept at bay any number of invaders attempting to force an entrance from below. When this hole was first discovered it was much smaller than it is now; in fact, it seems to have

been only large enough to admit with considerable difficulty the passage of one person at a time.

There are differences of opinion as to whether the moat surrounding the Castle was filled with water or left dry. I am inclined to think it was a dry moat. My reason for this is that the rock is very porous, and the thickness between the moat and the passage would not suffice to prevent leakage sufficient to flood the passage and render it useless. It will thus be seen that only before the passage had been excavated, or long after it had been disused and forgotten, could water have been kept in the moat.

After descending to the lower level, we enter a passage from twelve feet to fourteen feet six inches wide, and from nine to ten feet high. The explorer is now standing immediately beneath the moat in front of the old Castle. Thus the rapid descent of the passage is accounted for, and it also proves that the moat was in existence when the passage was originally cut; but so far as I know there are no means of exactly determining the date when the passage was made, and we can only guess at the purposes for which it was excavated.

Proceeding, we find a recess on each side. In these recesses are rudely cut shelves or ledges, which may have served as resting-places for guns or other weapons; and it is to be observed that a considerable number of men might be concealed in these cunningly devised recesses. Next we reach a sharp angle, and on turning this we arrive at the foot of a wide staircase of about thirty-four steps entirely cut out of the rock, many being much worn. The steps lead up to the modern wall, which, alas! now stops all farther progress. The wall is built on the last and highest step of the rocky staircase. The extraordinary depth of the highest step of the passage from the surface can easily be seen by placing a lighted candle on it, and then looking down the modern ventilator on the Scores. The depth is about twenty feet six inches. The length of the passage from the foot of the ladder to this interrupting wall is ninety feet, so that in all we have traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty-three feet from the entrance.

The pick-marks to be seen on the walls seem to indicate that the passage was cut in the direction from the entrance to the orifice communicating with the lower passage, and that the lower portion was hewn in the opposite direction. It is clearly intelligible that the débris caused by excavating that portion of the passage nearest to the Castle would be removed in that direction, and it is also equally probable that some plan was devised to remove the débris in the other direction; for it can hardly be credited that the tons of material produced in making the lower and larger passage could possibly have been passed up through the small hole where the ladder is now placed. I assume, therefore, that the flight of steps above

mentioned is but one of a series, that shafts were opened at convenient distances for air and in order to remove the rubbish, and that when no longer required for such purposes they were carefully covered with masonry for concealment. This would probably account for the stones, &c., said to have been seen lying in the continuation of the passage beyond the wall which bars farther progress. The persons who observed these stones say the passage seemed to continue, having a rock floor and rock sides, and the roof appeared to be tumbling in; but whither the passage leads is a problem still unsolved. Did Mary Stuart or any of her Maries, it may be asked, ever traverse this wonderful place? Certainly, in recent years many ladies have visited it.

At the time the Castle passage was so luckily discovered I was not living in St Andrews; but I became so deeply interested in this relic of antiquity that I was led to believe other and equally interesting subterranean passages might also exist under the Rome of Scotland. Inquiries and researches have since proved that I was not wrong in my judgment, although I am fain to acknowledge that the zeal which has been shown in 'howkin' has not in all cases been attended with the results which were anticipated.

That the passage at the Castle still remains unexplored is a matter to be regretted, seeing that it affords an important clue, which should be followed up in order to determine its destination. It may be that it leads to the undiscovered crypt somewhere below the old Abbey. Visitors, however, should not fail to see the portion of this fine passage, since it is now clean and well ventilated.

During my travels abroad I have been much interested in ecclesiastical buildings, as also in their underground crypts and other subterranean structures; and I feel certain that something of the same kind must necessarily exist in St Andrews. According to tradition, in the apartment immediately above the entrance to the passage the ghost of Cardinal Bethune is supposed to walk in full ecclesiastical attire.

Regarding the existence of a crypt below the old Cathedral, I have always felt certain that some such place existed, a cunningly concealed hiding-place; and this idea of mine was strengthened by a conversation held with an eminent cardinal now deceased. Again, Dr Lonie, late mathematical master at the Madras College, St Andrews, positively asserted that, during some excavations at the east end of the old Cathedral, when a slab was lifted, a narrow staircase going downwards was exposed to his view, and that it was almost immediately filled up with stones, broken bricks, and rubbish. Alas! it was never explored. A very similar staircase was also seen and covered up at the old house opposite the Cathedral, once occupied by George Douglas of Lochleven fame. His arms can still be seen over the gateway.

Then follows the interesting question: What is

in that lost crypt? It may be that it contains a large quantity of ancient church plate; not only some of the plate, &c., of the many richly gifted altars of the Cathedral, but also some of the valuables from the numerous churches and monasteries in the city. Such a hiding-place was as necessary to the prelates then as a safe is to a banker now. If such a place of concealment existed and was intended to be undiscoverable in those bygone days, how much more difficult is it to discover now, below the ruined Abbey Kirk, since even almost all traces of the underground passage are lost! In his *History of St Andrews* Mr Andrew Lang alludes to the lost church plate. On page 85 he says: 'Although the

University did not bury its silver wands at that period, it may have concealed in some yet undiscovered hiding-place its great silver Christ with the diadem of precious stones, its golden crucifixes and silver chalices.'

The *Westminster Gazette* of 10th November 1901 contains an article on this old city, in which allusion is made to the maze of underground passages and to the lost underground church. Boëtius says that the royal magnificence of the Cathedral buildings equalled any monastery in either Italy, France, Germany, or England.

It is to be admitted that St Andrews still remains to be explored, and that it affords to the antiquary a splendid field for investigation.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART II.



THROUGHOUT his first week at Mersfields, Loddard attacked his novel with a strenuous enthusiasm which speedily vanquished the difficulties that in town had seemed insurmountable. He limited him-

self in tobacco, and confined his stimulants to a couple of mild whiskies-and-sodas a day. Rising betimes, he had a swim before breakfast, then wrote till early dinner. After a brisk walk, followed by a cup of tea, he resumed work till eight, when supper, a pipe, and a stroll finished the day.

'The environment of this dead-alive hole has worked miracles,' he wrote to Pixley. 'Since I came down I've got through more work than I did in the previous month. Send down my *Thesaurus*. I'll need it when I come to the finishing touches.'

Up to that date Loddard's encounters with his landlady had been few and accidental. From the juvenile maid, rigged out in the somewhat incongruous livery of a cap with streamers and a long apron that gave the lie direct to her abbreviated petticoats, who waited upon him, Loddard gathered that Mrs Kennett's husband had been a schoolmaster who died soon after their marriage. From the cursory knowledge gleaned from their brief interviews, he set her down as being an Amelia Sedley type of woman, and consequently uninteresting. Had he suspected her of being a Becky Sharp he would have regarded her differently.

Towards the close of the second week an undesirable contact between the contents of a jug of hot-water and the foot of the callow servitor afforded Loddard the privilege of being attended by his landlady in person; but, Mrs Kennett being reserved in manner and Loddard engrossed with his work, their acquaintance progressed little, until one morning, as he sat at breakfast, the

sound of a harsh, dictatorial voice echoed through the little house. Then Mrs Kennett entered the room, her usually pale face burning with mortification, and asked if her lodger would object to paying his next week's rent in advance.

'There is an account—I had stupidly forgotten to pay it'—she was faltering, when Loddard shortened the painful little interlude by handing her a ten-pound note.

An intangible something in the lonely woman with the plaintive brown eyes, who was fighting a losing battle with fate, aroused his keenest sympathy; and thus it came about that Loddard's meek and rather dowdy landlady began to oust his fictitious heroine, who was both beautiful and brilliant, from the chief place in his thoughts.

Staring up at the already fading photograph of the young husband that confronted him from the wall above the writing-table, Loddard found his thoughts again and again recurring to the subject of the widow's request. He wondered how she managed to support herself, and intuition hinted at secret privation. Mersfields had proved a failure as a seaside-resort; it had been over-built, and consequently was under-let.

'If that poor little woman is at her wits'end for ready-money at the close of the bathing-season, when she ought to be in funds, how will she get through the winter?' Loddard queried mentally, and the idea worried him.

'Have you many music-pupils?' he asked abruptly when Mrs Kennett brought in his early dinner.

'They have holidays just now; but I have two—Mr Grice's little daughters—and I expect another when the classes reopen in October. Mr Grice has kindly recommended me,' Mrs Kennett replied without raising her eyes from the roast-chicken she was placing on the table; and

Loddard knew that she still felt bitterly the humiliation of having been obliged to ask him for money.

The day was wet. Deprived of his usual walk, Loddard, moodily smoking, found himself picturing, with that acuteness of human sympathy that later made the success of his books, the long months of the coming winter when this fragile woman would live alone in the mean little house on the wind-swept neck of barren land. That she would be quite alone he guessed, for the little maid's engagement, he had gathered, began and ended with the summer months, when there was a chance of visitors to be waited upon.

Loddard owned the poetic soul's freedom from the trammels of convention. His latent chivalry aroused, he resolved to do what he could to render his hostess's life endurable. When she entered with the tea-tray he introduced the subject of literature, and was gratified by her eager acceptance of the loan of one or two new books that had been sent him for review by the *Scrutator*, to which journal he was an occasional contributor.

Mrs Kennett's desire for reading, like her other cravings, had been starved. She had devoured the contents of the twenty volumes, chiefly Mrs Henry Wood's works, that, carefully shrouded in brown-paper pinafores, comprised the entire stock of Marshfields' sole attempt at a lending library. She was qualified to discuss exhaustively the rival merits of *The Channings*, *East Lynne*, and *Anne Hereford*; but to her the modern world of fiction was yet untrodden ground. The love of all things pertaining to literature that was Loddard's keenest interest finding in her ready response, their acquaintance ripened apace; though possibly not quickly enough to satisfy Loddard, for two evenings later he astonished Mrs Kennett by tapping at the door of her little back parlour.

'Will you do me a favour?' he asked. 'I heard that a jolly-wreck had been washed in somewhere along the beach last winter; and yesterday I tried in vain to locate it. The rain is off now. Will you guide me there?'

Mrs Kennett hesitated a moment; but Loddard's tone was so innocent of any likelihood of rejection that she agreed.

'After all,' she counselled herself, 'we can keep by field-paths all the way, and there is very little chance of the neighbours seeing us. Even if they do, I don't care,' she pronounced boldly; but that was when, in pinning on her hat before the bedroom mirror, she noted that the trivial excitement had lent her cheeks a becoming flush, her brown eyes an unwonted sparkle.

It was a still, gray evening. The fierce east wind that for two days had blustered unpleasantly over the flat land had passed before the heavy showers of the morning. The dust had been washed from the foliage, and rain-drops still

trembled on the blackberry clusters in the hedgerows.

Loddard's was an attractive personality. The gentle egotism that now endears him to a world that loves a communicative genius fascinated his companion, whose few masculine friends were less skilled in the expression of their thoughts, though probably their hearts were deeper and their affections more abiding than Loddard's; but to Mrs Kennett he represented a world of romance concerning whose existence her circumscribed life had given her but the vaguest notion.

Self-analysis with an interested listener was ever an engrossing occupation to Loddard. Sitting on the timbers of the wreck, with the gray waves breaking sullenly in a long line of white foam over the shingle at their feet, he gave her a short *résumé* of his life. He told how, while yet at Oxford, finding that his desultory writings met a ready market, he had shaken off the unriveted shackles of a profession for which he was all unfitted, and devoted his energies to the pursuit of literature. He spoke freely of his big disappointments, of his little successes, and of the hopes he had raised on his new novel. Into Mrs Kennett's meagre interests, Loddard, with his artistic temperament, his subtle vanities, his ability that verged on genius, came as a visitant from some magic realm.

It was only when urged that she faltered forth her pitiful little history, as though ashamed of its poverty of picturesque detail. She had just been twenty when she married the master of the school at Wilmcote, where she taught music. In answer to Loddard's inquiry, she confessed that music held no special attractions for her, but that, being an orphan, she had studied it in order that she might teach. Within a year of the wedding her husband had died of consumption, and she had been advised to sink the few hundred pounds for which his life had been insured in the purchase of the little house at Marshfields, which was then in process of development, with the idea of taking music-pupils and of letting rooms in summer.

That the scheme had been a melancholy failure she acknowledged with a little break in her low voice. Few visitors came to Marshfields; until Loddard's arrival her apartments had only been occupied for a fortnight in that season, and then by disagreeable people. Still, she added more cheerfully, Mr Grice had been very kind. Oh! very kind indeed. He sent his little daughters to learn music, and it was he who got her the appointment to play the harmonium at the Independent Chapel.

'And who is this fairy godfather?' Loddard inquired.

'Mr Grice? Oh, he is the postmaster at Marshfields, and he has the grocer's shop and the baker's too; and he is the lay pastor of the Independent Chapel.'

'Species of four-tailed bashaw,' commented Loddard lightly. But Mrs Kennett, being free from coquetry, lacked also the saving grace of humour, and her silence showed that she regarded his flippancy as derogatory to the dignity of her patron.

The early September dusk had fallen as they strolled away homewards by the beach-track, too happily engrossed in each other to notice the gray sky that lowered sullenly overhead, and the gray sea that writhed and moaned beside them.

When they reached the shoddy little house it amazed Loddard to discover that the flowers of

the tobacco-plants adorning the front plot—flowers that he had always seen depending wilted and discoloured from their stems—were upholding delicate lily-white blooms that filled the air with fragrance. It was a nightly miracle, though until now it had escaped his notice; and to his emotional mind the discovery lent something of the ideal to the occasion.

It touched him not a little when, as they re-entered the gate, Mrs Kennett thanked him for a pleasant walk, extending her hand in token of farewell, as though to indicate that their more cordial acquaintance must be confined to the exterior of her dwelling.

A VISIT TO THE MANITOBA PENITENTIARY.



It was a lovely morning in early October, with a bright sun and just a twang of impending frost in the air. On the prairie the surface-water left by the late rains was evaporating rapidly, and the sere hay-stubble spread crisp and yellow from the outskirts of the town to the distant sky-line. The Colonel and I both wore heavy overcoats, for the thermometer is apt to take a sudden drop at this time of year; and we had a fifteen-mile drive before us. Now and then we met a farm-wagon creaking heavily along the trail towards the city, and the driver invariably greeted us with an anxious inquiry about the state of the roads. The day was unusually clear, and we could distinguish the outline of the buildings of the penitentiary on the top of a far-away hillock to the north-west, the only bit of rising ground on endless miles of prairie. The ascent of this giddy elevation is about as steep and about as high as that of Primrose Hill; but the inhabitants dignify it by the name of Stony Mountain, and to the imagination of some of the younger among them it is doubtless as imposing as the Rockies. Towards the west was the mirage: a calm summer sea dotted over with green islands, and on the islands walls and battlements slanting a quivering reflection into the clear depths that margined their shores. Away to the east was a dark-green line of trees; behind them, great whorls of blue and gray smoke from a far-distant prairie fire; and dotted here and there were farm-buildings, built of wood and looking hardly bigger than bathing-machines. Less than a month ago the owner of one of these farms, not eight miles from the city, found a big bull-moose in his corral one morning, and had in consequence to repair his wire-fencing in two places.

A man was walking along the trail towards us. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit, with a white shirt and a soft-brimmed cowboy hat.

The Colonel, who is warden of the prison, pulled up, and the new-comer asked eagerly, in broken English with an Italian accent, whether he would be in time to find the banks open. With a broad smile on his face, the man looked very happy as he promised faithfully to pay his first visit to the Roman Catholic chaplain, and to keep away from all dangerous companions until the following day, when he could catch a train for San Francisco, and return to his wife and family after an enforced absence of three years, the result of the indiscreet use of a knife in British Columbia. The warden grinned a little when I said I would have supposed the man was a respectable citizen.

The prison stands on the crest of the 'mountain,' enclosed on two sides and part of a third by a high stone wall, the work of the convicts themselves, who appear rather to enjoy building their own cage. About half-way up are the residences of the officials, and yet a little higher up the stables and farm-buildings of the institution. As we drove to the Colonel's house we saw a long line of prisoners marching in single file from the potato-field. A couple of guards were in charge, and a mounted man was riding behind. A convict came to take charge of the horses; for a good deal of the outdoor work is done, under careful supervision, by men whose term of imprisonment has nearly expired, and who can therefore be trusted not to attempt to escape.

We now went into the house to lunch. Hung around the hall were bows and arrows and tomahawks, 'fire-bags' for carrying pipes and tobacco, long belts beautifully decorated with beads and porcupine-quills, squaws' stirrups, armlets of polished silver, necklaces of elks' teeth, fringed leggings, and other specimens of Indian work, the sight of which almost filled me with envy of their fortunate possessor. There was formerly a very fine scalp in the hall too, of which the Colonel had a story to tell; but that relic now reposes in the collection of a former Governor-General. On the mantelpiece were strange-looking

pipes, and there were photographs innumerable of chiefs in full-dress, painted and feathered, and also of lithe and soldierly mounted policemen in uniform. The Colonel commanded that force for many years; and to listen to his tales is to be a boy again reading Mayne Reid.

The warden, who is as straight as a lance and nearly as thin, wears officially a kind of undress uniform; and this, with the tanned face and the 'Aldershot line' across the forehead, makes him a conspicuous figure out here. The guards are dressed in a somewhat similar garb of dark-blue, with stiff-brimmed 'Stetson' hats, and are armed with carbines. The convicts are clad in home-made suits of bright checks or stripes, not uniform, and in many cases not so 'loud' as the treds of a Highland regiment or certain pyjamas I have seen; the letters M.P., with the wearer's number, being marked on every article of clothing.

Not one prisoner has escaped during the present warden's term of office; but some years ago a young criminal managed to break loose and to 'skip' to the North-West Territories. Having procured other clothes somehow, he travelled northwards, keeping off the main trails; but for some inscrutable reason he retained his prison cap, which is perhaps the article of clothing easiest got rid of. One day, when a thousand miles or so from Stony Mountain, in the country north of the Great Saskatchewan, he fell asleep in a bluff. Unluckily for him a mounted policeman, who happened to be travelling in the same direction, 'spotted' the cap on the sleeping man, and promptly rearrested him, although, it is doubtful if the policeman on duty in that remote district had ever heard of the escape.

A large proportion of the outdoor work in this agricultural region consists, of course, in farming operations; therefore the convicts raise crops of barley, oats, and wheat. Besides this, they grow vegetables, raise pigs, rear cattle, and generally are beginning to realise the ideal of the warden in charge that ultimately the penitentiary shall become the great model-farm of the province. He rightly holds that nothing has such a tendency to keep men out of mischief and in good condition, mental and physical, as outdoor work; but he fully recognises that such an institution should in no way interfere with private enterprise. The returns from this labour largely help to make the prison self-supporting, and the privilege of exercise in the open air is an inducement to good behaviour. There is, also, the usual indoor work: tailoring, boot-making, &c.; all the clothing worn by the convicts being manufactured by them, and even part of that worn by the officials in charge. As a result, some prisoners anxious to reform, who entered the institution unlettered and ignorant of any kind of honest labour, have on liberation been able to read and write, and possessed a good knowledge of some trade. These men now look

back on their term of incarceration as a blessing in disguise.

The whole place seems to be as clean, tidy, and well swept as the deck of a man-of-war. The air is extraordinarily fresh and pure, blowing straight off the prairie; and the inmates, though somewhat pale owing to the confinement, present generally an appearance of robust health. They are constantly trying to get away, of course; but that is only natural, and it is an evidence of exceptional vigilance that they so seldom succeed, for the prison building itself is not strictly up to date. If a man sets himself to plot and scheme for the attainment of one object till the idea becomes an obsession, he can generally overmatch, in the long-run, the watchfulness of men who have something else to think about; but here the natural features of the country are all in favour of the officers of the law. Stand on the summit of the hill to-day, and look at the great, flat khaki-coloured expanse stretching away to the horizon, and judge how difficult it would be for a gaudily clad individual to find efficient covert there. Remember, too, that detection is even easier after the first snowfall, when a man's tracks are as plain as a printed book; also, that in the depth of winter exposure means certain death. Then you will begin to wonder that men will risk the attempt; and that they should accomplish their purpose is still more wonderful. Guards are in evidence at every point of vantage, yet men have made a wild dash at the critical instant, and got clear away.

Not so many years ago, and within two miles of the place where I am now writing, a couple of workers of iniquity quarrelled over some very nefarious scheme in which they were engaged. It was night-time and midwinter; and the Assiniboine River, on the banks of which they stood, was coated over with some three or four feet of ice. Here one of the men shot his companion four times in the back of the head and neck, and then covered the body with snow; but the victim revived, and he managed to drag himself across the frozen river and get assistance. I saw the blood-tracks the following day. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where warm salt-water was injected into his veins; and he recovered, and, so far as I know, may be alive to-day. The would-be murderer was sent to the penitentiary, and there he promptly began to devise means of escape. A fellow-prisoner gave a hint of this to the authorities, and search led to the discovery of a saw and a wooden revolver carved and painted with marvellous skill; with this 'weapon' he no doubt hoped to 'run a bluff' on his guards. Of course due punishment was inflicted, and he promised never to repeat the offence. However, the love of liberty was strong in him; and one afternoon, some fifteen months later, the prison surgeon remarked quite casually that he had noticed No. —

standing on the stool in his cell. The warden overheard the remark, and immediately sent for a blacksmith. The prisoner was assigned to some temporary job elsewhere, and a strict examination of his cell took place. The bars of the transom, which were painted black—those below were of polished steel—were sawn very nearly through, the gaps being carefully concealed by black paint. No. — was employed in the painting department, and so his workroom was thoroughly and conscientiously overhauled. Orders were even given to rip the lids off all the unopened paint-pots, and in one of these a revolver wrapped up in oil-paper was found. This time the weapon was real, and loaded in three chambers: three guards were always on duty inside the prison at night, two patrolling the building and one sleeping in the guard-room. Of course this particular tin had been so cleverly manipulated that on a cursory examination no signs were apparent that it had been tampered with. When No. — was confronted with the evidence, he confessed everything except the name of his accomplice. He had obtained the revolver and the saws from the outside. How this was done it would not be politic to say; but steps were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of such an offence. The prisoner had concealed the long, thin saws, of watch-spring steel, with extraordinary ingenuity; he had cut grooves in the legs of his work-table, inserted the saws, and puttied and painted over the marks. The warden assured me that this was done so neatly that only by splitting the table into splinters would they have been discovered. The accomplice was a discharged convict, and the Colonel's suspicions as to his identity were confirmed unwittingly by No. — himself. Although obstinately refusing to give up the name, he allowed himself to be entrapped by clever cross-examination into mentioning the date of the man's discharge, and after that the rest was merely a matter of turning up a register. The police were immediately communicated with; but the man had made good his escape across the border. He was heard of in Montana; but, under the circumstances, pursuit was useless. No. —, with all his cunning, never realised that he had given a pal away; and he could never understand how the Colonel made the discovery. As he had been most careful not to take any fellow-prisoners into his confidence, he could not understand how the attempt had been found out; his only theory being that probably the warden is a mind-reader, and had hypnotised him unawares.

The prisoners generally are a motley crowd. One file I particularly noticed was led by a tall, stout, and apparently eminently respectable gentleman, looking like a prosperous banker; but he was a cattle-thief. Behind him was a Blackfoot Indian; and a little farther down the line was a villainous negro, who should have been hung for his facial angle alone; the rear being brought

up by an Eskimo murderer, who waddled about like a duck in his efforts to keep step. That poor creature could not speak English; but it would have been interesting to know his ideas of his surroundings. Imagine being dragged off from your peaceful home in a snow-coop, and carried a couple of thousand miles or so to a building made of material you had never seen before; and being locked up with strange black and white and red goblins; and having to wash! It would have been more merciful to hang him, for if he ever does return to his own people he will certainly be killed as a liar. There was a really delightful old gentleman, with white hair and clean-cut, clean-shaven face, who was engaged in laying a flower-bed. He looked like a *père noble*, and was serving his third term for being what an old English chronicler calls 'a coiner of naughty crowns.' On the occasion of his last discharge the Roman Catholic Archbishop, out of charity, engaged him to look after the furnace used for heating the archiepiscopal palace; which was just the kind of job he wanted to enable him to carry on his operations comfortably. His vacation was a short one, however, and to-day he is honestly bent on making the approach to the prison the most picturesque and best kept in Manitoba.

The most trusty prisoners are the men whose terms are nearly up, as it is not worth while to run the risk of a two years' extension of sentence for the sake of a few months; and, somewhat paradoxically, the 'lifers' come next, their only chance of pardon being contingent on good behaviour. I was surprised to hear that Indians rarely attempt to get away. As confinement must be so much more irksome to them than to white men, we might expect that they would quickly become desperate; but they seem to be dazed by their surroundings, and cowed by the distance which separates them from their tribe. It is difficult to say what might happen if the penitentiary were built near any of their reserves, for an Indian can always give points to a white man in finding his way over the prairie. I never yet heard, on good authority, of an Indian being unable to find his way; though there is a story of one found wandering aimlessly in a pathless forest, who, when accused of having gone astray, only shook his head vigorously, and replied, 'No! *me* not lost; *wigwam* lost.' The inmates who need most vigilance are the three and five-year men, though none of the prisoners are absolutely reliable. Given a momentary chance, and a sudden overmastering desire for liberty, and a man will bolt with the same instinct that makes a horse shy. A convict with only a month or so to serve was working in the blacksmith's shop under the prison walls; and one day, though the whole prairie was covered with snow, on the spur of the moment he dropped his tools and fled, running blindly over the open in his

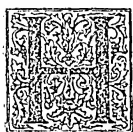
prison dress. Two or three guards opened fire at once, shooting to frighten, not to kill; and, after dodging like a hunted animal, he threw up his hands and returned. Afterwards, when questioned, he said that he had no idea what made him act as he did, except that he had happened to look up for a moment, and noticed that no one was watching him.

There is always something depressing about the appearance of a jail; and even under the bright Manitoba sunshine the building has a bleak, desolate aspect. The warden is thoroughly interested in his work. Strict he needs must be; but he is perfectly fair and just, and the convicts are evidently well looked after, and do not seem particularly discontented with their lot. It is trite to say that a great deal depends upon the guards. The Colonel holds that not only are

special qualities required in these men, but special training as well. They are in a position entailing very high responsibility indeed; and it would be as unwise to take a man straight from the plough and make him non-commissioned officer in a regiment as to make this important office a reward for minor political services.

The sun is now setting in a glory of gold and shimmering opal, and the great prairie fire is beginning to throw a red, angry glow on the eastern sky. It is with a certain sense of relief that we return to the warden's house, and settle down to dinner and a long talk about the wild old days when the North-West Mounted Police were chasing buffalo and illicit whisky-sellers, when the Bloods and the Blackfeet were making trouble, and the Sioux were raiding across the border.

THE WOMAN-STUDENT AT OXFORD.



HER discipline in the uphill road to learning begins at the railway-station. There she is at once made to feel that, although she may claim a pedestal in the drawing-room, she will have to start on a very low level in the college world. She arrives at Oxford on the first day of term to find herself an object of scorn alike to porters and cabmen, as they hasten to do the bidding of the undergraduate lords of creation, nowhere more lordly than in this stronghold of intellect. For it must be remembered that Oxford is pre-eminently a man's town; the very shops are for the most part devoted to the satisfaction of the bodily and mental cravings of undergraduate and don, and at the beginning and end of term the railway station and its appurtenances are as consistently appropriated by these university magnates to their own exclusive use. So the woman-student makes the best of it; keeps her head as best she may during the scuffle and bustle of disintegrating kit-bags, gladstones, portmanteaus, and bicycles; and when Hercules and Apollo have decamped with their belongings in the glory of their strength, monopolising all the hansoms, and leaving porters regretfully wishing that such tips were to be had every day, she seizes the chance of making known her modest request for a cab, and may count herself lucky if she succeeds in leaving the station within half-an-hour of her arrival. Her ideas are probably by this time somewhat mixed. She feels very much as if 'interloper' were writ large upon her, and in her heart of hearts is disposed to take the next train home again, with many apologies to William of Wykeham and John de Balliol and Walter of Merton, whose rest she has all-unwittingly disturbed.

Being a girl of some determination, however,

she speedily makes up her mind to see the thing through. We follow our heroine, therefore, as the cab sets her down with box and bicycle at one of the four halls of residence existing in Oxford expressly for the convenience of women-students. Her qualms are soon forgotten in the process of unpacking and arranging necessary to convert the room allotted to her as combined bedroom and study into an apartment suitable to her tastes and requirements. Essential furniture is provided in the shape of a table, chairs, bookcase, writing bureau, and the low couch which serves for bed at night and (with deft disguise of art serge and Liberty cushions) for sofa in the daytime. The work of an hour or two generally transforms the rather bare room into the tasteful little boudoir which is to be the home of the woman-student for at least half her time during the next three years.

Then comes dinner, the social function of the day; she makes her *entrée* as a 'fresher'; is initiated by second, third, and fourth years into the details of the new life; and hears many things 'hard to be uttered'—though, be it said, there is on the whole little of the inveterate chaffing of new-comers so prevalent among the men. Etiquette there is in abundance; but 'ragging' of rooms and similar diversions are almost unknown. Dinner is usually a gay scene. One compensation for the lack of the sombre academic gown—which the woman-student at Oxford is not allowed to wear, and for which, therefore, her soul sometimes yearns—is that it is no bar to the display of very pretty frocks. Needless to say there is some variation in the spirit with which dress is regarded. Some, alas! think that they have risen above considerations of personal adornment; but these, one is glad to think, are in a minority. The general trend

of opinion is decidedly against anything that might be stigmatised as 'frumpishness.'

It has been said that to the Oxford undergraduate life is full of possibilities. To the woman-student, on the other hand, life is generally very full of stern realities. A man goes up to Oxford because it is 'the thing'; it has always been an indispensable part of his family history that its men should be 'Oxford men.' Of course there are exceptions; but to many men 'Oxford' means three, four, or five years pleasantly spent in imbibing a liberal education, in which work and examinations and degrees may absorb very little attention, while athletics and hunting and social functions may absorb a great deal of attention, time, and money. By far the greater number of the women-students in Oxford go up in order that they may qualify themselves to earn their own living. In very few cases have they anything like the amount of money at their disposal that the men have, and to most of them the period of study has the somewhat serious aspect of a time of laying up capital for the future. For this reason, probably, it will be found that the average woman-student devotes more time and energy to her preparation for 'schools' than does the average man—not always to her advantage, be it said, for freshness is often a quality that pays better than grind.

On the day after her arrival—or on the Monday if she has come up on the Saturday—business begins in earnest. Chapel at eight is followed by breakfast—not served privately (as by the scouts in the men's colleges), but as a 'come-and-go' meal in the dining-hall. After a preliminary interview with her tutor, who arranges the course of her work, the novice goes off to her first lecture, under the wing of a second or third year student, who beguiles the way with discourses on the iniquity of crossing a college 'quad' unaccompanied by a member of her own sex, or of holding converse with a brother, male cousin, friend, or acquaintance whom she may happen to meet within the sacred precincts of his college hall at lecture-time.

A feeling of awe comes over her as she enters one of these old college halls, and is marched up to where the sunshine filters through the stained-glass coats-of-arms of founders and benefactors on to the solid oak table on the dais, surrounded by arm-chairs, where the worthy dons dine every evening in sober dignity, and where the women-students do their best to live up to the intellectual menu provided every morning. Looking down the hall, our heroine sees long tables with forms, now gradually filling with undergraduates of all ages and nationalities, from the dusky scholar whose brand-new gown and dark complexion show him to be a recruit from over-seas, to the weary-eyed and bald-headed commoner whose tattered academic garment betokens either

frequent 'raggings' or fruitless years of labour in the hard service of 'Smalls' and 'Mods.'

The effect of the gowned multitude is not so depressing as might be feared. Waistcoats and ties of varied and wondrous hues show the revolt of the undergraduate soul from the 'loathed melancholy' of funereal black, while his general scheme of colouring would do justice to the dummy of a clothing emporium. A unique specimen of this kind was 'bagged' in the writer's memory as seen one summer morning in the 'High.' It was garbed as follows: remnants of a gown (in shreds, of course), light-gray suit, very high white collar, blue shirt, green tie, scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, and pink silk socks, rendered visible by the fact that the wearer's foot-gear consisted of dancing-pumps. Can we wonder, after this, that the authorities require candidates for examination to appear in black coats and white ties?

To return to the lecture-room. The door opens and is closed with a slam as the lecturer arrives. He is one of the old school, not very sure about this inundation of women-folk. A preliminary announcement has to be made. The university does not recognise the existence of women among its students, and our lecturer is strictly academic. So here is a dilemma; for, after all, the ladies have got to attend to this announcement. He begins: 'Gentlemen'—ahem!—'gentlemen and'—ahem! (glancing round)—'people who come to my lectures'—The woman-student feels smaller than ever, unless she be naturally a person of revengeful tendencies, when she will form dark plans for the secreting of brickbats for use on future occasions of a similar kind. But she need not fear. Three years hence, at the end of her academic career, when she has travelled home post-haste from a Swiss holiday for the dread ordeal of her 'viva,' this same lecturer, in his more fearsome character of examiner, will beam on her with grandfatherly benevolence, and inquire in his tenderest tones, 'And *where* does the Elbe enter the sea?' and the woman-student's resentment will blossom into an eternal gratitude that no worse thing has befallen her.

The lectures to be attended are, of course, prescribed for the student by her tutor, to whom reference has already been made, and to whom she has to pay a visit at the beginning of every term. The acquaintance may go no further than this; but in all probability the tutor will also act as coach, at least for some subjects. This will mean a weekly visit of an hour to his house in the town (if he be a married man possessing one), or on his part to the Women's Hall (if he be unmarried and still resident in his college), when essays are criticised and the woman-student is initiated into that somewhat weird process generally characterised as 'a man's way of looking at things.' This privilege is generally

shared between two girls, and is the crucial test of the week's work: the weighing in the balance, the knocking down of pet theories, sometimes even—must it be admitted?—the trial of the neutralising tendency of the best hat if the essay is exceptionally weak! And, after all, who will be bold enough to decry the value of a woman's hat, even to eyes dulled by the burning of the midnight oil? An Oxford professor it was, and one of great learning withal, who greeted a new aspirant with, 'Madam, I have taught you before?' 'Indeed, no!' murmured the novice, in a gentle flutter of wondering surprise. 'Madam, do you mean to tell me you are not Miss Smith?' 'I am not, I assure you.' 'Then, madam, let me tell you that Miss Smith has a hat exactly like yours.'

Here, too, the woman-student is able to study the Man of Genius at home—the man who, when the fire is low on a cheerless winter afternoon, will, in preference to the use of bellows or old newspapers, lie flat on his chest and blow gently but firmly between the bars to revive the dying embers, discoursing between the puffs upon the deep philosophy of Mr Thomas Hobbes. From which it may be inferred that, while the Man of Genius does not despise comfort, he is apt to look with scorn upon the ordinary means of obtaining it.

However, after all, there are other things besides learning in Oxford, and the woman-student is not slow to take advantage of them. It must not be thought that because she has no official status in the University Statutes she is therefore tabooed altogether. So far is this from being the case that there are very few university functions to which she is not invited and welcomed. From the gallery of the Union Society she may listen to the aforesaid Hercules of the railway station, transformed now into a veritable Mercury, and his flights of eloquence give every promise of making his country tremble to its foundations in the near future. She may be invited to one of those breakfast-parties for which Oxford (with Edinburgh at Assembly time) has a unique reputation. She may witness from the privileged enclosures of college barges the keen contest between rival crews on the Isis at 'eights' and 'torpids.' At football and cricket matches she is a welcome onlooker, while the garden-parties and river-picnics of the summer term will keep her engagement-book in constant use.

Turning once more for a moment to the serious side. Even in those dreaded days of 'schools' her presence is—unofficially—recognised. It should be explained that in Oxford, unlike Cambridge, men and women go through the last scene of all together, and write their papers in the same rooms. On one occasion the men, under the stress of a blazing June day, were sweltering in misery in the regulation

garb of black coat, waistcoat, and gown—misery which must have been increased by the sight of a row of girls in the coolest of cottons. It was too much for human frailty. The men began to shed gowns, coats, waistcoats, until the presiding examiner evidently began to fear that the proprieties were being overstepped. The situation was embarrassing; but the examiner was equal to the occasion. With some hesitation it was announced, 'Gentlemen who think it advisable to take off their coats and their waistcoats had better keep on their gowns!' And the response was speedy, if accompanied by a few subdued chuckles.

Of amusements the woman-student has no lack. The old Oxford tradition of 'the afternoon for play' is very generally maintained, with the result that the hours between lunch and tea are spent anywhere but indoors. Hockey in winter, tennis and boating in summer, bicycling and walking at all seasons, are indulged in by all; and in the evenings there are debates, musical societies, and sometimes dramatic entertainments. Even the more studious, who return to work after dinner, are always willing to take time off for 'cocoa' at 10 P.M.—the most hilarious hour of the whole day.

The end of her first term finds the woman-student quite at home in Oxford. With the 'going down' comes her awakening to her new position in regard to the old life. 'Oh, and so you are at Oxford! How very nice! And do you live in the same colleges as the men, and do your work together? Ah! yes, of course—let me see—Oxford? I really don't remember whether it is Girton or Newnham that is at Oxford.' And by the time she has been introduced at the first social function of her first vacation, by a well-meaning if misguided hostess, as 'Miss Jones, who is going to be Senior Wrangler some day,' the Oxford woman-student feels that she has indeed embarked upon a career which will be the subject of 'many inventions' on the part of her former friends and acquaintances.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WANES.

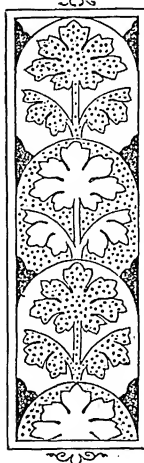
LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

WHEN daylight wanes, the sun's once fiery sway
Relaxed, a lucid calm o'er all obtains,
And softest shadows fall aslant the bay.

All is subdued: along the country lanes
Wan toilers tread, voicing an old-world lay,
Whilst weird gray mists steal upwards from the plains.

Perchance this song-sweet scene doth but portray
Some crude forecast of all that He ordains
For faithful ones who humbly ask the way
When daylight wanes.

GEO. H. LUDOLF.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A WORLD ON FIRE.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E, Lovedale College, South Africa.



IN the small hours of the morning of 22nd February 1901 Dr Anderson, of Bonnington, Edinburgh, saw a bright star shining in the constellation of Perseus, where he knew no such star was ever seen before.

The circumstances connected with the discovery afford another striking instance of how Nature keeps her secrets for her true amateur, using the word in its highest sense.

The evening of 21st February was cloudy, and nine out of ten astronomers would have gone to bed when there seemed little prospect of the night clearing; but Dr Anderson was the tenth man. At twenty minutes to three in the morning the clouds rolled away from over the old, gray Scottish capital, and the trained eye of the patient observer saw right in the heart of Perseus a new star. Never before had its light, blue-white like an unpolished diamond, shone down on this strange earth of ours.

Next day the news of the wonderful discovery was flashed to all the great observatories of the world, and telescopes and spectroscopes, cameras and photometers, were directed towards the strange phenomenon, and by testing, measuring, examining, sought to wrest its secrets from it.

Much is still a mystery; but what has been ascertained during the period that the rhythm of its light-waves beat upon our shores is of great interest and importance, as bearing directly on the life-history of each individual star in the heavens, and of our own sun and planet among them.

The first and simplest question that arises for settlement is the date when the new star blazed forth in our terrestrial sky. The curious reader will notice the reservation: in *our* terrestrial sky. When the star *actually* burst forth into resplendent light is another matter, as we shall discover later on. It was certainly before Dr Anderson was born, and probably before another Scotsman—Ferguson by name—combined, like many another

sage, counting and watching sheep with counting and watching stars.

With regard to the date of the appearance in our sky of the new star, Nova Persei, as it is called in astronomical literature, when Dr Anderson discovered it at twenty minutes to three o'clock on the morning of 22nd February it was bright enough to be straightway evident to a trained astronomer. In these later days of strenuous scientific activities every portion of the sky is constantly being examined and charted, and no sooner was the discovery of Nova Persei announced than a searching of records began, in order to ascertain if at any time the star had ever been seen before.

It so chanced that on the evenings of 18th and 19th February two photographs of the very spot where three days later the new star appeared were taken at Harvard Observatory. On neither of these photographs is there the slightest evidence of the star's existence. It was, therefore, on these dates non-existent as a luminous body so far as our earth was concerned. On the evening of 20th February a well-known English observer, Mr Stanley Williams, had also taken a photograph of the same portion of the sky; and again there was no trace of the star. Mr Williams's photograph was taken twenty-eight hours before Dr Anderson saw it. Still more strange is the fact that on the evening of 21st February three observers on the Continent testify that they had the constellation Perseus under observation from seven o'clock to eleven, and had the new star then been visible they could not have failed to see it. The star, therefore, blazed out some time between eleven o'clock and three on the night of its discovery.

Now, what does this mean? It means this: that by some cause a star, quite dark before, or so faint that it could not be seen even by means of a powerful telescope, in a few hours, or perhaps in a few minutes, blazed forth as a star of conspicuous brightness. In this brief space of time a dark and probably chill globe became a seething

mass of fire, a million times hotter than it was before. Fierce, fervent heat lit up the orb with a glow that reached from rim to rim of the stellar universe. We have here a catastrophe that goes beyond our wildest conceptions: the conflagration of a world, the ruin of a star. What guarantee have we for an assumption of this kind? What of certitude is there in our vision of such a Day of Doom for any part of our universe? Let us consider the salient facts regarding the recent changes in the appearance and structure of this star. We shall relate only those facts that are beyond controversy, as far as our present knowledge goes.

Nova Persei did not reach its maximum brightness till the evening of 25th February, when it was probably the most conspicuous object in the midnight sky. It was then at least six times brighter than at the time of its discovery. After this date it began to wane slowly. At intervals there were spurts of brightness lasting for two or three days, as if the fires had not exhausted themselves. On the whole, however, the light of the star waned, and by the end of the year its enfeebled light was just bright enough to be evident to the naked eye; twelve months after its appearance it could only be seen with the aid of a telescope.

Now, one of the most powerful instruments of research in the new astronomy is the spectroscope. It takes hold of the rays of light that come to us from a star, and makes these rays reveal the condition of things in the world they came from. One of the spectroscopes turned on the new star in Perseus was Professor Copeland's magnificent instrument at Blackford Hill Observatory, Edinburgh. Professor Copeland described the new star as 'a feebly developed' sun. As the star, however, increased in brightness the spectroscope chronicled the fact that great physical changes were taking place in its composition and structure. The star soon ceased to be a feebly developed sun, for development had gone on apace with the increase of light. Round the solid or semi-molten mass there was rapidly aggregating an ocean of fiery gases, probably thrown up from the nucleus.

Put simply, Nova Persei, for long ages a cold, dark, solid globe, was in the brief space of a few days transformed from circumference to core into a luminous, heated, gaseous sphere. By what chance or circumstance this vast change came about may be inquired into later on. We only note here that this was the story spelled out by those skilled in deciphering the observations recorded by the spectroscope. In July 1901 Professor Pickering of Harvard Observatory announced that the star had become a nebula; that, indeed, its once solid globe had practically dissolved into thinnest air. Not only had its elements become molten with fervent heat, but they had become transformed into shimmering wisps of matter more diaphanous than a gossamer web.

Everything connected with the history of this star is of exceptional interest; but all that had

already been ascertained was completely overshadowed by the astounding discovery made in November of last year that nebulous prominences were observed darting out from the star with a velocity of at least one hundred thousand miles every second of time. These astounding changes have been confirmed at the two great American observatories, the Yerkes and the Lick. So unwilling are astronomers, however, to accept the conclusion that swirling tongues of nebulous light play round the expanded star with a velocity so utterly incomprehensible as one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand miles a second that other explanations of the unquestioned facts of observation have been sought. One that commends itself to not a few of the quieter sort is that in these changes going on all round the star we are simply witnessing the echo of its explosion from the islands of space, as mass after mass of world-matter reflects the glow of the sudden irradiance. Yet there is nothing strange in a velocity of two hundred thousand miles a second, or even two million miles a second, through a region where resistance to motion does not exist. The aurora ray vibrates along the northern arch of heaven with a velocity comparable with that of light. Tongues of flame dart out from the sun's surface with a velocity of two hundred miles a second. Great velocities are therefore not unknown in a universe where distance is measured by systems and time by ages; and it is quite possible that in the marvellous changes recorded at the Yerkes and Lick Observatories we are simply witnessing electrical discharges from the shattered star.

Whence and how had destruction come upon this particular star? At one hour the star is dark, cold, solid. A few hours later this dark, solid, cold body is a blazing world, its solid mass blown apparently into countless fragments; from every fragment, big or little, there pour streams of fiery vapour; for millions of miles round the star there is a whirlpool of fire, a tempest of flame; and from end to end of this great universe of ours the brightness of the burning star pulsates. Three explanations have been given.

The one that naturally arises first in our mind is that ~~it~~ was struck by another star. Two worlds, each moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, come in collision, and the result is the annihilation of both. The force of their impact, changed into heat, drives their elements into vapour. Such a catastrophe is quite possible in a universe like ours, where stars and worlds, millions and millions in number, sweep down the great avenues of space with a velocity far beyond our comprehension.

We take it that when the crack of doom comes to this earth of ours it will be in this fashion. Some great, dark star will strike our sun fair and square, and then in the twinkling of an eye, before the inhabitants of earth know what

has taken place, sun and moon and planet will be wrapped up and dissolved in an atmosphere of fire.

We can in a certain rough way compute the increase in temperature that would arise from the collision of two great orbs. Thus, let us suppose that Nova Persei was moving onward through space with a velocity of ten miles a second—a moderate velocity, be it noted, for a star—when it collided with the body that wrought its destruction. The impact would be terrific, and the result of it would be not only the complete disintegration of both stars, but a sudden rise in temperature of about five hundred thousand degrees, an increase sufficient to vaporise the hardest adamant.

The second theory which has been suggested as explanatory not only of Nova Persei, but of all new stars, is a modification of the foregoing. This theory is that the new star in its flight through space suddenly plunged into a nebula, or into some portion of space denser than that through which it had already passed. This explanation is not only intelligible but reasonable. If the new star plunged into a region filled with matter even as rare as air, the friction would immediately set the star on fire. We see the same phenomenon every night when a meteor hustles through our atmosphere. The meteoric rocks, with the chill of empty space in and around them, dash into our upper air. A few seconds are ample for the practical annihilation of most of them: in that brief space of time they have been subjected to a heat many times greater than that of a Bessemer furnace.

We can imagine Nova Persei as some monster meteor, a meteor larger than the sun, plunging into a gaseous mass somewhat like our air. In a few hours its temperature would be increased a millionfold. This increase would fill the surrounding space with fire, and there would be an immense and ever-increasing area at fervent heat.

To the mind of the writer, this explanation has most to commend it. It is the one that is most in harmony with the information which has been gathered by hundreds of observers aided by the finest of modern scientific equipment. But there are other explanations. There will always be other explanations so long as the world lasts.

One of these explanations is of more interest than the rest, inasmuch as it makes a link of connection between the recent terrible volcanic eruption in the West Indies and the sudden appearance of a new star like Nova Persei. It is suggested that Nova Persei is, or rather was, a world somewhat like our own, only vastly larger—that is, there was an inner core of molten matter and an outer shell of solid material. One day, according to the explosion theory, this outer shell burst, and the interior fires rushed hither and thither like a devouring flood all over the stellar globe. Vast chemical changes went on as the lambent flames turned everything solid into streams of lava. Great electrical disturbances took place all round the

star. The whole phenomenon of Nova Persei, according to this theory, is just the destruction of St Pierre on a sidereal scale.

Such a doom, of course, is possible in any star or planet whose interior is still molten. At any moment the imprisoned fires might break their barriers and change a cold, fruitful, life-bearing earth into a furnace; but it is far from probable that any such fate will ever be meted out to our planet or to any other, and, at any rate, destruction did not come to Nova Persei in this manner. No explosion could account for an access of heat and light any way comparable to that which was observed. Neither could any interior disruption be violent enough to hurl the star into fragments. The gravitational hold of the star would prevent this dismemberment. Yet during the ages the mind of man has been irresistibly drawn to this conception of the world's end, so much so that perhaps, after all, our instinct is right and our science is wrong, and the vision of the Minorite Celano, of the

Dies iræ, dies illa

Solvat sæclum in favilla,

is a vision of those things that will be in the later days.

We have already touched on one strange circumstance connected with the appearance of Nova Persei. Dr Anderson saw it for the first time at a few minutes to three o'clock on the morning of 22nd February—that is, the news of the strange occurrence reached our planet then; but when did the event actually take place?

One of the things that impressed the writer more than any other with the magnitude of China was this, that the people living in certain parts of the western border of that empire heard tidings of the war with Japan only when the struggle was long over.

At Greenwich and at some of the other foremost observatories attempts have been made directly and indirectly to determine the distance of Nova Persei. As yet this distance defies measurement. The star is so far away that we have no instruments refined enough to deal with the problem. But we know that the sudden blazing up of Nova Persei was over and done with before our great-grandfathers were born. It happened more than two hundred years ago—perhaps two thousand years ago. All this time the news was swiftly travelling earthwards, travelling on and on and on, two hundred thousand miles every second of the clock, past star and nebula and system, never halting, never faltering—yet it took hundreds of years to come to us; and beyond us lie countless worlds that will not see the new star for centuries to come. Hundreds of years hence in *their* sky will appear suddenly in the constellation of Perseus a strange star; it will increase in brightness for a few days just as it did in ours; it will fade away intermittently just as it did in ours. There is no imagination here; only sober facts.

We may be allowed, in closing our narrative of

this wonderful star, to make one excursion into the region of imagination. As the news of the star passes on through space, are there any beings beyond ourselves who will take record of its appearance? It has taken centuries to come to us. Did any other creatures in some far-off world lift their eyes to the stars and wonder, as we do, what all this

meant? Will some mortal like ourselves in some remoter world, in a day yet to come, see the sight and have the intelligence to say, 'Lo! a new star'? We have room enough here for the most extravagant fancy. Perhaps there is so much room that we shall lose ourselves if we venture to stray in such directions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER III.—CADOUAL.

IT was not to be expected that Pierre would view with complete equanimity the introduction into his family circle of a man so full of possibilities as this good-looking sailor-lad. His eyes were open; but what could he do? For his own part he would as lief the man had stopped in the Pot with the rest, until in due time—when it had done with him—the scour of the Race had washed him out and laid him gently on the shore down at Plenevec; but Barbe's impetuosity had balked the Pot of its prey, and here he was. And Barbe's interest in her treasure-trove was manifest. Again, what could he do? Having saved the man's life, he could not refuse him hospitality. Until the stranger was fairly fit he could not throw him out or even hint at the desirability of his going. He could, however, sound him gently as to his intentions, and that he proceeded to do with the simple directness of the peasant.

'You will be going back to Plougastel, *mon gars*, when you are quite recovered?' he said.

Alain looked at him musingly, and Barbe looked at Alain.

'I am not sure,' said the young man at last, as he dropped a crumb for Minette and Pippo to squabble over. 'I have no one at Plougastel now. My people are all dead, and one place is as good as another. Some perhaps are better.'

'Newfoundland is a great country'—

'I would give the whole of it for ten hectares of Brittany and a well-found boat.' And Barbe's eyes glowed responsive.

'Down the St Lawrence, by Rivière du Loup and Quebec, it is very fine country. I was there once,' said Pierre. 'I wished my lot had been cast there.'

'It is fine country,' said the young man; 'but it is not France.'

'Fine men and beautiful women,' said Pierre reminiscently.

'All the same'—and the blank expressed more perhaps than many words.

However, the time came, and all too quickly, when Alain could no longer evade the penalty of complete convalescence; and one bright morning found him and Pierre in the boat pulling steadily towards Plenevec. The emptiness within, as though a part of him had been overlooked and left behind

in the Light, occasioned him much surprise and some bodily discomfort.

Barbe, up in the gallery, waved a last farewell as the boat turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay to avoid the force of the ebb-tide, and stood long watching the spot where it had disappeared. She also was feeling, not, strange to say, as though Alain had left anything behind, but rather as though he had left the hollow shaft still hollow and emptier than when he came to it. Who, then, was the gainer, since these two both felt a sense of loss? Not Pierre, I trow.

'Say then, Pierre,' as the boat ground on the shingle at Plenevec, 'what hast thou there?' and the speaker, a tall, loose-limbed, powerful young fellow clad in blue jersey and huge sea-boots, with a red stocking-cap on the back of his dark head, a cigarette in his mouth, and his hands deep in his trouser-pockets, sauntered down to meet them.

'His ship went into the Pot a week ago, and all the rest were drowned,' said Pierre.

'Yes, we've had them. And how did he escape?'

'God knows. He's the first I ever saw come out alive.'

'He has the luck without doubt.—Say then, *mon gars*, what is your next move? Where are you from?'

'Plougastel,' said Alain.

'Ah, ha! They are fine lads at Plougastel, and good sailors. Can you throw and draw?'

'Of course. I had five years at the fishing.'

'And are you going back to Plougastel?'

'I have nothing to go back for.'

'Parents?'

To which Alain only shook his head.

'Have a cigarette. They are not what one gets hereabouts, and come up and have a drink. Pierre, *mon vieux*, you will join us in a *chopine*? Mère Buvel's cider is beginning to put on a flavour in its old age;' and they drew the boat a few feet up the wet stones, and ground their way up to the little hostelry.

A resplendent old gendarme in blue and white and silver, who seemed somehow out of place among the surrounding low colour-tones—the sober grays and sombre browns, and the dingy ashen hue of salt-bitten, sun-dried wood—strolled up as they set foot on the solid earth above. The only thing that came anywhere near his magnificence was the sun; and

Monsieur Gaudriol and the sun together made a dazzling combination which inspired in the younger members of the community a wholesome fear of the law.

'*Jour, Pierre!*' said the gendarme. 'All well?'

'All well, M. Gaudriol, I thank you.'

'And who is this?' and the keen eye of the law raked Alain from truck to keelson.

Pierre explained once more.

'We are going to drain a *chopine* to monsieur's past and future,' said the first-comer. 'Won't you join us, M. Gaudriol?' And they all went up together.

When they had clicked the dripping mugs across the well-scrubbed table, M. Gaudriol, with the authority of a paternal and would-be omniscient Government with a special solicitude for wandering sheep, proceeded to put Alain through his paces, and Alain took it all as a matter of course.

'Alain Carbonec—of Plougastel—age nineteen—sailor—parents dead—subject to one year's service—of age, therefore, in one year's time—been several voyages to Newfoundland—wrecked in brig *Cerise* on Grand Bayou—only one saved.' That was the official report which, with a few subsequent additions, M. Gaudriol sent up to headquarters that night. His own private supplement to it ran something like this: 'Good-looking lad, quiet and modest; but with plenty of spirit, and intelligent. Doubtful how he'll get on with Cadoual, who has a bit of the devil in him at times, and is difficult.—However, to our *chopines!*'

'Did you hear that old Jeannot was dead?' said Cadoual suddenly to Pierre.

'No. How was it?'

'The old fool took one drink too many four nights ago, and fell overboard drawing the net.'

'Humph!' said Pierre.

'He always did drink too much, did Jeannot, and many's the time I've told him so; but as well try to stop a sea-gull whistling as a dry man when he's got the thirst on him,' said Sergeant Gaudriol.

'That leaves me alone in the boat, and that's no good,' said Cadoual.—'What do you say, *mon gars?*' to Alain. 'Will you try the fishing here for a time before going on farther? I will give you Jeannot's screw, and that includes a fifth-share in the take. Is it a bargain?'

'It's a bargain,' said Alain, and they struck hands on it, and Cadoual, with hang-the-expense recklessness, had the *chopines* filled again at a cost of two-pence the lot, and offered them cigarettes all round, and they clicked and drank to the partnership.

'You can arrange with the old one'—'*la vieille*,' his mother—to live with us if you like,' said Cadoual. 'She will do you well, and at a reasonable figure.'

'No, monsieur, excuse me; but I think not that, by your leave,' said Alain quietly. 'No discourtesy to you or madame, you understand. But if we are rubbing shoulders all night in the boat, it would be wiser not to be rubbing them ashore all day too, or they might get rough. Is it not so?'

'*Eh bien, mon beau!* that is as you choose; but the old one would do you well.'

Sergeant Gaudriol nodded approvingly, and said, 'It is good sense all the same.'

'And the little one, *mon vieux?*' asked the old gendarme of Pierre before they parted.

'She is well,' said Pierre.

M. Gaudriol frequently asked after Barbe, whom he remembered as a tiny suck-a-thumb in a tight little white cotton skull-cap on her father's arm that first morning when Pierre introduced himself to Plenevec. He had seen her once again, a child of six or so, with long dark hair and big blue eyes, and he had seen her but once or twice since. It was as the dark-haired little girl that he remembered her, though he knew her best as the skull-capped baby.

'A nice-looking lad,' said M. Gaudriol to himself as he mused over the new-comer that night. 'I wonder how he'll get on with George Cadoual. The poor old Jeannot had a deuce of a time and a dog's life. I'm not sure this one would take it sitting, as he did. However, *nous verrons.*'

A few days later he received a report from headquarters concerning Alain which caused him to regard the young fellow with quite new interest.

'*Tiens!*' he said to himself. 'What an odd world it is! It would be odder still if'—and he nodded his head like a china mandarin. 'It's not for me to interfere, anyhow. If that was to come about I should take it that the *bon Dieu* had His finger in it.'

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF LITERATURE.



JOHN MURRAY, the First, that prince amongst publishers, once said that the business of a publisher was not in his shop, or even in his connections, but in his brains. The founders of the houses of Murray, Blackwood, Constable, and Daniel Macmillan of a past generation, who had all daring, shrewdness, and large-minded enterprise, are witnesses to the truth of this; and

they stamped their names not only upon their own firms, but upon the literature of the time. The personal element now counts for less, and the commercial for more, than when William Blackwood hesitated to suggest the idea of payment to the persons of genius he began to gather round him to write for his magazine. 'I never did,' he said, 'and never will, hold out money in itself as the inducement for men of talent to write for *Maga*. What I have always been

anxious for is that able men should write on such subjects as they feel an interest in,' and on his part he decided never to print any article without paying liberally for it. At the dawn of the twentieth century we have another order of things. There are authors' societies and literary agents to further and safeguard the rights of authors; and literature, if not sold by the yard, is computed by the number of words. 'Why, indeed,' says Mrs Oliphant sarcastically, 'should it be considered a different kind of commodity from salt or sugar, or not be sold over the counter like a packet of tea?'

Those publishers have done best who, along with shrewdness, energy, and literary enthusiasm, combined the business faculty of being able to sell and push their wares when produced, and who sufficiently gauged or anticipated the public taste so as to produce what would sell. Nothing is easier than to fill a warehouse with printed stock; it is more difficult to earn money from the sale of such printed matter, and in this lies the art of the publisher. The easy-going methods of a past generation in publishing and book-selling are gone for ever. 'Will it pay?' is still a very practical question, however. A visit to a second-hand bookseller's or a 'remainder' shop might be humbling enough to a young author. Tons of printed matter annually change hands at about the cost of paper and print. Partly through the insane system of discounts, the retail bookseller has fallen on evil times, although the widespread adoption of the net system promises to help him. The draper and the store have often book departments, where cheap and badly-printed books come into competition with ordinary trading. The bookseller who knows and loves books is becoming extinct in the provinces, and depends on an array of miscellaneous articles to pay his shop-rent; while the trade in the great centres has a tendency to concentration in a few hands. The multitude of snippety books and periodicals has led to a deterioration of taste. As Byron says, 'a book's a book, although there's nothing in't,' to multitudes, whose literary tastes are dormant or elementary.

What Mr George William Curtis said lately about the American trade is equally applicable to that of the United Kingdom. He stated that the number of copies of a book sold is no longer a test of its literary value, and that it never was so. Of the books which reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies in 1900, probably not more than one will be read by another generation.

In the 'How To' series, there are books *How to Write for the Magazines* and *How to Write a Novel*. Scott's Introduction to the *Fortunes of Nigel* ought to be read along with the latter, especially this sentence: 'No work of imagination proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money ever did, or ever will, succeed.' It is some years

since a little book was issued in America entitled *Periodicals that Pay Contributors*. A list of those that do not would answer the same purpose. The *Literary Year-Book* furnishes a list of some three thousand authors. It may be an Irish way of saying it; but we feel certain, from the multitude of names that do not appear on the list, that there are as many names left out as are included. The indispensable literary agent also figures here. By the way, the photographers have now middlemen in London. The London agent of the provincial photographer can wire as to how many prints are wanted of some interesting local personage or event by the illustrated papers. This is handy for all parties concerned. Whatever the author may do, the publisher seldom wears his heart upon his sleeve, so we cannot tell how many out of the annual influx of six or seven thousand new books and new editions are really profitable to author and publisher. But an inspection of the debit and credit side of the publisher's ledger in connection with many of these might prove disappointing.

It takes more than ordinary ability to accomplish what William Blackwood did in making a first-class magazine contributor of such a chaotic personality as Christopher North, or what John Murray did in making a *Quarterly Review* editor of the dilatory Gifford. Johnson said of Edward Cave that he never looked out of his window without thinking of his *Gentleman's Magazine*; and it was jocularly said of the first Blackwood that he asked every person he met to contribute to his magazine. That simply meant that both were in earnest about the business. Murray, Blackwood, and Constable were all keen to scent a possible client, and it is amusing to read of the competition amongst them in order to secure the services of the author of *Waverley*. The wide-awake publisher seems to believe the sentiment uttered by the first Murray that 'every man has a book in him, if one only knew how to extract it.' There has been almost as much genius shown in the discovery and extraction as in the writing of a book at times. Great is the sway and permanence of a good idea. Many fertile and useful ideas stand to the credit of the publisher. Look at the permanence of and the fortunes made from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the originator of which was Colin McFarquhar, an Edinburgh printer, one hundred and thirty years ago. Archibald Constable, by the skilful way he handled this work and secured fresh and valuable contributions after its purchase for £14,000 in 1812, gave it a new lease of life and a great reputation. Adam Black required assistance at first in the purchase of the *Britannica* in 1827, and he spent £184,425 on the seventh and eighth editions. Mr Macvey Napier's editorial fee for the seventh edition was £6500, besides further payments for editing and £13,887 for contributors. As may be seen later from the estates

left by two members of the firm of A. & C. Black, the balance must have been kept on the right side, although the possession of the copyright of Scott's novels also greatly helped this firm. When Charles Knight completed the *Penny Cyclopædia*, on which he had spent £40,000 for literary matter alone, there was a balance of £30,788 against the book.

As William Blackwood's business first crystallised around his magazine, so did that of William and Robert Chambers around *Chambers's Journal*, in which we further see the value, permanence, and influence of an originally good idea, when properly fostered and carried out. The *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, of which the first two volumes of a new edition are ready, under the editorship of Dr David Patrick, made its first appearance in 1844. The success of a small educational book on English literature led Robert Chambers to project the larger work, in the execution of which he received valuable assistance from Dr Robert Carruthers. Of even greater value and importance was that most comprehensive work, *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*, begun in 1859 and completed in 1868. The vogue of the new edition (1888-1892) has been greater than ever. As pioneers in the field of educational and general literature, it fell to the lot of Messrs Chambers, by virtue of the practical value of their best schemes, to have them all widely imitated. This was the case with every successful work in their educational course, as well as most of the larger works. We only repeat what is well known in the trade, and by those who use the work, that no encyclopædia has had more widespread acceptance and greater permanence than Chambers's. Another point worth noting is that two of the most popular encyclopædias have been edited and produced in Edinburgh, although the supplement to one has been lately produced in London. No books of the same value and reputation have ever been wholly produced in the great metropolis. High-flying ideas in life and literature are short-lived. There is a fortune, however, in what supplies the need of the average individual.

Great ideas, therefore, of practical value, once coined, last through many generations. They are not always immediately profitable, as witness Mr George M. Smith's magnificent scheme for a *Dictionary of National Biography*, in which he sank a large fortune. Students and literary men owe him a debt of gratitude in all time coming for his monumental work. As founder of the *Cornhill* and a high-class business, he showed great shrewdness, generosity, and enterprise. But the best of men have their limitations. According to Mr Furnivall, he did not forecast the hold which Browning and Ruskin were to gain over present-day readers. While Tennyson's works were earning a royalty of some £5000 a year to the poet-laureate, Browning got scarcely £200. Smith, Elder, & Co. used to print seven

hundred and fifty copies of a new poem by Browning, sell from three hundred and eighty to four hundred the first year, from thirty to forty in the second, in the third three dozen, and afterwards odd copies. Mr Smith at first did not see the use of a cheap selection from such a slow-selling poet. Now Browning has found his own public, not so large as Tennyson's, but amongst an intelligent class of the community. The Browning Society and a shilling selection of his poems have a share in the credit of helping the popularity of the poet. When John Ruskin wanted money, after spending his father's large fortune, Mr Smith offered him £2000 for his copyrights. The author of *Modern Painters* did not accept the offer, but became his own publisher through the medium of Mr George Allen, and was soon earning between £5000 and £6000 a year from new editions of his works. From this start Mr Allen also joined the ranks of the publishing fraternity, and soon gathered a large publishing business. Mr George Smith told Mr Furnivall that he had gone into the publishing of the *Cornhill Magazine* on business principles. He had resolved to get the best article in the market by paying the best price. His magnificent payments for *Romola* are well known; but before this he was prepared to pay £2000 to Kingsley, Tom Hughes, or Mrs Gaskell for a novel to run through *Cornhill*, with seven years' copyright attached.

The beginning of the twentieth century witnesses a number of publishers who have built up large businesses and fortunes in a brief period on cheap journals. Sir George Newnes, with no experience of journalism beyond what came to him from reading the journals of the day, knew what he himself liked; and, generalising from his own taste, hit upon the *Tit-Bits* vein, the nucleus of his business. One night in 1880 he was reading the *Manchester Evening News*, when he came across a story which pleased and interested him, and he said to his wife, 'There! that's what I call a real tit-bit. This paper, but for it, is to-day decidedly dull, because there is absolutely no news to put into it. Now, why cannot a paper be brought out containing nothing but "tit-bits" such as this?' The successful inauguration of such a paper led to fame and fortune, and it has been widely imitated.

There is an immense amount of wasted energy in the preparation of newspaper and magazine articles which are hawked round—that is, the supply far exceeds any possible demand. For instance, *Harper's Magazine*, which can only use from two to three hundred articles annually, had twenty thousand offered in a recent year. Letters to editors and publishers, unless under exceptional circumstances, should be brief and business-like. Hundreds of people are tempted by what they hear of the earnings of authors to try their fate, forgetting that the business of authorship may require a long and severe apprenticeship; that the

wish is not always father to success. William Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, whose experience ranged over the first fifty years of last century, had written hundreds of obituaries of authors in which this was a stereotyped line, 'He died in poverty and left his family in distress.' The brothers Chambers of Edinburgh and Dickens in London were the only two cases which occurred to him while writing where men had done as well through literature as if their talents had been directed to another profession. This is too dark a picture, and happily matters have improved in many respects. With hundreds of new avenues for fresh talent, abundance of cases of great success could be mentioned to-day; although Jerdan, from ten or twelve volumes, none of which had been a failure, did not 'reap as much as would have fed a grasshopper.' The follies of authors must be laid to their own account. Pinnock, of *Pinnock's Catechism*, while in receipt of a handsome income, made a corner in veneer wood and ruined himself; while Tennyson at a very critical period of his career invested all his capital in a business for wood-carving by machinery. Hypochondria followed, and his life was despaired of! Although a poet, he had as good a grasp of the business side of literature as Scott, else he had never died worth £57,000. The personality of Robert Browning was only £16,000. Carlyle had £35,000 to leave to his relatives, while Craigenputtock estate, which came to him through his wife, went to Edinburgh University. The novelist has greater triumphs too, as witness the sums earned by Trollope, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Even the story of *Rab and his Friends*, by Dr John Brown, meant something in a pecuniary way. It had a large sale, and the Doctor one day remarked to a friend that he was going to have a holiday on the Continent 'on Rab's Tail!'

Sir Walter Besant, who did not become wholly dependent upon literature until he was fifty, recommends would-be authors to start with some backing, 'a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society; anything, anything rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone.' As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, he had a salary of £300 a year as a stand-by; before he resigned this he was earning another £200 a year by authorship. Not every one can follow this advice or his example, for when unmarried he says he lived in chambers. 'My rent was £40 a year; my laundress, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners—it is a great mistake not to feed well—cost me about thirty shillings a week. Altogether I could live very well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent; not to worry about money, and not to

be compelled to do pot-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money.' Thus far Sir Walter Besant's secret of success lay in following these rules: (1) I was not dependent on literature; I could spend time on my work. (2) I began by producing a book on the subject on which I desired to be a specialist. The work had a *succès d'estime*, and in a sense made my literary fortune. (3) This book opened the doors for me of magazines and reviews. (4) The knowledge of French matters also opened the door of the daily press for me. (5) I followed up the line by a second book on the same subject. The press were again, on the whole, very civil.' The late Robert Buchanan was very fierce upon the subject, and he wrote to Besant: 'I say to you now, out of the fullness of my experience, that had I a son who thought of turning to literature as a means of livelihood, and whom I could not dower with independent means of keeping Barabbas and the markets at bay, I would elect, were the choice mine, to save that son from future misery by striking him dead with my own hand.' Mr T. P. O'Connor is a good deal more hopeful and inspiring in the experiences he has set down from time to time.

As to poetry, we are supposed to be in a bad way: Mr Stopford Brooke tells us that we have no captains in poetry like Browning or Tennyson, with master-ideas. Mr Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, once advertised that if any one wanted a ton of bad poetry they might apply at the *Literary Gazette* Offices, 362 Strand. One fish rose to the bait, in the shape of a certain Henry Johnstone, invalided from the navy, who asked for a quotation for thirty, forty, or fifty pounds weight. He explained that as he was at present confined to his room from ill-health, therefore 'those to-be-expected very interesting papers will form a fund of amusement during that period.' Any remainder bookseller might supply a ton, at waste-paper price, on receiving due notice.

Forty-two years, or the life of an author, is considered too short a period by some authorities for either publisher or writer, or those dependent upon him, to get the full benefit of his literary property. Unless it be very exceptional literary property, the life will have gone out of it long ere the expiry of that period. Nothing is more notable in the literature of to-day than the short-lived nature of the reputations of young authors. These partake of the nature of Jonah's gourd. We need not give examples. The expiry of copyright means cheapening all round, and many publishers now compete in furnishing what formerly was the monopoly of one. There is a distinct public benefit here. The works of Scott and many of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens are out of copyright, and so have been multiplied. Fashions change; but cheap and neat reprints, such as those in Dent's Series or Nelson's Century Library, are

never out of fashion. Charles Dickens continued a custom of an earlier day in having *Pickwick* issued in shilling parts with green paper covers. Some of Thackeray's novels and those of Lever and Trollope were so issued. No publisher or novelist would think of such a method to-day, and the three-volume issue has also ceased. Twenty years ago Macmillan & Co. set the fashion of sixpenny reprints in quarto size, which from their inconvenience were soon dropped. We are in the era of much handier crown octavo sixpenny reprints, which sell by the hundred thousand, one novelist admitting the receipt of a cheque for £500 by way of royalty on a book so published, which he thought was quite dead. These sixpenny editions go to a different public from the higher-priced books, the sale of which they neither help nor hinder.

Our national drink-bill is now something like £160,000,000; our national book-bill, including the purchase of school-books and text-books, has been reckoned at between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000, which for a population of forty millions works out at something less than two shillings a head, as against nearly four pounds a head for liquor. It is very difficult to account for the popularity of some books: reviews at least no longer make or mar a book. The sale of Marie Corelli's last novel, which was never sent out for review at all, has been greater than that of any former one. Macaulay believed he had 'smashed' Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson* in the *Edinburgh*; but this did not prevent Murray from selling between forty and fifty thousand copies. Neither did Croker's onslaught on 'that most mischievous parody of history'—Macaulay's *History*, which he regarded as an historical romance, that would never be quoted as authority on any question or point of the history of England—prevent the author from handling a cheque for £20,000, only a portion of the profit earned by this laborious work. The newspapers that print reviews, give large space to literature, and print literary gossip are more numerous than ever; so are the special journals which concern themselves with books and bookmen. The man in the street is kept perfectly

well informed as to all that is being done amongst authors and publishers.

Bookselling and publishing are far from being lucrative professions as compared with many we could mention. If we consider the labour and risk involved, and the amount of capital sunk, it seems astonishing that many should have done so well. A great idea or a good business may have been inherited and extended. In other cases the business from which the money has been made was founded and extended in the lifetime of the testator. The present John Murray, who once said he belonged to the obstetric branch of the great literary community, hinted that if a man wanted riches he must appeal not to the great heart of the people, not to the great head of the people, but to the great stomach of the people: beer or pills or soda-water must claim his attention. The estate of the late George M. Smith, of Smith, Elder, & Co., was £761,965; but this was not all earned in publishing. That of Thomas Nelson, of T. Nelson & Sons, who died at the age of sixty-nine, was £630,867; George William Petter, of Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, £520,561; Alexander Macmillan, of Macmillan & Co., £179,011; Adam Black, of A. & C. Black, £147,261; George Routledge, £94,774; George Lock, of Ward, Lock, & Co., £119,010; George Bentley, of Richard Bentley & Son, £85,845; George Bell, of George Bell & Sons, £35,596; the late John Murray, £71,000; Francis Black, £72,000; Sir Thomas Clark, of T. & T. Clark, £210,566.

These are small amounts as compared with what some millionaires and multimillionaires—great ironmasters, shipowners, brewers, or distillers—have died possessed of. Yet if all are animated by the noble purpose of Daniel Macmillan, founder of the firm of Macmillan & Co., that 'as truly as God lives we are His ministers and help to minister to the well-being of the souls of men,' there are large compensations. While laborious, exacting, and risky, publishing has its prizes, and the thought that in the exercise of his profession he has added to the recreation or moral and intellectual well-being of the community ought to be no slight solace to any publisher or literary man.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART III.



WITH the obtrusion of this minor interest, Loddard felt his power of concentration weakened. Trying to make up his arrears of work on his return from the walk, he found the picture of his hostess—as, gazing with wistful eyes over the gray sea, she had told her meagre little story—interpose between himself and his writing-pad, and midnight saw him abandon the fruitless task in disgust.

All-unconsciously, the laudable if injudicious desire to brighten Mrs Kennett's dull existence retarded the completion of Loddard's novel. The writing that had made such notable progress during the early days of his sojourn at Marshfields languished. Interest in his landlady's affairs insidiously usurped the place in his thoughts that rightly belonged to the characters of his story. Sitting with a pen in his hand and foolscap before him, Loddard often discovered

himself mechanically scribbling little horses over the paper, the while he sought, by listening to the sounds of the house, to gather what Mrs Kennett's occupation was.

On the afternoon succeeding their evening walk he strolled up to West Mershfields ostensibly to replenish his store of tobacco, actually to inspect the ubiquitous Mr Grice.

That Mr Grice was an important personage in Mershfields there could be no uncertainty. The notice-board outside the little Independent Chapel bore his name as lay pastor. W. P. Grice was emblazoned large in gilt letters over the window of the bakery; and, entering the grocery and post-office combined, Loddard interviewed Mr Grice.

It must be confessed that Mrs Kennett's providence proved to be cast in a different mould from that anticipated by her guest. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with stiff black hair and a bushy black moustache. His manner while discussing the relative merits of rival brands of tobacco, and recommending a special blend of his own, was courteous yet dignified, as befitted a man of substance. Even when viewed with a background of the tea-canisters, jam-jars, tin saucepans, balls of twine, and all the household multifaria that go to the furnishing of a village store, Mr Grice gave an impression of strenuous individuality. Then, his purchase completed, Loddard quitted the shop endowed with an unwilling respect for its owner.

That Mr Grice's concern for Mrs Kennett's welfare might be caused by any sentiment deeper than goodwill did not occur to Loddard, who imagined that Mr Grice's possession of two little daughters augured also the ownership of a wife. It was an unpleasant shock to him when, walking in the burial-ground surrounding the weather-beaten church, taking notes of quaint local names graven on the tombstones, he came upon that of Grice: 'Sacred to the memory of Rebecca, beloved wife of W. P. Grice, of this parish.' So ran the inscription, and the date proved indubitably that for the past three years Mr Grice had been a widower.

Probably Mrs Kennett doubted her own discretion, for their evening walk was not repeated. When Loddard suggested its recurrence she declined, pleading urgent home occupations; but Loddard, finding out the hours when her services were required at the Independent Chapel, chanced to be in the vicinity when her labours ended, ready to escort her home. To such apparently casual encounters she could scarcely formulate objections.

Sundry ginger-hued bills announcing a prospective charity entertainment by the Amateur Dramatic Club of the nearest town, exhibited in the windows of the local library, suggested a ready-to-hand means of introducing a little variety into the monotony of his landlady's days; and Loddard lost no time in securing two reserved

seats. Had he waited to gain Mrs Kennett's consent before buying the tickets the purchase would not have been made. As it was, she raised sincere demur against the seeming levity of her witnessing a theatrical performance. Hard experience, however, engenders an exaggerated respect for the value of money; so when Loddard, in a fit of boyish petulance at her obduracy, spoke of tearing up the tickets if she refused to accompany him, and showed signs of promptly putting his threat into action, Mrs Kennett conquered her scruples and went.

To Loddard, whom familiarity with the best London theatres had rendered fastidious, the naïve delight evinced by his companion was a treat. It was the first stage-play she had witnessed, and even its many and obtrusive faults failed to lessen her enjoyment.

The first act was half through before the stage management discovered that the footlights were yet unlit. The star actor took one of Toole's most sprightly parts at a funeral pace. An untimely accession of modesty impelled the leading lady to turn her back to the audience and whisper her lines. The minor characters made inconsequent motions with the arms as though swimming. Even the curtain essayed the time-honoured pleasantry familiar to amateur curtains of descending unexpectedly in the middle of an act, and refusing to be cajoled down at its close.

Loddard's ridicule awoke no response in Mary Kennett. To her it was all dazzlingly beautiful and brilliantly witty; and the knowledge that a crudely acted farce meant intense enjoyment to her aroused fresh stounds of pity in her companion's impressionable heart.

The reserved seats had been almost empty. That small proportion of Mershfields' residents who patronised dramatic entertainments deemed it folly to expend two shillings a head when they could witness the same performance nearly as comfortably for one shilling, or even for sixpence. Before the curtain rose on the suburban drawing-room setting that, with some slight redistribution of the furniture, served for both plays, Mrs Kennett's feeling that their position was unduly conspicuous rendered her constrained and nervous. With the enjoyment of the acting her apprehensions vanished; but during the walk homewards they returned threefold, and the sudden cessation of her happy chatter made Loddard demand the reason of her silence.

'I know it seems ungrateful after all your kindness in taking me, Mr Loddard; but I was wondering what the chapel folks would say if they knew I had gone.'

'Nonsense; don't worry about a trifle like that. What right have they to criticise you, I'd like to know?' he replied lightly, drawing her arm through his own, for the night was moonless and the path uneven.

'Still, I'm certain I shouldn't have gone. If my going is likely to give offence to—to any one, it can't have been right to go, I know,' she answered.

There was a quaver in her voice, and Loddard's lurking jealousy took fire instantly.

'You're thinking of that Grice, I do believe,' he said pettishly. 'Pity you didn't ask his permission before coming!'

Mrs Kennett did not deny the imputation. 'Mr Grice is very strict,' she admitted; 'and he has always been so kind. I wouldn't like to disappoint Mr Grice. Still,' she added, extracting evident comfort from the thought, 'I didn't see any of the chapel people there, so perhaps he may not hear about it.'

However, a little bird had carried the news; and the next evening Loddard, seated at the writing-table engaged in a futile attempt to devise a wholly original method of satisfying justice by bringing condign vengeance on his villains, saw the stalwart figure of Mr Grice enter the gate. He wore a tall hat and his Sunday frock-coat—Loddard would have rejoiced had it been ill-fitting, but the garment clothed his rival's manly figure to a nicety—and his expression was grave as though intent upon serious business.

Loddard's acute ears heard Mrs Kennett utter a little exclamation of dismay when she opened the front door; he heard their footsteps enter the back parlour, and thereafter all he gathered of the interview was the muffled thunder of Mr Grice's deep voice.

Quarter of an hour dragged into half-an-hour. The light had faded; and Loddard, finding work hopeless, smoked fiercely, the while he tried to conjure up a vision of the scene that was being enacted on the farther side of the lath-and-plaster wall.

'Absurd that I should be jealous of a Grice—a—a pastor-y-baker,' he assured himself, finding puerile and unworthy consolation in the foolish pun. As the moments wore on the irritation of his never-patient soul increased. The murmur of the indistinguishable converse maddened him. He yearned for the right to take part therein, for the authority of defending the shrinking little woman from what he esteemed the insolent tyranny of the despot Grice.

The hands of the little marble timepiece—which, as its brass plate announced, had been presented to Mr Kennett on the occasion of his marriage by the scholars and pupil-teachers of Wilmcote School—had crawled round to a quarter-past eight; and, taking advantage of the fact that eight o'clock was his supper-time, Loddard tugged viciously at the bell.

His somewhat mean subterfuge proved entirely successful. A minute later he had the satisfaction of hearing the gate clang behind the retreating form of Mr Grice; but, to Loddard's keen disappointment, it was the little maid who hobbled in

to spread the cloth. Her mistress, she said in reply to his inquiry, had gone to bed with a headache; and Loddard, writhing in impotence, had vain thoughts of demanding an interview with the domineering Grice. Then, common-sense prevailing, he worked off his steam by writing a long letter to Pixley, who had always been his confidant, giving a full account of the occurrence, and probably affording Pixley a much clearer conception of the state of his feelings than he had any intention of doing.

Next morning the reappearance of the juvenile servitor showed that Mrs Kennett was purposely avoiding him; and Loddard, his pride aroused by the idea that in her dealings with him she must be acting upon the counsel of Mr Grice, hotly resolved to ignore her.

As the hours wore by his resolution weakened; and when only the initial steps of his afternoon walk had been taken he turned abruptly, and retracing his steps, re-entered the house, and tapped peremptorily at the door of the back parlour.

Mrs Kennett, who was bending disconsolately over the worn tablecloth she professed to darn, started at his sudden appearance, looking up at him through tear-reddened eyes.

'What does this mean? Why have you boycotted me?' Loddard demanded. Then, his resentment melting before her evident distress, he added more gently: 'It is hardly fair to cold-shoulder me without warning, is it?'

Fresh tears had welled up at his words. 'I know it was unkind and rude; but I thought it was—wise,' Mrs Kennett murmured huskily as, taking up the needle—from which the involuntary start wherewith she had greeted her guest's entrance had jerked the darning linen—she tried to rethread it, an attempt frustrated by her tear-dimmed vision.

'What did that man say to you?' Loddard asked. 'Grice, I mean; I saw him come in last night.'

'He said my conduct was unbecoming—that I ought to be irreproachable—a—an example to the rest of the congregation.'

'Unbecoming—simply because you went to a blatant amateur performance of an idiotic farce! Great powers! and you sat here and listened, and meekly endured his confounded intermeddling! You are your own mistress surely, and yet you allow this—Grice—to march into your house and dictate what you should or should not do!'

Mrs Kennett was feebly seeking to defend her conduct by repeating her well-worn formula regarding the past kindness of her self-appointed censor, when Loddard interposed. 'What else did he say? He couldn't possibly lecture for hours on your sinful playgoing?'

Her hands ceased their futile attempts to guide the thread through the needle's eye, and dropped helplessly into her lap. Two tears that had hung trembling on the verge of her long eyelashes,

escaping, rolled down her cheeks; but her quivering lips made no reply.

'He said something about me, I know, and you must tell me what it was, or I swear I'll go to him this moment and insist upon learning.'

'Oh no, you must not do that! Oh, I hope you won't!' urged Mrs Kennett, alarmed by the half-uttered threat. 'Mr Grice did not mention your name—he really didn't. He only said that he thought that in future it would be more discreet if—if I only took—lady lodgers.'

'Well, of all the infernal impudence!' Loddard ejaculated. Then, fired by the determination at all costs to circumvent the detested Grice, he seated himself on the sofa beside his hostess, and captured the trembling hand that held the cotton. In his joy at finding it make no effort towards release, a flood of burning words rushed pell-mell to his lips. A moment later and he would have made irrevocable confession of feeling that, though evanescent, was at the time perfectly sincere; but with the utterance of the first words came a peremptory knocking at the front door, a summons so violent that its sudden onslaught well-nigh shook the flimsy structure of the dwelling.

The absurd notion that some emissary of his rival had come to prevent the declaration of his sentiments flashed through Loddard's thoughts; but almost before it had time to formulate, the maid brought in a telegram addressed to himself.

Tearing it open, he read the laconic message: '*Return London instantly. Urgent reason. Bring manuscript and luggage.*—PIXLEY.'

Loddard knew his friend Pixley well enough to realise that no trivial necessity had called forth this peremptory demand for his return to town; and natural curiosity as to the nature of the pressing business completely routed all idea of love-making from his mind. 'Return instantly,' the telegram said; and a hurried glance at the local time-table showing that there was just time to catch a train, he despatched the juvenile maid to hire a conveyance, and rushed upstairs to pack his belongings. Before his preparations were complete the wagonette, wherein the proud messenger had returned seated in state, was waiting at the gate, and but scant leisure remained in which to bid his hostess adieu.

They said 'good-bye' in the narrow hall. The wistful brown eyes upturned to his held the pathetic patience of those to whom the 'slings and arrows' are no novelty; but their owner did not trust herself to speak.

Loddard would gladly have shown his sympathy by some outward manifestation of tenderness; but a suggestive creaking at the farther end of the passage, giving warning that the juvenile menial was peeping through the half-open kitchen door, forbade the possibility of an affectionate leave-taking.

'I must run away now,' he whispered, tightly grasping her cold hand. 'Only dire necessity takes me; you know that—don't you? But I'll come back in no time—to-morrow or next day at farthest. Watch for me at the window. I'd like to think of you doing that.'

THE ETHER AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

By ST JOHN RICHARDS.



SCIENTIFIC progress is attended by a simplification of means with an extension of results. The discovery that water always finds its level abolished the need for aqueducts like those of ancient Rome; the

discovery that the earth itself completes the circuit of the electric current disposed of twenty-three out of the twenty-four wires which were employed in the earliest systems of telegraphy; and now the researches of Hertz and of Joseph Henry, developed and applied by the inventive genius of Signor Marconi, have established the surprising fact that telegraphic wires are altogether unnecessary, as electric currents may be made to traverse immense distances without any connecting medium other than that afforded by the ether of space. This discovery shows once again how ready the energies of Nature are to be yoked in the service of man, provided he conforms to the conditions necessitated by the laws of their operations. Like the genius of the lamp, they must yield obedience to

him who possesses the talismanic secret of their movements.

To trace the rise of the new telegraphy we must go back a little. In 1842 Joseph Henry, of America, observed that an electric current circulating through a coil placed on the roof of his house was instantaneously repeated on another coil lying in the basement, and this despite the intervening floors and ceilings and the distance of thirty feet apart. In 1858 James Simpson, of Dundee, succeeded in transmitting messages across the river Tay by means of wires on both sides of the stream lying parallel to each other; but his early death prevented him from developing his method. The greatest name, however, in this connection is that of Hertz, who in 1888 conducted a series of experiments as to the radiation of energy into 'free space' and its reception by means of syntonised receivers. It is along this line of research that Marconi has travelled, and has been able successfully to demonstrate that, by the aid of a suitable transmitter and receiver, electric messages

can be sent through 'free space' over wide areas. Marconi's system is now in operation between two of the Channel Islands and between light-ships and the coast. Marconi declares that the distance the current can be made to travel depends entirely on the amount of the exciting energy, so that with a large transmitter he can flash 'with a celerity no less than thought' a message to America. In the presence of these practical results and the promise of more to follow, the inquiring mind naturally asks, 'How can these things be?' Strange as the process seems, there must be an explanation, for

Miracles are ceased;

And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

The answer to the question is: the ether does it. But the explanation that can be given of the process at present is only partial, principally because of our ignorance as to the composition and properties of the ether. This ether is not, of course, the anæsthetic, but the ether of space, in which, as scientists now agree, is to be found the origin and explanation of the great forces of light, heat, chemical action, and electricity. For the purpose of understanding how electric waves travel, the ether must (at least until the new granular theory has been further investigated) be conceived as an elastic, continuous jelly of infinite tenuity which fills all space and permeates all substances. It fills equally the intervals between the great bodies of the solar system and the interstices between the molecules and atoms of matter itself. That matter is quite solid is a popular delusion. It is now proved that no substance is absolutely solid. For instance, the metals on the railway lines, though tempered before being laid, are so porous as to be constantly contracting and expanding according to the temperature. A long tree-trunk, the ends being sawn off, will transmit the sound of a needle scratching at one end so that it can be heard at the other. Blocks of

stone from a quarry are allowed to stand years in the open before being used, so that the gases of the atmosphere may soak into their substance and render them hard and durable.

Now, heat travelling through metal, sound through wood, and chemical action through stone are quite commonplace phenomena to what Nature is performing every instant in the vast laboratory of the universe. The force of gravitation which holds our solar system in its place, the heat and light from the sun which sustain life on our planet, have to traverse distances that dazzle the mind to contemplate; yet in these great instances, as well as in the apparently smaller ones specified, the ether is doubtless the medium in and by which they travel. It is the connecting-link between worlds and between atoms. The 'ether,' says Professor Slack, 'must be so thin and so light that an inconceivable quantity would be required to weigh a pound. Yet, when in motion, the marvellous speed of its oscillations enables it to exert gigantic force. In consequence of its wonderful elasticity it can convey light a million times quicker than air can convey sound.'

This potent, all-pervading ether ignores the existence of material obstacles to its progress, and thus it is that the secret of wireless telegraphy is to generate electric waves and launch them into the ether, and the ether will convey them to wherever the prepared or syntonised receivers are waiting to absorb and register them. The ether, then, is the actual transmitter of wireless telegraph messages.

It is only in recent years that the ether has become a subject of scientific investigation, and already, as mentioned, many of the cosmic forces have been traced to its action. The success attained in transmitting electric waves by its agency is startling evidence of its reality and its possibilities, and may be taken as a sure indication of other wonderful developments to follow.

MY LITTLE AFFAIR WITH THE BASQUES.

By C. EDWARDES.

TOLLINGTON,' said the Duke to me (though he wasn't a duke really till a year later) one blazing day early in July 1813, when he had caught me yawning on the river side of the Chofres—as pretty a mark for the Frenchmen t'other bank of the river as well could be—'you can spend your time for the nation better than that. Step this way.'

Sabre-point! I don't suppose a man in the army—ay, in both armies—felt more ashamed of himself at that moment. To be dropped on like a loafer! And yet, when you come to the truth, we were most of us having an idle time then, waiting for

the river to dry up to give us a decent chance of a crossing. Rey, the Governor of San Sebastian's fort La Mota, knew we had a warm thing on; and all the Frenchies were taking a rest. It wasn't their business to waste ammunition until they'd got something solid and red to pepper at; for they couldn't tell how soon our authorities at home were going to wake up and send the General the ships he hungered for, to block the town seawards and stop that confounded dribble landwards from French ports of belly-cheer and powder, which made some of us weep—that is, grind our teeth—at such a missing of opportunities.

I jumped up as if I had got another bullet in the

mere meat of my leg. Vittoria, a month ago, had treated me to that pleasure, and the bit of lead itself was laid by for my wee daughter Molly to play with, if so be I might get home a sound man and not a white-haired old cripple with the very lead itself melted in my pocket from old age and the heat of countless summers in Spain. For who could tell how long we were to be fighting battles for the Dons, and what trouble their pig-headed ingratitude might land us in ere the peace was signed?

'Your humble servant, sir!' I said, saluting and thinking to myself that it was all up with my hopes of an adventure for the next three months. The General was going to punish me by putting me on commissariat work: that, or prisoners' guard, or worse still. But devil a bit of that it was, praised be his lordship for his ripe good sense!

'You're the only man in my army, Tollington, who gets fat on exercise,' said the Duke dryly.

He said that, turned to see which of his suite had laughed, and then turned to the other side to see what Sir Tom Ryle meant by daring to warn *him* about anything.

A round-shot splintered a few square yards of granite close to the left of us, making one man sing out and hop into the air. Those artful beggars had sighted us, and found the temptation irresistible, that was all; and enough too, if they had shoved their gun's muzzle an inch or two more to the south. Then, by my faith! there would have been no Wellington at Waterloo, and my little Molly would have had her flaxen pigtail tied with crape inside a month, and be crying in her leisure moments, 'Oh, my poor daddy!'

'From the Mirador, sir,' said Sir Tom.

But the Duke said nothing; he just jerked his head at me, and I followed him, the others drawing apart. And, in the words of the Scriptures, my heart leaped within me, for I knew by the lie of his lips that he'd been looking for some one to do special service, and had now found just that same suitable person.

'Tollington, you know the Basques, I think,' he said quickly. 'I want you to get off at once to Olazazagua yonder'—he nodded towards the Pyrenees—'and use your wits. You *have* brains as well as stomach, when you like to use them, and I request you to use them in thorough earnest, sir, on this occasion. The safety of my rear depends on your activity and intelligence.'

That was proud hearing. If I beamed thanksgivings in the General's face, who can blame me? I'd have kissed his hand as soon as the Pope's toe at that moment, which, for a conscientious Catholic, is saying no small thing, let me tell you.

'Are you following me, sir?' he inquired sharply, with the clink of bright steel in his voice.

'Yes, sir,' said I.

'Very well; be off with you. Those infernal rascals with the infernal language of their own are playing crooked as usual. I can't be hampered by

them at this stage in the campaign, when—— But never mind that. Get to this place, Olazazagua, and say "Adam and Eve" to Father Dinis, who has the souls of the villagers in his keeping. He takes British pay, and has done nothing for it hitherto. What there is to tell, presumably, he will tell you. If you have any reason to believe he is trying any traitorous dodges on me, you are empowered to punish him as a traitor *after* you have summed up the situation. I believe some four thousand of the rascals are massed by that village. It's unaccountable that Dinis has held his tongue about it. Find out their game and report to me in person as speedily as possible. Do you understand me?'

'Perfectly, General.'

'Then good-morning. Of course you will make up as a Basque. You're shaped like one. That's all.'

He gave me the curtest of flourishes and rejoined his staff; and I, knowing my General, didn't say another word, but just started for camp to get into stockinged legs and don flat cap and one of those amazing thick cloaks with which the delicate mountain Ajaxes keep the damp out of their precious throats. I accounted myself about half a dead man already; but that made no difference to my feet. They and the rest of me had just been fretting for an adventure, and here we had it offered to us in rare measure, brim-full and running over.

It was to be yet again that cheerful and invigorating alternative, 'Success or Death; but Failure never!' Put the words in Latin and you have the motto of the house of Tollington, than which there is none more honourable in all Ireland, from Antrim's Head to Ballydavid by Dingle Bay.

In less than half-an-hour I was a Basque to the life, barring my thoughts and my soul; and cursing that cloak—ay, and even the bit of a net-bag in which I carried my bread-and-cheese, and the straw glove that was to do more for me in this joke, I reckoned, than even the General's passwords, 'Adam and Eve.' Faith, too! I'd got my shillelagh as well, and no weapon else. They're a smart lot with the stick and the ball in these chestnutty mountains of Biscaya, and I trusted fully as much to my own accomplishments in these matters as to Father Dinis of Olazazagua for my body's salvation and the good work I was to do for the British army.

You see, I'd had the luck early in this pestilent Spanish war to be captured and held fast Zumarraga way for nigh on a year while the rest of us were enjoying times in Portugal; and, as my method was, I'd made myself much at home in the highland village where I was a prisoner. I could patter enough of their mysterious lingo to serve my turn; and I had proved myself a wonderful *pelota* man. It was this last that got me my freedom, and now I meant to see what it could do for me in the more northern parts of this same muddled little land of mountains and conceited peasants with the pedigrees and blazonry of princes.

It was not far I pushed that night, maybe five

miles past the farthest of our outposts. 'Twas as a wandering idiot-man that they made me welcome in the village where I passed the night. I thanked them for that hint, and had no difficulty all the next day in leading every Biscayan I met to believe I was one of the greatest idiots, loose on his travels to avoid the heat of the lowlands.

I'm not saying this state of things was flattering to me. It was not, indeed. But it served me.

It was escorted by two ladies as broad as long that on the second night I came among the dark houses and broad eaves of Olazazagua, with the chestnut-trees all round it, and merry trout-streams lacing the fields, with the white tents of a small army set amid the meadow flowers.

'The poor fool is on a pilgrimage—he has no friends,' said one of these gracious dames to the first Olazazagua man we met.

'And,' said the other, even more graciously, 'though it is impossible a brainless man can commit guilty sins, he does nothing in the world but ask for Father Dinis of Olazazagua. He says no one but Father Dinis can give him a white soul again.'

The Olazazagua man made a coarse remark about the size of my stomach and laughed. 'Father Dinis is busy with the soldiers,' he said. 'Besides, there is a *romeria* [saints'-day fair] this afternoon, with games, and his reverence has much money on two of the contests. He has no time for fools. I'll take the booby to a house where there is another one like him, and in the morning perhaps the priest may spare him ten minutes for confession.'

I went with this Olazazagua man like a pet-lamb led by a string, feeling finely stirred by the sight of these martial goings-on.

'What is it?' I asked, with a clumsy jibber, pointing to the troops on the green.

'Ha! he!' laughed my man. 'The English shall learn what it is, all in our good time, my poor fool.'

This said, the rascal made a dive at my bag and pulled out my *pelota* glove; then he stood still and bellowed; and, having bellowed his breath away, he shouted in a whisper, and a number of men as black-browed and broad-chested as himself, with their ugly womenkind to match, came running from their houses and porch seats to see what the matter was.

My glove was the matter, and the questions they threw at me showed that if I were a fool I had suddenly become a respectable one.

They asked me if I was for the contest that afternoon, and if I was perchance the champion from Bilbao who was expected to try and take the conceit out of their own pet, one Juan Gorostegui—bless his father for giving him such a name!

But to all this never a plain word said I. My thoughts were hard at work, and, mind you! it was early to change my character all at once.

And so the hubbub echoed off, and I was taken to a house set on the hillside, above the village, where I found my fellow-fool; and the sight of him gave

me a small shock, for he was an unmistakable Frenchy, with irons on his legs, and a volley of *sacres* when he saw my conductor. An ape-faced woman had him in charge—a woman with arms and shoulders like an artilleryman's; and to her my man said, as he passed me in, 'Another babe for you to suckle, mother.' With that, ere I'd got my senses properly ranged, I too was seized and chained up like a wild beast out of a forest.

Before he left the house the man explained that martial-law of a very fierce kind would be in vogue in Olazazagua for the next few days. All strangers, fools or otherwise, were to be secured until the Basque army had set forth to have its cut at my lord by the Urumea; and, though I spoke Basque of a sort, they were obliged to do their duty even towards a poor fool like me.

'That is, if you are sure you are not the Chiquito from Bilbao?' he finished.

'And then, faith! I made my stroke. 'It's just that same I am,' I said; 'only a fever has bewitched my head and made me the sick man I am. This and the trouble of getting past the outposts of the soldiers by the sea.'

That staggered him.

'It's Father Dinis who'll know best what you are,' quoth he, and left me with my companion. The old woman went out to shell beans, and straight the Frenchy aired his tongue to me.

The language he used was very bad even for a man of his nation. He cursed the Basques hip and thigh, root and branch, from priest downwards; and most he cursed them for their brazen treachery.

Having got thus far, and astonished me with the news that he had come to Olazazagua on purpose to instigate them to take just the step they were taking on their own initiative, and had nevertheless been shut up as a spy, this Captain Delaforte told me a great thing. I reckon he really was a fool, or disappointment had watered his brain. That and the comfort of finding that I could understand his dear Paris talk greased his tongue famously.

'Once let me get out of this satanic village,' he cried, 'and I've the most certain plan in my head for blowing Lord Wellington's army to perdition. It came to me last night when I was fighting the fleas. I shall tell it you straight that you may see why I'm so uneasy. There is the aqueduct. It runs underground where the British position is. *Voilà!* With the powder, and a company of fine spirits like myself, the thing is done!'

Faith! I gaped at the donkey as if I saw no sense in him; but I bottled up the idea and—then forgot it, for there were visitors at the door, and with them a fat, turnip-headed man in a shovel-hat whom I guessed to be my Father Dinis.

'Welcome!' said he slyly, making the sign of the Cross and screwing up his eyes at me.

It was on my tongue to cry out 'Adam and Eve' there and then; but the temper of the Frenchman gave me wisdom. Like enough, he had come with credentials from Governor Rey as good as mine

from Lord Wellington. And what better should I be then?

So I just stuck to my fib about the *pelota* business. If his reverence liked, I would show him a specimen of my stroke, asking him to make allowance for the weak state of my head. And was it not a wonderfully unkind thing that I should be chained up for just nothing at all, at all, as if I too were a bloody-minded soldier engaged in the devastation of the country?

That scored.

With his own hands Father Dinis freed me. He was a sly one. He tried to pump me about what I had seen on the coast, but I had seen nothing except my feet on the white roads. And then, sure enough, he let out his rascally secret.

'On your return to Bilbao, my son,' he said, 'you shall see the bones of many an Englishman, if Heaven so wills it to help us.'

'Amen!' said I; 'if Heaven so wills it.'

'You will return no champion of Olazazagua, Hernani; but that is what you shall see, my son,' he said on, with an oily wink.

For two pins I could have got at his throat and settled him at that moment, so mad was I with him for hoaxing the General. But a wiser instinct controlled me, and I was soon doing my best to revive the skill as a *pelota* player which had done me so good a turn three or four years earlier. Maybe a hundred folks watched me; and the most of them laughed. They did not reckon I should beat their Gorostegui if I played no better than that. But I kept my underhand volleys up my sleeve, as it were; the more resolutely, too, when I heard my friend the priest gloating for all hearers about the bets he had certainly won. He had backed Gorostegui heavily, and he offered odds of three to one now against me.

They do this kind of thing in Biscaya, priests and people, quite as a matter of course. But Father Dinis was an out-and-outer.

The time passed merrily now until the games. Had the Olazazagua wine been stronger than it was, faith! it's not sure I am I could quite so handsomely have kept up my part of the sun-struck Chiquito from Bilbao. They petted me finely, did the men who had put their money on me from sheer respect for the Chiquito's reputation. But I kept my head clear, for how knew I that at any instant this confounded Bilbao man might not turn up and make things blue for me? Moreover, I had to get back to the camp without loss of time.

As to the ways and means of this, my brains were bothering about them even when that tournament in the *pelota* court had begun. I didn't see my way that day, bedad! for there was to be a rare banquet to wind up the evening. And in the morning those Basque warriors were to march!

But let me move now at the trot. Somehow the spirit of the game caught me when I had lost forty points to Gorostegui's twenty-eight. I recovered my knack at the *cruzado* deliveries, and in a quarter

of an hour the tables were being turned. How the fellows did roar their applause! And how uncomfortably Father Dinis nursed his blue chin and stared!

Another quarter of an hour and my side had run out a winner on the fifty points, leaving the Olazazagua champion and his dummy colleague staggered at thirty-five. I had done more. In the excitement of my joy (plus a little wholesome revenge), I had wound up the victory by a stinging and artful side-stroke which sent the ball, hard as a cannon-shot, at the head of Father Dinis himself. His reverence was lying with a brain concussion, and I was wearing my laurels with what grace I could.

It was at about eleven o'clock, under half a moon, that I slipped out of the village. Walking all night, I sighted the sea when the sun had been up a dangerous number of hours; and then, a weary but proud man, I sought out the General and made my report. I told him besides what I had made up my mind to tell him about that unlucky Frenchman's idea of the aqueduct. And, faith! that's maybe where I made the mistake; for, though it led to the famous mine of the 25th, and the simultaneous attack over the river, we didn't make much profit out of either the one or the other. Lieutenant Reid got more credit for his crawl up the pipe of the aqueduct than Captain Tollington (though it's I that say it), who suggested it all. 'Tis ever the way: you must be successful if you want to succeed; and this one bad egg a little spoiled my credit for the Olazazagua business.

Mentioned in the despatches? To be sure I was; and the General himself said 'Well done!' to me. But this was all the direct reward I got for those three days' work; this, and a gratified conscience, which is a good thing for any one to have, man or boy.

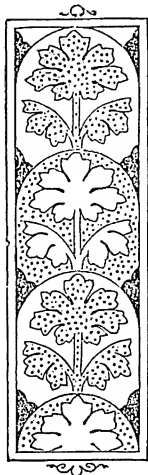
The news reached us later that Father Dinis died of his hurt brain and annoyance at the defeat of the Basques when these came down their hills like ants into the ambush which, thanks to me, was prepared for them. Well, he deserved to die for his crookedness, and that's all about it.

TO A GAELIC AIR.

THE Faëry Folk have wiled your face away
From our familiar place and starry skies,
And made a whirling veil of snow and spray
To blind me from your eyes.

Come yet again;
Our curlew's cry doth utter all the pain
My heart feels for thy memories kind,
And sweetness thou hast left behind.
When twilight comes, unbar the door,
Steal out across the drifted floor,
And homeward turn thy face, ah! heart's desire.
Dreary, dreary is the moor,
Waste and weary is the shore,
Oh! come to warm thy hands by the old fire.

JOHN M. HAY.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART I.



IMUST premise that the memories of which I propose to write are not exclusively, or even mainly, my own. My certificate of birth forbids me (by a narrow and decreasing margin, it is true!) to think of looking back

through the whole of the formidable period of fifty years. No: it is from letters written to or by my father and mother, supplemented here and there by my own recollection, that I shall draw the materials of these memories. I can only hope that I may be able to communicate to those who read them here some part of the pleasure that I myself feel in calling to mind the beloved and honoured names of those who were for many years the friends of my parents, and who are endeared to me not only on that account, but also by the memory of great and unvarying kindness bestowed by them upon the son of their friends.

As I write I can summon a long procession of the departed. At its head marches Charles Dickens, and after him come Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Barry Cornwall, Charles Reade, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, John Forster, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Robert Browning, Sir Alexander Cockburn the Lord Chief-Justice, James Payn, Sir George Grove, and many another. Nor must I forget my grandfather, Robert Chambers, *clarum et venerabile nomen* not only to his descendants but to all who value great powers of intellect and a noble devotion to good causes. Of nearly all these I hope to have something to relate in the course of these papers.

A few words by way of preface I must say about my father and mother. My mother was the eldest of the eight daughters of Robert Chambers. Born in Edinburgh in 1830, she was married there in 1852 to my father, he being her senior by four years. My grandfather on the paternal side was a distinguished portrait-painter living in Hamburg, and my father, the youngest of five sons, had left

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his home at a very early age, and had come to England to fit himself for a mercantile career. Later on he established himself in Leith, and it was while living there that he was introduced to the Chambers family.

My father was a man of great force of character, unbounded energy, and tireless industry. Immersed though he was in the daily struggle of his business, he never allowed it to dull his interest in art, music, and literature. He was the son and the brother of distinguished painters, and was himself an excellent performer on the violin. My mother, as the daughter of Robert Chambers, had lived from her earliest days in a literary atmosphere. She had known and conversed with great men, her own father not least among them. Moreover, like her mother and her sisters, she was musical to the finger-tips. Her playing of the piano was a revelation of the divine capacities of that difficult and much-abused instrument. She had a touch (alas that I should have to think of it as the touch of a vanished hand!) from which the notes seemed to flow in streams of liquid jewels. Her ear was faultless, and not less so was the instinctive sympathy with which she gave life and symmetry and charm to any piece that she might play. Tenderness or rapture, yearning or passion—all the emotions that the musician strives to express were within the range of those frail but wonder-working fingers moving over the keyboard with a quickness, a precision, and an ease that would have been astonishing had the movements not seemed so perfectly natural and inevitable. The praise may seem high, but there are many still living who can testify to its simple truth.

Thus it came about that my father and mother after they were married were able to secure many friendships in the great world of art and music and literature. Readers of this *Journal*, I may assume, will appreciate with a special interest reminiscences connected with Robert Chambers and his family.

DEC. 27, 1902.

I transcribe the following passage from some manuscript notes and reminiscences put together by my father in 1884 :

'I made the acquaintance of the Chambers family in 1851. My violin was the key which opened the house to me. All of them were passionately fond of music. Robert Chambers himself played the flute very fairly, and his wife and some of the daughters were not only excellent pianists, but were endowed with musical faculties to a very unusual degree. I remember a little dance for which Mrs Chambers and one of the girls played the music on a piano and a harmonium. Musicians will understand my surprise when I heard the daughter interrupt her mother, saying, "Not in G, mamma ; let us play it in A ;" whereupon they resumed in the altered key, as if such transposition, instead of being a difficult and intricate feat, was the simplest and most natural attribute of the performance.

'All strangers of distinction flocked to the house in Doune Terrace, Edinburgh, and eminent travellers made a point of bringing a letter to Robert Chambers, so as to have the advantage of being shown over the town by the author of *The Traditions of Edinburgh*. I remember his coming home after a long day spent on some such errand, and saying, "To-day I took a very pleasant party of Americans over Edinburgh, and I know they will think me one of the most charming and interesting of guides, for they talked incessantly, and never allowed me to get a word in edgewise." I believe it was during one of the meetings of the British Association, when Robert Chambers had several eminent foreign men of science staying at his house, that the family narrowly escaped the catastrophe of an explosion, for a sweetly innocent professor from Pisa had, on retiring to rest, and being left alone with the, to him, novel incident of gas, blown it out instead of turning it off. Luckily not much had been turned on ; the professor, being presumably trained by the smells of Pisa, had had his slumbers only slightly disturbed, and the trouble was fortunately not discovered till daylight.

'What remained of Edinburgh literary society congregated at the house. Professor Aytoun and Sheriff Gordon, who, by the way, were Christopher North's sons-in-law, were constant visitors, and Mrs Crowe, the authoress of *The Night-Side of Nature*, Susan Hopley, &c., often stayed there.

'Robert Chambers had three sons and eight daughters. Of the sons, two were at the time I am speaking of little boys, and the eldest, then a young man of about nineteen, was away from home. The eight daughters were of all ages, ranging from mere babyhood up to twenty-one, and the female element bore undisputed sway in the house. My mother-in-law, Mrs Robert Chambers, was not only a most accomplished woman, but was the soul of kindness, and had a fund of the most delightful humour. Some of the daughters were strikingly handsome, and all were sprightly and attractive to an uncommon degree. As I write I still seem to

hear the silvery peals of laughter which were continually ringing through the house. What innocent evenings of mirth and frolic we used to have, and when Robert Chambers, the most industrious of mortals, emerged late from his study, Jove-like, and with a little of the dampness of his Olympian clouds clinging to him, how the whole mad company would immediately be on its best behaviour, all the girls flocking to the feet of their father and trying to be fit company for him !

'The fact that Robert Chambers was the author of *Vestiges of Creation* is at last established beyond all question since the last survivor of those who were in the secret, Mr Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, has said his say. [Mr Ireland, in an Introduction to the twelfth edition of the *Vestiges of Creation*, published in 1884, gave a full account of the authorship of the book, and of the circumstances attending its original publication in 1844.] To the present generation, which has outlived Bishop Colenso and Darwin, and has been educated by Tyndall and Huxley, it will be almost impossible to convey an idea of the violent commotion to which *Vestiges of Creation* gave rise on its appearance. The clerical press blew its loudest blast, and old-fashioned science, startled and uneasy, joined in the fray. The author, had he given his name, would not only have incurred the *odium theologicum*, but would have run great risk of being placed outside the pale of respectability. To a man with a large family and a flourishing business largely dependent on the goodwill of the general and easily led public, this was no slight matter, and I can easily understand now why Robert Chambers shrouded himself in impenetrable mystery. The veil was raised to me a few years after I married his daughter. I was staying at his house, No. 1 Doune Terrace. He and I had been out for a walk together, and as we were returning home I said to him, "Tell me why you have never acknowledged your greatest work." For all answer he pointed to his house, in which he had eleven children, and then slowly added, "I have eleven reasons." As Robert Chambers was the last man to let me infer he was the author if he could have truthfully denied it, the question was from that moment settled in my mind.'

The publication of the *Vestiges* is referred to in the following interesting letter from the late Mr Alexander Ireland to my mother :

'31 MAULDETH ROAD, FALLOWFIELD,
MANCHESTER, Oct. 26th, 1892.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—It was a great pleasure to me to receive your kind letter. My wife was very much gratified by your good opinion of her *Life of Mrs Carlyle*, and has written to you to that effect. Have you seen her selections from Miss Jewsbury's *Letters to Mrs Carlyle*? It has only been published a week, and already more than thirty favourable reviews of it have appeared. I enclose one or two of them for your perusal. The *Times* gave a column to it. My wife has been in very precarious health for the last few

years, and yet she has been able to do a great deal of literary work. . . . I was shocked by the news of Mrs Wills's death.* It seems a very short time since we met her at Bowdon in Mr Mills's house—so full of kindness and so cheerful. I always loved her very dearly from her youth upwards. Many a pleasant evening did I spend with her and her mother in Waterloo Place in the dear old Edinburgh days which I can never, never forget. Your dear father and mother and all their kindness to me will ever remain to me a sacred memory. For thirty-five years I enjoyed your father's friendship and confidence. He was, I may say, the dearest and best friend I ever had. His friendship was a constant blessing, and when he died I felt that something good and noble was for ever lost to me in this world; but the memory of him and of your mother will remain in me to the last hour of my life as a comfort and blessing. And now that Mrs Wills is gone, the last earthly link of that generation is broken. One of the last letters I wrote her was about a year ago, when she wished me to put in writing a story I told her in her house in London about three years ago when I spent a delightful evening with her. The story I told her—a Scottish one—very much aroused her fine sense of humour, and she afterwards wished me to put it in writing for her.

'Of course you know all about the history of the *Vestiges* and my connection with the secret, and the getting it published, so that no one could know where it came from—all of which I related in the edition of the book published in 1884, after William Chambers's death.

'I intend, if life be spared me, to write a little volume of cherished memories of some remarkable men I have known: such as Campbell the poet, Emerson (whom I knew and corresponded with for fifty years), George Dawson, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, Wordsworth, and an interview I had with Sir Walter Scott in 1829, when I was a lad of nineteen. Your dear father will also be included as one of the most interesting. . . . And now, with all good wishes for you and yours, believe me, with affectionate regards, your old friend from the time you were a girl in the old house in Ann Street,

ALEXANDER IRELAND.'

Unfortunately Mr Ireland was unable to carry out the project of which he speaks in this letter. He died two years afterwards, at the ripe age of eighty-four.

With Carlyle my grandfather was well acquainted. I have a letter written by Carlyle to him, and dated '5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 18th May 1853,' in which he engages Mr and Mrs Chambers to visit him on the following Sunday evening. It contains this characteristic sentence, which I venture to quote:

'Note, also, your coachman had better come by Cheyne Walk (*i.e.* the River Side); and you will probably have to get out at the bottom of our little street, and walk a few steps to us; the *Commissioners of Sewers* [these words are underlined] are hard on this poor population just now, and have rendered the houses here inaccessible to wheel-carriages for some time past: Bad luck to Blockheadism everywhere!' This, it must be admitted, is hard on the commissioners, who were probably only doing their duty in restoring defective drains.

Many years afterwards my mother met Carlyle at John Forster's house. I find the following pleasant account of the meeting in a letter written by her to my father, who was then on a journey round the world:

'On Tuesday, 8th [March 1870], I dined with the Forsters to meet Carlyle quietly. Percy Fitzgerald, his wife, and sister were the only other guests. Carlyle was so sweet. By the way, his young niece, a Scotch girl just home from school to keep his house, was there. Carlyle spoke to me so appreciatively and flatteringly of papa I could have kissed him. He said he had read everything he had ever written since he was a very young man, and had come out with his *Rebellion*. That he had been pertecleerly struck lately with a Life of Smollett by him. "The vary best thing iver written about Smollett—vastly suparior to anything that has iver been written about him before," &c. He asked all about papa's life. After dinner I played him one Scotch tune after another. He was pleased, even touched. He said, "Waal, I niver harrd a sweeter finger on the pianyforty in all my life."

Let me say here that my mother, like most of her sisters, was a letter-writer in the best sense of the word—not a mere chronicler of dull incidents or a retailer of chat about the weather or the price of provisions, but a writer with a style which was admirable because it was perfectly natural and unforced and simple—a style which was like good talk in its ease and its humour. I hope to be able to make good my opinion by more than one extract from her letters to my father, every one of which I found he had religiously preserved from 1851 to 1891, the year of his death. Here, to begin with, is an extract from a letter written to my father during their engagement. My mother, then in her twenty-second year, was staying with friends in England, and was taken to what she calls 'a presentation tea.' The date is 6th September 1852:

'I have now come home from that festive meeting. Everybody is in bed, and I sit down to write to you. Oh, what pleasure it was when we hailed the post-boy on the road as we went, and amongst other letters my eager eye recognised your precious handwriting! It made me so happy, so strong in happiness! It enabled me to stand all the speechifying with patience, and to see everything and everybody through rose-coloured eyes.

'You must know this was a meeting to present

* Mrs Wills, sister of Robert Chambers and wife of W. H. Wills, the friend of Charles Dickens and his assistant in *Household Words* and the *Daily News*.

Mr Clarke with silver plate, a purse of gold, and a watch, all for his invaluable services, &c. ; and there was a tea given to about sixty people in a long room of an inn. Mr Sopwith, as the great man of this district, presided in the chair, and I was requested by the people to be mistress of the festive board and to make tea. So behold me installed at the top of the table in the arm-chair, with every eye upon me, gracefully (of course) filling small cups with the brown beverage which enlivens but not, &c. Then I abdicated the chair to the rightful filler thereof, Mr Sopwith, and took my place at his right hand, and then came the speeches. "The Queen," of course, and some very impertinent comparisons with the Continental management of affairs. Equally of course "The Ladies" were given with many cheers, and—what do you think?—you will never believe it!—I got up to return thanks for that. I could not speak for about five minutes, they applauded so much; but I stood quite coldly eyeing them all round. My speech was brief, I am proud to say. It was merely this: "In the name of all the ladies present, I take upon myself to thank the gentlemen for the last toast, which I think *decidedly* the best of all."

'There was such a quantity of queer-looking women there, so oddly dressed, too. The parson's wife was near me, a startled, haggard young woman with a large straggling mourning collar that flew away at corners and did not seem to belong to her dress at all, and a head of dried-up, desolate-looking hair which must have been slept upon and undisturbed by brush or comb since an early period of the owner's infancy. . . .

'But, oh! that distressed woman Mrs Clarke, so overwhelmed with the honour that was done to her husband, calling me "Mum," and trembling with delight and confusion at every fresh cup of tea with which I presented her. She had on a nervous pair of white silk gloves of a painful longitude at the finger-ends; but pushing them on was a useful and blessed employment during the agitating moments when her husband's virtues were being descanted upon.'

In my next article I shall be able to add to this early letter a few more passages from my mother's letters, relating to Dr Robert Chambers and the family circle at Doune Terrace. I hope, too, to have something to say about our dear old friend Wilkie Collins, who was intimately associated with my father and mother for close upon fifty years.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER IV.—GAIN OF LOSS.



FOR the first time in her life Barbe found herself lonely after Alain left. That she had never felt so before was not by any means her fault, though very much her misfortune.

He who has no friends can suffer no bereavements; but such a depth of poverty is infinitely more to be deplored than the sorest wringing of the heart through loss, since bruising makes the heart grow tender. Philosophic wealth may consist in fewness of needs; but craving indicates growth even in an *Oliver Twist*. The rock-embedded toad lives a life of perfect peace, and has no wants—so far as we know; but its existence is hardly the ideal one, and no doubt the moment its sphere is enlarged it stretches and begins to want. It generally dies of overexcitement; but that is by the way, and in no degree affects my argument.

The Light, which had hitherto yielded Barbe all she wanted in the way of food for heart and mind, felt suddenly barren in these respects. Twelve long years she had lived there in contentment, and never lacked good company, even when her father was absent. If complaint was ever in her, it was rather that, on occasion—say on Christmas Eve—the Light was overcrowded. And now this sailor-lad with the bold blue eyes and the long yellow hair had come for one short week, and the place felt empty without him.

Barbe went about her work sedately, and missed

him in every corner. That was where he used to sit smoking of an evening while he discoursed disjointedly of the world outside, and her father sat and grunted approvingly. That was where he had sat with his legs dangling through the gallery rails while she polished the reflectors, and saw him in them all. That was his empty bunk next to her own—for in Brittany the privacy of a box-bed may still imply a community of bedroom, and light-houses are not as a rule built with guest-chambers. On one still night she had heard his quiet, regular breathing through the partition, and had lain awake listening to it, stirred with strange emotions, till she fell asleep only to dream of him still.

The straight blue eyes looked out at her from every corner just as they always had done. Always! did she say? and, *mon Dieu!* it was only one short week he had been there. The long yellow locks, whose ends curled upwards on his shoulders like loose vine-tendrils which seek the sun though they dangle to the ground, danced before her eyes up and down the ladders, and she saw them in the sunbeams that lighted up the dark corners of the rooms.

It takes a very fine face in a man to carry long hair. The minor poet who bushes his ambrosial locks behind his ears as a trade-mark to be read of men—whereby his person attracts more notice than his poems—is a sight for gods and rude little boys to laugh at. But to the bold-faced seamen of

Finisterre and Côtes-du-Nord the trailing locks impart no more of effeminacy than they did to the Vikings of old, whose descendants many of them are.

That was the plate he had used that morning at breakfast. She knew it by the chip out of the side, like a thumb-mark, and had been annoyed that it should fall to him. She washed it carefully and used it herself thereafter in preference to plates unchipped.

When she had cleared out his bunk she put her own pillow and mattress into it, and flushed all over at so greatly daring.

Would he ever return? she wondered. Or was that week—that one short week—to be all? It had been very strange, very sweet, while it lasted. She had never thought so much about any one before; but then that was because she had had no one to think about—except her father; and somehow her thoughts of Alain were quite different.

Ah, if it could have gone on so! If there had been no need for him to go! How bright the future would have seemed! Things were different with her somehow. The white-piled sky was very far away. The slow sweep of the waves had a sense of unfriendliness in them. Had they not wanted him for their prey? The restless foam fretting at the cliffs gave her no pleasure. The clouds of sea-birds swinging round Cap Réhel annoyed her. They were nearer to him than she was.

Pippo's pointed attacks on Minette and Minette's bristling charges on Pippo afforded her no amusement. Even her water-gardens on the rock below were not as they used to be. The delicate weeds were there still, swinging their tremulous tresses to the kiss of wind and sun. The many-hued anemones were there. The scrambling crabs and tiny darting fishes were there. And there, too, from every still pool a pair of large violet eyes looked up at her with a wistfulness and want in them that had never been there before. She had suffered loss. She was learning unconsciously the great lesson that in loss there may be gain; that she who loses is still richer than she who has not to lose; that it is sweeter, with the infinite sweetness of the touch of sadness, to be able to say 'once was' than to have to

confess that there never had been; that it is better to dwell among the hills and valleys of life, even though it be only for a season, even though it be only for one short week, than to live for ever on the level plain or in the seclusion of a lighthouse.

When her father returned in the afternoon, on the slack of the tide, all she said to him was, 'He is gone?'

Perhaps he caught the touch of wistful sadness in her voice. He had, in his own way, and according to that which was in him, sounded the heights and the depths. He was prematurely aged with the bitterness of life. His fibres were tough with the strains they had had. It was too much, perhaps, to expect from him any very delicate sympathy with a girl's first sense of loss.

'*Si, si,*' he growled; 'he is gone,' and no more; and that from no conscious desire to mislead her. Simply that so far as they were concerned the uninvited guest had departed. He would have been better pleased if he had never arrived. For, *nom-de-Dieu!* one never knows. He was a good-looking lad, and doubtless as good as his looks; but he wanted no lads after his girl. Time enough for all that. It only meant trouble, or at the least upsetting; and what he wanted was peace. He had had trouble and upsetting enough, and more than most.

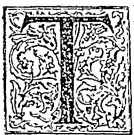
So Barbe took up her common tasks and went on her daily round, and life on the Light seemed to settle down into its old groove; but things could never be the same again to her, for she had looked into the eyes of a man, and the eyes of a man had followed her till she knew it by the leaping of her blood.

To Barbe the stranger was no uninvited guest, but a sweet treasure-trove snatched from the waves at risk of her own life. Her arm had been round him; she had pressed him to her breast; she had looked into his eyes then and afterwards. She had stretched out her hand and picked and tasted of the fruit of the tree of life. She had dimly come to the knowledge that in the life of a maiden there are things of more account than clouds and waves and birds and fishes—and even than fathers.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BARRAGES OF THE NILE.

By CECIL HAMILTON.



HERE is a hackneyed guide-book phrase known to most readers, to the effect that the Nile is Egypt. Unlike many other popular expressions, it is true; so true, indeed, that I cannot introduce the subject

of the three great dams that bridle its flood with a curb of stone without again quoting the famous words: 'The Nile is Egypt—past, present, and to come.' On its banks are gigantic monuments, recording the history of a long-dead but not forgotten

people, whose descendants build their mud-villages among its tombs, till the ground and harvest their luxuriant crops, and wash, eat, and live as their ancestors did three thousand years ago. The people and not the kings make the nation; and on the river-banks dwell a people who have not made one forward step since the days of Moses. The great Nile has given them life and what little raiment they require: a high Nile has kept them well fed; with a low Nile they have been hungry; but never has it utterly deserted or scattered

them. So it is their protector, their supplier, their country, and their home. This is Egypt, past and present, free from the touch of the alien, though their sugar-factories stand pyramid-like at the edge of many a little town. Alexandria is a sordid, money-getting seaport, filled with the merchants of every city in Europe. Cairo is a fever-haunted, polyglot city, the resort of the rich, the leisured, and the pleasure-seeker; peopled by a hundred nations and tongues not her own. Beautiful, doomed Cairo, the Pearl of the Desert! who can doubt her fall that has once seen the treacherous mist creep up around her from river to citadel when the sun has set? Fascinating, as perhaps no other Eastern city has ever been, even Cairo is not Egypt.

Every nation that has tried to straighten the unstraightenable affairs of past kings and khedives has been aware of the vast importance of the Nile, and had also some idea of the still vaster importance to which it might attain; but it was not until some five years ago that the project which will make the Egypt of the future was planned and carried out. The Egypt of the future will be the corn-growing country of the world. It will be a country of wealth instead of bankruptcy, of credit instead of debt. There will no longer be a high Nile or a low Nile, for the skill of man has chained and regulated that power which rules the destinies of Egypt. The planning, the arranging, and the carrying out of this *tour de force* is due to the genius of the people who support an 'army of occupation' in Egypt—the British. It remains to be seen if this access of riches and prosperity will alter the attitude of the devout Mohammedan toward his hated 'protector.'

Though they constitute the first really efficient scheme for regulating the flow of the Nile, the two dams at Assiout and Assouan, built by Sir John Aird & Co., are not the only dams across the river. A barrage—really two dams—was erected by French engineers between 1833 and 1861 some little distance below Cairo, for the purpose of maintaining the level of the river during the ebb and for the better irrigation of the Delta. This stupendous piece of engineering work failed owing to structural defects; but in 1891 Britain succeeded in putting it in order. Indeed, ever since then the system of irrigation in the Delta has been wonderfully complete and successful, making it fertile beyond almost any other country, and green to the tired eye as the Garden of Eden.

For many years it has been recognised that irrigation is of vital importance to Egypt; and scarcely was the Cairo barrage in use ere schemes for the erection of others began to exercise the minds of the administration. When the intention of erecting the Assiout and Assouan barrages was definitely announced, so great was the outcry of archaeologists in every country that the proceedings came to an abrupt stop. The island of Philæ, four miles above Assouan, with a fine temple which contains some of the loveliest colouring in Egypt, would be sub-

merged and finally washed away. The real owner of Egypt, the native, made no outcry. With characteristic stolidity, he did not care if all the temples in the land were submerged, much less only one. The barrage would come. A country which has made no move for three thousand years can patiently wait for a hundred. The barrage has now come, is complete, and Philæ will be submerged. The engineer is not usually a diplomatic man; but in this case he was skilful. He consented to make the barrage at Assouan only half the height first proposed, to underpin the island—last winter it was turned into a carpenters' shop—and so save the historic ruins from destruction. Perhaps it will be so; but the artist who for twenty winters has painted among its columns well knows that to him Philæ is lost—and to others. The island will go sooner or later.

To the philosophic mind there is something very interesting in the comparison between the barrages of Cairo and Assouan, the works of the two great nations who have helped to rule Egypt. The Cairo barrage is, architecturally, a beautiful structure. Castellated gateways, graceful swinging bridges, delicate tracery and ironwork, give one the impression of the glorified entrance to some fairy palace. All the purity of outline, symmetry of design, completeness of effect, are here, yet there is veiled strength as well. To heighten the charm, there is laid out on the left bank the most beautiful gardens in Egypt, filled with rare plants and brilliant tropical flowers. It seems as though the most artistic and beauty-loving people in Europe had left here a souvenir of all that made life most enjoyable to them. That the important part of the work, the actual dam, should have been unsuccessful was not entirely the fault of the French engineers. The impatience and eccentricity of Mohammed Ali continually threw difficulties in their way; and at the very commencement the constructor had to combat his desire to use the stones of the pyramids for the erection of the barrage.

The barrage at Assouan has, architecturally, about as little beauty as an ordinary stone wall, which it much resembles. I doubt if there is one stone in all its vast proportions which is there for ornament. It is a thoroughly workman-like, reliable, and massive undertaking; but it is as ugly a piece of masonry as one could expect to see. It is popularly supposed to be composed of as much stone as there is in the Great Pyramid, and it appears as likely to withstand the ravages of time; but one looks in vain for any sign of the grace and lightness so characteristic of the Cairo barrage. However, it will serve its purpose—British undertakings usually do; but it is a better monument to British engineering skill than to British taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

Assouan is one of the most barren places on earth. Trees, grass, and flowers there are none, only black rock and sand. Its great attractions were the dryness of the atmosphere and the First Cataract about

three miles above it ; but the cataract is now no more. Built across the very point from which the adventurous tourist 'shot the rapids' is the huge stone dam, pierced by many sluices through which the water is allowed to pass only as the engineer pleases. By the right bank are several locks, and here those who must have excitement can 'shoot' the small portion of what is left of the cataract ; but the wise will prefer the ordinary exhibition water-chute.

Many hundreds of young men—mostly Scotch—have spent the last three years superintending the work of the ten thousand natives who swarmed like flies about the Assouan barrage. Last Christmas saw them down for a few days at the hotels in Assouan proper, enjoying to the full the society of hotel life and the company of their brother-engineers from Assiout, who came up to join them. That the New Year was hailed somewhat boisterously and a *jinrikisha* came to grief was readily forgiven by those who understood what their lives had been for many months. This New Year will see them all scattered, their work done, the formal opening by the Duke of Connaught over, and the great irrigation scheme of the Nile complete.

The barrage at Assiout, which has been in operation for more than a year, is totally different from either of the others. At first sight it appears to be a railway bridge crossing the river, with part of it opening to allow the passage of steamers and sailing-boats. Closer examination reveals that it is a much more complicated structure than a railway bridge ; but as the work is not so colossal as the Assouan barrage nor so beautiful as that at Cairo, it is not generally accorded its true share of admiration and interest. Its purpose is to make a fair distribution of the water from the Assouan reservoir. The work consists of an open weir. The piers are spanned by arches carrying a roadway four and a half metres wide, as well as the travelling winches and suspension apparatus for the regulating-gates. Altogether about a thousand springs were encountered in the foundations, which made building difficult.

It was only in 1898 that funds were arranged for by Sir Ernest Cassel, and under Sir John Aird as

contractor, and Sir Benjamin Baker as consulting engineer, that the dams were begun at Assouan and Assiout. Mr Willcocks, C.M.G., designed the works. The foundation-stone at Assouan was laid by the Duke of Connaught, February 12, 1899, and the work was finished one year before contract time. The reservoirs will be filled between December and March, and discharged during May, June, and July. The canal at the left flank of the dam now makes navigation easy past the cataract, and possible to Wady Halfa. Engineers and others have already commenced to suggest that another reservoir should be built higher up the Nile, between Assouan and the equator. Sir W. Garstin, Under-Secretary for Public Works, has proposed the construction of a reservoir on Lake Tsana to store sufficient water for the needs of Egypt and the Soudan, and also the construction of a storage reservoir at Lake Albert Nyanza. Mr Willcocks considers that Lake Victoria Nyanza, with its area of twenty-six thousand square miles and an annual rainfall of thirty inches, is the true key of the Nile, and whoever holds it controls the destiny of Egypt. The Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza Lakes, at the source of the White Nile, are in territory controlled by Great Britain, which will soon have communication with the sea by means of the Uganda railway. Thus the destinies of Egypt seem to be controlled by Britain.

The Egypt of the future has now to show us the value of these two barrages. Modern science has broken in upon the routine of centuries, and the forward step must be taken. The native has a contempt for a poor man and a great respect for wealth ; now he must cast aside the customs of his forefathers if he would not see the riches of his country in foreign hands. Up to the present he has had it all his own way on the banks of the Nile. Means have been his by which the European farmer was balked of his proper gains ; but all this is at an end. The past is dead ; the present is dying ; the future holds promise of a fuller life. How this greater area and facility for irrigation will affect a conservatism as deep and strong as existence itself is a problem all Europe will watch with interest, and only coming years will solve.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART IV.



HE train Loddard caught happened to be a slow one, so for five miserable hours he was penned therein, harassed by a medley of conflicting thoughts. The probable reason for the sudden recall he failed to conjecture—something to do with the novel, he concluded, and idly wondered what it could be ; but the pivot round which his thoughts moved was Mrs Kennett. Save for the untimely interruption he would have told her he loved her.

Having to leave her so abruptly gave added intensity to his feelings. To-morrow, he promised himself, he would return and resume their interview at the point where it had been interrupted. Further than the near future he did not allow himself to contemplate. What would be the effect of his alliance with a woman in Mary Kennett's position he refused to consider. Consumed with a chivalrous pity, which in the excitement of the moment Loddard esteemed love, all he craved was to rescue her from the power of Grice.

The day was far spent when, travel-shaken and famished, Loddard dashed into the dingy, tobacco-tinctured chambers in Brick Court. Whatever the urgency of the need for his presence, it had left no visible impression on the rooms, which, as the first glance revealed, retained their accustomed air of homely disorder.

Pixley, who was lounging in the worn arm-chair smoking, dropping the brief he held, jumped up and eagerly greeted his friend.

'Well! What's the matter? What did you mean by telegraphing in that alarmist way?' demanded Loddard, fired by natural indignation when he viewed the unruffled composure of the man whose imperative summons had given rise to so much vexation and fluster.

Before replying Pixley locked the door, and, pocketing the key, calmly confronted his friend.

'I telegraphed, my dear boy, because I saw you were in danger of making an eternal ass of yourself. If you had waited at Mershfields a day longer you'd have pledged yourself to marry the woman you wrote to me about.'

Loddard's swift flush having betrayed the truth of the conjecture, Pixley continued: 'See here, old man, if you think I'm going to sit by and see you destroy your chance of a career by saddling yourself with an impossible wife, you're mistaken. What stage is the novel at? Begun to lose grip of it again? Yes, I thought so. You see it was time you came home. It's madness to risk any delay about the delivery when you know how much good stuff Nugents has the refusal of. A year ago you'd have given your ears for the opportunity you're throwing away now.'

'But a man is not an engine—a mere machine—that no matter what the state of his emotions he should keep on grinding at idiotic fiction,' hotly combated Loddard. 'What is the gaining of a literary reputation compared to losing the chance of one's life's happiness?'

Seeing that his friend was for the moment beyond reason, Pixley wisely drew his attention to the cold supper that was in readiness; and, his hunger appeased, over a pipe Loddard showed himself more malleable. Before they had separated for the night Pixley succeeded in extracting a promise that until his novel was finished Loddard would hold no communication with Mrs Kennett, and with that pledge Pixley rested content.

Next morning Loddard resumed work in the hope of distracting his thoughts; and Pixley's incisive criticism proving admirable incentive, the novel progressed so satisfactorily that when, on the night of the 14th of October, Loddard viewed the typewritten manuscript of *Sow to Reap* ready for delivery on the morrow, he wrung Pixley's hand and assured him of his gratitude.

'But for you, old chap, I'd never have done it,' Loddard openly confessed over the pint of champagne in which they drank success to the book.

The knowledge that, the novel being now an

accomplished fact, Loddard might account himself released from his promise, and free to return to Mershlands, was fresh in the minds of both; but Loddard kept silence regarding his intentions. Pixley, who believed in honouring the proverb that counsels the ignoring of slumbering dogs, did not refer to the moot subject.

The attraction towards Mrs Kennett had been wholly superficial: one of those transient infatuations into which mere propinquity to a woman who is neither old nor ugly is apt to entice an imaginative man against his judgment. Though Loddard knew he had perforce chosen the better part, the memory of Mary Kennett constantly obtruded itself. No man likes to think that he has acted despicably; and although when vagrant thoughts of Mershfields crossed his mind Loddard strove to banish them by reminding himself that, having never actually made love to the young widow, he had no real cause to blame himself, he was yet disquietingly conscious that he had behaved in a cowardly fashion.

As the autumn wore on a commission for half-a-dozen short articles and the usual rush of Christmas books to review kept him busy. Towards the close of November the proofs of *Sow to Reap* began to drop in; and Loddard, discovering fresh beauties in his work now that he saw it in type, would have deemed it a hardship to leave town amid the excitement of receiving the batches of proofs from the printers.

With the early months of the New Year, and the appearance of the first instalments of his novel, Loddard began to feel himself a made man. Several minor magazines asked him to contribute to their pages; and one editor, a man whose name Loddard had formerly spoken with bated breath, intimated in an autograph letter that his journal would be pleased to have the offer of Loddard's next serial. If it had not already taken shape, he added, they were prepared to consider a full synopsis.

So it was but small wonder that, amid these flattering suggestions and surrounded by the gratifying admiration of his cronies, the poverty-stricken little house at wind-swept Mershfields and its quiet owner faded from Loddard's memory.

One crisp January day a year later Loddard, returning to London from a country-house visit, found his train delayed at Henslow Junction, where the local train awaited passengers for Mershfields. Obeying a sudden and scarce explicable impulse, Loddard alighted, and took a place in the Mershfields train. To his amazement, he found matters changed but little in his fifteen months of absence. He felt many years older, yet the fly-blown picture representing Mershfields as a fashionable watering-place still hung in the Land Office window; and the solitary porter, to whose care he consigned his luggage, seemed as immature as ever.

No conveyance was to be had; the Imperial Hotel, in despair of custom, had closed its doors for the winter. So Loddard set off afoot down the snowy road. The day was cold but windless, and on the unsullied surface of the snow the sun glinted in countless sparkling facets. The clear air was exhilarating, full of life and brilliance, and Loddard felt the blood run warm through his veins. Crossing the field-paths, he found himself picturing Mary Kennett seated at the window watching for his return. Fancying the glad surprise that would fill her brown eyes at his approach, his steps involuntarily quickened.

Clad in their mantle of snow, Portarlington Villas wore an aspect of unwonted dignity. When Loddard neared the wooden gate, eagerly looking for a face at the window, it sent a cold chill to his heart to see that the house was empty. Across the vacant oriel window was plastered a 'To Let' bill, like some ghastly bandage over a sightless eye. To Loddard's supersensitive soul the pallid enwrappings of snow took the semblance of cerements, as though the life of the dwelling were dead and shrouded, ready for burial.

Swiftly intuition revealed a series of self-accusing scenes. Throughout long weary days he saw Mary Kennett sitting at the window watching for him. Had he even written once he would have felt some relief. That he had acted a caddish part came upon him with bitter compunction. Seized with contrition, he determined to lose no time in seeking her out. Knowing how uncertain were her means of livelihood, Loddard realised that she must have reached great straits before she was compelled to abandon the little house that was her sole possession.

How had she gone? Whither? Could he but find her, Loddard, goaded by remorse, promised himself that he would marry her at once.

Imagining that this determination to sacrifice himself proceeded from the heroism of his nature, and not understanding that he formed the resolution merely as a soothing sop to an accusing conscience, Loddard esteemed himself a fine fellow.

The 'To Let' notice stated that all inquiries were to be addressed to W. P. Grice; and, recalling that gentleman as a likely person to know of Mrs Kennett's whereabouts, Loddard, turning sadly from the deserted house, walked in the direction of West Marshfields.

The varied emporiums of Mr Grice wore an air of prosperity that astonished Loddard, who did not realise that Grice's forefathers had been general retailers to the country round Marshfields for generations before the advent of the disastrous Land Company. The not-yet-demolished Christmas decorations lent an air of festivity to the larger shop, and Loddard on entering found business in full swing.

'Mr Grice—is he at home? Can I see him?' he made inquiry of one of the sleek-headed assistants.

At the sound of his own name the face of Mr Grice appeared behind the network of the enclosure sacred to the transaction of post-office affairs.

'What can I do for you, sir?' he inquired briskly.

'I—I merely wished to ask—that is, I thought you were the most likely to know—Mrs Kennett. Can you tell me where to find her?' Loddard stammered, annoyed at the betraying tremor that impeded his speech.

There was a momentary pause—a silence wherein Loddard could have sworn, though his back was towards them, that the shopman engaged cutting a huge cheese into mathematically exact segments exchanged a meaning glance with his fellow at the opposite counter, who was weighing out a pound of tea in four quarters for an elderly lady who laboured under the delusion that thereby she got better weight.

'Mr Loddard, is it not?' Mr Grice, who had been eyeing the visitant keenly, replied. 'Yes, I can tell you. Will you walk upstairs?'

Convinced that dread news lay behind this reticence, Loddard stumbled after his leader through the orderly medley of goods that cumbered the back-shop.

'I called at Portarlington Villas; but the house was vacant.' He tried to voice his fear that Mary Kennett was dead; but the words clogged his tongue.

Even amid his confusion of thought it surprised Loddard to notice that a thick carpet covered the stair they ascended; that Mr Grice's home seemed replete with comfort.

Pausing before a closed door, his guide tapped lightly. A chaos of joyful voices from within greeted the knock.

'Evidently there is to be no *tête-à-tête*,' Loddard surmised, his foolish vanity hinting that Mr Grice had probably entrapped the rising author into his lair to have the honour of introducing him to his family; but his self-complacency was short-lived. The place of honour, as he speedily discovered, was occupied by a greater than he.

With the opening of the door a scene suggestive of idyllic home-comfort met his gaze. In a low chair, full in the warm glow of the firelight, sat Mary Kennett; but a Mary Kennett so transfigured by happiness that for a moment Loddard, whose memory held her tear-stained and wistful, doubted her identity. Kneeling at her feet in the attitude of worshippers were Mr Grice's two little daughters, and in her arms was cradled a sturdy babe, whose infant features and big black eyes resembled those of the tyrant Grice.

'Oh Willie, I'm certain baby knew it was you! He laughed and said "Goo" whenever you knocked at the door,' her soft voice, enriched by a fuller note—the note of maternal love—made greeting.

'And, papa, baby pulled my hair,' cried the elder girl jubilantly.

'And mine too, *quite* hard, papa,' jealously echoed her sister.

Loddard, hesitating unseen in the shadow of the door, beyond the range of the firelight, felt he was an intruder, one whose place was outside this happy family group. During the moment that elapsed before Mr Grice had an opportunity of introducing the guest to the notice of his wife, Loddard would gladly have turned and fled.

'Mary, I've brought an old acquaintance to see you: Mr Loddard—you may remember him.'

'You *may* remember!' As Loddard advanced he stifled a sardonic laugh at the inference; but a moment later revealed the truth of Mr Grice's judgment. However tender Mary Kennett's feelings had been towards him at one time, she had bravely relegated them to that corner in her affections reserved for the things that were better forgotten.

How long she had watched, hoping against hope for his promised return; how near she had come to starvation before consenting to become the wife of Grice, Loddard never knew. All that he saw was the look of sincere and abiding affection that she turned upon her husband, and the eyes of adoration wherewith she regarded the infant crowing on her lap.

Regarding the remainder of his brief visit Loddard preserved but a vague recollection. A trim maid had brought in afternoon tea, and the juvenile servitor of Portarlington Villas, grown almost out of recognition and promoted to long skirts, appeared and carried off the lustily protesting babe.

Both host and hostess tried hard to make their visitor feel himself the centre of their interest; but no matter what subject was introduced, it always branched off into baby. The little girls

were overflowing with anecdotes of the prowess of their step-brother. 'Had papa heard that baby had actually taken his rattle in his own little hand and shaken its bells?' 'Did papa know that when Flossie ran up to him and said "Boo!" baby laughed and hid his face in mamma's dress?'

Mrs Grice's innocent inquiry as to whether his novel had ever been completed irritated her guest, as proving that no hint of his rapidly advancing fame had yet reached Mersfields; and, to Loddard's added annoyance, his somewhat vainglorious pronouncement that not only had it appeared serially, but that in book form it had gone into a third edition within a month, was met with a polite incomprehension that showed the worthy folks unconscious of the magnitude of such an achievement.

It was already dark and snow was again falling when Loddard, having rejected the offer of Mr Grice's dogcart, set out to walk to the station. It seemed an irony of fate that he, who throughout his swift accession of good fortune had ever thought of Mary Kennett as a lonely woman, whose only chance of happiness lay in his smiles, should leave her snugly entrenched behind protecting battlements of family affection, and fare forth alone over the snowy roads.

'By the bye,' ejaculated Mr Grice as he bade him farewell at the door, 'my wife owes you a little money—something like two pounds, I think it is. You left no address, so she could not forward it to you; but I'll settle it now.'

'Oh, nonsense, man; nonsense!' cried Loddard, shrinking back from the proffered coins. 'I don't want it. Keep it, or—throw it away. Or, better still,' he added, with a flash of grim humour, 'buy a mug with it for Grice, Junior!'

COMFORT ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A DREAM WHICH MANY OF US WILL LIVE TO SEE REALISED.

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M.A., F.R.G.S.



WHEN we get ashore after an ocean voyage we are, as a rule, so happy in greeting our loved ones, or so quickly immersed in pressing affairs, that we readily forget the good resolutions we formed when afloat.

The man who makes his first crossing is apt to think that his discomforts at sea are the necessary concomitants of safe transportation, and therefore suspends criticism. Lack of ventilation, absence of fresh food, dearth of clean linen, deficient service—every shortcoming is forgiven by one who has on land heard much of the dangers of the sea, and who, therefore, looks upon his safe crossing as something of an adventure.

To-day the conditions of ocean travel are almost radically different from what I can recall when the ocean was still navigated by side-wheel steamers that carried the rigging of a sailing-ship. Those were days when a storm at sea meant locking the passengers down below; when the waves were expected to come tumbling down the hatchways; when anxious passengers begged the stewards to assure them that the ship was not going to the bottom! In those days the captain sat at the head of the table in the saloon and carved for the passengers, the purser or chief-engineer being at the other end. The state-rooms opened out upon the saloon; there were no bells or electric lights, and the table conversation was interrupted by plaintive moans for a

steward or stewardess. A separate smoking-room and proper ventilation were undreamt of. Passengers dressed themselves as if for a cruise in an open boat—prepared to be wet all day and sleep in the same clothes all night; and at the end of the journey all assembled in the main saloon to pass resolutions of gratitude to the captain.

After some fifty or sixty of these crossings the traveller now looks back upon those early days as a Pullman passenger may upon the coach that took a week between London and Plymouth. The marvellous progress in naval architecture that has distinguished the last few years on the Atlantic is equally striking on the Pacific between China, Japan, and the western coasts of Canada and the United States. There are no handsomer or more comfortable ships afloat than those of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Vancouver and Hong-kong. It seems like a dream that I can recall crossing this ocean in 1876, when one of the crack ships of the Pacific mail, a wooden paddle-wheel tub, took twenty-five days from Yokohama to San Francisco, and no one thought it slow work! To-day we think a fortnight quite long enough.

The North German Lloyd boats running to the Far East from Bremen *via* Southampton and Suez are models of comfort; those of the Union Castle Line to South Africa might be, with a little more competition to spur the company on. However, here I shall limit myself to the Atlantic; it is, after all, the ocean ferry that is most used, and the one over which the largest number of cultivated people of small means travel in search of education or health.

The latest development of comfort at sea is typified by such boats as the *Minchaha* and *Mine-tonka* of the Atlantic Transport Line, flying the British flag. These carry cattle and a few passengers direct to London from New York. Cattle, from my bucolic point of view, are a distinct addition to the pleasures of the trip, for the flavour of the farm cannot fail to carry with it the gentle recollection of happy childhood: the tumbling over haycocks, the riding of a plough-horse to water in the evening—the hundreds of delights associated with farm-life. The cattle represent health aboard ship, for there is a premium upon every animal safely landed; and, as a matter of fact, the beasts take on flesh during the trip. After several trips on these cattle-boats I have become so enamoured of their company that only a matter of serious import could induce me to go on an ocean greyhound. Another feature is their stability. Not only have these ships a tonnage that is majestic (fourteen thousand tons), but they have bilge-keels as well—that is to say, projections under water that serve to resist the tendency to heel over. The cattle also serve a purpose in this direction that is difficult to overestimate. When the ship is rolled to one side by a sea, every animal instinctively leans in the opposite direction. This shifting of ballast, amounting to hundreds of tons with every movement of the sea, is a

steadying force of which the ocean greyhounds know nothing; and those who have not tried a cattle-boat can appreciate it but imperfectly.

These boats represent a type that was first popularised by the *Cymric* of the White Star Line, a freight-boat of huge tonnage, of very moderate speed (eight to ten days at sea), and a relatively small passenger-list. The German lines also have boats of this description; for instance, the *Königin Luise* of the North German Lloyd and the *Patricia* of the Hamburg-American. I have tried them all, and all have proved the wisdom of the reform.

Practical experience has demonstrated to the different companies that there is a large and ever-increasing number of passengers who are not particular as to speed or luxurious fittings, but who are distinctly limited as to the amount of passage-money they will pay. Crossing as I do several times a year, mainly for purposes of health and study, I select habitually the slowest and heaviest ship available at the time, select also the time (winter) when the passengers are fewest, and try to get a ship with as many cattle as possible for fellow-passengers. Then I find that ten pounds will take me over if I make no unreasonable demands in the way of quarters. However, the price of passage is, unfortunately, a fluctuating one; and companies that I have approached on the subject decline to sell me a bunch of a dozen tickets at a time. A 'trust' may raise the cost of ocean travel. It will assuredly put an end to 'cut rates.'

Now we come to the matter of keeping up our physical health at sea. I have noticed that so large a portion of the passengers suffer from idleness and overeating that their digestion becomes impaired, and they are apt to show symptoms of biliousness; therefore much of the benefit to be anticipated from ten days at sea is neutralised. Before breakfast I have adopted the practice, in self-defence, of running a mile round the deck while it is yet free from chairs. This secures a thorough sweat, after which a salt-bath, a rub down, and a light breakfast prepares one for a morning of hard reading or writing. The companies could encourage this by posting up on their notice-boards information regarding the number of laps to the mile, and stating that the ship's doctor would be on hand to determine how much of such exercise could be safely indulged in by passengers suffering from heart-weakness. The usual games provided on board ship are poor things for able-bodied people: shuffleboard and quoits. They make one weary without producing any exhilaration.

Once, on a forty days' journey through Suez to Hong-kong by the North German Lloyd, the weather was uniformly tropical, and my seventeen fellow-passengers (all Germans) grew bilious from much beer and dozing in long chairs. From sheer necessity I had to invent a game to keep myself in fit condition. I got a quartermaster to make a canvas cushion about a foot long and nine inches broad, filled with sand, but only loosely. Then I

hunted up an energetic Scotch fellow-passenger from the second cabin, who was going to Sumatra. With him I had an hour a day of exercise before lunch and again before dinner. The game consisted in holding this bag, which weighed perhaps three pounds, in both hands, raised as high as possible over the head, then throwing it gently over the head of your playfellow. This passing to and fro brought a gentle strain upon all the muscles leading past the alimentary canals; and the gentle strain was felt next day all the way from the tips of the fingers to the soles of the feet, notably down the back and about the loins. Note carefully the two conditions: the bag must be caught by both hands and returned at once, and it must be thrown *over* the head. These conditions are indispensable if the full benefit of this hygienic movement is to be secured. This game is so simple that I should not mention it but for the fact that whenever I have tried it on successive trips at sea it has proved to be the only sweat-producing exercise that has met with unqualified favour. Of course the passing of an ordinary ball or any light object is out of the question, because of the danger of its going overboard. There is practically no good reason why on such ships as those of the Atlantic Transport Line the afterdeck should not be totally enclosed in netting, so that passengers could have games of cricket, baseball, or football on every fair day. The passengers would readily subscribe towards a share of the expense.

On ships with large passenger-lists and a huge steerage the ship's doctor has his hands very full; but on a vessel of fourteen thousand tons and only one hundred and forty passengers, the doctor would commit suicide from very inanition did not half the women aboard simulate illness for the sake of his company. The sports aboard ship should be under the care of the doctor, and he should be selected with special reference to them.

As there are always many bicyclists with their machines crossing the ocean, there should be a bicycle-track around the deck. It is not more difficult to ride a bicycle on board ship than to dance; and some of the best dancing I have ever enjoyed has been in mid-ocean, and even in the Bay of Biscay. The North German Lloyd is far ahead of our English lines in furnishing good dance-music; and, of all stirring exercises, I know none more calculated to refresh body and spirit than a swinging waltz with the right sort of partner. Other things being equal, the music alone has often determined me to travel by a German ship in preference to one under the English or American flag.

Then, too, instead of the present arrangement of many little bathrooms in different parts of the ship, it would prove more economical and satisfactory to the bulk of the passengers to have one large tank and a few showers. A passenger could then tumble in for a swim or a flounder at any time that suited him, and much of the ship's space that is now wasted would be profitably utilised. Our

future director of nautical gymnastics would see to it that there was some gymnastic apparatus in connection with the swimming-tank, and also something of the same sort on deck for the benefit of the children. This could all form part of the hoisting-gear, which is now a very conspicuous and ugly feature of the big freight-ships.

I confine myself here to that essentially modern type of boat, the slow, steady, and inexpensive freight-steamer. Those who choose to travel by six-day boats, it may be presumed, are so absorbed in business worries as to have no soul for physical development. As regards comfort in the state-rooms, it is hard to say a critical word. The rooms are in general excellently arranged and furnished, and the attendance and food are of the best. The whole ship smells clean: there is a delightful absence of the kitchen-and-pantry smell which in old-fashioned craft brings on the feeling of nausea even before the ship has left port.

However, there is one important reform yet to be made, and I presume it will come from Germany, whence have come most of the reforms in the Atlantic service in these later years. For my part, I can see no good reason why I should be compelled during a journey of ten days to sit next to people who may be uninteresting to me, while not far off are others whose society I may happen to prefer. To-day your place is arbitrarily determined by the steward, and there you must remain; and if you raise the question you are met by the same old answer that has been made from time immemorial against every reform at sea. I have heard the arguments presented by chief-stewards and pursers; and they are all based upon ignorance of what is done successfully under analogous conditions in other parts of the world.

To-day the future of the Atlantic service lies not in carrying the millionaires and commercial travellers, to whom a day less means thousands of dollars. No; the bulk of ocean travel will come more and more from the ever-increasing number of those who cross for the sheer pleasure of life at sea.

There is no good reason why the dining-room of an ocean steamer should not to-day be conducted like that of a first-rate German hotel in the Alps. Let the passengers come to their meals within certain hours; let them sit where they please; let them eat *à la carte* or *table-d'hôte* according to arrangement. There should be the most perfect liberty in the matter, as there is in an Alpine hotel where competition is permitted. The main objection to that plan comes from the stewards, who fear that their tips might not turn out as well. If the stewards unite in opposing the scheme the managers of the lines will not invite a quarrel under that head unless the passengers are very strongly with them. It is therefore the duty of passengers to express themselves strongly. The problem is difficult only because of the difficulties created by 'vested interests.' Certain conditions are stable: the amount eaten and the number of

passengers. The only question is whether the passengers may not eat where they choose and, within reasonable limits, when they choose. Many who travel for health require a special diet. That could be attended to under the advice of the 'reformed

doctor.' Many even prefer one steak to a variety of dishes.

However, it was my intention to hint at only a few practical reforms, not to elaborate any single one.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CHILLED FRUIT.



HE cold storage of provisions generally has worked a wonderful revolution in many branches of trade; and as the conditions under which different food-products can be kept in a frozen state becomes better understood, so does the system become more and more valuable to producers and consumers alike. A series of experiments has been carried out at the Ontario Agricultural College with a view to determine the best method of treating various descriptions of fruit for cold storage, and the results have recently been published. Apples and pears are found to keep best when wrapped singly in paper and packed in shallow boxes of not more than a bushel capacity. The best fruit only should be selected, and it should be stored before it is fully ripe, for the maturing process goes on in the cold, although more slowly than when the fruit is on the tree. Medium-sized fruit keeps better than the largest; and it is an advantage to place fruit of one approximate size in each case. For all kinds of fruit there is a time-limit beyond which it is unprofitable to keep it in the cold, and that limit for sound fruit is marked by the period of complete ripeness. Both the fruit-grower and the shipper are now able to obtain better prices for fruit: the one by selling in the local markets late in the season, and the other by serving foreign markets.

THE DEPTH OF LAKES.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh the chairman referred to the work that has been in progress during the last few years in making a systematic bathymetrical survey of the freshwater lochs of Scotland. This work was unhappily stopped by the accidental death of one of the two gentlemen who had undertaken the survey; but it has now been resumed, and the staff engaged has made remarkable progress under the personal superintendence of Sir John Murray. No fewer than one hundred and fifty-three lochs, including some of the largest and deepest in the country, have been completely surveyed, involving a total of twenty-three thousand four hundred soundings. As an indication of the thoroughness of the work, it was mentioned that in one lake alone, Loch Maree, upwards of eleven hundred soundings were taken; but the greatest depth recorded was in Loch Morar—namely, ten hundred and nine feet, a depth

which exceeds by several hundred feet that of any other lake in the British Islands. The results of the lake survey are now being prepared in Edinburgh, and will be laid before the Society from time to time during the session.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHS.

The snowstorms which every year invade the northern parts of the kingdom generally have the mischievous effect of levelling some miles of telegraph posts and wires with the ground, so that communication between north and south is temporarily stopped. In the early part of the present year the Postmaster-General promised that in all the storm-centres between London and Scotland underground lines would be laid, and the work has now been practically completed. Along the most exposed sections on the route between the Metropolis and Edinburgh and Glasgow the mains are now laid, the first being from Stafford to Warrington, the second from Preston to Preston Richard (ten miles north of Lancaster), and the third along the well-known incline on the North-Western Railway from Kendal to Shap. London, Manchester, and Liverpool are now also connected by underground lines, so that the country is pretty well prepared for the assaults of the snow-king. These underground lines are by no means meant to supersede the wires on poles, for they are less effective and more expensive to maintain. In ordinary times they will lie idle; but when pressure of business comes, or when snow plays havoc with the overhead lines, their services will be requisitioned.

OUR RARER MAMMALS.

A correspondent of the *Times* has done good service in calling attention to the threatened extinction in the British Islands of the wild-cat, the pine-marten, and the polecat, and points out that on estates where the production of large quantities of game is the one thing desired an important consideration has been neglected. He claims that the total extinction of predatory animals is unnecessary, and indeed harmful, because when an admixture of animals, no matter of what class, is subjected to the rapacious attacks of other animals, the tendency must always be for the former to become more vigorous, on the principle of the survival of the fittest. He thinks that this consideration, so often urged by naturalists, should have weight with the owners of game. The wild-cat still survives in the Highlands, and where it is protected

it holds its own; but the writer considers that it should be protected by a close-time during the breeding-season. The marten, formerly common, is much rarer than the wild-cat, and should be protected. As to the polecat, it was at one time numerous in several counties, and can still be found well represented in Wales; but, unless protection be given to it, it will quickly be stamped out.

A GLOBULAR BOAT.

The captain of a tug-boat which was cruising in the Channel off Folkestone, observing a curious object in the sea, steamed up to it, and found it to be a large globe, from a window in which a man's head projected. Two men eventually crept out of this queer-looking craft, and one of them proved to be Captain Doenvig, a Norwegian, who had invented it as a means of saving life. His story was that he and his companion had been dropped overboard from a Havre steamer twenty-four hours previously in order that they might make an experimental voyage. The globe (eight feet in diameter) is made of sheet-iron, rather flattened at the bottom, and of thicker metal below so that it shall sail upright. Under the 'deck,' which is one foot below the water-line, are four galvanised tanks holding one hundred and forty gallons of fresh water; and under the bench which is ranged along the sides of the globe is a store of tinned provisions. There is a funnel which can be thrust through one of the three openings or windows for the purpose of getting fresh air, and which can also be used as a mast to carry a sail; and there is a rudder, a movable keel, and the means of working a pair of oars. Captain Doenvig has proved to demonstration that this carefully devised vessel will preserve life; but it is rather too cumbersome to carry on board ship, either as part of the vessel's gear or as an item of personal luggage.

AN ENORMOUS METEORITE.

The meteorite which fell in Ireland lately is insignificant in size when compared with one discovered by Professor Ward, of Rochester, New York, who has devoted much time to the collection of these metallic bodies. The mass was found in Mexico, and it is of such a size that twenty-eight men were engaged for a whole day in partly uncovering it from the soil which had accumulated upon and around it. Its weight is computed to be fifty tons; and analysis shows it to consist of nearly 90 per cent. iron, 7 per cent. nickel, with a small proportion of cobalt and phosphorus, and a trace of sulphur and silicon. A small piece of the meteorite, weighing eleven pounds, was detached for examination and exhibition, but the bulk of the mass will likely be allowed to rest on the spot on which it now lies, where it fell probably countless ages ago.

URALITE.

Uralite, a fireproof and waterproof substance made of asbestos fibre and other mineral con-

stituents, has lately been placed upon the market as a substitute for match-boarding in the construction of walls, ceilings, &c. It will also take the place of corrugated iron in the construction of huts, &c.; and as it is a non-conductor of heat, it will be much appreciated in hot climates. The material is supplied in sheets, which can be readily cut by carpenters' tools; nails and screws can be driven into it, and it will neither swell, crack, nor blister. It can be painted, grained, or polished, and can be glued together like wood, so that it is admirably adapted for partitions. Uralite can be used for lining the walls of hospitals and other public institutions with great advantage, for it will stand purification by fire, and can thus be easily disinfected. We have recently received samples of this new material, which has the appearance of thick card-board, with a canvas grain. These samples are of different tints, and we understand that any desired colour can be incorporated with the ingredients of which uralite is made. Some of the samples are hard, and give quite a metallic sound when struck; others are soft and flexible. The material should have a good future before it.

A TEMPORARY PRISON.

Those who pass by the old prison of Newgate, where London's worst criminals have been housed, will notice just within the walls, now under the process of demolition, a new structure of the plainest possible elevation. This is the temporary prison which it has been necessary to erect for the accommodation of prisoners awaiting their trial at the Old Bailey, and its construction is in strange contrast to the old building now being pulled down. The walls of old Newgate were from three to four feet thick, while those of the new structure are little more than an inch; but for all that they are effective, for they are made of corrugated steel, of dovetail section, filled in with a hard and tenacious cement. Even Jack Sheppard himself, who broke through so many stone walls, would find his efforts baffled by this new material, which has been introduced by the Fireproof Partition Syndicate, and is meeting with wide application for building construction.

A NEW MACHINE-GUN.

The new weapon which has just been formally adopted for use in the Danish army appears to be most efficient, and weighs very little more than an ordinary rifle. Its important difference from all other machine-guns is that it can be carried and operated by one man; and it has no bulky carriage, but merely requires a tripod stand or a simple rest. It is possible for a mounted man to carry the gun and one thousand rounds of ammunition, which can be fired at the rate of three hundred rounds per minute, or slower if desired. The cartridges are not carried on a belt, as with the Maxim gun, but are fitted into curved magazines, each holding thirty rounds, and packed side by side into a special kind of knapsack. The new machine-gun is also far

cheaper than any similar weapon, and a few mounted men armed with it would prove a most formidable foe. It is believed that the gun would be of great use on board men-of-war.

EARTHQUAKES.

Professor Milne lately addressed the Royal Geographical Society on earthquakes, a subject which he has made his own. In the course of his lecture he pointed out that there are two kinds of earth disturbances: those which affect continental areas, and those which only disturb an area with a radius of one or two hundred miles. The first is the result of sudden movements in the process of rock-folding, accompanied by 'faulting' and huge displacements of great masses of the earth's crust; the second kind being caused by after-settlements and adjustments along the lines of fracture caused by the greater movements. The relationship between the two groups is that of parents and children. Earthquakes and earth-tremors are far more frequent than most persons imagine. On an average there are thirty thousand annually, which disturb from ten to several hundred square miles of country with sufficient vigour to be felt by a number of people.

PEAT AS FUEL.

Colliery strikes have at least one good result: they call public attention to the claims of other substances which can be employed as fuel. Of these peat is one of the most important, and the possibility of presenting it in a form which shall bring it into competition with coal has often been considered. Peat is saturated with water, the solid matter only amounting to 10 per cent. of its bulk, and the trouble has always been to get rid of this excess of moisture. Drying in the sun is, of course, the most economical process to adopt, provided the peat is found in a district where the sun is lavish of his beams. Within the last half-century peat-milling machines have been used in various European countries, their work being to tear the material to pieces and knead it into a solid mass, which issues from the machine in a compact state, and can be cut off into blocks, in appearance like lignite, forming an excellent fuel. In the November number of the *Engineering Magazine* there is an article upon the subject, which enters more in detail into the working of the machine.

NATURAL GAS IN ENGLAND.

About six years ago, during the operation of sinking a well at Heathfield, Sussex, forty-six miles from London, the presence of a copious supply of natural gas became evident when the bore-hole had reached a depth of a little more than three hundred feet. The Brighton Railway Company, upon whose land the well was sunk, took advantage of the discovery to light their station with the gas, and so the matter rested until recently, when some American gentlemen, knowing the enormous importance in their own country of natural gas,

determined to make serious investigations at Heathfield. As a result a company has been formed, and operations are being carried on night and day in order to develop what promises to be a great industry. In the deepest bore-hole the gas issues at a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, which would be sufficient to carry it if required to the most distant town in the country, and the present output is reckoned at fifteen million cubic feet per day—that is, one-eighth of the daily consumption in London. The gas issues from the Kimmeridge clays, supposed to be saturated with petroleum, which evaporates as gas directly pressure is reduced by piercing a bore-hole. The gas has a fair illuminating power, and steps are now being taken to light sundry houses with it. It is also being used for several gas-engines and for heating purposes. The operations of the Natural Gas Company will be watched with great interest.

COSTLY SHRIMPS.

The sea-fisheries inspector of the Cumberland County Council has called attention to the great destruction of immature fish involved in the present method of trawling for shrimps and prawns. In the Solway small trawls are used in taking the crustaceans, and a few experimental hauls with these implements have produced startling results. A capture of two hundred and thirty-six quarts of prawns and nine quarts of shrimps was accompanied by the destruction of more than fifteen thousand immature fish, consisting of soles, plaice, cod, whittings, skate, dabs, &c. The value of the shrimps and prawns was fifty shillings, and the approximate value of the fish destroyed was quite as many pounds. As this destruction of immature fish is also carried on in other estuaries around our coasts, the authorities would do well to make some investigation, and if possible find a remedy for the evil.

SUBSTITUTES FOR WOOL.

At the meeting of the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, London, a resolution dealing with substitutes for wool was under discussion, when Mr A. Mansell stated his experience. In a drive round Bradford, he said, scores of mills could be pointed out where, for every bale of wool, ten bales, and often more, are used of shoddy, mungo, stockings, and cotton; and in what is known as the Heavy Woollen District of Yorkshire there were dozens of manufacturers who never bought a single bale of new wool, and yet were known as influential manufacturers of woollen goods. Shoddy was displacing wool to a large extent. Mr Mansell exhibited two pieces of cloth, one a black vicuna, all-wool, priced at four shillings and ninepence a yard, and the other a shoddy-made wool, priced at one shilling and tenpence a yard. The two pieces were identical in pattern and finish; but the shoddy article had not one-third of the wearing qualities of the wool. Just in proportion to the amount of shoddy used did the cloth lose its strength

and value. Professor Lloyd, in seconding a motion for legislative action on the subject, said that wool was easily distinguished from shoddy. The cotton fibre is flat like a ribbon, while the wool fibre is perfectly round.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.

In a recent report by the United States Consul-General in Berlin there is an interesting account of the manufacture and use of briquettes in Germany, which now represents a very large industry. These briquettes—made of brown coal, peat, and the dust and waste of coal-mines, mixed with mineral pitch as a binding material—are used for domestic purposes as well as in workshops and factories. They give an intense heat, are free from smoke, and are cheaper than coal. The Consul considers that the use of these briquettes is one of the main reasons why Berlin can boast of being one of the cleanest and best-kept cities in the world. The other causes which conduce to this desirable result are the skilful and scientific construction of boiler-furnaces and chimneys, and the enforcement of a high standard of skill among firemen whose duty it is to raise steam for manufacturing purposes. Another important feature in German fuel economy is the manufacture of coke in retort-ovens, by which every constituent of the coal is saved and smokeless coke and gas produced.

THE NORTROP LOOM.

Mr John Foster Fraser, who distinguished himself by riding round the world on a bicycle, has been lately in the United States, and has written various articles, entitled 'America at Work,' in one of which he deals with the cotton industry. On his visiting Fall River, Massachusetts, the centre of the American cotton industry, the place seemed like a Lancashire town, with its eighty-seven cotton-mills. He found a large percentage of the men in the mills skilled Englishmen, although Americans are at the head of affairs. In one of the largest of the Fall River mills, where the manager has a salary of six thousand pounds a year, the main idea seemed to be the use of labour-saving machinery. Mr Fraser says that, although the Northrop loom was invented by James Northrop of Keighley, only about half-a-dozen are in use in Lancashire, while in America there are thousands at work. The Draper Company, which owns the patent there, is continually improving the machine. Mr Fraser was amazed at the cleverness of the appliance, as he watched it automatically feeding the shuttle with bobbins, and when a single warp broke there was no bad weaving, for the machine came to a standstill. The complaint regarding it in England has been the breaking of the warp; in America the warp is of a coarser and stronger yarn, and the automatic looms run slower. A good weaver can overlook twenty looms, and an inexperienced one may oversee twelve. Wages are higher than in England: some forty-five shillings a week for

skilled workmen, and twenty-four shillings for women; but Mr Fraser thinks there is a terrible sapping of the vitality of children sent to work for long hours between the ages of eight and twelve.

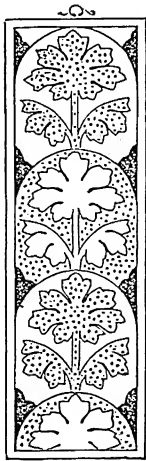
THE PROBLEM OF THE FIRE-GRATE.

The average Briton has a pardonable fondness for the ruddy glow of the open coal-fire, although in most grates there is an enormous waste of fuel in proportion to the heat given out, so much of which escapes up the chimney. The problem of how to secure the greatest amount of heat with the least expenditure of fuel, with no blow-down from a smoky chimney, and absence of dust, seems to have been so far met in Dr Clark's duplex grates, manufactured by David Noble, 136 High Street, Edinburgh. The duplex is air-tight all round, the flue passing out at the back of the grate. The throat of the vent is so narrowed that the current of heated air is reversed and brought back to the room. The whole outside of the grate forms a radiating surface; and the side chambers discharge a stream of heated air into the room. There is no residue save a fine ash in the pan below. The duplex stands well out on the hearth; and although in shape it has a little of the coal-scuttle appearance, it has a highly ornamental effect when the whole fireplace is tiled. The 'Elbon' duplex grate is on the same principle, but is more like the usual fire-grate in appearance. The grate-bars are set low, and the grate is set well forward, the sides sloping back from front to rear, so that the fire is very open. The ashes fall into the pan below, perfectly consumed. Each side of this grate is cast with vertical flue spaces, open below to draw in cool air, and open above to emit the warmed air which has passed through the heated spaces.

SILKEN SORROW.

I RIDE while others trudge,
The costliest silks I wear,
Bright jewels shine on this breast of mine;
But a starving heart is there:
A heart grown cold and dead,
Though the red blood dyes my cheek.
Now, alas! for pride, that could dare to hide
What I longed to hear him speak.
My kerchief dropped that day:
His eyes, that flamed to mine
Like stars, went down in a night-black frown
At the coronet's brodered sign.
The daughter of an Earl;
But blood is blood, and beats—
Through bluest veins from ancient strains—
At the dream of a world of sweets.
I would have swept his floors,
Darned socks—a household drudge;
But he never spoke. So here, alone,
A silken sorrow that dares not moan,
I ride—while the happy trudge.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE DAM REEF.

By FELIX ELIOT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE branch of the Stainsleighs of which I am a—perhaps somewhat unworthy—descendant had during the Commonwealth a sneaking regard for Cromwellian methods. This fact proved a bane to them at the Restoration, preventing the then head of the family from making good the sacrifices he had made for the enhancement of the Protector's war-funds. The Stainsleigh Towers estate became heavily encumbered; bit by bit foreclosures deprived the Stainsleighs of almost all the land which had once been theirs, and of which they had been so proud; but the old house still remained to them, as also the park in which the mansion stood. After the Restoration old Sir Geoffrey Stainsleigh became almost a recluse; and his two sons, Philip and Ralph, went into military service, and sought by deeds of valour to throw off the stigma which attached to them as Roundheads.

In due time old Sir Geoffrey went over to the majority, and Philip succeeded to the title and what remained of the old possessions. Ralph sought further active service abroad, and gained a high reputation for military capacity. Still, it seemed that the wealth which was once the glory of their name would never again return. Philip married, and before he died became the proud father of a son and daughter. The latter married a distant cousin. The young Philip left a young wife, and strayed into the doubtful advantages of a sojourner in town; and, later, owing to his dare-devil nature, drew the attention of the King. But this favour was of an ephemeral character; and when it passed, Philip became more and more dissolute, and finally embroiled himself in some quarrel anent a Court beauty, perishing in a duel fought to uphold that which the said beauty had long ago parted with: a virtuous reputation.

The family attorney continued to look after the remaining property. As he failed to discover the

whereabouts of the second son Ralph, the property merged into Chancery. Of Ralph, the second son, nothing further was ever heard beyond the fact that he had married the daughter of a worthy but not over well-to-do burgomaster of Amsterdam, by whom he had one son, who grew up to manhood; and, being of a venturesome turn of mind, he had sailed for the Dutch settlements in Southern Africa. Here all trace of the direct Stainsleighs ceased, and, as far as I know, I am the only representative of another branch of the same family. As a matter of fact, my great-grandmother was the daughter of Philip (the elder son of Sir Geoffrey of the Cromwellian era), and she had married a cousin, a certain Peregrine Stainsleigh, of whom no record worthy of remark remains beyond the fact that he was a limb of the law, and for a time had been domiciled in the King's Bench Walk. I fear me much that his brain-pan was not fitted to take in the intricacies of the law; but, somehow or another, both he and his descendants, my father included, managed to squeeze out of such litigants as were introduced to them a sufficiency of income to keep the wolf from the door. Naturally enough I kept to the same profession as my forebears; but, alas! my brain proved altogether unequal to professional needs. My personal wants were an ever-growing crop, and my rewards, on the other hand, grew less and less as time went on. I broke away from the trammels of family record, and one fine day booked a passage in one of the mail steamers to Capetown, bent on a voyage of discovery—primarily, as I tried to persuade my friends, in search of the missing sprig in our ancestral tree.

After a mightily tempestuous passage across the Biscay's Bay, our much-strained vessel ran into comparatively calm waters, to eventually land us on the twenty-eighth day out from home at the—in those days—'one horse city' of Capetown. A short stay sufficed to thoroughly exploit the local

lions, and then I left for the 'Garden Colony'—Natal. A month spent in Pietermaritzburg, and again the word 'forward' came to my rescue; and with such transport convenience as a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen can afford, I made my way to the more rugged and by far more picturesque fastnesses of the Lydenburg Mountains.

Reports of satisfactory gold discoveries were rife; but as far as the existing diggings of the time were concerned, there was little to be done. Recognising this as a great truth, I put a sum of money into a prospecting syndicate, and with its members proceeded to newer areas, full of the sanguine hope of some day dropping on a veritable El Dorado. We spent some six months on this quest, in as lonely a bit of mountain country as one could wish for. At the end of that time my *confrères* had come to the conclusion that a visit to camp was necessary, if for no other purpose than to secure a fresh commissariat. I was a dissenter, feeling regretful to turn my back on so pleasant a life. I would here mention the fact that I am a lover of all field-sports, and consider myself a superb shot. Thus it will be the readier understood why I was averse to returning to headquarters. During our prospecting I had enjoyed some of the best shooting I ever had; and as it happened that no other member of our party had sporting proclivities, most of our meat-supply was left for me and my gun to provide. When on a replenishing trip I always took with me a Kaffir 'boy,' who by reason of his comeliness of figure I had named Pollo (meant as the diminutive for Apollo). He was an intelligent fellow, belonging to no particular tribe by right of birth, but undoubtedly possessed of a large admixture of Portuguese blood. From the fact that he had lived much in the country of the Knopfneuzen, or Knob-nosed Kaffirs, he sometimes called himself after that tribe. He was not of a particularly communicative disposition; but on one occasion he interested me by some rather graphic descriptions of the country of the Knopfneuzen.

'Why *baas* no go there? Gold im plenty there. Pollo see one *m'tungu k'lala lapa* [white man stop there]; he *sebenza* long time, an' fin' plenty gold in his *bokis* [sluice-box], *m'kulu* gold, lika so.' Here he joined his forefinger and thumb by way of assisting me to judge the size of the nuggets he professed to have seen found there.

No matter how determined a prospector may be in his resolves to turn a deaf ear to fairy stories that from time to time assail his ears anent gold-finding, there always remains just a *soupeçon* of belief that they 'may be true,' and as often as not he finds himself journeying to the alleged El Dorado with a view of satisfying himself.

Thus, like the great Raleigh, I found myself one morning, just as the golden dawn sent its first aureate beam adown the slope of the distant and more aspiring of the hill-ranges that loomed to the northward and westward, taking a hasty

'coffee-drink,' as the Boer calls it, preparatory to making a start for the country of the Knopfneuzen. After some protracted journeyings, I pitched camp in a wedge of country lying between the western Zoutpansberg Mountains and the Spelonken Hills. This district is very rugged and broken, and even at the best season of the year meagrely supplied with water. True, here and there are tiny oases, which want but the care of a zealous husbandman to turn them into veritable paradises. It was in this neighbourhood that the Portuguese Consul Albasini withdrew himself from consular service, and entered upon an almost feudal existence. He enclosed a large and fruitful area, at a considerable elevation, the surroundings of which are very broken and rugged. He finally fortified himself there in an almost impregnable position. Albasini was a somewhat austere man, but just withal. The natives around, if they did not exactly love him, looked up to him as indisputable master. They paid their tithes to him freely, and rendered him service in his plantations until by their labour, under the personal direction of their feudal lord, much wealth of well-being accrued to them. This state of things existed some thirty years previous to the period of which I write. Since then much change had been wrought and great havoc made at Albasini's *kopje*, and to-day it is little better than a chaotic blending of degenerate flowering shrubs and overgrown fruit-trees.

I spent two or three days at this once almost ornate *estancia*, in the mild indulgence of perfect rest, fully believing myself to be the only European within many miles. In this I was mistaken. The connecting-link of my story will here find a fitting introduction.

CHAPTER II.



RARELY, if ever, did I go for a ramble without adding to my bearer's pack a small prospecting pick and pan; and on the morning I left camp with the purpose of beating the scrub along the banks of the Pulele River for francolin—a bird belonging to the partridge family—I made no exception to the rule. I had been fairly successful, having bagged some four or five brace, when I found my walk had brought me to the head-waters of a fair-sized tributary creek. Here high acclivitous sides of the Spelonken Hills came down almost sheer; and, but for a narrow strip of negotiable pathway, there seemed no chance of mounting to the summit. Along this friendly jutting ledge of rock I determined, after enjoying a hasty snack of food, to make a trip of exploration. I had not proceeded very far when I found what I had taken to be the head-waters of the creek was nothing of the kind. A slip or small avalanche of the rocky walls had at some distant period taken place and simply divided or formed a dam, and the creek 'I

had thus far followed was but a continuation of a supply higher up which found its way through the mass of loose rocks that had been precipitated from above. The ledge of rock on which I was standing began to slope some forty or fifty yards ahead of me; and, following this downward trend, I was surprised to see a large sheet of water, quite a miniature lake of some three hundred yards across, with grassy banks and what, at a distance, looked like a patch of cultivation on the higher ground. Small wonder my curiosity became aroused, and I at once determined to exploit this find.

Some two hundred yards farther along the rugged path brought me to a sudden turn. After rounding this, I found myself at a spot where the waters were again contracted by a high bank running from the distant side to join the acclivity beneath which I was walking. Some twenty feet of a gap intervened, and through this flowed the small stream which fed the lake, dropping to the level thereof in a small cascade spanned by a primitive rustic foot-bridge guarded by a single hand-rail. Crossing this bridge, I proceeded expectantly; and, to my surprise, after rounding yet another turn, I came upon a plot of garden-land which showed that more than common attention was bestowed upon it. Bananas, grapes, figs, with many other fruits, were flourishing; while, presently, the walk I was upon showed a bordering of pomegranate-bushes. Then, amidst a bower of oleander-trees, the powerful perfume of which at first inspiration almost overcame me, I saw the quaintest of houses, as far as its architectural form was concerned, and yet giving an idea of extreme comfort; for beneath its heavily grass-thatched roof the heat even of a tropical sun could not have penetrated. Who, thought I, could have built unto themselves so snug a retreat in such an out-of-the-way corner as this? I stood rapt in contemplation of this *beau-ideal* of a peaceful haven, until brought to the cares of the everyday world by the too close proximity of a huge dog. As far as voice went he was perfectly quiet, but at the same time I thought he might have a biting-power of more effective character. He appeared to be somewhat akin to the old-fashioned bob-tailed English sheep-dog, though not so shaggy of hide. I have seen a few of these animals since in various parts of the Transvaal, and, generally speaking, their owners have assessed their value highly. The dog apparently had an opinion favourable to me, for when I dropped my rifle from the shoulder to the half-arm rest, he sniffed with satisfaction, turned towards the house as though to escort me thither, every now and again turning his head to ascertain if I had accepted his invitation. As we neared the latticed porch over the entrance into the house the dog gave vent to a single but loud expression of warning, and then bounded in.

The next minute there appeared a girl of some

seventeen or eighteen years, tall, with an exquisitely *svelte* figure, whose every movement was as near the poetry of motion as that of the average high-heeled-boot wearer of our London streets is distant from it. Her charm and grace were infinite—a personality full of suggestion. As I have said, she was tall, but not too tall. Her complexion was pale, white indeed, but not the least suggestive of waxiness. Her nose had just the tiniest claim to romanesque; her mouth, not large, was yet full and expressive of determination; her eyes reminded one by their sheen of two superb sapphires with a drop of dew resting on each to give them light and play. Her hair, of a deep-jet colour, was plentiful, yet gathered closely to her Juno-like head, and twisted into a simple knot behind. As though for a foil, her dress was of the simplest description, a pale blue-striped print; but the work of artist-fingers—her own, without a doubt of it.

At my salutation she advanced to the stoop-edge, and said, in a voice of thrilling melody, 'Good-morning, sir. Have you seen my father?'

The oddness of the question robbed me for the moment of ability to reply. Soon I recovered my equanimity, and answered, 'No; I have seen no one. Indeed, I should have been surprised to do so, though not so much as I am to find your Arcadian home in this out-of-the-way corner.'

To which she replied, 'Yes, our home is retired. How came you to light upon it?'

'By merest chance. I am prospecting, and my path lies wherever indications of the precious metal lead me.'

'Have you found indications in this locality?'

This question was put with a degree of suspicion that I could not fail to note.

'No, I cannot say I have. My camp is but a mile or so from this, at the foot of Albasini's kopje. To-day I wandered off more for sport than in quest of gold. Following the creek upwards till it became lost to me—in the débris of what I have since been thinking is a considerable landslide—my intentions were somewhat frustrated, till I mounted the ledge of rock that brought me to the little bridge yonder. Naturally my curiosity became aroused. I continued my stroll till this very good-natured dog of yours came to meet and greet me.'

'I have no doubt Bruno was as much taken aback as yourself. It is a very rare occurrence even for a native to come within what we call "our bounds." My father is somewhat of a recluse, having no special liking for near neighbours. But I am sure he will be pleased to see you. He is late in returning. Like yourself, he is fond of sport, and has gone out with Klaas—our old Hottentot servant, who accompanied my father from the old colony—to visit traps for a leopard which has been mischievous of late among the young stock. But you will think me inhospitable. Please enter and rest while I get

you some refreshment. You must be in need of it after your ramble.'

I begged her not to trouble, as I had already partaken of food; but I would gladly rest a while. Glad to rest! I should rather think I was, under the prevailing conditions. What young fellow with a leaning to art would have declined such an offer and from so perfect a model?

We sat and talked upon the *stoep*, under the vine-clad veranda. She produced a jar of her father's home-grown tobacco and insisted on my indulgence, saying, 'Smoke, if you do smoke at all. I love the odour of what my father calls his "silent eloquence."'

I smoked the while she plied me with questions concerning the 'outer world,' as she called it. Time flew, and I began to think it would be well to make my adieu, and thereupon rose to do so, asking if I might, without fear of being considered an intruder, call on the morrow, when I hoped to see her father.

She was sure her father would be pleased to see me; and as for herself, 'You know, I have been so long absent from inhabited parts that I am longing to continue our conversation, and learn more of what is going on in the colony.' So we parted for the time, Bruno accompanying his young mistress as far as the bridge, where we bade each other *au revoir*.

On my arrival at the place where I had left Pollo I found that worthy sound asleep. There was yet another half-hour to actual *son-onder*, as the Boers call sunset, and I was in an indulgent mood, not indisposed to reverie either; so I let Pollo continue his nap. For myself, I fell into—if not reverie, as I have said—day-dreams, the foremost personality in them being—Bless my soul! What can I have been about to neglect to find out her name—my new and charming acquaintance? For two hours only we had chatted together—reserve there was no need for in so isolated a spot—and upon my word I felt already as though I had known her for years. After some spell of this castle-building work I jumped up, and so energetically did I place my boot in contiguity with the shining hide of Pollo that he sprang to his already packed burden, and with one and the same movement started on the return track to the wagons.

We had not gone far when I fancied I heard a shout. Moving a little farther onward, again I heard it, and Pollo heard it also; but his hearing was more acute than mine, and he not only recognised a Hottentot's cry, but also the tenor of it and the direction from which the cry came. At my bidding he sent up a responsive yell, and shortly afterwards a coloured man came running up holding a letter in his hand, which he said he was commanded to place in my hands. There was no superscription, but on opening the deftly folded missive I read the following words:

'Do please return at once. I need your aid for my father, who is sore stricken.

'VERA STANLEY.'

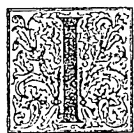
What could have happened? Let it be what it might, go back I would, and at once. First, however, I ascertained from the old Kaffir—who, it appeared, was the Klaas mentioned by Miss Stanley—that there was a road by which my wagons could be brought round to his master's house. The two natives spoke together, and Pollo assured me that he understood, and would have the oxen inspanned, and trek by night in order to be with me soon after *son-up* next morning.

I turned in my tracks and went back accompanied by Klaas. On the way the faithful fellow, amid tears of real regret I am sure, told me of the disaster which had happened to his *baas*.

It seems that Mr Stanley's visit to the traps he had laid for the marauding feline had been almost completed and nothing had happened, the lures being intact. However, there was yet one other trap to visit. This was set rather out of the line of route which he had taken, and the inspection had been left over until they should have made a start for home. 'Tis too often verified, the old saw that 'the last straw,' &c., and so it proved in the case of this last trap to which Mr Stanley had unfortunately turned his attention. According to Klaas's account, on their arrival at the place where the trap had been set it was found the lure had proved successful. A *beinye groot luipard* had been caught by the leg and held. Unfortunately the hold was too near the foot to be altogether secure, for when Mr Stanley and Klaas put in an appearance the animal became furious, and made frantic endeavours to release itself. An unlucky shot from Klaas's rifle only served to infuriate the beast the more. Then Mr Stanley had essayed, but a faulty cartridge added fuel to the fire raging within the maddened brute. With a frantic effort the leopard sprang forward. This time a link in the chain by which the huge gin had been secured gave way, and the next instant the animal was upon Stanley, with its fangs deep-set in his shoulder, rending and tearing savagely with its hind-claws. Klaas flung himself into the scrimmage with a short-handled dagger-knife he carried, and plunged his weapon again and again into the brute as nearly behind its shoulder as circumstances permitted him. Mr Stanley had been carried home by some natives from a neighbouring kraal, and Klaas was of opinion there was but 'slim' chance of his recovery, owing to the deluge of blood lost from the wounds.

What little I knew of surgery was of the simplest, and therefore I felt my presence could be of little avail to the injured man. But go I would. Suppose she were to be left—left alone; and I seemed to feel that she would be so, in the direst sense.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.



IN the small but most interesting museum which forms part of the Guildhall buildings in London there may be seen by the curious in such things three large brass squirts, of not much greater capacity than a modern garden-syringe, which bear date 1672. These were the first fire-engines used in the Metropolis, and their institution was prompted by the great fire which six years earlier had destroyed such a large portion of London. It was then ordained by Act of Parliament that one of these primitive appliances should be kept in each ward of the City, together with buckets, and also ladders to help in the work of rescue; and the aldermen were held responsible for the working of the engines. It is noteworthy that not until the year 1866—two hundred years after the great fire—were any steps taken to form a public brigade of firemen.

The city of Rome was much better protected against fire in the first century of the Christian era than was London in the seventeenth century. Under the Emperor Augustus a corps of firemen, known as *vigiles*, was organised, consisting of seven thousand men, divided into seven cohorts of one thousand each. They carried with them heavy buckets, also some smaller vessels, consisting of rush baskets coated with pitch to make them watertight, and some engines called *siphones*. Ctesibius, who lived two hundred and fifty years B.C., invented a machine which, from the description of it left by Vitruvius, appears to have been a force-pump.

A Roman pump of this kind was found in 1795 at Civita Vecchia, and what is believed to be a fire-pump was unearthed at Silchester in Hampshire (the British Pompeii, as it has been called) only a few years ago. This pump, made of a solid block of hard wood, with two cylinders, lined with lead, bored out of it, was in principle the same as a modern double-action pump, the air reservoir or compressor not being wanting. It seems strange, in view of these early provisions against fire, that the city of London should have lagged so far behind. However ridiculous the squirts and buckets may appear to us, they should not be altogether despised, for it must be remembered that a gallon or two of water has often a greater effect during the initial stages of a fire than many tons poured upon it at a later stage. The men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade still carry with them hand-pumps; and these humble engines are instrumental in extinguishing many incipient conflagrations.

The squirts gave place to what were called water-engines, and these were supplanted by the manual engine, which did duty until the 'steamer' came upon the scene.

The first corps enrolled to do battle with fires in London was the Fire-Engine Establishment. This was a private concern—that is to say, the public was

not called upon to contribute towards its maintenance, the cost being defrayed by the insurance companies jointly. In 1864 these companies sent formal notice to the Home Office that they intended to discontinue the establishment, and so the Fire Brigade was formed under the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works, now superseded by the London County Council. The headquarters of the brigade are at Southwark, and this establishment is in telephonic communication with all the other Metropolitan stations, so that they can be directed as to their action—a most necessary provision in the case of fires occurring in different parts at the same time. In addition to this, any station can be placed in telephonic communication with any other station, using the headquarters as an exchange. Each engine carries a portable telephonic attachment which can be fastened on any street-alarm post, so that the fireman first arriving at the post from which the alarm has been given can speak to headquarters, and give information as to the extent of the fire and possible requirements.

A new type of steamer has been recently introduced in which paraffin is used as fuel. The water in the boiler is kept hot by gas-jets while the engine is in the station, and can be made to blow off at a pressure of one hundred and twenty pounds two minutes after turning on the paraffin spray. There are three descriptions of fire-escapes which will extend to thirty, fifty, and seventy feet respectively. These are used not only for saving life, but to enable the firemen to carry the hose up to windows and other favourable positions in order to direct the stream of water towards the heart of the fire.

Some recent terrible disasters in the city of London, in one of which ten lives were sacrificed although the burning premises were within a stone's-throw of a fire-station, have directed attention to the question of the efficiency of our present methods of dealing with fires. It is agreed on all hands that there is no fault to find with the men, who again and again have shown that they are ready to risk their own lives in the endeavour to save others. It is their equipment about which doubts have arisen, and it may be profitable, therefore, if we devote a little attention to the appliances used for fighting the flames in other countries.

The New York Fire Brigade has the credit of being in advance of any other town in the matter of appliances, and their steamers will throw, through a two-inch nozzle, a stream of solid water to a distance of about two hundred yards on a calm day. In 1881 the 'water-tower' was introduced; and from the fact that it is still in use, it would seem to be a valuable piece of apparatus. It consists of a truck with an open ironwork pillar which reaches about sixty feet above the level of the street pavement. This carries a hose which is large enough to take the water from two or even

four steamers, the water being fed to a bent tube at the top of the tower, which delivers a five-inch stream through the windows of a burning building. An auxiliary piece of apparatus is the 'swivel pipe,' which in like manner can be coupled up to two or more engines. It is a short, bent pipe, which can be turned in any direction, fixed to a stout iron stanchion. As it is close to the engines, a very powerful combined stream can be delivered from it, and under certain conditions it is more serviceable than the water-tower.

Ladders, or fire-escapes, built on much the same pattern as those in use in this country, form part of the equipment of the New York Brigade, the longest one in use extending to nearly a hundred feet. By means of short ladders with hooks at the top, called scaling-ladders, the New York fireman is able to climb from floor to floor outside a building, each time hooking the ladder which he pulls up after him, as he rests on a window-ledge, to the window opening in the floor above. When he reaches the opening for which he is aiming he lets down a cord, and his colleagues below fasten to it a life-line, which he pulls up; by means of this he can lower to the ground any unfortunates who have no other means of rescue. The American brigades also carry a line-throwing musket, which establishes communication in the same way that a rocket is used in case of shipwreck.

In Berlin hooked scaling-ladders are also in use; but to make them really effective it would seem that window-sills should be of such a pattern that the ladder-hooks can easily grip them. Whether this is the case in the cities mentioned we are unable to say; but it is certain that in our buildings in Britain the window-fittings are of such different patterns that it is doubtful if such ladders would be of any great use here. Certainly our fire brigades have not adopted them; but they carry with them short ladders which can quickly be fitted together to form long ones.

The Paris fire department is making a very radical change in its apparatus by fitting all its vehicles with electric motors, thereby cutting off the expense of feeding and stabling a number of horses. The change from horse-traction to motors of some kind or other is bound to come sooner or later to all fire brigades, and Paris seems to have taken the lead.

Following that example, the volunteer fire department of Grünwald near Berlin has instituted a hose-cart, a kind of 'first aid' appliance, which is actuated by a motor. This cart carries hose, ladder, a life-line, smoke-masks, and all the implements usually employed by firemen. It is made to travel at a very rapid pace, so as to reach a fire with as little loss of time as possible.

We may also note here that a new automobile fire-engine is being manufactured by M. Cambier, of Lille. The mechanism is so arranged that it can be used either to drive the engine along or to work the pumps, the change being effected instantaneously. Here again time is saved by dispensing with both horses and steam.

The most novel introduction in the way of fire-fighting weapons within recent years is perhaps that of Captain Schapler, late of the German army, but now chief of the fire brigade at Frankfort. It is known as the Schapler pneumatic tower fire-escape, and, as the name implies, it combines the duty of the American water-tower with that of the ordinary escape. It is difficult to describe it without diagrams; but let us compare it to a four-drawer telescope, which when shut up is twenty feet in length. This long telescope, to every length of which a ladder is attached, is carried in a horizontal position on a heavy truck drawn by two horses. Also on the truck is a receptacle for compressed air or carbonic acid gas. The operator turns a tap and the telescope assumes an upright position, sloping in any required direction. Another tap is turned, which admits the compressed air or gas into the tubes, and the telescope shoots out to a height of eighty-four feet. The action takes place in thirty seconds or less, and, if desired, a man carrying a length of hose goes up with the apparatus, so that he can direct a stream of water from that commanding height. If the object is to save life, the fireman at the top of the ladder helps the person in danger on to a small platform at his side; then, on turning a tap below, the telescope shuts up and both rescuer and rescued are lowered to the ground automatically. Another charge of gas is admitted, up shoots the telescope once more, and another life is saved. In this way no fewer than eighteen persons were recently rescued from certain death at a fire which took place at Frankfort. It is one of the most valuable features of this apparatus that it will carry the rescued person down in the way we have endeavoured to describe; for the work of descending an ordinary ladder, in the absence of such awful conditions as those of a conflagration, is difficult even to a robust man who is unaccustomed to it. To the old and feeble it is next to impossible. We are glad to learn that the Schapler fire-escape has been adopted by the authorities at Vienna, Breslau, Munich, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other Continental cities, and that it is in use in America.

In this country there are tens of thousands of handsomely appointed private residences, which are replete with every appliance which comfort and luxury can suggest, but are quite destitute of any apparatus for dealing with an outbreak of fire, and in many cases without any means of escape for the inmates. The law takes good care that the factory operative shall not be placed in such a cruel position, the employer being bound to provide a way out of the building under his control in case of fire. The workman may congratulate himself on being better off, in this respect at least, than the millionaire. Yet it should not be difficult to devise, for private use, means of extinguishing a fire or escaping from it. A bucket of water—or, still better, one of those handy chemical appliances known as extincteurs—is an invaluable aid in the initial stages of a fire, always provided that there is some

one at hand who does not lose his head at the sight of flames. Then with regard to means of escape: a good Manila-hemp rope, which can be readily attached to a stout hook near a window, or to the leg of a bedstead, is a simple and efficient means of escape in the absence of anything better. The canvas shoot, which allows persons to slide down a kind of woven pipe, works admirably in an experimental way when there is no fire; but canvas is inflammable, and there is no method by which it can be made to withstand the action of fire for any length of time. The so-called incombustible treatment may prevent it from becoming actually inflamed, but we are aware of no method that will prevent it from smouldering when exposed to great heat.

A wonderfully compact, and we should be inclined to think efficient, means of escape for use in private houses was brought forward a few years ago by an American inventor, Mr E. Robiole. It has the outward appearance of, and can be used as, an ordinary arm-chair. Beneath the seat, hidden by the valance, is a cylinder upon which is reeled a flexible steel ladder many yards in length. The end of this ladder finds its way through the back of the chair, which is hollow, and over the top, so that it can be lowered with the greatest ease from a window, the chair acting as a counterweight. If such chairs were in common use, and their purpose well understood, they would be the means of saving very many lives.

It will thus be seen that the important subject of

saving life at fires is occupying the attention of many minds, and we may reasonably hope that in the future such holocausts as we have had to deplore in the past will become, if not impossible, greatly reduced in number. Of late years much-needed legal restrictions have been laid on methods of building; but we can never hope for houses which shall be absolutely fireproof. The structure itself may be incombustible; but its contents cannot be so. Besides, we have to take our cities and towns as they have been handed down to us, full of old buildings which apparently were constructed with a view to making a good bonfire whenever opportunity should offer.

Much good is likely to accrue from the International Fire Exhibition which is to be opened next spring at Earl's Court, London. For six months this is to form one of the chief of the Metropolitan attractions; and although the amusement-seeker will be catered for, the exhibition will have its serious, business side in the accumulation of all kinds of fire-resisting materials, fire-quenching apparatus, and life-saving devices. We shall hope to see there many of the appliances here described; but to do them justice they should be shown in action. The public need to be made acquainted with the various apparatus now available for their protection and well-being, and the projected exhibition should do on a large scale what we have been endeavouring to do on a small one by penning these notes.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER V.—JOY OF LIFE.



THREE days later, with the sweetness of her loss and the deeper gladness of all her memories upon her, Barbe was up in the lantern at early dawn, as was her wont.

It was a soft, mother-of-pearl morning, and the sea and the western sky still trailed their leaden garments of the night. Pippo was hopping stolidly round the gallery, and the urgent necessity of seeing everything that was going on, both above and around and below, and with only one eye to do it all, kept his little blue-gray head jerking to and fro in a way that got on Minette's nerves. Every other minute she made a dash at him, and he received her with a shrill scream, a wild flapping of wings, and a beak that rattled like a castanet. Then Minette would retire to prepare a fresh ambush, and try to catch him on his blind side, but never succeeded in doing it. Now and again Barbe would look round at them, and say softly, 'Gently, gently, my children;' to which neither of them paid the slightest attention.

A brown-sailed fishing-boat was making slowly

for Plenevec, wobbling heavily along to the creak of the oars, for there was not a breath of wind. Barbe stood watching it for a moment, and at sight of her the oarsmen, standing face to the bows as they breasted the heavy oars, stopped in their rhythmic swing. A fluty hail came pealing across the smooth water, and a friendly hand waved in the boat—as it had waved once before when his ship was running down the Race to certain death, which yet to him was to be the entrance to a larger life. Then Barbe's young red blood leaped in her veins, and her face glowed from the inside as well as from the dawn as she waved her hand in reply.

So he had not gone after all, or he had come back. He was still within sight and sound. Her heart swelled within her till it gave her pain, and she struck her side with her fist to keep the unruly thing in order.

She watched the boat till it crept round the corner into Grand Bayou. She got another wave of the hand, and waved hers in reply. When the boat had quite disappeared she went back to her work. The sky was full of light, and the sea

was dimpling and smiling under the tender kisses of the new-born sun. The sea-birds round Cap Réhel gleamed like a snow-cloud. The tall shaft of the lighthouse shone like a pillar of fire, and up on top of it Barbe Carcassone, nearer heaven than most, said to herself that the good God was very good, and Alain was still there.

'*Tiens!*' said George Cadoual as Alain straightened up and stopped rowing to wave his hand and send his greeting to Barbe up in the gallery. 'You know La Carcassone! But, of course, you were there. I forgot. A pretty girl, they say; but the old one keeps her all to himself. A gloomy old curmudgeon; but he has reason, without doubt. He murdered a man and woman up there in the Light, you know.'

'What are you saying, then?'

'But yes, it is true, my boy. It was before my time, but is well known. The man who used to keep the Light ran off with Pierre's wife, and he followed them and killed them both up there. For me, I say he did right, and they only gave him five years. And then he went to live there, and he's been there ever since. Ask old Gaudriol, *mon gars*'—as Alain's face betokened no sense of conviction; 'he was here at the time. He has been here since the Flood, has Gaudriol.'

But Alain was musing on this strange news, and he spoke no word till they landed.

That afternoon, after his sleep, Alain purposely chanced upon M. Gaudriol, and the old gendarme accepted a pipeful from him and sat down on the shingle to have a chat, for he had taken a liking for the lad at first sight.

'Is it true, M. Gaudriol, that M. Carcassone killed a man and woman out there?' Alain asked, with a seaward nod, as soon as their pipes were fairly alight.

'It is true enough, my boy,' and the old man looked at him curiously from under his bushy white brows; 'but he had great provocation. Being officer of the law myself, I would not go so far as to say he was justified; but they only gave him a short term, and nobody thought the worse of him when he came back. He did a thing, and he paid for it. *Voilà tout!* Who was telling you?' he asked presently.

'Cadoual, this morning in the boat. As we passed the Light ma'm'selle was up in the gallery, and I waved my hand to her.'

Old Gaudriol nodded understandingly.

'She is a good girl, and pretty, they say.'

'She is very beautiful,' said Alain with conviction, 'and I am quite sure she is good. Does she never come ashore?'

'I saw her that first morning when her father brought her here to me, after—you understand. And I saw her when he fetched her from St Pol; and since then I think I have seen her but twice. Is she content out there all alone?'

'I suppose so,' said Alain. 'She did not say.'

'All the same, it must be dull for her,' said

Gaudriol. 'Young life has its rights also. The young should mix with the young.'

The old man looked at the young one as though about to say something else; but he checked himself, and it was not till the pipes were beginning to whistle that he asked casually, 'And how do you get on with Cadoual?'

'Well enough,' said Alain. 'He's a bit odd at times, and he likes his own way, and thinks he knows more than most.'

To all of which Gaudriol nodded assent, but said no more.

Alain had found bed and board in the house of an old widow-woman whose son had been drowned the previous winter. Veuve Pleuret discovered in him a likeness to her lost boy, so that he found himself in very comfortable quarters, while the mother in her found relief in ministering to him. His business took him frequently up to the Cadoual house, and he never regretted that he was not living there.

He did not soon forget his first introduction to Mère Cadoual.

He had waited to see Pierre off home that first day; then, with M. Gaudriol's assistance, he went to find a lodging; and in the afternoon he walked up, as arranged with George, to have a talk with him about the fishing.

It was a good-sized house, with barns and an untidy straw-yard surrounded by a high stone wall; with dung-heaps and rooting pigs and scratching poultry all about, and the fragrant smell of cattle, and the monotonous thumping of a churn.

He made for the sound of the churn, and a red-faced, tired-looking girl looked up and stopped work when his head appeared in the doorway.

'Pardon, ma'm'selle,' he said; 'can you tell me where I shall find M. Cadoual?'

But before she could answer a strident, high-pitched voice broke out behind him, and the churn started again with a jump.

'Now then, now then, young man,' cried the voice, 'what's all this? Don't you know better than to stop a churn? We all know that lazy hussy's only too glad to get the chance, and it's little enough she does unless I'm on her back all the time. But it's not backward she is at her meals, I warrant you; and drinks the cream, too, if you'll believe me.'

The girl flushed a deeper red and began pounding away harder than ever to make up for lost time. She looked again at Alain because he was something new and good to look at, and then winked quickly at him, as much as to say, 'You don't need to swallow all that, you know,' as he turned to face the new-comer.

'Now, draggle-tail, don't punch the bottom out. Steady, girl, steady! Keep your temper, or you'll get no butter; and no supper, *ma foi*, if you spoil the butter. One would think you'd never seen a man before in your life; whereas, if the truth were told'—

'Can I see M. Cadoual, madame?' asked Alain, to save the girl from the storm he had provoked.

'What is it you want, then? We've all the hands we need, if the lazy good-for-nothings would only work. You're all the same, you men; and, *dame!* the women are just as bad. Be off with you. *Allez, allez!*'

'M. Cadoual has engaged me for his boat'—

'You! *Mon Dieu!* The boy's a fool. It's a man he wants. Two boys in a boat won't catch any fish.—Jeanne!' in a roar, 'if that churn stops again I'll come in and slap your head for you.'

She was a burly, dark-faced virago, with snapping black eyes and a black moustache, and another little moustache curled fiercely over each eye, which gave her a terribly wide-awake look: a woman whom Nature had palpably designed for a man, but, getting mixed, had left her man in the form of woman. Alain noticed that her hair was coarse like the tail of a horse, and she wore big wooden sabots with straw in them. She was so big and broad that she made him feel quite small, though he stood five feet ten in his bare feet. He was glad he had found lodgings elsewhere.

'You're over young, *mon gars,*' she said. 'Can you sail a boat and cast the nets without tumbling overboard like our fool of a Jeannot?'

'I had five years of it, madame, and I have never got drowned.'

'Evidently, since you are here still. All the same, I say you're too young.—Geo-r-r-ge!'

'Hello! hello! What's the matter now? I'm not deaf.—*Tiens!* it's you, *mon ami.* I thought the house was afire at the least;' and George Cadoual came out of the house with the sleep still blinking in his eyes.

'You're half asleep yet,' said his mother, 'and were all asleep a minute ago, I'll warrant. He's too young, George;' and she eyed Alain as if he were a colt she hesitated to purchase on account of its youth. 'What you need in that boat is a man'—

'Well,' said George, 'there'll be two men in it, and that's enough.'

'Two light-headed boys with not ballast enough between them to sink a net.'

'Pfutt! He's from Plougastel. I know what I'm about.'

'Ah! *ça*—from Plougastel! Well, that makes a difference;' and she regarded Alain with somewhat less disfavour.

Here a pair of tired horses came clanking into the yard, with rhythmic jingle of iron chains, and their driver slouching sideways on the hind one; and madame instantly assailed him with a fury of invective for having left off work, as she asserted, full ten minutes before the proper time.

'Come in and have a *chopine* and a cigarette,' said Cadoual to Alain. 'You'll find it better than old Mère Buvel's wash. The mother is enjoying herself now she's got something to scold;' and Alain followed him into the kitchen, while the girl at the

churn took advantage of madame's diversion to rest her tired arms for a moment.

Their discussion on matters piscatorial was so discursive, and so frequently interrupted by madame's incursions into it, that the big kitchen table was being noisily laid for the evening meal before it was ended, and Cadoual insisted on Alain stopping to eat with them.

'I bet you it'll be better than anything you'll get down yonder,' he said.

As far as actual meat and drink went, George was right; but the contentious tongue of madame imparted a bitter flavour to it all for the others—all except the son, whom Alain soon perceived to be at once master and spoiled boy of the house.

Six men and three maid-servants joined the board, including him of the horse and Jeanne of the churn. They all looked tired and sulky, and ate and drank in whipped silence, while madame, eating heartily the while, trounced them all in turn for endless faults of omission and commission. There was no end to her tirade. She would recur again and again to some flagrant detail, like a dog to its clean-picked bone, till Alain wondered they could eat at all, and thanked his stars for lodging him elsewhere. They all seemed used to it, and ate stolidly under the snapping fire of madame's quick black eyes and voluble tongue, and were wise enough to add no fuel to the flames.

Once or twice George took exception to her remarks, and flung hot words back at her. At this she would wind up that particular fusillade with a curt, '*Eh bien!*' and a scorching glance at the original offender, and would instantly open a side-battery in some other direction to cover her repulse.

Right glad was Alain when the meal was over and he was free to go. Old Jeannot, he learned, had lived in the Cadoual house. He was not much surprised at his abrupt departure from it, for to himself life would have been unbearable in such an atmosphere.

It was on the third day of his service in Cadoual's boat that they saw Barbe up in the gallery of the Light, as they laboured slowly homewards in the dawn past Grand Bayou. So far he and Cadoual had got on all right together. The owner of the boat and four-fifths shareholder in the takings was inclined, indeed, to undue masterfulness and a somewhat overbearing demeanour towards the one-fifth shareholder, and he exhibited a very much larger idea of his own capabilities than circumstances absolutely justified; but Alain had met that kind of man before, and knew how to handle him. He went on quietly and unconcernedly with his own work in his own way, which Cadoual very quickly recognised to be the right way; and when George occasionally got overheated and inclined to bluster, Alain simply let him blow off steam till he cooled again, and showed plainly that it did not trouble him in the slightest. George set it down to the stolidity to which he was accustomed; but he came in time to perceive that it was something different

—something altogether stronger and deeper. He learned, in fact, by degrees that quietness does not necessarily imply weakness. He knew already by personal experience that bluster was not in all cases a sign of strength.

That distant glimpse of Barbe Carcassone, and much pleasant musing thereupon, woke in Alain the desire for closer communion with her. She was never far from his thoughts. That was not possible. The tall white shaft of the Light, gleaming golden in the setting sun as they stole out towards the fishing grounds, or flashing silver in the dawn as they crept or raced home again, was an ever-present reminder of her where no reminder whatever was needed. The sweet elusive face glimmered among the stars in the velvet vault above, and looked back at him from the coiling waters below. And away there under the cliffs the silent throb of the light sang 'Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!' so loud and clear, to the tune that was in his heart, that he looked at Cadoual sometimes and wondered at his indifference. But then he remembered that George did not know Barbe.

On the afternoon of the day after they had seen her up in the lantern, Alain came down the shingle with springs in his feet so that the stones flew before him. He ran the dingy which usually trailed behind the lugger into the water, and sent her leaping over the waves like a football.

'Hello, Alain! Where away now? You're in a hurry,' hailed M. Gaudriol.

For answer Alain, with a smile, jerked his head over his shoulder towards Grand Bayou rocks, and lifted the dingy nearly out of the water in his haste to be there.

'It is well,' said M. Gaudriol to himself, and sat down with his back against the lugger to watch him. '*Mais oui*,' he said, with a satisfied nod, '*ça marche!*' and it was not the blunt-nosed little boat to which he referred.

Barbe's observant eye caught sight of the round dot as soon as it turned the corner out of Grand Bayou Bay. Her work was done, and she was sitting in the gallery with her family squabbling round her, as she knitted pleasant thoughts of Alain into a long blue winter stocking for—well, perhaps for her father, perhaps for some one else. When the round black dot with the rhythmic flashes at its sides headed straight for the rocks she knew who it was, and her face flushed rosy red, and a smile of satisfied hope played hide-and-seek with a touch of momentary confusion in it. When one has been greatly longing for a person, and that person suddenly appears, as though in answer to a summons which the lips would never have ventured to utter, one may be grateful that the unexpected arrival is a good mile away in a blunt-nosed dingy, and that time is afforded for the recovery of one's equanimity without betrayal of secrets.

The boat came steadily on, and Barbe sat watching it with a glad face. A quarter of a mile away Alain

stopped for the first time, and turned and looked eagerly at the Light. He saw her in the gallery, and waved his hand, receiving a wave of the blue stocking in return. Then he bent to his oars again, and the blunt-nosed boat went bounding over the waves.

He was not quite sure how Pierre would receive him; but, *nom-de-Dieu!* Pierre was not the Almighty, even if he was Barbe's father—which in fact was a thing somewhat difficult to understand in itself; and if Barbe gave him welcome he could put up with the lack of it from Pierre.

Barbe ran down the ladders, and was standing in the dark doorway when the dingy's black snout nuzzled softly up to the iron rungs below. One glance showed Alain that the lighthouse boat was not hanging from the beams. So Pierre was ashore, and that was so much the better. He caught a glimpse of the sweet, flushed face craning over to watch him. The tide was rising, so all he had to do was to tie the boat to a lofty rung of the ladder, and it swung out with no fear of abrasions. Then he came up the rungs like a squirrel; but when he reached the doorway it was empty; for Barbe, overwhelmed by a sudden accession of maiden modesty, had fled up the ladders with twinkling white feet at the first upward bob of the yellow curls. She never stopped till she was sitting in the gallery again, knitting furiously at the blue stocking, and looking calmly at Cap Réhel, with a very red face and a heart that thumped so loud against her blue bodice that she was sure Alain would see it even if he did not hear it.

He ran on and up until he found her.

'*Mon Dieu*, ma'm'selle, but it is good to see you again!' he said, with the joy of it blazing in his eyes.

'How, then?' said Barbe, as quietly as that troublesome jumping thing inside her bodice would let her.

'I do not know. But, all the same, the sight of you fills me like food and wine.'

'It is cheap faring,' said Barbe, with a smile which was lost in a furious rush of colour at his immediate, 'Ah, it would be if one had you always to look at.' But the wave of colour made him doubt he had said too much, and to cover it he added, 'Do you know, I thought I saw you in the doorway downstairs. I could have sworn I saw you. It must have been, I suppose'—

'Yes?' asked Barbe as he came to a stop.

'*Eh bien!* I wanted so much to see you that I suppose I thought I did.'

'But no,' confessed Barbe's essential truthfulness; 'I was there. I went down'—and then the natural perversity of woman asserted itself—'to tell you where to moor your boat.'

'It was good of you,' said Alain gratefully. 'And your father—he is not here?'

'No,' she said, with a smile; 'he is gone to Plenevec.'

'I did not see him,' said Alain; 'but in truth I

did not look. I came straight out of the house to the boat.'

'We thought you had gone away.'

'No. M. Cadoual offered me a share in his boat, so I stopped. *Mais, tiens*, ma'm'selle!' he broke out reminiscently as he remembered suddenly that her father was present when the bargain was struck, and then stopped short as he recognised that the old man had either not informed or had misinformed her as to the facts of the case.

'You were saying'—said Barbe.

'Cadoual had lost his man Jeannot, and he offered me his place; and I had nothing to take me away, so I stopped.'

'It was good of him! Is he good? I do not know him.'

'We get on all right in the boat. But I am glad I do not live with him;' and he described the Cadoual household with such gusto as to provoke Barbe's laughter.

'They are rich *thère*, I suppose,' he concluded, 'what with the farm and the boat; and madame is a slave-driver. But, ma'm'selle, I would live on a bare rock sooner than be within sound of Mère Cadoual's tongue. I wonder any of them put up with it. It is not reasonable.'

'I should not like that. It is so very much better to be quiet; and it is so very quiet here.'

'It is like heaven here,' said Alain fervently, 'and the other is like the other place.'

'There comes my father,' said Barbe, with a little start at the sudden knowledge that she would have been quite as well pleased if it had not been so.

'In fact, yes, it is he. Will he object to my being here?'

'Why should he?'

'One never knows. All the same, I am glad I came. I shall come again;' and he looked tentatively at her.

But she was looking calmly out at the boat creeping slowly over the smooth water towards them. She made no answer, and her silence satisfied him.

They were both in the doorway below, ready to hoist up the boat, by the time Pierre reached the iron ladder.

'Ah, *mon gars*, it is you, then,' he said as he climbed slowly up to them, with his purchases slung at his back.

'But yes, M. Carcassone, it is I. I did not see you in the village when I came away.'

'*Eh bien!* it wouldn't have made much difference if you had, I suppose,' said the old man.

'That is true,' said Alain. 'All the same, I might have saved your arms the pull.'

'They are still able for it,' said Pierre, stretching them out strongly. 'And how do you get along with Cadoual?' he asked as they climbed the ladders to the living-room.

Then Barbe perceived that her father had known all along that Alain had not gone away as he had let her suppose. She remembered, too, that Alain had not told her that her father knew.

'Well enough,' said Alain. 'We have had good catches so far, and we haven't got to fighting.'

'Humph-hm!' grunted Pierre. 'Well, that's something with Cadoual.'

The old man extended no invitation to him to return when he bade them adieu; but with Barbe's golden silence in his mind that did not trouble him. A heart that felt many sizes too large for its place, and a pair of strong arms that rejoiced anew in their strength, sent the blunt-nosed dingy along at a pace the like of which it had never known before. Barbe sat in the gallery watching him, and he never took his eyes off her. Three times he waved his hand to her, and received a wave of the blue stocking in reply; then he turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay.

And when Barbe turned to the west, before going inside, the sun was just sinking into the sea amid a soft translucent glory of crimson and amber such as she never remembered seeing before in all her life; and she stood and looked at it, and thought of Alain Carbonec.

A POISONED EDEN.

By AUBREY NEWTON.



THOSE who arrive at Monte Carlo by rail, instead of by the 'mountain-road' alluded to by Tennyson, miss one of the most enchanting sights on all the Riviera. Of all the drives and walks in this bewitching region of beauty, that from Nice to Monte Carlo by the lofty Corniche route is undoubtedly the finest, unfolding as it does to the wondering eye of the traveller some of nature's loveliest scenes; but even here nature is not beyond the reach of embellishment by art, and when the two combine their creative powers to produce a picture the result is almost indescribable by mere words.

Such a picture is revealed to the traveller from Nice by the wondrous 'mountain-road' on reaching the old Roman village of La Turbia (the ancient *Trophæa Augusti*); and, going to a stone balustrade on the brow of the hill, he looks down—almost straight down—upon the sea. As suddenly as if a curtain were drawn aside, he beholds medieval Monaco on its fortified promontory, laved by the sapphire waters of the Mediterranean; and near it, on the left, embowered among pines and palms, olive and orange trees, modern Monte Carlo, with its airy architecture, its sprightly colours, its sparkling fountains, its fairy promenades, its palatial hotels, and, in the midst of all, its High Temple of

Fortune—most graceful and beautiful of structures. How serene and still and instinct with peace and repose everything looks from your lofty perch! What a vision of picturesque beauty; what an earthly paradise; what a poet's dream! Surely this must be the fabled region of pleasure and enchantment surrounding the 'Castle of Indolence.'

To reach the Shrine of the Enchanter I made my way, wondering much that the mountain-road took so many weary windings in its descent to the beautiful Inferno before me, instead of leading me straight to the Halls of Hazard. Is Fortune, then, not an easy and inviting jade, but a coy and cautious damsel, that she thus requires to be wooed and won by slow and tortuous methods? Here was a 'road to ruin' that was neither easy nor direct. I had been reading Barrie's masterpiece on my way, and it was a strange and sudden transition thus to pass at a bound from the 'unco guid' town of Thrums to the gilded throne-room of Thriftlessness.

The Riviera is essentially an interesting place, all the chief hotels being shut up during the hot months for lack of visitors; and even the Temple of Janus was closed in time of peace. But the Temple of Fortune, otherwise called the Casino, at Monte Carlo opens its portals three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, from midday to midnight; and what crushing and squeezing there then is around these portals at the noontide hour of admission, and what a rush and struggling for places at the dozen or more huge tables where Dame Fortune deals out her capricious favours to her fervent votaries—struggling as if for bread at a baker's door in time of famine, or for seats in the boats of a burning ship! Yet this initial bustle and bursting into the Fane of Fortune are the only acts which render the demeanour of her worshippers less decorous than that of the ordinary occupants of a church; and, indeed, with a very considerable experience of church-going, I do not remember to have seen any congregation so staid, silent, and concentrated on their object as those who thus come to question Fate by the spinning of the roulette-wheel or the spreading of the cards. Through these gorgeous halls there is nothing to shock the eye or pain the ear—no offensive sight, and no sound louder than the clink of gold, the click of the ivory ball as it is intercepted in one of its revolutions by the contrary course of the roulette-wheel, the '*Messieurs, faites le jeu,*' or '*Rien ne va plus*' of the low-voiced croupiers.

One thing that strikes the curious visitor as he wanders from table to table studying the sordid groups around them is the awful air of disciplined indifference which the players preserve, whether breaking the bank or staking their last coin. No cry of despair escapes the lips of the losers, while the winners equally try to prevent a flush of exultation from mantling their cheeks, as if the betrayal of the slightest feeling either way would blast all their further chances of success. Nevertheless, you can perceive that all this apparent callousness is but as

a surface of ice above a lava-sea of agitation, like Hecla in its quiescent moods. Perhaps the best dissemblers in this respect are the fair votaries of Fortune's shrine. There they sit, with their pencils of blue and red, and their purses in front of them: the fresh English duchess and the rouged and bediamonded Parisian actress, the coarse-featured bizarre Jewess from Berlin and the high-bred beauty from Madrid—a most motley assortment of Eve's mysterious daughters all doing their best in this grim race for gold.

Nowhere, perhaps, in all this grasping world of ours can a better opportunity be had for studying human character—or shall we say physiognomy?—than is presented by this *cercle des étrangers*, as it is euphemistically called, which attracts the most varied types of men and women from every civilised country under the sun. The task of deciphering these types is rendered unusually difficult by reason of their absolute speechlessness and the mask-like immutability of feature which they all try to assume; notwithstanding you cannot be much at a loss with many of them. You can see heads that would not be out of place in the Newgate gallery of portraits, and others that would adorn a Society of Scientists or a House of Peers; you can note the athletic Briton tabling his louis on the same colour with the pale, emasculated roué of the Boulevards, and conclude that the other two men sitting side by side are Russian noble and German Jew. You further infer that another player of more refined type must be one of the greatest of financial magnates from the careless yet persistent way in which he rolls out and rakes in his thousands of francs; and you are right, for in the sunny harbour of neighbouring Villafranca his yacht is at anchor flying the Stars and Stripes at the stern: a great Western newspaper king, in fact. Near him sits a Prussian officer of cavalry whom the Kaiser—an inveterate foe to gambling, to his credit be it recounted—cashiered for his debts of honour (?), and who is now madly trying to gamble himself back into riches and repute. His neighbour, from the look of him, can only be the parvenu son of a Chicago pork-butcher, while his fellow-loser by the last turn of the wheel has all the air of a Spanish hidalgo. That is an English sharper, well known by the public at Epsom and Newmarket, who has just raised a dispute as to the ownership of certain stakes, the croupiers yielding to him rather than cause a disturbance, and thus bring their Casino into disrepute; while his *vis à vis* and accomplice is the only son of an English bishop, who, going to the bad at Oxford, was 'sent down,' and now 'works the trains' between Nice and Monte Carlo.

These, then, are a few of the most striking types of character that are grouped around the tables where the hazard game of *rouge-et-noir* and *trente-et-quarante* are playing such frightful havoc with human hopes, with honour, with self-respect; but, though very different in external aspect, all these

gamblers are at heart identical in their belief that before the rooms close for the night Fortune will, in the long-run, smile on them. But fickle Fortune always reserves her biggest favours for the bank, else how could the Casino Company pay such enormous dividends and add to the Prince of Monaco's income by about fifty thousand pounds per annum—a revenue which the scientific and pious Prince is partly expending upon the erection of a fine new cathedral on his castled rock? When princes take to the building of churches out of the revenue of gambling-hells and the souls of the unfortunates who frequent them, the faithful may entertain a reasonable hope that Satan will one day forgo his rooted objection to holy water. In view of this prospect—based upon the possible connection between casinos and cathedrals, between the House of God and the Palace of Hazard—there are those who will maintain that gambling, after all, is not an unmixed evil.

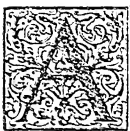
To the thinking man—and there are some such—who visits this lovely spot, an atmosphere of inevitable doom seems to surround the glorious gardens. Even the songs of birds, the splash of the fountains, the gay notes of the band, seem but the outer shell of an inexorable fate; for there are few trees in this poisoned Eden that have not surrounded with merciful shade and silence the last act of a ruined life, and witnessed the flight of a lost soul by the medium of the bullet. One almost heard above the gaiety and light and laughter outside those pillared halls the slow, merciless beat of the wings of Azrael—Azrael the Angel of Death!

As a psychological study, the Casino presents a unique opportunity. The card-fever is just as catching as influenza at home, and there are few who go into the saloons to scoff that do not remain to play. I cannot agree that it is impossible, but I concede that it is a matter of great difficulty for a man even of the strongest resolution, who has money in his pocket, to see another raking in pile after pile of gambled gold without seeking to imitate his example and try his luck just for once. He therefore stakes a louis or a five-franc piece. If he loses he cannot bear the mortification of defeat, and tries again; while if he wins once he finds it equally impossible to resist the conviction that fortune may favour him a second time, and so on. These are at once the elementary and the sole principles of the psychology of gambling, of which the practice has utterly ruined so many devotees of the dice-board of Monte Carlo, and bleached the exquisite gardens with the bones of desperate suicides. These unfortunates—successful or the reverse, still unfortunates—have been described as being either fools or knaves; but the former is by far the larger class. There is an immense amount of pigeon-shooting on a semicircular seaward terrace outside the Casino; but the *plucking* of the birds is carried on *within* the building itself, over the magnificent portico of which the gambling company might well inscribe poor Montrose's famous lines:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

MINE EASE IN MINE INN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.



AFTER having been plucked for his degree at Oxbridge, Arthur Pendennis took coach for London, to see his uncle the major. The novelist tells us that he stayed at an hotel close to his relative's lodgings. Pearce's in Bury Street would have answered this description; but that resort came into repute at a very much later date, and while it remained the vogue it was patronised almost exclusively by a special set of cricketing youths from the Isis. The original in real life of the Pendennis caravansary was declared by the novelist himself to be Cox's in Jermyn Street. At that historic resort Thackeray and his Cambridge friends often descended after keeping the university term; but never, it would seem, Tennyson in person, although the laureate's special friend, 'Old Fitz' the Suffolk squire, the George Stavin Venables who sat for the portrait of 'Stunning' Warrington, and James Spedding of the *Times* were among the frequenters of Cox's during the first half of the Victorian epoch.

The literary habitués of the place often thought themselves neglected for political customers of well-known names. A middle-aged gentleman, with drab-coloured hair, rasping voice, and pertinacious manner, has hurried up from the House of Commons, not indeed to dine, but, in his own words, 'to get a snack' in the intervals of a debate to which he must return: this is Joseph Hume, who began life as an army doctor; and before it ended he had helped to found the Radical school, and to reform the keeping of the national accounts. With Joseph Hume, a generation or two ago, there often dined at Cox's a younger man, who used the hotel down to the date of his death on the eve of the twentieth century: this was the future M.P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Joseph Cowen, who, with the dress of a mechanic and the lisp of an Oxford don, united the gifts of an orator and the championship of democratic patriotism all the world over, from the stately Mazzini to the diminutive Louis Blanc.

Not far from the Jermyn Street house-of-call,

at Fenton's in St James's or at Morley's in Trafalgar Square, during the same period habitually stayed David Urquhart; to-day his bust in the most fashionable of London hammams reminds a generation which has forgotten his political work that the anti-Palmerstonian Russophobist was the first to acclimatise in England the Turkish bath. Urquhart's extreme views did not prevent his being a political teacher and, to the north of the Trent, a political force among the working-classes. The Urquhart of fiction has been presented as a man whose dusky countenance and jet-black eyes made him an ideal champion of the Turk; the Urquhart of fact was the blondest and fairest man of his time, having throughout life the lint-white hair of a child and the pinky, delicate complexion of a girl in her teens. At Cox's, too, in the later sixties of the nineteenth century, a mountain of a man, with a white waistcoat the size of a ship's sail, held a daily levee of his supporters; the talk was concerned with a certain dispossessed baronet re-entering upon the Hampshire estates of his family. It was the Sir Roger Tichborne of the period, before he had been identified with the Wapping butcher. The next time I chanced to see him the unhappy nobleman—his frame sadly shrunken, his brow sadly overcast—was picking oakum in Dartmoor Prison.

During the period covered by this reminiscence, the old hotels in Covent Garden—the Tavistock, Clunn's, and Evans's—had the appearance less of taverns than of private houses filled with good company. At one of these places were sure, during the session, to be found the leaders of the parliamentary Bar: among them the then Mr Vernon Harcourt, and countless provincial magnates thoroughly enjoying their run up to town on their provincial business, as well as the opportunity of varying, by pleasant evenings round the highly polished tables in these cosy haunts, their daily attendance at the committee-rooms of St Stephen's. Here every one knew his neighbour; the life was that of a pleasant family party. About the same date, at a London inn not far from those already mentioned, was going on a sort of social existence now equally a thing of the past.

At a tavern just out of Regent Street, a tall, powerfully built man, bronzed and hardened by travel, toil, and trouble, was comparing literary prices in the present and the past, much in favour of the latter: this was Captain Mayne Reid, the great writer for the boys of the last generation, who in the early eighties was still to be met with in his London haunts. At Stone's Hotel in Panton Street might then often be seen in the coffee-room an elderly gentleman remarkable for his intellectual and extraordinarily handsome head. This was Horace, the last survivor of the Mayhew brothers; he it was who, in that very room some years before, had said to Douglas Jerrold as the friends were going home one

night, 'Why, Jerrold, you never wear a great-coat.' 'No,' came the punning reply, then thought so clever—'no, I never was.'

National monuments though they were, most inns of this kind have now disappeared. Some, indeed, the bicyclist has been instrumental in preserving or reviving. In the Cinque Ports district, at Deal, hard by Walmer, where then lived the warden, I have taken mine ease in the inn at which the Minister William Pitt, with his friend Dundas, in 1806 passed the night. As the two guests were driving off in the morning a passer-by, recognising them, said, 'Landlord, you've had great company here.' Quoth mine host, 'All I know is they drank six bottles of my best port last night. That's what I call customers.'

While these lines are being written the last of the old-world Dublin hotels, Morrison's, is yielding its place to an insurance office; here, on 13th October 1881, was arrested C. S. Parnell, to be kept at Kilmainham till the next May. Not far from Morrison's stood a still more typical Celtic hostelry—Mackens's. Reaching this some time in 1863 for the first time, I was about to sit down in the coffee-room, but saw no chair; only scattered fragments of upholstery. An alert waiter quickly hurried off to supply my want, apologetically murmuring as he went, 'Faith, sir, the gintlemen were a little merry last night, and they had no shillalahs handy.'

Old London dies hard; the longest-lived part of it is its inn system. Till the very eve of the twentieth century Chaucer's 'Tabard' was an ancient monument nearly as well preserved as the 'White Hart,' at which Sam Weller was discovered by Mr Pickwick. The 'Saracen's Head' in Holborn, the London house-of-call of Mr Wackford Squeers, survived for over a quarter of a century following the novelist's death in 1870.

The vitality, not only in London but throughout the kingdom, of the inns favoured by Dickens is equalled only by that of Dickens himself. You can still occupy, at Rochester, the very rooms once allotted to the Pickwick Club. At Lancaster and at Monmouth may yet be found the solid mahogany furniture described in the tavern scenes in the *Seven Poor Travellers* and in other Christmas numbers. The hotel haunts of Dickens and Thackeray in suburban London remain in most of their details pretty well what they were when, after having seen the new number of *All the Year Round* to press, the editor started with his friend and right-hand man, Harry Wills, for the 'Spaniards' at Highgate or 'Jack Straw's Castle' at Hampstead. On these jaunts the novelist's more frequent companion, during the busiest years of his life, was his future biographer, John Forster, so often referred to as the 'harbitary gent.' In the coffee-room at the Hampstead inn occurred, indeed, the incident which secured Forster from Dickens the well-known nickname.

An acquaintance had inquired of Dickens the number of his children, and before the parent had fully answered the question Forster interposed with the usual correction. 'My dear Forster,' comically appealed Dickens, 'allow me to know the number of my own offspring.'

The favourite resorts of Thackeray were all in southern London. During the fifties two tall lumbering figures overtopped the Hyde Park morning loungers towards the season's wane, and later in the day, still walking together, used to enter the low, little thatched building, not far to the left of the Richmond 'Star and Garter,' known as the Rose Cottage Inn: the place mentioned in at least one of the 'Roundabout Papers' itself witnessed the composition of many of the essays forming that series. As for the Richmond 'Star and Garter,' in the oldest part of the building now standing are two rooms peopled by memories of a literary interest which yet lives. In one of these was given, during the spring of 1880, a dinner to the then newly appointed Governor of Madras, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. In that same apartment some six-and-forty years earlier had dined, without any companion, another gentleman of unimpressive and plebeian appearance, also on the eve of his departure for the East. Sitting over his solitary glass of claret, this gentleman amused himself by piling the wine-glasses and decanters within his reach one upon another till he had reared a crystal pyramid of some height; and he was crowning the structure with some other article, when suddenly the crash came, and the guest found himself surrounded by a litter of glass splinters. The customer sighed; the waiter, evidently familiar with the proceeding, brought the bill without the slightest sign of surprise, quietly as if the crash of glass were not a bit more out of the common than the ringing of the bell. Nor, indeed, was it. It was the little custom of a great man after dinner—the common-looking gentleman who took his pleasure thus oddly. He happened to be Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay. In 1834 he had just been appointed legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India; and he was then preparing to bid a long adieu to whitebait.

During the first half of this twentieth century are disappearing the last traces of the identity of a Metropolitan inn which is itself a part of English history. At the London Tavern in Bishopsgate Street Within, the directors of the Old East India Company used to hold their weekly dinners; here Dundas, who had a seat on the board, once induced his friend and patron, William Pitt, to be of the party; elsewhere, beneath the same roof, George IV., when Regent, used to meet his particular friends of both sexes at social evenings, whose chief amusements were the card-table and the dance; the part of the building memorable because of these royal asso-

ciations became at a later date the headquarters of missionary Wesleyanism.

The twentieth century successor of this historic inn, modernised to date, sweetened, lightened, and generally smartened, preserves the modish cachet of its ancestors:

My name is John Collins, head-waiter at Limmer's,
Corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square;
My chief occupation is filling up brimmers
For dashing young gentlemen laden with care.

The social life of that unique hostelry has been written by one who knew it and its patrons well: my ancient acquaintance, Mr Frank Lawley. The descendants of the eighteenth century 'bloods' had not quite died out when my London course began. The patrons of Limmer's then resembled a family party in a fast country-house; they called each other by their Christian names, and they ignored on principle the conventional distinction between night and day. One of these gentlemen, I remember, had distinguished himself years earlier in the Crimea, and was now literally taking his ease in his inn. He generally got up in time enough to dress for dinner; and he made no secret of the fact that for five-and-twenty years he had found no occasion to wear morning-clothes. It may have been the force of older habit mechanically operating on him; but so surely as this ex-officer of Hussars went to dine out of the hotel, before crossing into Bond Street he invariably took his gold watch and chain from his pocket and gave it to the first policeman he met to take charge of, with the remark that it would be safer in the constable's pocket than in his own.

To all the hotels in this quarter of the town cling memories, sometimes of a tragi-comic kind. Long's, in Bond Street, had been, I suppose, for half a century a fast and fashionable haunt in the late sixties; it was the headquarters of the ill-starred Marquis of Hastings, who on one occasion rather sadly said to me, 'When I die, as I expect soon to do, you will be able to write on my tombstone, "He brought down the price of brandies-and-sodas at Long's."' In the next June I met Lord Hastings on Ascot Heath, looking terribly ill, and driven about in a little basket-carriage by his beautiful wife. He had just been making a bet with a hulking book-maker, and the fellow, as he entered the wager, with an air of contemptuous familiarity whispered into the ear of his noble customer, 'Mind, my lord, I shall expect this bet to be paid.' A month or two later the Fleet Street newsboys were calling out, 'Melancholy Death of the Marquis of 'Astings.' I had started literary work in London; and the editor of a morning paper, the *Standard*, was instructing me to write a leader about the weak-faced, not unamiable peer who, since and including his Eton days, had been furiously driving for the precipice.

From the inn as a memorial of past fashion,

one turns to the inn as the asylum of fallen dynasties. Gaunt, worn, terribly thin, deathly pale; a look about the drooping eye and the still waxed but limp moustache suggestive of having been out of bed for days and nights together: such is the writer's recollection of Napoleon III., then fresh from his confinement at Wilhelms-höhe, staying for a day or two at Claridge's in Brook Street before he joined the Empress at Chislehurst. The fallen Cæsar had noticed me as a child, and had received kindness, which he never forgot, from some of my name. Directly he saw my card at the hotel he insisted on my coming up to his room; he inquired after relatives who had been dead for twenty years as if he had met them at dinner the day before yesterday. Several years later at the same hotel my respects were paid to the late Emperor of Brazil. That potentate had been travelling in the Midlands, and had just paid a surprise-visit to Chatsworth in the absence of its owner, the late Duke of Devonshire. The Brazilian monarch, always an inconveniently early riser, had reached the place shortly after daybreak, and only a sleepy house-keeper, after some waiting, responded to the knock. The attempt at conversation that followed was necessarily unintelligible to the pair. Presently a groom of the chambers, as the Emperor supposed, in plain clothes, appeared. To the imperial relief, he addressed the visitor in French; the sovereign continued the talk in Italian, and the supposed major-domo showed himself a master of the tongue; the Emperor changed his speech to the Neapolitan dialect, and then conversed in a variety of that dialect used only in a particular quarter of Naples, but the ducal lackey seemed more at home than ever. Before the imperial caller signed his name in the Chatsworth visiting-book he asked the housekeeper whether all the duke's servants passed a preliminary examination in modern languages. The pangloss, whom the Brazilian potentate took for a menial, turned out to be Sir James Lacaita, of the British Museum, the most accomplished linguist of his day, who had obliged his old friend the duke by coming down to Chatsworth to examine some manuscripts of which the united science of European academies could make nothing.

During my acquaintance with him—never at Claridge's, but in the same quarter at Brown's in Dover Street—used to put up the most amusing, perhaps the cleverest, Oriental that ever wasted his time and money in a fashionable quarter on a hopeless cause. Than the *entourage* of Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, modern history records no body of followers more prompt to plunder their chief. Ismail was the most easily deceived and by no means the least kindly of Eastern intriguers; he carried about such wealth as he had saved from the wreck of his deposition, in the shape of plate, jewels, and precious stones. So long as there remained an available

pennyworth of these possessions, he was attended by a motley and ever-growing suite, who bade him 'be of good cheer,' for was not each one of them making interest with the Courts and Cabinets of the world to secure that his patron should soon come by his own again? In this way and on these pretences endless were the sums spent on entertainments at Brown's Hotel, on presents of jewellery, on cash payments, or what were euphemistically called retainers, that poor Ismail was induced to pay.

On the old coach-road from London, leading by Bath and Wells to the west of England, still stands, wearing its old name, Piper's Inn. A long, low, half-thatched, half-tiled building, it is to-day merely a pot-house; but the place still keeps the fine mahogany and oak furniture which in pre-railway days made it the admiration of the whole countryside. If its name does not occur in his novels, Fielding often mentioned it in his letters; here Squire Western always put up when taking his daughter Sophia to Bath; and in one of the upstairs sitting-rooms may still be seen the table at which Mr Western shocked the refined ears of his sister, Mrs Bliffl, by launching in his broadest 'Zomerzetzshire' and in his coarsest *patois* his invectives against Hanover rats and everything connected with the upstart dynasty of the Georges. Into that broad, now rather grass-grown, but still well-paved stable-yard, some two centuries before Mr Allworthy and Tom Jones, rode another Somersetshire squire, John Pym, the leader of the popular party in the Long Parliament, on his way up to London, to organise at St Stephen's resistance to royal absolutism. Bullers, Strangways, Trevelyan, Luttrells, Carews, Vivians, and other M.P.'s bearing western names of note, from the seventeenth continuously into the railway epoch of the nineteenth century, all broke at Piper's Inn their Londonward journey from the farthest west. Botham's on Salt Hill, near Eton, is another place of the same sort as Piper's Inn. Both places, thanks to the touring bicyclist, have tasted something like a revival of their earlier prosperity.

SONG.

THE moth, forgetful of the beacon's breath,
Scourged of a deep desire that knows no name,
Flashes its wings and flings itself to death
For love of flame.

And thus the star of dawn—whose fervent ray
Is fraught with menace to the failing night—
Casts down its being to the crescent day
For love of light.

Sick of all dreams, I care not—no not I—
If aught be well, if anything be true,
Save only this: so could I smile and die
For love of you.

MAX DALRYMPLE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SOME RECORDS OF THE PAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT has frequently occurred to the mind of the present writer, and is no doubt the case, that the storeroom of many an old and influential business firm must contain early records of considerable interest. If, as in our own case, the article dealt in happens to be literature, and that article has been a staple commodity for nearly one hundred years, there is at once an implied connection with many generations of authors.

Not long ago it was found necessary, in the interests of fresh air and space, to overhaul and destroy the contents of certain vaults within the business premises at Edinburgh occupied by a well-known publishing firm. A vast quantity of literary matter was brought to light, the earliest dating from 1832 (during which year *Chambers's Journal* was established), and the latest approaching to within measurable distance of our own time.

The young writer of seventy years ago seems to have adopted the same methods as are customary now in order to place his articles with a magazine editor. Numerous rejected literary offerings dating from the early thirties were unearthed from these repositories; and later on, when in 1840 the postal system had been established, other manuscripts came to light, some having still attached to them the unused black penny stamp, no doubt sent, as is still the rule, to prepay return postage. Why these offerings were not at the time returned with thanks there is no evidence to show.

It must have been necessary at this period to appoint an independent editor for *Chambers's Journal*; and accordingly the brothers William and Robert Chambers obtained the services of Mr Leitch Ritchie, then a popular writer. The following letter seems to have led to this engagement:

'LONDON, 6th August 1841.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Having at length a little time upon my hands, I intend, one of these days, to send you an article for the *Journal*; . . . but I am now

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thinking of making arrangements for the regular employment of my spare time; and, being always ready myself to take such trouble for my literary brethren, I ask you without scruple, although on so short an acquaintance, to make an inquiry for me.

'I have been thinking for years past of writing the *History of a Man of Genius*. The subject was suggested to me by Lady Blessington, and possibly also by Sir Lytton Bulwer, for some time after it was announced that he was at work upon it. I was persuaded, however, to claim the title, which he handsomely gave up to me, calling his book *Ernest Maltravers*. The perusal of *Ernest Maltravers* only increased my desire to "wreck my thought upon expression," because I found Bulwer's conception of the subject to be in every respect the reverse of mine. . . . I wish, therefore, to ascertain whether, in the event of an outline of the story being submitted and approved, it could be accepted for *Blackwood's* or *Tait's Magazine*. . . . I thought of endeavouring to get the work published in weekly numbers, like Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*; but I fancy that is too serious a speculation. May I beg you, therefore, to do me the favour of sounding the editors of these magazines, and of letting me know at some leisure moment whether it will be worth my while to draw up an outline of the story? I do not myself know even the names of the gentlemen, and you in all probability are intimately acquainted with them.—Believe me to be, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

LEITCH RITCHIE.'

Mr Ritchie had previously been in touch with many English authors, for about this time we discover the first of a long series of letters from such men as George Hogarth, Dudley Costello, Angus B. Reach, and others, many of whom were in close friendship with Charles Dickens.

Only once, I believe, did the great novelist contribute to *Chambers's Journal*, and then in a very small and indirect way. The following letter from Mr Thomas Chapman (of Messrs Chapman & Hall, Dickens's publishers) bears this out, and refers to

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an article on the London Sanatorium or sick-house for students, governesses, and young artists, published in *Chambers's Journal* for February 1843. Dickens afterwards became chairman of committee, and presided at the dinner in the London Tavern for the benefit of the Sanatorium fund in June 1844.

THOMAS CHAPMAN to ROBERT CHAMBERS.

'LONDON, Dec. 30, 1842.

'SIR,—I have to apologise for the delay which has arisen in transmitting you the accompanying account of the Sanatorium. . . . It is drawn up in such a way that, if it met with your approbation, it might be inserted verbatim; but if there are any expressions or sentiments which you do not approve, you can erase or alter them as you desire. I may mention privately that the two concluding paragraphs have been written by Mr Charles Dickens, who is one of the committee of the Sanatorium. . . . I am quite sensible of the great advantage which the institution would derive from a favourable notice of it in *Chambers's Journal*, and I hope that its objects, and the insight which I have given as to its management, will be such as to meet your approval and justify you giving it the aid which it would assuredly receive from the appearance of an article in its favour. . . .—I am, Sir, &c.,

'THOMAS CHAPMAN.'

The Sanatorium did not, from a financial point of view, succeed, but was the forerunner of those 'home hospitals' and 'nursing homes' which have since proved so great a boon to the public. (See *Memoir of Dr Southwood Smith*, by C. L. Lewes, 1898, p. 84.)

That Dickens was not an occasional contributor to the *Journal* is somewhat strange, because it is evident from correspondence in the present writer's possession that Robert Chambers was friendly with, and employed, George Hogarth, Dickens's father-in-law, before 1840. He was at the same time intimate with George Thomson, grandfather of Mrs Dickens and the friend and correspondent of Robert Burns. It would also seem that Robert Chambers was on friendly terms with Macrone, Dickens's first publisher, and in later years saw much of the novelist himself. It is, however, well known that Dickens's own periodical, *Household Words*, was started upon the same lines as, and in direct competition for public favour with, *Chambers's Journal*; and, so far as we are aware, Dickens contributed to no other English magazine or periodical. Mr W. H. Wills, who had been appointed sub-editor and manager of *Household Words*, afterwards married Miss Janet Chambers, and so became connected with the present writer's family.

Reverting to this accumulation of early *Journal* correspondence, we find the following characteristic letter from Mr Angus B. Reach, a well-known novelist in his day, the friend of Dickens and Thackeray, and author of *Leonard Lindsay* and various other works. His novel, *Clement Lorimer*,

or *The Book with the Iron Clasps*, was published in monthly parts with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and in its original form is much prized by collectors. The writer is fortunate in possessing an early copy of this rare work, containing some manuscript notes by the author.

ANGUS B. REACH to MR LEITCH RITCHIE.

'38 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your note. Abstractly, I hate continuations most ferociously, and hope you can manage to squeeze me in whole. If the amputation of a leg or an arm, however, will make the process easier—why, don't spare the knife. Ah! it is a fine thing to have the business talent and the literary talent too. It coins gold that union. And you needn't keep always scrib, scrib, scribbling this sweltering weather. However, the *Morning Chronicle* keeps me alive by kicking me about the country to all sorts of pleasant festivals. It's a relief to get out of the smoke; and although you must work, it is some comfort to do it in pure air out of hail of Babylon.—Yours very truly,

'ANGUS B. REACH.'

At this period the Messrs Chambers numbered among their contributors William Carleton the Irish novelist, W. G. Carleton, Dinah Mulock (author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*), Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, William Howitt, and Albert Smith. The following letter from Captain W. G. Carleton, a well-known sporting authority of his day, who wrote under the *nom de guerre* of 'Craven,' is seemingly appreciative of the way in which in those days an author was treated by his publisher. This it need hardly be said was before the advent of the literary agent, and long before the late Sir Walter Besant had experienced that treatment at the hands of his publishers which later on inspired the creation of his famous medium, *The Author*. Captain Carleton published in 1844 a novel called *Hyde Marston*, besides other books and articles dealing with country life and sporting subjects:

'CLUB CHAMBERS, 15 REGENT STREET,
Dec. 27th, 1841.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge receipt by this day's post of £— from you for a sheet of your *Information for the People*, less by two pages and a half, which shall be forthwith furnished.

'Allow me most gratefully to express my sense of your present and past kindness. In my literary dealings with yourself and your friend Mr Orr, I have met with a liberal and gentlemanly spirit that has marked my transactions with no other publisher, and it shall ever be my pleasure as it is my duty to make your treatment of me generally known.

'Thoughtless as men of my profession proverbially are, in me, if I know myself, you will find one whose memory of your good offices will not pass away. If there be a way, other than by words, by which I may prove how much I am your debtor,

point it out, and then confer a still deeper obligation upon me: command my poor talents when you require them, and rely on the return being not such as other men could reckon on.

'Wishing you cordially the best compliments of the season, believe me, my dear Sir, your most obliged friend and servant,
J. W. CARLETON.

'Robert Chambers, Esq.'

There was recently published in these columns a Journal kept by Mrs Hugh Miller, in which she describes her early life at Cromarty, before and after her marriage to the famous geologist and newspaper editor. From unpublished letters of Hugh Miller to Robert Chambers, we find many apropos to this same subject, in which he describes his first experience of literature, and says something about Scotch country life on the shores of the Moray Firth. Hugh Miller had read *Chambers's Journal* from the very first, and for several years contributed to its pages. The following is perhaps one of the most interesting of the many letters in the present writer's possession:

'CROMARTY, 14th September 1837.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have been a reader of your *Journal* for the last five years—a pleased and interested reader; and a few days ago the thought struck me that, as far at least as one contributor goes, I might now become a writer for it. And so I have drawn up for you a sketch of a countryman of mine, a man after your own heart, whose name you have, I dare say, occasionally met with before—indeed, you yourself quote a letter of his in your biographical memoir of President Forbes, but with whose character you are not, I suppose, much acquainted. You will, I am sure, in reading my sketch [George Ross, *Journal*, November 18, 1837], deem him by far too good a fellow to be forgotten. I send you also a copy of verses which I addressed about two years ago to a lady who has since become my wife. I do not know that they have much else besides their sincerity to recommend them; but sincerity they have. It is, I believe, Cowper who tells us that "the poet's lyre should be the poet's heart."

'I have been writing a good deal of late, mostly stories; but the vehicle in which I have given them to the public—*Wilson's Tales of the Borders*—does not quite satisfy me. . . . May I ask you, without presuming too far on your good nature and the kindness you have already shown me, to read one or two of my stories, and say at your convenience whether I might not find some way of disposing of such to better advantage? . . .

'I am leading a quiet and very happy life in this remote corner; with perhaps a little less time than I know what to do with, but by no means over-tasked. A good wife is a mighty addition to a man's happiness, and mine . . . is one of the best. My mornings I devote to composition. My days and the early part of the evening I spend in the bank; at night I have again an hour or two to myself.

Some sea excursion or some jaunt of observation among the rocks and woods, and Sunday as a day of rest closes the round. Cromarty furnishes a peculiarly nice field for the geologist. Our bold seacoasts present us with long sections of the strata which the labour of man could not have equalled in the course of centuries. . . . The naturalist, too, would find us peculiarly rich. We have rocks and moors, fields and woods, marshes and tracts of sand, with of course their various inhabitants—all, in short, that Gilbert White had in Selborne, and a great deal more, for we have the sea. I fain wish I had science enough to turn my observations in this department to some account. I have facts in abundance, but I lack a vocabulary. In geology, however, I am rather better informed.

'Your collection of ballads I have found to be quite a treasure. . . . From among the ballads I have set myself to imitate terms; and have produced a very rude, and apparently very old, "Garland," which, if the language be not too obsolete, may perhaps suit your *Journal*. I repeated it some days ago to two little girls, not in the least literary in their tastes, who have been urging me ever since to lend them the book in which I found it. And I deem their interest in it the most favourable kind of criticism it could receive. I find, however, that what I intended for a note is running on into a letter. Pardon me the trouble that I am giving you, and believe that I am, my dear Sir, very truly and respectfully yours,
HUGH MILLER.'

Passing to a somewhat later period, we find much correspondence from mid-nineteenth century writers, all well known in their time, and whose work is to be found in the numerous 'keepsakes' and other ephemeral literature so popular in the days of our grandfathers. Some few there are whose works are still popular, and among these may be mentioned Albert Smith, with whom John Leech the *Punch* artist was so much associated. Smith's novels, *Christopher Tadpole* and *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury*, both illustrated by Leech, are still read; but the author is best remembered as a lecturer in London and the provinces. It must have been during one of his provincial tours that the following characteristic letter was written to Robert Chambers, thanking him for hospitality during the writer's visit to Edinburgh. The Arthur mentioned in the letter was Albert Smith's younger brother, who was afterwards Charles Dickens's manager, and for some years conducted that author's reading tours all over the country. Arthur Smith died in 1861, a year after the death of his more famous brother, when Dickens appointed as manager Mr George Dolby, who accompanied him on his second visit to America. Mr Dolby afterwards published a book entitled *Charles Dickens as I knew Him*, giving his recollections of the novelist.

'LANCASTER, *Wednesday*.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I must thank you very much indeed for having the kindness to write to Dumfries about my entertainment. You will be glad to hear that we got on very well there, and I found Mr Sheriff Trotter an admirable acquaintance; in fact, all my recollections connected with the North are amongst the most agreeable of my life, as I told them on my last night at Edinburgh. Since then I have been suffering from cold; but the audiences have been amazingly considerate, seeing that I was trying to do as much as I could. The enclosed bill is placed on the seats. If I can but battle through to-night and to-morrow, I shall be all right, as I go back to London on Friday morning.

'Arthur and I still talk all day of the evening at your house: it was so famous. And I owe you a future debt of gratitude for the reading I have had from your *Walks in Edinburgh and History of the Rebellion*, &c., of which I laid in a stock before I left. All the old places—Leith Links, and the Hunter's Bog, and Corstorphine, *cum multis aliis*—come out with treble interest since we have seen them; and I was enabled from my hotel at Dumfries to see the Commercial Inn close on my right, where Prince Charlie slept.

'Arthur joins with me in very best regards; and we must both add that we shall not forget your little lady's birthday next Friday. We both wish we could be with you to do honour to it. I shall drink her health at the Garrick Club.—With kind compliments to Mrs Chambers, believe me, yours most truly,
ALBERT SMITH.'

It is to be supposed that Mr Smith made much money by his writings and lectures, for attached alongside a receipt form of payment for a *Journal* article was found the following semi-humorous printed circular:

'Mr Albert Smith regrets that in consequence of the unceasing applications to him for loans, subscriptions, and *money generally*, he must refuse Mr —'s application.

'13 PERCY STREET, *June 18th, 1853*.'

We conclude these somewhat disconnected remarks with a letter from Mr G. W. M. Reynolds, the famous Chartist leader, and founder of that well-known organ still known as *Reynolds's Newspaper*. Mr Reynolds published many very sensational novels, and incurred the enmity of Charles Dickens on account of apparent plagiarism of that author's works. At this time Dickens was waging war against literary pirates both in America and the Colonies, and in 1838, before publication of the first number of *Nicholas Nickleby*, had issued the following proclamation:

'Whereas, we are the only true and lawful Boz. And whereas, it hath been reported to us who are commencing a new work that some dishonest dul-

lards, resident in the bye-streets and cellars of this town, impose upon the unwary and credulous by producing cheap and wretched imitations of our delectable works. And whereas, we derive but small comfort under this injury from the knowledge that the dishonest dullards aforesaid cannot, by reason of their mental smallness, follow near our heels, but are constrained to creep along by dirty and little-frequented ways, at a most respectful and humble distance behind. And whereas, in like manner as some other vermin are not worth the killing for the sake of their carcasses, so these kennel-pirates are not worth the powder and shot of the law. . . . This is to give notice, that we have at length devised a mode of execution for them, so summary and terrible that if any gang or gangs thereof presume to hoist but one shred of the colours of the good ship *Nickleby*, we shall hang them on gibbets so lofty and enduring that their remains shall be a monument of our just vengeance to all succeeding ages; and it shall not lie in the power of any Lord High Admiral on earth to cause them to be taken down again.'

This challenge was of little avail, as the completion of the novel was followed by *Nickelous Nicklebery*, edited by Bos, and *Scenes from the Life of Nickleby Married*. After the appearance of *Pickwick* and *Master Humphrey's Clock* many imitations in the same style had followed, such as *Post-Humorous Notes of the Pickwick Club*, edited by Bos; *Pickwick in America*; *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Twiss*, &c.; and also *Pickwick Abroad*; or, *A Tour in France*, by G. W. M. Reynolds. How much these piracies annoyed Dickens is told in Forster's Life of the novelist. Most of them appeared in weekly or monthly numbers, and complete copies are now very scarce.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS to ROBERT CHAMBERS.

'LONDON, *April 19th, 1847*.

'SIR,—You would much oblige me by putting engravings in your *Chambers's Journal* instead of that trashy poetry, and aim a little more at the sciences. I am an influential member of the Chartists in London, and am an author as well. I very much admire your *Journal*, if it was not for the want of engravings and poetry. But, instead, now you will very much oblige not only me but thousands of others by this favour.—I remain, yours truly,
G. W. M. REYNOLDS.'

This somewhat severe rebuke was apparently not taken to heart by the conductors of *Chambers's Journal*, although the writer may have to some extent anticipated a present-day fashion. *Chambers's Journal* did not, however, follow out Mr Reynolds's suggestion as to engravings then or at a later period; nor, so far as the present conductors can see, is there any probability that it may do so in the near future.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER VI.—LIFE'S CROWN.



WEEK later, when Alain's desire for sight and speech of Barbe had come to a head again, he was running the dingy down the shingle, when Cadoual hailed him from the dry land above.

'Hello, Alain! Going out?'

'Yes.'

'Where then?'

'To the Light.'

'I'll help you to pull. I'm in the humour for a row. *Allons!*'

The boat was his. To decline his company was hardly possible; to refuse to go would only cause ill-feeling. Against his will, Alain found himself pulling out, with George behind him; and George's eyes were twinkling mischievously at the yellow curls in front of him, with thought of his own exceeding cleverness.

That visit, however, was not much of a success, from Alain's point of view at all events; for Barbe was constrained to so shy a silence by this overwhelming influx of strangers that she hardly opened her mouth. Pierre received them with sombre impassivity, and smoked gloomily with them, and drank the coffee which Barbe prepared. George's dark eyes followed her every movement with an amazed satisfaction which awoke in her only a feeling of annoyance and something akin to discomfort. Alain, too, sat mum; for Barbe's eyes had opened wide with surprise at sight of his companion, and he had no opportunity of explaining his presence.

'Heavens! What a girl! what a girl!' chanted George all the way home, to the chirp and squeak of the crazy rowlocks. 'And to think that she has been there all these years and I have never seen her! It is incredible.'

Alain bore it all in silence and showed no sign, though he came in time, and through the bottling-up of his feelings, within measurable distance of driving his heel through the bottom of the boat to put an end to it all.

George spoke much of Barbe during the following days. Her beauty had bitten deep into his heart. He had nothing but good to say of her, however, and Alain had no just cause for resentment, beyond the fact that it was Barbe whose praises George sang without ceasing, and that somehow he felt as though Barbe belonged to him, and that George was a trespasser.

After that Alain required the boat no more, and showed no visible desire to visit the Light.

'Say, then, *mon gars*,' said George at last one afternoon, 'when do we go out yonder again?'

'I have not been invited,' said Alain.

'Nor I; but, *nom-de-Dieu!* if one waits to be

invited one may wait long. Shall we go this evening?'

But Alain shook his head and said decisively, 'No, I am not going.'

On that George took boat himself and pulled out to the Light. He made no progress with Barbe. Her beauty intoxicated him; but she scarcely opened her lips, and found occupation in the lantern, while he sat smoking with her father down below. She had seen his boat turn out of the bay, and had watched it eagerly in the hope that it was Alain. When it turned out to be George she was vexed and disappointed; but she showed it only by increased reserve and the elimination of herself from the company.

George was a very sulky man in the boat that night, to Alain's great satisfaction. He had seen him pull out all by himself, and knew that the six-mile row, with a double crossing of the Race, would try those none-too-fit muscles of his smartly. His snappy humour when he got back gave Alain much enjoyment, since it proved the coolness of his reception. If George had been happy, or even equable, he would have hated him. As it was, he felt extremely tolerant towards him, and absolutely declined to be provoked on any account whatever.

The day after George's visit Barbe sat in the gallery, with her knitting and her thoughts and her unruly children. Her lips worked now and again, and a tiny wrinkle crept over her smooth brown brow as she wondered why Alain had ever brought this other man, whom she did not like, and why George had come back and Alain had not. Perhaps they had quarrelled. Cadoual looked as though that would not be a difficult matter with him. She hoped they had not, however, as that might send Alain away, and then things would not be the same at all—*mon Dieu, non!*—and the little brown brow wrinkled and the sweet lips twisted slightly at the thought.

One time when she raised her eyes from her work for a calm glance over the widespread scene, they lighted by chance on something unusual. She knew it all so intimately, in all its possible moods, that the smallest thing out of the common could not escape her. There was something in the slack of the Race on the seaward side—something that gleamed white in the sun, then turned to yellow, and then white again. The tide was on the ebb; but the Race ran swiftly at all times. Now it was running out of the Pot towards the sea.

She watched earnestly, then stood eagerly grasping the railing, with her eyes fixed intently on that moving speck. Then a white hand rose for a second from the water, like the flashing of a seagull's breast, and waved her a hasty greeting.

'At last!' she murmured, and her heart gave

a jump and sent the colour flying to her face. 'It is he!'

She waved her hand in reply, and stood watching him breathlessly, for the Race was strong and full of treachery; but Alain was stronger, since he had got it at its weakest. He came ploughing along with sweeping side-strokes which drove his yellow head triumphantly through the writhing coils, and now and again the wet face turned up for a forward look at the haven ahead.

She watched him till he breasted through under lee of the uncovered rocks, and then she went in and down the ladders to meet him. By the time she reached the doorway he was climbing the iron rungs, dressed in a thin blue cotton blouse and trousers, both dripping wet through having been worn in a tightly twisted rope round his waist. This time she did not run from him.

Never had she seen a brighter, handsomer face than the one that rose up at her feet as he grasped the hand-irons and stood in the doorway before her, with the life of the fight still aflame in it, and the long yellow hair streaming over his shoulders; but then she had not seen very many faces.

Never had Alain seen a face that filled his heart like this one, eager welcome and half-veiled gentle chiding struggling in it for mastery.

'Oh, you should not have done it!' she said. 'You might have been drowned.' But no words could gainsay the light of welcome in her eyes.

'Not at all,' he said lightly. 'I am at home in the water. We are good friends. It is better than the boat when Cadoual's in it.'

She turned and led the way to the ladder, then stood aside for him to mount first.

'You are very wet,' she said as they came out into the gallery.

'I will sit in the sun and dry,' he laughed. 'I am warm enough inside, I assure you, *ma'm'selle*.' And he sat himself down in his old way, with his back against the side of the lantern and his feet through the open railing; and Pippo came and pecked him inquisitively on one side, while Minnette minced about him, on the other, but declined his invitations to closer greeting on account of his dampness.

'Why did you bring that man the other day?' asked Barbe presently.

'I did not bring him. He would come, and I could not stop him without making a quarrel.'

'He came again yesterday.'

'I know. I saw him. He was very sulky all night. I do not think he enjoyed himself.'

'I do not like him,' she said quietly. 'When he looks at me I feel uncomfortable.' The thought of her discomfort at George's regards was distinctly agreeable to him, although he did not like the thought of her being made uncomfortable.

'My father is away to the village,' she said.

'I know. I saw him go, and—and—I wanted to see you again, so I came.'

'How did you come?' she asked.

'Down the cliff, and then crawled along the rocks as far as I could.'

'Down Cap Réhel? Surely never!' and she eyed him anxiously.

'But yes, truly. It looks impossible from here; but it's easy enough when you're at it. It is full of holes for fingers and toes. I shall go back the same way.'

'It is dangerous,' she said, still solicitous on his account.

'Only in the looks, I assure you. It is good of you to care, *ma'm'selle*—Barbe.'

'But of course I care,' she said. 'What was the good of dragging you out of the Pot if you are going to break yourself to pieces on the rocks?'

'But I won't, I promise you. It is quite easy, and one soon gets used to the birds. They get very angry, and they are very stupid, and there are so many of them—clouds and clouds. You don't get any idea of them from here.'

Barbe shook her head once more and said quietly, 'I should be sorry if you fell.'

'I won't fall. I shall go back on the first of the flood.'

She nodded and said, 'This side of the Pot?'

'Of course.'

'It boils and it boils,' said Barbe, looking down askance at the troubled waters. 'They say the devil lives there.'

At which local monopolisation of the Evil One Alain laughed.

'All the same,' continued Barbe, 'if you got in there you would never come out again. You are the only one who ever came out alive.'

'I'll take very good care I never get in again. But I'm glad I got in that time,' said he.

Conversationally it was not perhaps very explicit as love-making; but love's fullest expression is not in words, and these were peasants, bound by the shackles of their inheritance. The thrill of meeting eyes, the sunny waves of colour that swept across their faces, the softened inflections of their voices, the tumult that shook him when her short blue skirts swished against him, and the thrill that electrified them both when their bare feet once chanced lightly to touch: these told the sweet old story plainer than all the words in the world, and spoke of feelings as deep as kings and queens may know.

'The tide is on the turn, Barbe,' said Alain at last, as he looked down on the Race. 'It is time for me to go.'

'You will have care, Alain?'

'I will take every care, *ma chère*. I may come again?'

'If you will take no harm,' she said hesitatingly. 'But I shall have fear for you.'

'Then I shall come again to show you it is needless.'

Their pulses beat furiously as he took her hand, and, with intuition descended from heaven knows where—or perhaps, after all, it was simple inspira-


tion—bent and kissed it with the loving courtesy natural to his race but foreign to the actual soil.

Barbe's eyes glowed mistily and she swayed slightly as she climbed back up the ladders in the twilight of the shaft. When she came out into the gallery she could hardly for her streaming tears see his white body ploughing through the hesitating bubble of the Race. She dropped her head on to her hands on the railing and cried softly, '*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, have care of him! Holy Mary, watch over him!'

For all the past was past, and heaven and earth were new created for her in this glowing hour. A glory had come into her life which passed her knowledge. Her heart, swept bare with sweet, delicious fires, was clothed anew in tints of sunset and of dawn. Heaven itself could hold no more for her than the perfect consummation of that which was in her now. After nineteen years of nature, and a very deep love for it, she had awakened at last to the knowledge that the love of one man is worth all the world, and more. She knew that Alain Carbonec was all heaven and earth to her, and she knew that Alain loved her.

When her father came home she did not tell him that Alain had been there.

CHAPTER VII.—LOVE'S WATERWAY.

N the boat the two men got along without any visible quarrel; but there was a coolness between them which did not make for comfort. Alain, in the knowledge that the prize was his, bore Cadoual's humours with the utmost equanimity. Cadoual, knowing only that his own frequent visits to the Light had not advanced him one step in Barbe's regards, grew more sulky and gloomy after each one. So far as he knew, the course was clear for him. Alain was evidently not inclined to follow the matter up on his own account. The first visit had, doubtless, been dictated by feelings of gratitude towards Pierre and Barbe for their care of him in his time of need, though it did seem almost impossible that any man with blood in his veins could have lived near Barbe Carcassone for a week and not been fired by her as he himself was, for she was as different from the Plenevec girls, and indeed from any girl he had ever come in contact with, as—well, as a Plenevec lugger was from one of the trim English yachts which sometimes put into Morlaix. Alain, of course, might have other ties in his own country. He never spoke of Barbe, and maintained an obstinate silence when any one else did so. In fact, he came to believe that Alain was naturally of a silent

and stolid disposition, so little did he speak at all; but he showed himself a first-rate sailor and a lucky fisherman. George was satisfied with his bargain, and congratulated himself, and to that extent with reason. Cadoual had not so far heard of Alain's Leandrine visits to the Light. He himself went across at least once a week, and sat smoking gloomily with Pierre, and devouring Barbe with eyes of smouldering fire whenever she put in an appearance.

Once a week Alain set the white clouds of Cap Réhel whirling and shrieking with anger as he clambered down the stark face of the cliff, and boldly breasted the slack of the Race, after his heart's desire. From her coign of vantage, with anxious eyes and compressed lips and white-fingered grip of the gallery rail, as though thereby to lift him clear of all dangers, Barbe watched him from the moment he appeared on the cliff till he drew in towards the uncovered rocks below her; and if she said no word, her heart was big with prayers for his safety. Then, as his white arm shot up over the ledge and he hung panting, she ran down the ladders and met him in the doorway.

There was no disguisement of their feelings; such things come not of nature.

'Thou hast risked it again?' was her greeting on his second coming, and all unconsciously she dropped into that tenderer form of speech in which she conversed with him in her thoughts.

'It is a small price to pay for sight of thee, dearest;' and holding both her warm hands in his water-soddened ones—while her hot pulses beat through into his and filled him with new fire—he drew her to him and kissed her on the lips.

'I am always fearful for thee, Alain,' murmured the quivering red lips. He kissed them again to take away her fears.

'If thou hast never more to fear for me than that, little one, it shall be well with us.'

'Thou hast made me as wet as thyself,' she said, with a joyous laugh.

'I would I could dry thee with kisses.'

They went up the ladders to dry themselves outwardly in the more effectual kisses of the sun.

Of deliberate intent he chose to come when her father was away. Not that he had any grounds to fear denial or objection from the old man; simply that his whole nature craved Barbe—Barbe herself for herself. When Pierre was there Barbe was simply Pierre's daughter, and of necessity his presence was a check to the freedom of their intercourse. With every meeting their hearts were knit closer and closer, till to sunder them would have meant a rending and tearing of the very fibres of their being, and that last desperate agony which the world calls heart-break.



ALL ABOUT INDIGO IN SALVADOR.

By ROWLAND W. CATER,

Author of *With the Ginger-Grubbers of Central America, King of Tropical Fruits, &c.*

SINCE modern scientists, ever on the alert, have taught us how from a single ton of coal—that dirty substance which we burn so lavishly in our homes—the basis of some two thousand different shades of aniline dyes can be obtained, we might quite naturally suppose that the production and use of indigo would straightway be discontinued, and that the pigment would be struck out of the list of our useful articles of commerce. Indigo, however—one of the oldest of our dyes—is still considered by dyers and printers of cotton and woollen cloths to be the best base for certain shades; and they, together with the great firms of Colman, Reckitt, and hundreds of other manufacturers of laundry supplies, still continue to use indigo in enormous quantities.

It must not, however, be supposed that the synthetic dyes alluded to have not affected the indigo industry. They have affected it, and seriously, too; for during the past ten years or so the demand for the older product has fallen off very considerably, and the price has receded. On the other hand, as a natural sequel to the falling off in the demand, there has been a wholesale abandonment of the industry by planters everywhere. In the United States it has almost entirely disappeared; in Lower Bengal, where a few decades ago huge quantities of indigo were manufactured, the production has waned very considerably; and the same may be said of many other districts where, in the past, the article was largely manufactured. Even in Central America the production is reduced to a minimum, although there the waning is due to the initiation of the growers into other industries less laborious yet equally remunerative; and many landowners gave up indigo-growing because several of them had the misfortune to lose heavily by the bankruptcy of the European firm to whom most of them consigned their produce.

As often happens, the alarm once given, the panic spread rapidly and soon became general, resulting in such relinquishment as, apparently, was out of all proportion to the falling off in the demand; until, to-day, there is danger of the tide turning the other way, and showing a demand in excess of the amount produced. At any rate, any one studying the various brokers' market reports for, say, the past three years cannot fail to notice that the demand is yearly improving, and that not only have the prices been firmer, but they have even advanced; from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings per pound being often obtained. To-day the world's supply of indigo may be said to be drawn from India, Mexico, and Central America, where the few planters who resisted the scare continue to make

very satisfactory profits from the cultivation of the plants.

Strange to say, the word indigo suggests to my mind all sorts of uncouth happenings, such as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and innumerable other terrestrial disturbances. This is probably due to a by no means pleasant experience which I underwent on the occasion of my last visit to the republic of El Salvador.

I had often heard of the wonders of that country: of immense lakes of unknown depth in the craters of extinct volcanoes many thousands of feet above sea-level, of mountains which for more than a century have been in a continual state of eruption, of fissured rocks and ravines formed by the opening of the earth during some terrible volcanic disturbance that had entombed many unfortunate beings, and of huge basaltic walls from whence, through a crevice, flow incessant streams of hot water falling into cold springs below. To my mind, however, none of these peculiarities constituted the country's chief attraction. It boasted of another feature which had always interested me above all others, which I had been very desirous of seeing, and which I believe no other country in the world can claim: an active volcano not more than ninety feet high. This phenomenon is to be seen in the centre of Lake Ilopango, a small body of water about five miles in length, and surrounded by many volcanic peaks, some of them being active. It lies within easy distance of the capital, and in a region so subject to incessant tremblings that it has been christened 'the swinging hammock of Salvador.'

Arriving at San Salvador, the capital of the republic, whilst on my way to the town of Tejutla in the Chalatenango district—whence comes the greater portion of that country's supply of indigo, and whither I was wending my way in order to study their methods of handling *Indigofera tinctoria*—I decided to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing the miniature volcano of Ilopango.

Accordingly, after hiring a couple of mules and engaging a guide, I set off, reaching, in due time, the little village of Ilopango on the north-west shore of the lake. My guide informed me as we approached the village that he had a *compadre* (god-father) living there, and suggested looking him up; for not only could we leave our mules at his house while we went on our little tour of inspection, but his *compadre*, being one of the oldest residents in Ilopango, would be a very serviceable pilot and at the same time could give me the benefit of his local knowledge.

Needless to say I fell in with my guide's views, and straightway ordered him to proceed to his worthy relative's house. We found the old Indian

at home and willing to accompany me, showing and telling all he knew of the smoking island.

From his account of the formation of this volcanic dwarf, it appears that towards the close of the year 1879 the inhabitants of the surrounding villages suddenly became aware that the level of their lake was gradually rising. They were amazed, to say the least of it, and utterly at a loss to explain the circumstance, since the past rainy season had been but a normal one; but there the curiosity ended—even that of the women; and, gradually accustoming themselves to the higher level of the lake, the change was almost forgotten. One night, however, in the spring of 1880, after the residents had all retired, they were aroused by a loud rumbling noise, like distant thunder, which appeared to proceed from the very bowels of the earth; and they knew very well that it meant *tremblor* (an earthquake). This rolling noise, at times scarcely audible, invariably precedes an outbreak, and it is fortunate that it does so, for it forewarns the inhabitants, giving them time to run from beneath their dangerously thick-walled and heavily-tiled houses into the comparatively safe open before the actual convulsion of the earth commences.

Rising hurriedly, the inhabitants ran frantically into the streets—some covering themselves with the first article of clothing they could lay hands on as they ran, and others, neglecting altogether any such precaution, appearing in the open clad only in their more than scanty night-robes. The narrator assured me that he saw more than one man who could boast of no better covering than a shawl of Spanish lace, while here and there were others without covering of any kind. On looking towards the lake they observed a huge, strange light in its centre, and a moment afterwards there was a terrific explosion. Of a sudden the light in the midst of the lake increased to quite four times its original size, throwing weird shadows on all sides, and then just as suddenly it disappeared. Terrified by this phenomenon, the inhabitants—a panic-stricken crowd of pale men, weeping women, and shrieking children—commenced to run they knew not whither. Their object was to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the scene of disturbance; but this was impossible, for there was a sudden quake and heaving of the earth, which, rolling in waves, seemed to rise and strike their flying feet, and checked their progress. The shock lasted only for a few seconds, although the old man spoke as if it had lasted for hours. Afterwards, congregated in circles outside their ruined homes, around images of the Holy Virgin—their usual consolation in times of trouble—the inhabitants passed the remainder of that eventful night.

In the morning the greatest surprise of all awaited the people. Their rivulet Jiboa—a shallow stream which runs from a corner of the lake, and, draining the Jiboa plains, flows into the Pacific—had been converted into a roaring, swift, and

deep river; and in the centre of their lake, whose surface had been hitherto unbroken, was a conical island—a miniature volcano—emitting volumes of water and gases and steam. 'And that is the volcano you see there, sir,' said the old man, concluding his story as we reached the lake, and pointing to a small smoking mound in its centre. 'There the ferocious little hell-hound has remained to this day. Its eruption made our lake much smaller, sir; and the disturbance robbed us of nearly all our fish, for, frightened to the shore by the shock, they were left high and dry when the water suddenly receded, as it did after the appearance of the volcano.'

Ruminating over the old man's tale—which, I may add, was quite accurate—I stood there almost rooted to the spot with admiration, gazing at the smoking island. I had seen volcanoes innumerable during my travels—formidable monsters which undoubtedly merited that epithet; but a real, live volcano not much bigger than a good-sized haystack was indeed a novelty to me.

When I had taken in all there was to see of the phenomenal Ilopangito, I gave the old man a couple of *pesos* for his trouble; and, retaining the services of his youthful relative as guide, I continued my journey to Tejutla.

At each bend in the road I could see an enormous volcano towering high above me. Now it would be the extinct San Salvador that met my gaze, with its summit, nearly eight thousand feet high, hidden in the clouds; then old Cojutepeque and Guazapa, or the distant San Vicente, would come into view, each looking, with a broad ring of mist encircling it half-way up, as though the upper portion were suspended from the heavens and divorced, so to speak, from its lower half. Considering the lasting impression which the lilliputian Ilopangito had made on me, small wonder that I regarded these larger brethren with tremendous awe. I thought of little else than volcanoes for the remainder of my journey—even after my arrival at Tejutla; and, as though to emphasise my awe, during my first night in that town I was aroused by heavy blows on the door of my room, with warning cries of '*Tremblor! tremblor!!*' and on rising hurriedly I sampled one of their earthquakes—a sample which will last me for a very long time.

It is on the slopes of such huge monsters as those I have just mentioned, and in the plains between them, that *Indigofera tinctoria*—the plant which yields the Salvador variety of our pretty blue dye—is cultivated so largely. As one rides along, field after field and plantations extending over many miles are visible on all sides.

The plant, which is known to the native inhabitants as *añil*—hence our word aniline for the base of many of the artificial blues from coal-tar—is a woody shrub reaching three or four feet in height. Its leaves are small, oval, and a deep rich green in colour. At intervals along the main stem are a quantity of racemes—short stalks round which the

flowers cluster—and on these eventually appear numbers of small pods containing seeds. The plants are very hardy, and will grow in almost any soil, provided the climate is to their liking. A sandy soil, however, being too dry, gives poor results; and, on the other hand, wet and clayey soil should be avoided. What is required is a deep rich loam which will admit of the penetration of the long tap-roots, with a loose subsoil through which the moisture can percolate and reach the roots.

In selecting a site for an indigo plantation, besides a suitable soil, the water-supply must be taken into careful consideration. A great deal of water is used in the manufacture of the dye, and it is therefore imperative that it should abound on or at least near the plantation. Elevated situations with a creek or brooklet running through are usually selected, or such as have a natural spring at hand.

The first step is the clearing of the site. As the plants with which we are dealing do not require shade, all the vegetation—large and small trees alike—is removed, the former being felled in the usual way, and the latter, with the underbrush, cut down by the machete. The larger trees, when cut into portable lengths, are hauled away by oxen, and may be stored up for future use as fencing-posts and firewood; while certain kinds are useful for building purposes. The quantity of timber is so large, however, when dealing with virgin forest, that only the best woods are preserved; the remainder being either left to rot, burnt where they lie, or dumped into the nearest river. The smaller trees and the underbrush are generally burnt, and the ashes hoed into the soil. Such roots as remain after felling the larger trees can be dug out; but where land is cheap this is too expensive an operation; it is more economical to leave them in the soil and put up with the occasional gaps in the rows of plants which these obstacles will subsequently cause.

When the land is cleared and the soil has been well loosened, two labourers, armed with a number of wooden stakes and a long cord, divide the fields up into long rows two feet apart. The seed may then be sown. Sowing usually takes place at the commencement of the rainy season. Along each row small holes are made about a foot apart and two inches deep; into each of these a pinch of fresh seed is dropped, and the fields are then lightly raked over so that a thin coating of earth covers the seeds. Within a week from the sowing the young shoots appear, and then the fields are carefully weeded. At no time should a single weed be allowed in the vicinity of an indigo-plant, nor anything else which may tend to hamper its growth; for now the planter's sole aim is quantity—that is, abundance of stem and leaves. The weeding, therefore, should be thorough and frequent—at least once a month.

About three months afterwards the plants commence to flower, and at this stage the fields are

examined daily. When the leaves begin to fade and before the flower-buds open the stems are ready for cutting. For this purpose a sharp machete is used, and the blow is dealt about three inches above the ground, the left hand grasping the bunch of plants, while the right hand wields the machete. Tied up in convenient bundles, the plants are then carried, either by men, women, or beasts of burden, to the sheds containing the vats, where they are subjected without delay to the process of extracting the dye.

From the roots of the plant which have been left in the fields another crop will grow, all that is necessary being the usual weedings and a keen lookout for leaf-cutting ants (*zompopos*) and other enemies of the young shoots; and in sixty to seventy days it will be ready for cutting. When this is harvested, a third crop will grow and mature; in a really suitable locality and soil as many as four successive crops are obtained from the same roots. It is usual, nevertheless, after the third crop has been cut to dig up the old roots and sow fresh seed; and when doing so the macerated plants and other refuse from the vats can be hoed in with the soil to fertilise it.

The dye is the result of the fermentation of the plants. It is particularly from the leaves that the colouring matter is obtained; but in order to avoid the cost of labour which their separation from the stems would involve, and because in the flower-buds and even in the stems there are traces of the dye, the entire plants are treated.

Immediately the cut plants reach the shed where the manufacture of the dye is carried on, they are untied and put into a large vat known as the *empapador*. This vat or tank is of cement, about five feet in depth, and built on an elevation in a shaded position; and the bottom slopes gradually downwards towards one end, where there are a number of discharge-holes or plugs. These are so arranged that the liquid in the vat can be drawn off at will. Into the first tank sufficient fresh-water is admitted to completely cover the plants, which are spread out evenly to within a foot of the top of the tank. They are next pressed down by heavily weighted planks, and left to steep for twelve or fourteen hours.

In a few hours the water, which covers planks and all, is observed to become considerably thickened or muddy, as it were, and a number of pale-green air-bubbles appear on its surface. Shortly afterwards these will be seen to burst and the fermented leaves will have lost most of their colour. The planks are at once removed, and the mass is violently stirred up with long poles or boat-paddles for the space of half-an-hour. When the sediment has settled again at the bottom of this first tank the liquid is run off through the discharge-holes into the *batidor*, a smaller tank immediately below the holes of the first tank, and of exactly the same pattern.

In the *batidor* the thick and mucilaginous liquid is beaten or agitated for two or three hours without

ceasing. This arrests all further fermentation, which at this stage would spoil the dye. At the same time, this stirring, by continually bringing the liquid into contact with the oxygen of the air, causes certain chemical changes, the result of which is oxide of indigo (*indigotin*), which appears in millions of blue particles. These, settling as sediment and eventually solidifying, give us that beautiful pigment we call indigo-blue. Just before the stirring ceases, however, a coagulant of milk of lime, or other appropriate *cuaajo*, is added in order to accelerate the precipitation.

The water in the second tank is then drawn off, but not before all the sediment has properly settled; and the viscous mass which remains is put into iron pans about a foot deep and boiled for two or three hours over a slow fire. Repeated straining through sacking or coarse filtering-cloth concludes the process; and, when thus rid of all the moisture, the thick marine-blue paste which results is put into shallow trays and thoroughly dried by means of even and prolonged pressure.

The concrete cakes of indigo, when removed from the trays, are cut into cubes of the usual size and sent to the market packed in *zurrones* (a sack made of raw hide) weighing from seventy to eighty kilos each.

The entire process, with the exception of drying and cutting the cakes, can be performed in one day; and two men can do all the work once the plants are in the vats. I ascertained, on strict inquiry, that a hectare (2·471 acres) of land planted with *Indigofera tinctoria* will yield something like six hundred pounds of indigo, and that the raising of the plants thereon and the manufacture of the dye certainly costs not more than eleven pounds. Thus, assuming that the produce sells for two shillings and sixpence per pound—a price not very difficult to obtain, considering that Salvador indigo often fetches three shillings and sixpence and even four shillings per pound in our markets—the planter makes a profit of sixty-four pounds on each hectare, or say about twenty-five pounds per acre; and this, if he is careful, he can repeat once or even twice in the same year. Deduct from this profit the usual amounts for interest, planter's expenses, freight, and all other charges incurred in the bringing of his produce upon the market, and there still remains

a tremendous profit, even at the end of the first year, after paying for his land.

After visiting many other places of interest in the republic I returned to the capital, San Salvador, where I decided to stay for a few days to see the sights. I saw much to admire there: the Cathedral, President's Palace, University, Barracks, and School of Art; and I saw much to deprecate too. At the same time I learned something of the past and rather unique history of this unfortunate city.

The inhabitants of the capital now number about twenty-five thousand. It was founded by Jorge de Alvarado in the year 1528, at its present elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. Firstly under the Spaniards, and afterwards under its own independent Government, it gradually prospered and flourished until it became the most important town in the country. No less than five times, however, it has been destroyed by earthquakes and rebuilt. In the year 1854—the year that the notorious filibuster Walker was creating such havoc throughout Central America—the capital was visited by so violent a convulsion that scarcely a single building was left intact. The damage on this occasion was so great that the despairing inhabitants forsook their homes, selected a new site for their capital, and built up the town of Nueva San Salvador—now called Santa Tecla—a few miles away in a south-westerly direction. There they erected new buildings, new churches, and new houses; and, settling down, endeavoured to forget their misfortunes. However, a score of years or so afterwards, this new town, too, was three times destroyed by earthquakes; and the last of these, occurring in 1879, was so severe that the populace returned to the old capital. They have rebuilt their old homes in a manner better calculated to resist the tremblings and quakings, and settled down in the original San Salvador, firmly resolved to stay there and put up with the consequences. Although from a sanitary point of view there is much need for improvement, still when one considers the frequent compulsory migrations to which the inhabitants of this 'town in a hammock' have been subjected, we cannot wonder at the pride which the indigo-growers display in their capital; indeed, they deserve great credit for their daring and perseverance.

THE DAM REEF.

CHAPTER III.



N arriving at Stanley's domain, again old Bruno was the first to greet me, yet not so gleefully as at first. There was a look in the old dog's eyes that told me he had the power of divining, and the eyes of animals such as Bruno rarely lead one astray.

In answer to my gentle tap, Miss Stanley

herself came to the door. Seeing me, she cried, 'Oh, I am so thankful you are here! Somehow, I felt you would not refuse. My father is dreadfully hurt. I have done my best to make him comfortable; but the blood—oh, the blood is awful! And he is so weak'—

'Have you stanchied the flow?' I asked. 'In that I may be useful. May I see your father

at once? Do not let there be an instant of ceremony.'

With that she laid her hand upon my arm and led me to her father's bedside. He lay there pale and blanched to a startling degree, the wreck of a man who but a short while ago was vigorously strong for his apparent years, which I judged to be about sixty-five. It needed no extensive experience of such cases to see and feel certain that death was near at hand. As I bent down to examine the wounds, which were ghastly, gaping rents from the shoulder right across the breast, I could see that they were practically self-stanching—in other words, they had ceased to bleed from sheer want of pulse-power to force the remaining drops from out the poor torn body. Had the sufferer been a younger man there might have been a chance for him to pull through; but in poor old Mr Stanley's case I felt sure it was a forlorn hope. All that could be done his daughter did. If care and constant endeavour to minister stimulants could have prolonged life Stanley would have lived.

Anon the old man seemed to sleep, and I sat by the bedside while Vera Stanley sought a few minutes of fitful slumber. I told her before she retired that I had not the faintest hope of his recovery, and that in all human probability he would pass away while in this comatose condition.

It was not to be exactly so. Some four hours had passed, I watching the while, when the wounded man opened his eyes. He looked at me with a weak surprise and his lips seemed to move. Bending down, I caught, or fancied I did, the words, 'Where is she?'

I summoned Vera from her rest. She came quickly, with a half-checked smile of gladness on her lips at seeing her father conscious. She stooped and kissed the poor fellow, and taking one of his hands, told him how I came to be present. His eyes turned towards me with an expression of thankfulness which I fully understood. I then rose to leave them; but she would not permit me. However, I insisted, saying I would be within easy call should I be wanted.

Meantime I went out for a further interview with Klaas, whose faithful concern for his master's condition had been evinced by constant bobbings around the window of the sick man's room.

'*Das luipard ein beinye schel-m-m'. Je will ihm dott mak. Allematig! Mein herz ist zikke. O mei gut groot baas!*'—all of which was meant to express his resolve to kill leopards whenever and wherever he might find them, and that his heart was sick for his great and good *baas*. Notwithstanding his great attachment to his master, he had thought for business, as he had despatched a couple of natives to bear home the carcass of the leopard which had killed his *baas* and which he had so valiantly slain. Naturally the leopard-skin possessed a charm for him. He took me to see the dead beast, and as I looked at it

I noticed the wounds which Klaas had inflicted with his knife, and felt thankful the gaping orifices were not in my own body.

Presently I heard Miss Stanley's voice, and thereupon I returned to the house to join her at table. Our attempt at eating was a mere make-believe, and after a few minutes of desultory conversation she rose, asking me to accompany her to her father's bedside, there to await the end.

The end came sooner than, perhaps, she expected. Half-an-hour later the old man's spirit had passed away, and Vera Stanley was alone in the world, and, as far as she knew, without kith or kin. We buried her father beneath a huge baobab-tree: a quieter resting-place could not have been found.

For some days I left Vera Stanley severely to herself, thinking the poignancy of her grief would the better and quicker expend itself in solitude. My wagons had arrived, and were now resting within the mealie-paddock some three or four hundred yards distant from the house. Every morning I invariably received a small basket containing fruit, eggs, and butter, the thoughtful kindness of the bereaved girl. I rarely strayed from the precincts of my camp, feeling my assistance might be needed at any moment, and being very loath to disappoint or keep my young charge waiting. I use the word 'charge' because Vera Stanley had become that in very earnest. I only awaited her views upon the question of her removal, and of course the sooner that took place the better would it be for both.

One morning I received a short note asking if I would join her at the midday meal. I did so, and as we talked I found she gradually approached the vexed question.

'When will it suit you, sir, to make a change from this?'

Now, this very pertinent question startled me. Yet I had been expecting something of the kind almost daily. Why was it so? Suddenly I came face to face with the fact that although we were fast becoming friends, she yet addressed me by the coldly formal 'sir.' Strange as the statement may seem, there was a very good reason for this, and yet that reason would have been choked at its birth if both had not forgotten one thing. She never asked—small wonder, considering the distressful time she had gone through since we first saw each other; and, as for myself, it never entered my head to let her know—what?—my name! Neither should I have known hers but for that note of appeal on the evening of her father's fatal mishap, and which the reader will remember was signed 'Vera Stanley.'

In reply to her question I said, 'Your time is my time. I am always ready; but you—you have many things to deliberate upon, as also much to do.'

'Yes,' replied she, 'I have indeed. No need

to remind me. But when and where to begin I have not the least idea.'

'Did I not hear you say your father had whispered, just before he died, something as to "finding papers all arranged"?'

'Yes, of course; and they must be seen to the first thing of all.'

Here she looked me full in the face, then continued in an almost pleading voice, 'Will you help me with them, sir?'

'Miss Stanley, before we speak more let me correct an oversight. You from time to time address me as "sir." You forgot to inquire my name; I—equally forgetful—omitted to tell you. It is Stainsleigh. Very like your own, is it not? My Christian name is Philip. Here, where conventionalities are lost upon the desert air, we are alone, depending on each other's aid, at least for the time. Call me Philip. If I may, I will call you by your name.'

'Who is there to gainsay our mutual wishes, Philip? Let it be as you say.'

'Then let us now begin our task of going through the papers your father referred to. The work may not be so tiresome as you fear.'

So it came about that we two very soon found ourselves poring over the contents of an old-fashioned escritoire. There was, after all, very little of all this paper but might without risk be burned. The dead man's will was there, formally executed some five years previously, and dated at Potchefstroom, whither he had gone to purchase stock, so Vera remembered to have heard him state. The old time-worn cabinet was drawn to a convenient corner of the room where the light best served our purpose, and we began our labours.

Mr Stanley, it was soon evidenced, had been a methodical and careful man. His systematic method of keeping all manner of papers, endorsing and docketing them, facilitated our operations. Bundle after bundle of bills receipted, business letters, and such-like were placed on one side for burning. Later we found his last will and testament, by which he left everything of which he 'might be possessed of at my death to my only child, Vera Annette Stanley.' This document was made and drawn up at Potchefstroom, at which place it was also signed and witnessed. This I advised Vera to place in her securest sanctum. Among other things we came across was her baptismal certificate and her father and mother's 'marriage lines.' These also she placed with her other treasures. After going through many other valueless memoranda we came upon the title-deeds of the farm. This had been a grant from the Government for some service rendered; and Vera was rather astonished to learn the extent of her domain, which was no less than ten square miles, most of which lay to the north and west of the homestead.

Next we came upon a somewhat startling discovery—a small packet wrapped in frayed buckskin, securely fastened by thongs of the same material, and labelled 'Not to be opened except under stress of circumstance.' This indicated, as far as I could make out, some hidden fact which was meant only for the family of deceased, and I told her she had better inspect it when by herself. Here we left off our work—indeed, finished it. An hour later we were chatting leisurely over a meal that our recent occupation enabled us to attack with keen zest.

OLD PEWTER.

By C. F. GREENLAND.



WHILE much has been written concerning gold and silver plate, pewter has been almost neglected by antiquaries and collectors alike; a neglect due, no doubt, to the humble uses to which modern custom has doomed it. Yet pewter has a history dating back to the earliest years of the Christian era, and can boast of a long line of skilful craftsmen who did not disdain to employ it in the production of very ornamental articles. Of late, however, there are signs of a possible rescue of pewter from its ignoble associations with beer-mugs and office inkstands. Since the birth of the present craze for collecting everything that can lay any claim to antiquity, specimens of old pewter, if of any artistic value, already command a fair price, while the pewterers of to-day are turning out articles commendable both in finish and design.

Pewter is a composition of tin and lead in vary-

ing proportions. As a rule the mixture consists of eighty parts of tin and twenty parts of lead; but some old pewterers—more particularly the French—preferred a slightly larger proportion of lead. An excellent alloy is formed by melting old pewter with new lead and tin. Other ingredients, such as antimony and zinc, are often added: antimony for the purpose of hardening the tin and giving the finished article a silvery appearance, and zinc for the purpose of diminishing oxidation. Perhaps the finest pewter is that known as 'tin and temper,' which is composed largely of tin with a small proportion of copper. The presence of copper, however, remains discernible by the slightly brown tint which it imparts. Ordinary plates and dishes are generally composed of one hundred parts of tin, eight parts of antimony, two parts of bismuth, and two parts of copper; while beer-mugs contain about eighty-three parts of tin and seventeen parts of antimony, with the addition of a varying quantity

of lead. Both hammering and casting are employed in the manufacture of pewter articles. Flat articles, such as plates and dishes, are usually hammered; but spoons and pots are cast in two pieces and afterwards soldered together.

Turning to the history of pewter, we find the Chinese used it at a period anterior to the Christian era. The Japanese must have had it in use in 800 A.D. or even earlier, articles useful and ornamental having been made from tin found in that country. Some of the finest Japanese lacquer-work was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and pewter. Many pewter vessels used at marriage ceremonies were coated with gold lacquer or highly ornamented with inlays of gold and silver, and sometimes even with brass and bronze. Tea-jars, canisters, and vase-shaped bottles, such as were formerly used for offering wine at the *shinto* shrines, are now the principal articles manufactured of this metal.

In France the industry of pewtering seems to have been firmly established by the thirteenth century; indeed, at that period regulations had already been made for the craft. Thus Paris pewterers were not allowed to work at night because artificial light was believed to impair the quality of the work. In Paris provision was made to check the manufacture of leaden imitations of pewter vessels; and in 1333 all fraudulent alloys were forbidden at Poitiers.

The Archbishop of Rheims in 1339 possessed alms-dishes, tankards, canisters, ewers, plates, cups, and other articles made of pewter. In the fifteenth century pewter inlays in the style of *boule*-work ornamented the rafters and cornices of the royal palaces, and some rare and beautiful coffers were entirely decorated with pewter ornaments.

The most noted pewterers of France were Pierre de Bruges (1346), Hugh de Briangon (1350), Jehan Boulanger (1496), and greatest of all, François Briot. Briot was born about the middle of the sixteenth century; but the date of his death is not known, although he was living in 1615. He was called the Cellini of Pewter, as the art culminated in him. Both the museum at South Kensington and the British Museum contain fine specimens of his work; and in the Louvre are to be found some splendid dishes made for Henri III. with medallions by Briot. At Rouen, where a Pewterers' Guild existed prior to 1396, there is in the museum a duplicate in silver of one of his ewers. To show how distinguished a modeller he was, it may be mentioned that even Palissy reproduced in enamelled pottery a dish from one of his designs.

In the sixteenth century splendid specimens of pewter were manufactured and used to decorate the mansions of the princes and nobles. Some pieces, which may still be in existence, bore the image of the Emperor Charles V. or Mathias; others represented historical or religious subjects, such as Noah leaving the Ark and offering a sacrifice to the Lord.

In the seventeenth century pewter to a great extent went out of fashion in France. The nobles

who were obliged to sell their old silver had such a dislike to return to the use of pewter that they had it gilt to make it more like their lost plate; but the middle classes had it still in constant use. It is recorded that the Jesuits, on the destruction by fire of their establishment, lost over ten thousand pounds of manufactured pewter. The stamps used generally on French pewter were the arms of the city in which the articles were made, with letters to denote quality. It was not till the reign of Louis XIII. that Paris pewter was ordered to be stamped; and in 1650, when leave was first given to gild or silver the baser metals, distinctive stamps were ordered to be employed.

In Germany much fine pewter was made. The care taken to maintain the standard is shown by the fact that in Augsburg in 1342 it was enacted that all inferior or bad work must be destroyed and the workman fined. The closest approach to real silver was attained by Sebaldus Ruprecht, who was celebrated for the fineness and beauty of his work. In the latter part of the sixteenth century many German pieces were marked with a rose; but the marks in ordinary use were a crowned eagle for beaten pewter and that made from unmixed English tin. When the alloy contained 10 per cent. of lead, a half-eagle and two flails in a shield were the marks used. After 1597 no pewterer was allowed to work in any other metal than pewter.

Germany produced perhaps the most celebrated pewterer after Briot—namely, Gaspard Enderlein, who, although born in Basel, worked in Nuremberg before 1633. He was the first to manufacture hanging chandeliers of pewter. But German specimens are not, generally speaking, of high artistic quality; the Germans may perhaps have been first to manufacture artistic articles in pewter, but they seldom rose to the fine relief-work of the French artificers.

After Germany, Belgium may be mentioned, and especially Bruges, as the *dépôt* to which English tin was largely consigned. In this town pewter porringers and flasks were made before 1300. In 1476 Belgian pewter was marked 'fin' with a crowned hammer, but if 'spun' it bore the mark of a small castle with the arms of the town of manufacture. It may perhaps be well here to explain that 'spinning' was done on a lathe with a spinning-stick according to the shape of the article required. Pewter being plastic like clay, a disc of the metal was put on the lathe and 'spun' at a certain rate vertically, and, a hard tool being pressed laterally against it, it followed the tool with as much facility as if it were clay. When pewter was 'spun' a little antimony was invariably added.

English pewter brought into the town of Bruges for sale was marked with a rose and crown. The Liège marks are very ancient. They were an angel and balance for first quality, a crowned rose for second, and a fleur-de-lis for an inferior quality. All these marks are noted for their beauty.

Martin Hurscher (born about 1450; died 1523)

was perhaps the most celebrated Belgian pewterer. Every article that a silversmith could make he could execute in pure pewter. His purified and alloyed tin was equal in brilliancy to that of England, and he manufactured all sorts of vessels, plates, candelabra, and statuettes. Another renowned pewterer of Belgium was Melchior Kock, who discovered a particular material by which he made pewter bowls, dishes, and plates look as if gilt with the best gold. The secret probably perished with him in 1576, unless we may conjecture that his material was of much the same composition as that used by Pinchbeck the celebrated English watchmaker (born 1670; died 1733), whose 'pinchbeck' articles, it is supposed, consisted of an alloy of three parts of zinc to four of copper.

Italy and Spain do not seem to have made much pewter; but Switzerland and Holland produced it largely.

At Bidri in India, about sixty miles north-west of Hyderabad, designs were elaborately chiselled out in pewter and silver hammered in. This was afterwards covered by a vegetable acid mixed with earth largely impregnated with iron, the effect of which was to blacken the pewter and brighten the silver, thus creating very charming and effective ornaments.

English pewter goes back to the eighth or tenth century. We find that Edward I. in 1290 possessed one hundred dishes, one hundred platters, and more than one hundred salt-cellars, all of pewter. The earliest record of the English Pewterers' Company is in 1348, when ordinances for regulating the craft were made, with the approval of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London. Two qualities were permitted. The first contained a certain quantity of brass. From this were made salt-cellars, porringers, salvers, 'cruets squared and other things that are made square and ribbed.' The second quality, consisting of tin and 20 per cent. of lead, served for vessels and pewter dishes. All goods brought into the city of London had to be assayed. In 1413 the exact weight of all the principal vessels made was fixed to prevent light weight being sold. In 1473 the Pewterers' Company received a charter from Edward IV., and in 1478 leave was granted them to search and assay. An Act of 1503 prohibited the sale of pewter off the premises of a pewterer except in an open fair or market; and these goods had to bear the maker's marks. By the same Act it was ordained that no person should henceforth make any hollow wares of pewter—that is, salt-cellars or pots—that were made of pewter called 'lay mettall,' but that it might be "according to the assize of pewter lay mettall wrought within the City of London." The Act also required that the makers of such wares should mark the same with their own marks, in order that they might know their work.

Neither the composition nor the standard of pewter 'lay mettall' can now be discovered; but it would seem that the intention of this Act was to

afford to purchasers of the 'lay mettall' similar protection to that given to purchasers of pewter of a higher standard by the marks affixed thereto under the rules of the Pewterers' Company.

It is presumed that there was not any common hall-mark of the Pewterers' Company. The two marks which most nearly correspond to such a mark—the rose and crown and the X or XX crowned, the latter perhaps denoting the best quality of the metal—were probably impressed on the goods by the makers themselves and not by the Pewterers' Company. A Royal license was always required for the use of the crowned-rose mark. Another mark found on plates believed to belong to the reign of Henry VIII. is a crown and feather. As early as this reign provision was made for checking the increasing practice of importing inferior pewter from abroad into England, while good English pewter was sent in return out of this country. The penalty for importing foreign pewter into England was forfeiture. No foreigner was permitted to practise the trade here, nor could English pewterers manufacture abroad under pain of being declared aliens. Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Anne each granted charters to the Pewterers' Company authorising them to exact a penalty of forty shillings from any pewterer who failed to deliver a private mark or 'touch' to be impressed on a 'touch-plate' kept in the Company's Hall. The oldest touch-plate known is of 1314, and the latest of 1634. All defective and unmarked pewter was ordered to bear a fine of one penny per pound.

York also seems to have been the home of pewterers. There, too, was a Pewterers' Company, with distinct ordinances, which kept a 'counterpane' or sheet of lead or pewter corresponding with the London 'touch-plate' for the purpose of registering the marks of local manufacturers. The York marks appear to have usually consisted of the initial letters of the names of the various makers.

Pewter was at one time largely manufactured at Edinburgh, and a similar system of marking and registration prevailed in that city. In the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh is an old punch for marking pewter, and a small lead or pewter 'counterpane' covered with marks ranging from the seventeenth to about the middle of the eighteenth century. These marks vary: the crowned rose appears on the best Edinburgh pewter, and the punch above mentioned was designed for affixing that mark; but some of the marks shown on the 'counterpane' consist of a castle with three towers (the city arms) combined with the maker's initials, the date being placed either above or below the castle. An early eighteenth-century platter made in Edinburgh bears, in addition to the crowned rose, four small imitation marks in pointed shields: (1) a thistle, (2) a seeded rose, (3) the initials W. H., and (4) a human skull.

Numerous marks, however, found on specimens of pewter vessels do not appear on any existing 'counterpane.' There is no doubt that a consider-

able quantity of pewter was made in various parts of the country, and that fraudulent practices prevailed to a great extent. Further Acts were passed to prevent dishonesty in what had become a very widespread and important industry.

Pewter has served occasionally for money. King James II. seized all the pewter vessels, &c., of the Protestants in Ireland and turned them into money; half-crowns were rather bigger than half-pence, and other pieces in proportion. He ordered this money to be current in all payments.

Up to the early years of the seventeenth century pewter was still freely used in the houses of the nobles; in fact, a special official known as 'the yeoman of the liverie' was usually appointed for the purpose of taking charge of the pewter belonging to the house. But later on pewter, with the exception of very fine pieces, was practically no longer tolerated by the nobility, although the middle classes still continued to ornament their buffets with it, and had it in constant use. It is, however, said to have been used at the coronation of George IV.

Much of the old pewter was obviously designed for ecclesiastical use. Tin, which oxidises little, and the oxide of which is harmless, has always been included in the canonical metals of which sacred vessels might be made. In France, for instance, where since the seventh century the use of all other metals save the precious ones has been forbidden in the making of sacred vessels, pewter was freely used in the manufacture of ancient chalices; and at the time of the French Revolution pewter vessels of this description were kept for ordinary use in the churches, while those of more precious metal were carefully kept for festival occasions.

In England an attempt was made to suppress the use of pewter for sacred vessels; and at a Synod of Canterbury in 1175 it was decreed that the 'Eucharist shall not be consecrated in any other than a chalice of gold and silver, and henceforth no bishop is to bless any chalice of pewter.' When Richard I. seized all the gold and silver church-plate in the country it became necessary again to use vessels made of pewter, and the decree against its use has never since been enforced. It is believed that no very early English church-plate of pewter has been preserved, and that the chalices, crosiers, and crosses found in the tombs of ecclesiastical dignitaries are all counterfeit. There does not seem to have been much pewter in the monasteries in the Middle Ages; at least it is said that Henry VIII. found very little when he despoiled them. In 1575 the Archbishop of Canterbury had many pewter vessels—jugs, basins, porringers, salts, wine-measures, and candlesticks—at Lambeth. Besides these, he is said to have possessed several 'garnishes' of pewter with spoons at Croydon. A 'garnish' of pewter, it may be mentioned, consisted of twelve platters, twelve dishes, and twelve saucers.

South Kensington Museum contains a handsome collection of old pewter, from which the following

specimens will probably be considered most worthy of inspection:

'(1) A plateau engraved in centre with the Royal Arms encircled by the Garter, with supporters, surmounted by a helmet crowned, and having above it a Lion and the initials "C.R." Beneath is the Royal motto and the inscription, "*Vivat Rex Carolus Secundus, Beati Pacifici*, 1661." At the back is engraved Elizabeth Dering. English, 1661.

'(2) Plateau engraved in centre with the Royal Arms encircled by the Garter, with supporters, surmounted by a helmet crowned, and having above it a Lion and the initials "C.R.;" and beneath, the Royal motto and the same inscription. This piece is said to be one of the finest specimens of old English pewter to be found in the United Kingdom.

'(3) A fine salver cast with a decorative relief of figures, emblems, masks, and strap-work, by François Briot. French work of the latter half of the sixteenth century.

'(4) Four plates decorated with engravings from Hogarth.'

In the British Museum will be found a pewter tankard with three emblematical figures and inscriptions, 'Patientia, Solertia,' Non. vi. Stamped F. B. [François Briot]—French, sixteenth century; and the Wallace collection contains three specimens, including a pewter dish adorned with figures, strap-work, and arabesques in relief—German work of sixteenth century.

In the Hall of the Pewterers' Company, Lime Street, City, may be seen, by the courtesy of the Company, five old touch-plates and a few specimens of interest, including two coffee-pots with three spouts each, salt-cellars, flagons, bowls, plates, &c. The Company also possess some very graceful examples of modern French art.

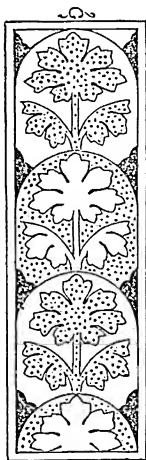
The above, although nothing more than a slight sketch of the subject, may be acceptable to those who take an interest in the collection and manufacture of artistic articles in pewter.

ON A CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN:

ECHO MOUNTAIN.

THE night is hushed and still; the ghostly chalet
Glimmers through gloom against the mountain-side;
The darkness, like a sea without a tide,
Wraps the wild mountain and the hidden valley.
Only the lights, like fallen stars, keep tally
In Pasadena and Los Angeles,
Far down below; and on the waveless seas
The murmurous night-wind dares a fitful sally.
On summit, slope, and lowly valley-cot,
In swift flash-pictures, see! the search-light burns,
Showing the peaks above, the meadows under.
Hark! on the stillness breaks a cannon-shot;
A silent interval; and then returns
The echo, answering in a roll of thunder.

VIRNA WOODS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE SUPERSEDING OF BRAINS.



It is an axiom of social evolutionists that in the not far distant future nearly all merely muscular industry will be superseded by machinery. Any one at all familiar with what is being done by mechanism must also be aware that a great deal of mental industry is being superseded; and therefore it may be thought that in the intellectual field mechanical inventions are likely to go as far as in the muscular. That, of course, is a mistake. There is no exercise of muscular energy which cannot be more or less successfully imitated by mechanism; but the brain-work which may be taken over by machinery is restricted within narrow limits that can by no possibility be overstepped. These limits, though they are very real, are not always very obvious; and to the casual observer it must sometimes appear that a kind of mechanical intelligence is being evolved. From the corn-miller's little bell, that sets up a fussy tinkling the moment the hopper runs empty, up to the calculating-machines that are now to be found in banks and insurance offices, clearing-houses and observatories, there are so many mechanical substitutes for brain-workers that it is difficult at times to realise that it is, after all, only mechanism, and not intelligence, that is being evolved.

Some of the touches of what, for convenience, we may call mechanical intelligence to be met with in various odd corners of the industrial and commercial world are really quite amusing, and they have their prototype in that little bell of the old windmill. There is, for instance, to be seen in any screw-factory a different application of that device. The machinery takes hold of a rod of metal, pulls it rapidly along, gives the end of it the general shape of a screw, cuts the thread round it and the slot in the head, and then snips off a perfect screw. If you watch the thing actually making the screws, the idea strikes you that it is merely a piece of mechanism; but when the machine comes to the end of its material, and gives a sharp, impatient ring of a bell for the attendant to bring more, you

cannot help laughing; and you would scarcely be surprised if, when the man came with another rod, the busy screw-maker gave him a sharp reprimand for inattention and dilatoriness. In these days of phonographs it would, of course, be quite practicable to make it do so.

The machine by which railway tickets are printed gives another very amusing little show of intelligence, or what looks to be very like it. Railway tickets are not, as might be supposed, printed in large sheets and afterwards cut up. The cardboard is cut into tickets first, and printed one by one afterwards. The little blank cards are put in a pile in a kind of perpendicular spout, and the machine slips a bit of metal underneath the bottom of the spout and pushes out the lowest ticket in the pile to be printed and consecutively numbered. 'It is of no use trying to print a bad ticket,' says the attendant. 'The machine finds out an imperfect blank in an instant, and flatly refuses to have anything to do with it. Look here.' He tears off the corner of one of the bits of card and puts it into the spout with the others, and you watch to see what happens. One by one the blank cards are pushed out to the printing part of the mechanism with swiftness and precision until the mutilated ticket gets to the bottom and tries to smuggle through. On the instant the machine stops dead, and refuses to budge again until somebody comes and removes the impostor. Pull out the damaged ticket, and the mechanism will set briskly to work again.

These are very simple instances of a wonderfully good imitation of watchfulness and discrimination; indeed, the latter looks almost like conscientious care. They afford a droll suggestion of the trained intelligence of the learned pig or the performing dog; and we may find various degrees of the same thing in innumerable establishments. There are very curious illustrations of it both at the Bank of England and at the Royal Mint, where they have weighing-machines for sovereigns to which it is difficult to deny a very acute intelligence. The Mint apparatus is the more remarkable of the two. At the Bank of England they never by any chance

get sovereigns that are overweight. All they have to do there in weighing their coins is to distinguish between those that are of full weight and those that have been in circulation long enough to wear away any appreciable quantity of the gold of which they are made. The new coins at the Mint, however, are sometimes a trifle overweight, while sometimes, of course, they are under; so it is necessary to sort them out into three categories—light, heavy, and good. This delicate business is done with unerring precision by a long row of wonderfully clever little machines. Into these machines single piles of shining new coins are put; and, quite automatically, the mechanism takes each coin, puts it into the scale, and in a fraction over two seconds—at the rate of twenty-five a minute—weighs it. If the coin is light the machine shoots it into its proper receptacle; if heavy, into another; and if it is of correct weight within a margin—or ‘remedy,’ as they call it at the Mint—represented by a speck of gold worth less than a halfpenny, it is pushed into a third receptacle. To stand and watch the proceeding, so prompt and unhesitating and infallible, is to find it extremely difficult not to attribute some exercise of intelligence; and even close examination of the mode of working hardly enables one to reduce it to a purely mechanical proceeding.

However, there are far higher flights of ‘mechanical intelligence’ than these. The work of hundreds and thousands of clerks has, within the past few years, been taken over by a small machine, in appearance very much like a Remington typewriter, by which columns of money in small or large items, up to a million pounds if necessary, are instantly added up with none of the risk of error to which even the most practised accountants are liable. Here are, we will suppose, a hundred cheques brought into a bank, and they have to be entered and the amount added up. They are taken to the adding-machine, the various amounts registered on a roll of paper by the manipulation of keys as in the typewriter, and when the whole hundred cheques have thus been printed, a lever is pulled over and the sum-total is instantly shown. Among the greatest feats in the addition of money hitherto performed by the cleverest of bank-clerks has been the running up a column of money by a single process—that is, taking at once all three columns, pounds, shillings, and pence, from bottom to top. This machine does that with any number of cheques not only by a single operation for all three columns, but by one motion of its mechanism. It beats the greatest achievement of the bank-clerk hollow.

The work of these machines is quite elementary compared with that of some other mechanical arithmeticians. Most people have heard of Babbage’s calculating-machine, or ‘difference engine,’ as the inventor himself styled it. It was intended to calculate, among other things, astronomical, logarithmic, and navigation tables, and tables of the powers and products of numbers. It was so amazingly intricate in its design that mechanicians

had to be specially trained and educated for the work of its construction. At the outset Mr Babbage got his plans approved by a committee of experts, and on the strength of their recommendation the Government of the day made a grant of money for the making of the machine, the inventor giving his time to the work quite gratuitously. He spent twenty years of his life at it, and from time to time Government advanced altogether seventeen thousand pounds. Further assistance was then refused, and the unfinished ‘engine’ was relegated to the museum of King’s College, London, from which it was subsequently removed to the National Museum at South Kensington, where much of its mechanism is still to be seen. Babbage’s designs were never carried out; but his work was not altogether without its usefulness. The idea was taken up by a Swedish mechanician, and after him by his son; and the two completed a very valuable and wonderful machine which was exhibited in London and afterwards in Paris, and was subsequently purchased by the Dudley Observatory at Albany. It calculates to fifteen places of decimals, and will carry out the most formidable computations in ever so many modes of notation. Another of the Swedish machines was made for the British Government, and was employed in certain special calculations of the late Registrar-General at Somerset House.

The clerical staffs of many of the great insurance companies have of late years been considerably reduced by the employment of mechanical calculators. The favourite one appears to be a compact little affair, about the size of a musical-box, known as an ‘arithmometer,’ which is the work of a German firm in Alsace-Lorraine. In its most expensive form it costs forty-four pounds. By it may be performed almost instantaneously the most portentous sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication by one or two factors, division, squaring, and cubing. It is required, for instance, to multiply 531975 by 924. The first factor is set by touching little knobs representing 531975. To multiply by the other factor, you turn a handle four times, push along a slide one place, and turn the handle twice, then push the slide another place onward and turn the handle nine times. The long multiplication is now done without the possibility of error so far as the machine is concerned, and the dial shows 491544900. In the same mechanical way may be done all the other arithmetical processes. The ‘arithmometer’ is now in very extensive use at Somerset House.

Among the latest of the applications of mechanism to work that has hitherto required the exercise of some little brain-power are the cash registers now so familiar in large shops and stores and other places; but a still newer and far more remarkable piece of mechanism is one intended to do away with the necessity for any brain-cudgelling over the charges for goods sold by the pound over many shop-counters. This is certainly a very interesting piece of work, though the makers are careful not to

explain or exhibit the internal working of it. It is a scale which not only shows the weight of goods put into it, but the exact value of the goods at any price per pound to which a rate-pointer may be set. Thus, if this pointer be set at elevenpence-half-penny per pound, and two pounds seven ounces of meat or anything else be put into the scale, the indicator on the dial will instantly show the correct

charge to the customer; or if a customer should wish to spend half-a-crown on a certain article at so much per pound, the scale will show precisely the weight that the purchaser should have for the money.

The mathematical faculty has often been said to be the lowest of the intellectual powers, and it is certainly curious to see its functions being thus taken up by mechanism in so many directions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER VIII.—‘WHERE THOU GOEST.’



time passed, and George Cadoual found that all his attempts in that direction did not advance him one step in Barbe's good graces, his ill-humour developed to such an extent as to make him somewhat difficult to live with, whether on land or sea. At home they bore with him as best they could, since they had to. His mother, virago as she was to all the rest of the world, had always consistently given in to him. The spoiled boy had developed into the hectoring man, who suffered no will but his own, and made life unbearable to those who opposed it. He interfered but little, as a rule, with the management of the farm, since his mother had taken that upon her much more capable shoulders. The brunt of his evil temper fell, therefore, upon herself, and she reaped as she had sown.

Now, at odds with himself and the world in general because Barbe Carcassone declined to look—much less to smile—upon him, he vented his humour on all and sundry, and the Cadoual house was full of fault-findings and recriminations, and became a most unpleasant place to dwell in. When his mother endeavoured to find out what the trouble was he curtly told her to mind her own affairs. Instead, she went down to the village to learn if she could what girl was at the bottom of it all. There she heard of George's frequent visits to the Light, and had no difficulty in putting two and two together. She had only once seen Barbe, and that many years ago. It was not surprising, therefore, that she came short of a clear understanding of her son's feelings.

One night, when he was behaving even more unpleasantly than usual, she unwisely slacked her own loose grip of the family temper and twitted him with his trouble.

‘So it is that bare-headed girl of Grand Bayou that is twisting you all awry,’ she said bitterly.

‘What do you mean?’ asked George blackly.

‘It is the talk of the village,’ replied madame scornfully. ‘Every week you go there, and each time you come back like a whipped dog.’

‘Perdition! Let me meet the man who says that.’

‘It's the women,’ laughed madame. ‘Trust the

women to know when a man's making a fool of himself.’

‘—the women!’ said George.

‘Don't throw yourself away on a girl like that, my boy. She comes of bad stock. Her mother ran away, and her father murdered her for it.’

‘I know all that without your telling me.’

‘There's Marie Chanoine up at La Vallaye will take you like a shot, and she with a dowry of fifty thousand francs at the least.’

‘And a crooked eye and one leg shorter than the other! *Merci!*’ said George. ‘You have never seen La Carcassone or you wouldn't speak of Marie Chanoine.’

‘I've seen her once, and that was quite enough. I never want to set eyes on her again.’

‘You'll see enough of her if I can bring it about.’

‘You would marry her?’

‘I intend to.’

‘*À la bonheur!* But it takes two to make a bargain, and she wants none of it, they say.’

‘They do, do they? *Eh bien*, we'll see! If I hear them say it I'll stuff their teeth down their throats, and you can tell them so;’ and he slouched down to Mère Buvel's to hear if any one was saying anything of that particular kind at the moment.

As luck would have it he had been the subject of conversation.

‘*Tiens*, George! Is it true that Alain Carbonec swims out from Réhel point to Grand Bayou Light every week to see Pierre's girl?’ asked one.

‘I didn't say every week,’ interrupted another. ‘I said I'd seen him do it once.’

‘And when was that?’ asked George; and they saw that his face was the colour of lead, so difficult did he find it to hold himself in.

‘This afternoon.’

‘You're a fool, Vê Vallek,’ said George, ‘or else you were drunker than usual. Alain has been up at the farm with me all afternoon. Perhaps it was yourself swam out to show ma'm'selle the ugliest face in Plenevec.’

‘Perhaps that was it,’ grinned Vallek, ‘and perhaps it wasn't. From all accounts ma'm'selle doesn't find yours to her liking, anyhow.’

The other men dragged them apart before much bodily harm was done, and George drank cognac

fine to the others' sloppy cider, chewed his cigarettes to pulp because he couldn't find his mouthpiece—he never could smoke like other men—and carried home with him a blacker mood than he brought.

He said nothing to Alain, but eyed him viciously out of the corners of his eyes, and thereafter set himself to a cautious observation of his comings and goings.

One afternoon he lay in the gorse on the nearer slope of Cap Réhel, and watched Alain plough his way through the Race, saw the gleam of his white body as he climbed up on to the rocks, saw the blue-clad figure mount the iron rungs and meet the waiting figure in the dark doorway. He lay there, watching and cursing, with his heart like a venomous toad in his tortured body—for he writhed and twisted in his agony of hate and slighted love—till the swimmer came lunging back through the slack of the tide, and then he crept away. If Alain could have seen the vindictive looks shot at him in the dark that night he might have deemed it advisable to avoid turning his back on his partner; but George said no word, and Alain noticed nothing more in him than the sullen moodiness to which he had become accustomed of late, and the cause of which he very well knew.

Pierre did not go to Plenevec when the usual time came round the following week, and as a consequence Alain did not go to Grand Bayou. Barbe missed him. She felt certain, too, that her father had learned of his visits, and that trouble would come of it, though the old man had not opened his lips on the subject.

For three days Alain, lying in the fringe on Cap Réhel, waited for the boat to disappear from its hanging beams. But day after day it hung there, a silent barrier between Barbe and himself, till his hungry heart was down at starvation-point, and he determined to face the double event—the angry waters of the Race and possibly an angrier father at the end of them.

Carcassone met him with well-assumed surprise as he climbed into the doorway.

'*Mon Dieu, mon gars!* What is this? Are you shipwrecked again?'

'Not at all. This is how I prefer to visit you, M. Carcassone, since I have no boat of my own and I do not care for company.'

'It is very kind of you'—began Pierre.

'*Tenez!* Let us understand one another, M. Carcassone. It is Barbe I come to see. I have been before, and I came purposely when you were absent because—well, because it was Barbe I came to see, you understand?'

'I understand,' said Pierre. 'But it is to stop. If you come again I shall send Barbe back to the Sisters at St Pol. She is too young and understands too little of such things to know what is good for her.'

'I will come when you are here in future if you insist on it.'

'No, *mon gars*, you will not come at all,' said Pierre.

'And why?'

'Because I say so, and I am master here.'

'What have you against me, M. Carcassone?'

'Nothing whatever, *mon gars*, nor anything for you. Barbe is too young to know her own mind yet. You also, without doubt.'

'But no. I know my own mind, and I know Barbe's'—

'*Bien!* Now you know mine also.'

'And it is as well you should know ours. We love one another dearly.'

'Tchutt! You are both too young to know what it means.'

'Nevertheless we know, and nothing you can do will turn us from it.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre.

'May I see Barbe?'

'No.'

'But yes!' said a voice at the top of the ladder leading up to the next room. 'I am here, Alain,' and a pair of sun-browned feet, which shone white in the gleam of the doorway, came twinkling down the rungs, and Barbe stood beside them.

'And why should I not see Alain?' she asked angrily of her father.

'*Eh bien*, thou seest him. What more?' growled Pierre.

'See then, *mon père*, I love Alain with all my heart, as he loves me. You cannot divide us, try how you will. It is best for us all that you should not try.'

'Go upstairs!' said her father angrily.

'No, I won't go upstairs unless Alain comes too. I have heard all you said. You may send me to St Pol or anywhere else; it will be no use. Alain has my heart, and I will not give him up.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre.—'It is an ill return you make me for saving your life, *mon gars*'—to Alain.

'You did not,' broke from Barbe. 'It was I. It was I who swam into the Pot and brought him out. He belongs all to me;' and she stood facing her father all aflame with love and anger.

'May the good God reward thee, Barbe. I did not know it,' said Alain. 'I am doubly thine, and nothing shall part us.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre once more. 'I bid you go, *mon gars*, and it will be better that you return no more.'

'I will go,' said Alain, 'when I have spoken with Barbe. But I will not promise not to return. Gently, my friend!' as Pierre came towards him with black face and clenched fists; 'I am strong. I should be sorry to lay finger on Barbe's father; but'—

Pierre thought better of it. '*Bien!*' he said sullenly. 'You may speak with her. But if you return I will not answer for you.'

'*Allons*, Barbe!' said Alain, and mounted the ladder; and she followed him.

'Oh Alain! it is the beginning of troubles,' sobbed Barbe as they came out on to the gallery.

'Two stout hearts will beat them, Barbe. And it was thou who swam into the Pot and brought me out that day? *Mon Dieu*, there was courage if you like!'

'I did not know it was thee, Alain. I swam for a drowning man, and I found thee.'

'And thy man will I be for ever and ever, Barbe. Whatever comes or goes, nothing shall part us;' and he kissed her again and again, mouth and eyes and flaming cheeks, till she put up a little brown hand

to restrain him. 'Will he send thee away?' he asked.

'I do not know. He needs me here.'

'If he does I shall follow and find thee. There is nothing but thee to keep me here, and one place is as good as another. But the only place for me is where thou art, Barbe, and there will I be.'

They found it very hard to part that day, for in spite of their brave words their hearts were not without fears for what the future might hold for them. It was indeed almost as though a corner of the veil had been lifted, and a glimpse of the coming shadows vouchsafed to them.

THE GOVERNMENTAL SECRET.

By HENRY LEACH.



F late there have been many utterances made in public concerning what has been called the waning power of the House of Commons. However that may be, it is certain that there has rarely been a time when the Government of the day has more strictly kept its own counsels than has been the custom in the days which are familiar by experience to most of us. It is by no means the present purpose to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of this state of affairs. Ministers should know their own business best; and without a doubt it would be in the highest degree undesirable that the workings of the delicate and complicated Government machinery should be laid bare for the inspection of all and sundry.

The fact is, that the private member of Parliament, in many cases, knows no more of the movements of this machinery than does the humblest reader of these pages. It is true that he has the advantage of being able to interrogate the Government upon any point he pleases; but the Government, on the other hand, is not bound to expose its secrets to a curious House at his bidding, and does so only to such extent as in its wisdom seems desirable at the time. It is certainly the exception rather than the rule for any important Ministerial statement to be elicited in the House at question-time; and the artfulness of Ministers in dodging the most awkward-looking interrogations is proverbial. The Minister has learned at the feet of his tutors, past-masters in the art of evasion and of the defence of secrets, that a soft answer tendered to the most angrily inquisitive member will, in the majority of cases, turn away his wrath and assuage his thirst for knowledge—a thirst which, as he well knows, is born often enough of the desire for notoriety. Therefore, to all intents and purposes, the Cabinet is a secret society; and, being so, and its proceedings being of such unequalled importance, the almost impenetrable mystery

which surrounds it is itself a most attractive thing to most folks who take the smallest interest in the manner in which the affairs of the nation are conducted.

The Cabinet a secret society? Well, then, if you should perhaps think that the term is not fully applicable in the case, reflect upon the manner in which this body does business when assembled for its secret sittings.

The Cabinet may meet anywhere that best suits its convenience; but in actual practice it most often assembles in a special room on the ground-floor at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, which has painted upon its door in more than usually awe-inspiring letters, big and white, the word 'Private.' It instances the interest which is taken by the outside world in the meetings of this secret conclave when, despite the fact that the most that has appeared in the way of preliminary announcement is a more or less obscure three-line paragraph in a few of the morning papers, there is nearly always a little crowd assembled in Downing Street to watch the arrival of the participants; and especially is this the case when the Cabinet holds its first meeting of the season in the late autumn days, and the Ministers forgather from the Continent and the Highlands and their own country-seats to set about the business of formulating the programme of the session which will soon be upon them. It is the first indication of the awakening of Parliament after its autumn slumber.

On these occasions they come in all manners and in all guises, do these great chiefs of Government. A select few of them drive up in their carriages; but this is hardly the rule. The cheap and popular hansom-cab meets with much of their patronage, while some Ministers, not without consistency, amble along on foot to the meeting-place. Mr Balfour arrives in a tweed suit and a soft felt-hat; and, wearing boots with rubber soles, he creeps across the roadway and through the arch leading to the great quadrangle in which

is the main entrance to the Foreign Office with the silence of a mouse. He is fresh from the golf-links of North Berwick, and looks it; and, with his bent shoulders and stealthy gait, it seems as if the whole secrecy of the Cabinet is personified in himself. It was much the same, too, with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose face and manner are almost invariably moody; and while other Ministers, upon occasion, came and went in twos and threes with some affectation of good spirits, he stalked solitarily along with a dour countenance which seemed to bode no good for the unhappy payer of income-tax who looked upon it. The umbrella which was the constant companion of the late Chancellor was as a rule his only confidant. These two were perhaps the most looked for by the sightseers; with, of course, Mr Chamberlain, most interesting of all, who, however, most times first makes a call at the Colonial Office hard by, and moves himself to the secret chamber by a by-path which is hidden from the vulgar gaze.

When these high officers of State are seated upon the green-covered chairs in the Cabinet room at the Foreign Office they are completely cut off, for the time being, from all other mundane affairs than those which are comprised in the business of the day; and different rules from those which obtain at perhaps any other gathering are in force, all tending towards the maintenance of the most profound secrecy. It goes without saying that to this ministerially sacred apartment there is admitted no one except those who have qualified for admission by the attainment of Government Front Bench rank; and, once the door has been closed and the deliberations have begun, no private secretary, attendant, or servant of any kind, much less any other person, is permitted to enter upon any consideration whatsoever. It has been said that it would require some courage on the part of any official of the Foreign Office to break in upon the solemn assembly even for the purpose of conveying the momentous tidings that Downing Street was on fire! Lord Salisbury had, indeed, an electric bell at his elbow that he might summon to the presence of the Cabinet any official whom it might be desired to summon; but he seldom made use of it.

Now, though there have been many hundreds of Cabinet Councils, at many of which the politics not only of Great Britain but of the world have been under review, and often without a doubt have at the same time been subjected to some change of universal importance, there is not a single official record of any of them. Such a thing as a minute of any of the proceedings of the Cabinet is absolutely unknown, and would, indeed, be a violation of one of the first grand principles of the gatherings, which is that nothing whatever must be written concerning them; all that it is necessary to remember must be remembered without aid of pen and paper. Therefore it is considered improper for any Minister to make

any notes for his own personal use. It used to be that notes were sometimes made by the responsible head of the Government for communication to the late Queen Victoria; but it would appear that this custom also fell into disuse, and the modern habit is for the communication to the Sovereign to be purely verbal. It may occasionally happen that the business of a Cabinet Council would evoke little interest or curiosity if the full details of its transactions were printed verbatim in every morning and evening newspaper published in Fleet Street; but, on the other hand, it must more frequently be the case that the smallest publicity given to some such important deliberations as are regularly on the agenda would play Old Harry with the peace of parties and the friendly composure of the Continent of Europe. So the Cabinet prefers always to be on the safe side, and, whilst saying as much as it likes so long as the double doors are closed, to write down not a single word. Few people would grudge a couple of guineas for a fat volume of *Cabinet Proceedings*, and there would be chapters in it to please most tastes, no doubt; for Mr Asquith himself once declared that this mighty assembly upon one occasion spent a portion of its valuable time in an animated discussion concerning a passage in *Juvenal*.

Such private printed documents as are needed by the Cabinet for its own use are printed in the Government's own secret manner, and are said to be marked 'Most secret. For the use of the Cabinet.' When it is necessary to send them to Ministers they are sent in small sealed boxes. Most of this secret Government printing is done by the old firm of Harrisons, who are responsible for the printing of the *London Gazette*; and the head of the firm recently told me in conversation that during all the years that they had performed the work he was certain that no secret had leaked out through their agency—not a single one—though some thousands must have been entrusted to them. This was a prouder boast than may appear at first sight, for it must be remembered that when a document comes to be set up in type its secret has in a measure to be confided to a workman whose station in life is a comparatively humble and impecunious one. This difficulty, however, is largely got over by the cutting up of the 'copy' into very small pieces, and the distribution of one piece only to each man, so that no single individual, save perhaps the confidential overseer, could make much sense of the matter which is entrusted to him. Harrisons, however, make a great point of paying their men good wages, and then letting them understand that they are placed upon their honour in regard to all that they do; and this has brought about an unfailing spirit of loyalty to them and to the Government. There was only one instance when even a suspicion was entertained that such a thing as leakage in the manner which is suggested

could be possible, and that was some sixty years ago, when a man was noticed to be copying something that was written, and which had been given to him to set up. It is quite likely that he had no evil intention whatever, and that the incident admitted of a very simple explanation; but the colleagues of that compositor were upon the moment driven into a perfect fury against what they regarded as an attempt at a gross breach of trust, and it is declared that they nearly lynched him! Of course it is notorious that Government secrets have leaked out through the medium of these secret papers, and a certain very highly respectable London newspaper has found itself in hot-water through printing information thus prematurely obtained; but the fault has not been that of the printer, though it has been established that the leakage has occurred in the transmission of proofs from Westminster to a composing-room other than Harrison's.

Under the best of circumstances, however, printed matter of this kind is always a source of some danger, and that is why the Cabinet dispenses with it as far as it possibly can. The Cabinet is in the habit of framing its little bills and eking out its plots for the improvement of the national state of things in council; and upon such occasions it is a not uncommon custom for printed draft bills to be produced at the conclave, and a copy to be passed along to each member of the Cabinet present. A solemn pledge of secrecy is always understood, and no doubt the Ministers guard these precious drafts as they would their lives and homes; but the best-laid schemes of mice and men, we are told on the best poetic authority, are apt to go astray; and it must always be remembered, and no doubt is by those most concerned, that when the measure proposed is one of great importance and the general public are keenly anticipating it, there is not an editor in Fleet Street but would put down a hundred pounds and look pleasant if in return he were given the exclusive possession of a genuine and reliable draft.

It shows how very careful one must really be when it is said that one of the most precious Cabinet secrets of this particular kind in modern times came very near to being given to an expectant public before its time. It was the wretched draft which was the cause of all the trouble, and the draft was of nothing less important than Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893. With his copy in his pocket, and heavily weighted in mind with this wonderful scheme for the salvation of Ireland, which would soon be the subject of heated controversy the whole country over, one highly respected member of the famous Liberal chieftain's Government turned into the Reform Club, and in the library gave himself up to thought in solitude concerning the plans of the master. Whether it was that the mental strain overtaxed him, or whatever the reason,

this Minister went out and into Pall Mall on his way to some other resort, leaving—listen to it!—this sacred document lying open on one of the club tables! Here was a chance for the editors and the general public! But that Minister must have had a guardian angel in constant attendance. Who should be the first man to see the draft lying there after the Minister had departed but his own private secretary! The Minister had proceeded all the way to Whitehall before he discovered his loss, and in an agony of suspense he hurriedly retraced his steps to the club, to meet, almost upon the doorstep, to his immeasurable relief, the secretary with the draft in his hand. How much he gave to charity by way of thankfulness is not recorded.

While the Cabinet is sitting, and especially if there is a suspicion that something of unusual importance is on the tapis, there is usually a little knot of reporters waiting in the quadrangle for such crumbs of official knowledge as may come their way at the close of the proceedings. Certain dry-as-dust statements, communicating really nothing whatever, are made as a rule to the public through the recognised press channels; and he is, a bold journalist who conceives the idea of reading the new page of secret history to any more satisfying extent than this; but some ingenious or ingenuous ambassadors of Fleet Street have done so in their time. There is one excellent story told, one of the central figures in which happens to be a very great Minister of the present day. A pressman, though greatly daring, felt that it would be hopeless to approach this Minister just at the close of a certain highly important council, but thought that he might get some sort of an interview with him that might be fit to publish if he could get him to himself for a couple of minutes the next morning. It so happened, the story goes, that the Minister was staying that next morning at a certain hotel, and the reporter came to know this. So, betimes, the latter repaired to the place, and sending in his card to the statesman, asked that he might be favoured with a couple of minutes' private conversation on a matter of extreme urgency. This was, indeed, drawing the bow at a venture, and it was no surprise when the reply came back that the caller must state his business. 'Faint heart ne'er fair lady won,' said the reporter to himself as he sent back the message that it was of such a nature that it was impossible for him to write it down or communicate it to a servant.

Out then really came the Minister, and, somewhat to his visitor's surprise, greeted him in the most cordial manner. This Minister, mind you, is a very old bird, and is not to be caught napping. 'We must not let any one hear us,' he whispered to the caller. 'Come this way;' and he led him through many winding corridors to the quietest apartment in the whole building.

Arrived there, the interviewer, as he would be, was invited to take off his coat and make himself at home, what time the great Front Bencher locked the door, drew the curtains, and looked under the table to see that there were no nefarious eavesdroppers in the room to listen to what should be said. With the door-key in his trousers-pocket, the Minister drew his chair up to that of his visitor, and in an undertone asked that he might be acquainted with the object of the call. As briefly as could be, the reporter, feeling by this time by no means comfortable, explained that he should like to know what was being done in a certain very important matter. 'Yes, I thought so,' was the answer most gravely made; 'but I really don't know. Good-morning.' The door was unlocked, and the 'interview' terminated without another word being spoken.

Similarly, to some extent, after the all-important meeting of the Cabinet following upon Mr Gladstone's resignation, a reporter in a desperate mood seized one of the Ministers, and begged for some tittle of information as to what had been done. 'What's been done?' ejaculated the right honourable gentleman. 'Certainly, I will tell you! Why not, indeed? Sir William Harcourt has been raised to the peerage, Mr John Morley has been made Viceroy of Ireland, Mr Asquith has been appointed a Judge of the Appeal Court, and Mr Labouchere has been selected as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.' The communication was not printed. This reminds one of that other excellent and authentic story of the inquisitive lady who tried to 'pump' Lord Beaconsfield at the dinner-table when she found herself seated next to him. That day there had been a highly important Cabinet Council, at which it was fancied by the multitude that a question of peace or war had been decided. 'What is it to be?' the lady asked in a whisper, and with her most engaging smile. But my Lord Beaconsfield for answer took up the menu card, and, glancing down the list, made the most sober answer, 'Mutton, I believe, ma'am!' So do these mighty preserve their secrets when others would tear them from them.

However, in these little bouts for the possession of great knowledge, the spoils of victory are not always for the Minister. One story, and that, too, a dinner-table story with a lady in it, of how the lady triumphed, is historic, though I am aware that just recently a doubt has been cast upon it. It is a story of the Corn-Laws, and of a brilliant young henchman of Sir Robert Peel, who fell to the wiles of a smiling woman. One day Sir Robert announced to his Cabinet in council assembled his intention to bring in a Bill for the repeal of the Corn-Laws. It was a great secret then, and as such had to be steadfastly maintained. But on the evening of the same day Mr Sidney Herbert, a smart young Minister, dined *tête-à-tête* with a fascinating lady

of society, Mrs Norton; and under the influence of her beauty and a good dinner he surrendered the secret. The lady had a head eminently adapted for business; and when Mr Herbert was safely out of the way she took a cab and drove straight to Printing-House Square, where the authorities who preside over the destinies of the 'Thunderer' thought that the information which she had to impart was well worth the cheque for five hundred pounds which they handed to her. It would be interesting to know what were the speculations of Sir Robert when he read his copy of the *Times* the next morning; and no doubt, after he had done all the damage, the now discreet Herbert decided to hold his tongue as to the night's adventures.

Another mystery of the leakage of a Cabinet secret which was not penetrated for a long time was one that gave Lord Beaconsfield some very considerable annoyance. His Government had changed its plans about the franchise, and it was intended to spring its little Bill upon the constituencies as a surprise at the last moment. Every member of the Cabinet was warned; but the secret came out all too soon just the same; and then every Minister swore upon his honour that he was guiltless. After this and much investigation, the accepted belief was that a footman in the service of Lord Beaconsfield had intercepted a letter from his master to Lord Derby, had read the contents, and had talked about them: a somewhat singular explanation, but one which seemed good enough at the time, and the only one that there is now to offer.

There was no doubt whatever as to how one of Lord Salisbury's most particular State secrets was given away a few years ago. A London evening paper created one of the biggest political sensations of modern times by printing a private memorandum which his lordship as Foreign Secretary had addressed to the Russian Government, and which made the character of important negotiations that were then in progress between this country and Russia wear an entirely different aspect from that which they had borne in the public mind up till then. Somehow a clerk in the Foreign Office had gained access to the memorandum, and sold a copy of it to the paper in question. He was, of course, at once discharged.

Now, there are times when the publication of what appears to be on the face of it a Government secret is more or less secretly connived at by the Government itself. It need not be explained that on such occasions the wily Government has some very particular fish to fry. Such, for example, was the clever diplomatic move of Lord Palmerston, who made certain overtures to France, and, it is alleged, had the substance of them printed unofficially in a newspaper with the simple object that they should be telegraphed by the Russian Embassy to St Petersburg, and serve as a warning to 'the Bear.' His calcula-

tions were, of course, justified. Lord Randolph Churchill also had his own ideas as to when a Cabinet secret was not a secret. It is an unwritten law, but still none the less inexorable, that a communication passing from one Minister to another shall not be acted upon under certain circumstances till it has reached the hands of the receiver. Yet the news of Lord Randolph's resignation was published in two London papers before the Prime Minister received it; and, what is more, it was Lord Randolph himself who put himself to the trouble of giving the information to the editors. He was of opinion that, as he was giving up his place in the Ministry on purely public grounds, the public ought to be told all about it; and therefore, as soon as he had posted the momentous decision to the Prime Minister he proceeded to acquaint Fleet Street with the news, and Fleet Street was nothing loath, whatever it thought about the surprising nature of the move.

Touching the Palmerston ruse referred to above,

it is of interest to note that quite the most up-to-date Governments have often a burning desire to tell their precious secrets to the world, but to tell them unofficially and in such a way that the story, whatever it is, cannot be fathered on to them. This is for the gain that may ensue, and the result is what is known as the 'inspired' paragraph in the Ministerial newspapers. The editor says that 'they understand,' and often enough the Government has set one more kite flying. Not upon its life dare the paper declare the source of its news; if it did it would probably be discredited. It is a pretty practice which has been amply justified.

Such is the Governmental secret in some of its most curious and most interesting aspects. A well-known political personage, sipping his coffee in a club smoking-room the other day, held that there had been more secrets of the most precious pattern hatched and reared and cackled over in Downing Street during the last two or three years than half-a-dozen average Governments can boast of. And perhaps he was right.

THE DAM REEF.

CHAPTER IV.



THAT same evening, just before I started to return to my wagons, Vera came to me, holding in her hand the skin-wrapped packet. She had opened it, and with an amused smile said, 'This, I fancy, will interest you as much as it does me. Take it, and when we meet in the morning you can perhaps make it more intelligible to me than it is at present.'

I took the packet—it was a small one—and putting it in my pocket, bade her good-night and left.

At the season of the year when these events took place the interim between daylight and nightfall is but infinitesimal; and after Pollo had given me to understand that the oxen were safely kraaled, I went to my wagon, and as the air felt a little keen, had recourse to my blankets, my lamp shining, for once, very brightly. Then I took the packet Vera had given me, and unfolding the contents, began to read. The document itself was not lengthy; but before I had read its last page I was brimful of amazement and alive with impatient desire to know the end. It was a somewhat rambling account of Mr Stanley's reasons for having created the lake, the sight of which had so surprised me when my wandering steps first trod the rocky ledge which brought me to the Stanley roof-tree. The ground that filled up the creek between the overhanging cliff and the place where the lake appeared to narrow in was, as I had thought, the result of a landslip, but one that

had been brought about by a skilful use of some half-dozen kegs of gunpowder, laid by Vera's father some half-score years before. To quote from the document itself:

'I had ever been anxious to keep my fertile and retired property to myself, and that desire became emphasised on the death of my wife, your mother. As you know, soon after that occurrence it became necessary for me to make ready for your return from school. I became selfish enough to think of my own comforts more than yours. What I ought to have done was to return to the old colony and make a suitable home for you there. My excuse is, I am old, and old men dislike making new homes. So I brought you here. But now for the reason of blocking up the creek. One day I was shooting on the crest of the cliff, when I discovered an outcrop of quartz. A close examination showed it to be rich in gold. I do not wish for more wealth. You, Vera, will be comfortably provided for, and mayhap will be marrying. When that event occurs, possibly your husband will need your money to aid him in some venture or other. That venture may fail. Should it happen so, take him to the dam, and let him investigate for himself. I took care to make certain, by burying the outcrop as far as it was traceable, that no casual visitor or prospector would discover the reef. There are many men nowadays on the lookout for properties; but I do not want them here in my time. The steam-whistle shall never make horrible the little Eden I have fostered here, in this secluded corner.'

Here the document broke off abruptly and went on to speak of other matters, all of no import, save as to what related to 'an old iron box' which the paper went on to state would be found under his bed-head, enclosed in a wooden case securely fastened. This box contained relics of the family and its belongings, which he believed—he had never examined them himself—dated back to the time of the first Stanley's arrival in the Cape Colony.

Though of ancient descent myself, I had long since become somewhat Radical, if not socialistic, in my opinions, and cared nothing for who or what Vera's antecedents might have been. This was considerate of me, seeing that she had not troubled me for an opinion. But what I was fully alive to was the chance for a successful prospect above the dam. Therefore, as soon as the dawn broke I got up, and strolled through the demesne as far as the dam, where I had a capital plunge in the cool waters, and hastily dressing, clambered up to the summit of the cliff. There, sure enough, were evidences that old Mr Stanley had buried something extensive. For fully a mile and a half there were signs of such operations as he had written of. The mounds, however, were now overgrown with vegetation, and but for the notification I had read I for one should never have surmised the presence of a gold reef.

I hied back to the dam, and on its lower side examined the débris lying in the creek. Nothing was to be seen. Mr Stanley had done his work effectually. There was not a trace of quartz about the place. I returned to my wagons, determining later to question old Klaas on the subject.

Presently I heard the gong for breakfast being sounded. I had been taking all my meals with Vera since we had come to so good an understanding; and now I hurried off to meet her at the breakfast-table and to ascertain her wishes.

After the usual morning salutation, her first question was, 'Well, what do you think of it?' meaning the mysterious packet.

'It implies a magnificent possibility,' I replied—'one that certainly ought to have attention paid to it. Is this the first intimation you have had of it?'

'I never heard a whisper as to its existence. It certainly could not have a more enthusiastic exploiter than yourself, Philip.'

'Does that mean that I have your permission to investigate and make further examination?'

'Most certainly it does. But before you become wholly engrossed in the undertaking, will you please lend me your valuable co-operation in a search through the—well, the family archives in the old iron box herein referred to?'

'Ah, yes! the iron box, of course. I had forgotten that in the fervour of my desire to know the secret of the dam.'

Hereupon she called the black girl-help, and told her to bring the box.

It was not a very cumbrous receptacle after all, not more than eighteen inches by twelve, but certainly an object deserving some respect if only as an antique. It was brass-banded, more for ornament, I imagined, than for added strength. After admiring it as a curiosity for a short time, we suddenly realised that the key was missing. But fortune favoured us. Vera withdrew, and presently returned again with a small half-gourd full of odds and ends, among which were a goodly number of keys. Right at the bottom of this, carefully wrapped in a bit of frayed skin, we found the identical key wanted; and an old and highly ornamented bit of steel it was, too. A few drops of oil eased the opening of the lock greatly, for its interior was corroded with rust. A slight jerky lift and the lid fell back, revealing a number of yellow, time-stained documents. These documents supplied us with food for reflection for many a long day. From them we gathered information which furnished us with a surprise of its kind rarely if ever equalled, and which for some time modified my extreme ardour for the task of prospecting the dam.

The first paper that I opened was a marriage certificate which had been issued in the old Hollander town of Delft, and which certified to the nuptial ceremony having been performed between Katterina Krynauw and Petrus Stainsley. This interested me, as Stainsley was yet another way of spelling my own name. Vera also found some old letters bearing date 1751, written in quaint Dutch style. These too bore the name of Stainzlee. What did all this mean—this constant recurrence of the name Stainsley or Stainzlee? Was it possible that they might have some connection with that long-lost branch of my own family? Should I in this out-of-the-world spot learn something of the fate of the errant Ralph Stainsleigh who married the daughter of the poor but worthy burgomaster? It was just possible.

'Look at this, Philip,' said Vera suddenly, holding out a paper. 'It is a letter from a namesake of yours to some old ancestor of mine.'

I took the faded letter in my hand, and looking carelessly at the heading, saw written there, in the quaint, crabbed style of the early days of the eighteenth century:

'STAINBLEIGH TOWERS, *yc* 25 *Julii* 1726.

'MY DEARE RAFE,—Youre marige has displeased our Father. I think itt wolde bee only ryghte for ye to com if possyble to see hym. Hee is now in failynge helthe.'

Here time and stains had obliterated the short remainder; but the signature seemed to put an end to all doubt as to the correctness of my half-formed surmise that I had thus strangely stumbled

on the other end of the chain of my broken family connections.

I said nothing of what I thought to Vera; but later on, when she brought me another packet of letters that had been her mother's, and bade me read them, I did so, and in them found allusion to her husband's grandfather, which supplied an explanation of the reason why he had allowed the old name of Stainzlee, Stainsley, or Stainsleigh to become merged into the shorter one of Stanley: the explanation being that it was purely accidental, and arose from the difficulty the Colonial Dutch found in adhering to strictly English utterances.

Here, then, was the missing link restored. The son of old Ralph Stainsleigh, who married the burgomaster's daughter, had thrown in his lot with the Dutch *émigrés* that came to the colony at the same time as he did. His children had grown up with theirs, and, though still retaining English proclivities, had suffered their old name of Stainsleigh to drift into the Dutch of Stainzlee, which again, as years wore on and more English arrivals came in, found yet another variant in Stainsley, and later became more English still in the abbreviated form of Stanley, which seemed to have come to stay.

But the outcome of all this—what of it? Simply, that I had unwittingly, but very happily, stumbled on the object of my quest, and that success was likely to prove a dual—nay, who could say?—perhaps a treble one.

No wonder, then, my face wore something of a triumphant expression, for on turning to Vera I found her closely watching the effect the letter had upon me.

'Well, Philip, how do you read the riddle?'

'To me, Vera, the answer is as plain as daylight. If you do not fathom it, let me explain.'

'The whole business is opacity itself to me,' was her reply. 'Be good enough to clear my view.'

Then I took the old-time letter which bore the heading 'Stainsleigh Towers,' and pointing to those words, said, 'That is, or rather was, the home of my ancestors, and of your ancestors also. We come of the self-same stock. You are a cousin of mine, though goodness knows how many times removed.'

At first Vera failed to comprehend such an extraordinary revelation. Then I sat down and gave her the fullest details of our family history; whereat she wondered much.

Presently, taking my hand, she said, 'I have always, from our first meeting, felt a going-out towards you; but now I feel frightened at you. You seem like a ghost—a substantial one, I admit—come to warn me of a great change in my life. I am oppressed by the suddenness of this enlightenment.'

'Do not let your imagination run riot, dear Vera. The business is very real, and flesh and

blood of this nineteenth century lives on realism. Certainly I think, or rather hope, a change in your life is about to set in. For instance, I have known you for three whole weeks, and that period has resolved itself into a millennium in a moment. Since we live at such a rapid pace, let me tell you I too have experienced a going-out towards your dear self—so much so that I want now to draw you entirely into my life. I am not much of a sentimentalist, therefore, when I tell you I love you. I say all that I can say, beyond asking if you will be my wife.'

'But, Philip, I am your cousin, you say; and as that is so, what will the law of consanguinity have to say in the matter?'

'Nothing at all, Vera, provided you will consent. You know the old phrase, "Distance lends enchantment," &c. Well, that applies beautifully to our case. We are cousins, truly; but old Father Time has established a satisfactory distance between us, aided by other circumstances over which we have had no control.'

Then Vera settled down, contented with the prospective change of condition.

Our aims in life were now one. The first thing I was anxious to attempt was the prospecting of the alleged reef near the dam. To this end, in less than a week a hundred Kaffirs were busy in clearing away débris from the face of the cliff. At the close of the second day's operations sufficient work had been done to enable me to feel satisfied that the reef was a payable one. I extemporised some crushing-gear, and after putting ten or twelve tons of rock through 'the mill,' and reducing the results to a minimum, I set quietly to work to pan out. At the very least, under such primitive gear as I had, I felt sure she—reefs are always feminine—would go from two to two and a half ounces. This was good enough for me to hasten the flow of circumstances.

The old Cape-cart was brought out and furnished up. Klaas groomed four horses into something like presentable working order; and, with Klaas's boy Pete as groom in attendance, a week from the exploitation of the Dam Reef saw Vera and myself on our road to Pretoria.

On our arrival some ten days after, I located Vera at the most comfortable hotel there. Then I hunted up an old acquaintance who was living in the town with his wife and family, and to him explained the delicacy of Vera's situation; and he, like a trump that he is, suggested that his wife should at once make Vera's acquaintance. This was arranged, and the two ladies became speedily great friends. A day or two later Vera was lodged safely and comfortably with these new friends.

Then I turned my steps towards Johannesburg, showed my prospects, and very soon effected a provisional arrangement with a syndicate organised for the purpose. Thus the Dam

Reef was put on its first legs. It began to toddle early, passed rapidly and healthily through succeeding stages, and is now a well-grown specimen of its order.

Our wedding came off with great *éclat*, and we are cheery under our new conditions. Vera says she will not be entirely happy till the day comes when the last acre of the property formerly belonging to Stainsleigh Towers is

restored. Some hundreds of acres have already been redeemed; but to gather all of them under one common seal will take perhaps longer than either Vera or I think.

At this time of writing the snug homestead near the reef has lost its rusticity, while the shriek of the steam-whistle and the eternal chatter of the 'boys' are not calculated to induce much longing on the part of my wife to return.

AT SEA IN TIME OF WAR.

By DAVID WILSON.



O prevent disappointment, it must be stated at once that this article is not a dissertation upon our present Government, nor yet upon the parties against the Government.

It contains only a few anecdotes; but they are well worth telling, and seem quite credible—a rather rare quality. They make past days present to us for a few minutes, and illustrate the influence of example better than any sermon.

These anecdotes were first told to me not long ago in Burma by my friend Mr M'Intosh. Shortly after hearing them I lamented to him that such stories should be lost. 'Then why not put them into writing? Isn't Captain Orr's word good enough?' I had to admit that nobody in Greenock doubted the word of Captain Orr. He is an excellent old veteran, intelligent, and matter-of-fact. Everybody that knows him would believe what he said. But as several years had passed since the stories were told to Mr M'Intosh, and I could only write down my recollection of his recollection of what Captain Orr said, that was too roundabout to be worth much. Thereupon Mr M'Intosh promised to lend me a letter written by Captain Orr, with leave to make use of it; and he kept his word.

Here is the letter. It touches in parts on family matters that do not concern the public, so I shorten it here and there, and alter one name to meet the wishes of the person referred to. Captain Orr's own words are indicated by quotation marks. For the rest, let it suffice the reader to know that the venerable old gentleman is still alive and healthy, ninety-four years of age, and known to me and many others as perfectly veracious:

'GREENOCK, 18th Nov. 1895.

'MY DEAR' DONALD M'INTOSH,—'I was much gratified with the postscript to your last letter: . . . "If you have time I would be very pleased to get the story of grandpapa's father you remember telling me about." . . .

'The action of itself was very short; but, strange to say, it . . . stimulated and led on to . . . two enterprises of the same kind, one of them after many years, and all of which I know to be true.

'You must excuse the yarn of an old sailor, whose mind dwells more on the past than the present; but I think . . . some historical circumstances bearing on the period at which my tale begins will make the incident . . . clearer. . . . For I well remember that, in my early youth, wars by sea and land and the martial deeds of our sailors and soldiers were the general conversation in society high and low, *when timber toes and wooden arms seemed to run in the blood of some families.*

'Of my uncle, Captain Robert Clouston (your great-grandfather), I heard . . . a great deal when a very little boy from a lady who had the rearing of my sisters and me. For I was an orphan when seven years of age. She was his and my sister's cousin; and as she was brought up amidst sailors, her mind was stored with their deeds and songs, many of which are as fresh in my mind to-day as when first poured into my willing ear eighty years ago; and often I heard the story of "Bold Bob Clouston" told with great glee in all its details.

'It was an eventful period.' Napoleon had closed all Continental ports to foreign trade. Britain declared them blockaded, and swept French traders from the sea. France sent out privateers, 'fast-sailing, well-armed vessels, under French Admiralty commission, to capture merchant-ships. . . . And daring fellows they were, and they captured many Greenock ships, some of them even at the entrance of the Clyde.'

Your grandfather had letters and papers relating to his father's exploit; but when he became Lord Provost of Glasgow he was interviewed about it, and must have given away the papers, 'for he told me latterly that he did not know where they were.' So I cannot give the exact date or name the ports. It was in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in seas not far from home.

The maritime law of war 'then, as now, was that when a ship was captured at sea she had to be sent to the nearest port of the capturer's country. . . . The captain and several of the crew were retained on board' to show she was a lawful prize.

'Captain Clouston was proceeding on his voyage (where from or to I have forgotten) when his ship was captured by a French privateer. . . . When he saw capture was inevitable, he determined to

attempt the desperate game of regaining possession of his ship, and, before he surrendered, concealed a loaded pistol. For he knew that France had abolished the humane practice of cartel (exchange of prisoners), and so he believed that on reaching a French port he would be sent 'far up the interior of France' as a prisoner of war, to 'lie and rot, it might be for life, as many already were . . . doing. . . . He also knew that if he failed he would speedily have the rope round his neck and be hanging at the yardarm of his own ship.'

'The ship was now a prize, with a French officer and crew on board.' The captain, cook, and an apprentice were kept on board 'for condemnation, as it was termed;' and the cook and apprentice agreed with their captain that even death was better than 'to linger out a starved existence in a prison till they were gray-headed or dead.' So they watched their captors, while the captors were thinking only of having a good time and seeing France soon.

The crew took dinner in the forecabin. They entered it from deck through a hatchway, going about ten feet down a steep ladder. Upon the hatchway was a strong hinged lid, fitted with hasp and staple. When the crew went down to dinner they made the apprentice steer. Meanwhile the French officer and the captain dined together in the cabin. The cook, though a prisoner, was made to work, and he waited table.

Suddenly one day at dinner Captain Clouston 'held his pistol to the Frenchman's face,' and the cook 'threw an empty flour-bag over his head, and quickly tied his hands behind his back and his feet round the legs of the table,' so that he could neither move nor make a noise.

Captain Clouston and the cook next went to the forecabin. Only one man could come up the ladder at a time, so the pistol made them masters of the situation. They shut down and secured the hatchway. The whole French crew was trapped, and Captain Clouston was again in command of his ship. In a few days he reached a British port, and handed over his prisoners to the authorities.

Even in the days of our wars with Napoleon such a feat caused a sensation, and in particular 'inflated the minds of young shipmasters with the resolution that, if caught in the same circumstances, they would be equal to the occasion.

'Two years afterwards Captain Robert Lyon, in the ship *John*, belonging, I think, to Rodger Stewart and Co. of Greenock, . . . was captured by a Frenchman, . . . and an officer and prize crew put on board to conduct her to a French port.'

Now, to understand what follows, it is needful to realise the painful dilemma in which a privateer captain was placed by a run of success. If a prize were a good ship and had a valuable cargo, he lost the best of the plunder if he burned or sank her. Yet, if he put a prize crew on board and sent her away, he reduced his 'effective strength.' Thus it was that *La Fort*, 'one of the finest frigates of the French navy, . . . being in the East Indies, captured

a large number of British East India Company's ships; and to secure such valuable prizes so weakened her own crew that she fell an easy prey to the British frigate *Sybelle*—Captain Cook.'

So 'it is likely the prize crew put on board Captain Lyon's ship was as few as possible, and you may be sure not their best men. Be that as it may, they were not long on board their prize till they found there was plenty of rum, and soon got merry; and, as Frenchmen not quite up to the potency' of rum, were one day 'dead drunk, officer and all. Captain Lyon did not let the chance slip.' He handcuffed the officer, made the sailors prisoners in the forecabin, and set the ship's course for England. An adventure he met on the way would be out of place in a novel as too improbable; but it is a fact.

The very next day after the recapture he was chased by a French privateer, from whom he could not escape. 'That was dreadfully bad news to the poor French officer.' If the ship were captured again and sent to France after all, he, 'a commissioned naval officer, would be tried by court-martial and sentenced to death for such gross dereliction of duty as to allow two men and a boy to make him and his crew prisoners and recapture a valuable prize. He had good reason to prefer being now taken to Britain' as a prisoner of war, with the hope of a safe return by-and-by.

On his earnest entreaty Captain Lyon restored to him his sword, and hoisted the French tricolour above the Union-jack. When the privateer came alongside, the French officer, wearing his sword and in full uniform, stood on the poop, and explained to the captain of the new privateer that this ship was already a prize of another, and that he was the officer in charge conducting her to a French port. 'The ruse succeeded. The privateer sheered off to look for other game.

'The officer redelivered his sword to Captain Lyon,' and nothing else happened till they reached Loch Ryan, 'where he obtained assistance,' and thence 'conveyed her to Greenock. He was handsomely rewarded by owners and underwriters.'

Captain Lyon kept the French officer's sword, and in after-years at home often told the story of how he got it. After his death his widow gave it to Mr W. P. Paul, of Greenock, who has it still. Mrs Lyon herself said that a neighbour of theirs, a Mrs Wilson, had a son who was often in their house. Many years after Captain Lyon's death, his widow told Mrs Paul she 'had a perfect recollection of the little boy Wilson, and that he many times saw the sword, and often heard the story from Captain Lyon himself of how he recaptured his ship.'

The clouds go swiftly by, so too the years. In the beginning of 1862 that little boy was Captain Wilson, commanding the large merchant-ship *Emile St Pierre*, with a valuable cargo on board, bound from Calcutta to Charleston. Before leaving Calcutta the captain knew the Yankees were quarrelling among themselves; but he had no news of war or

of a blockade. Great, therefore, was his surprise on being stopped off Charleston and boarded by the American war-steamer *James Adger*. He was told his ship was made a prize 'for attempting to enter a blockaded port.' The crew, all but himself, the cook, and steward, were taken on board the warship, and 'a prize-master with a number of American seamen put on board to navigate' the *Emile St Pierre* to Philadelphia, with the captain, cook, and steward on board, 'for proof of condemnation.'

Captain Wilson first made sure the cook and steward would stand by him, and were willing to run all risks; then, on the third day after the capture, he trapped the American seamen in the fore-castle and put the prize-master in irons.

'But now . . . commenced' the hardest part of his work. He had 'only two men, neither of them sailors. . . . The ship was leaky, and pumps had to be attended to; that of itself labour enough' for three men. 'He had to steer away from the American coast to keep out of the track of ships, for fear of falling into the hands of another man-of-war. The whole' breadth . . . 'of the Atlantic Ocean had to be navigated before a British port could be reached. One of the three had always to be at the helm to steer the ship. There was the heavy labour of reducing and setting sails according to the weather during the uncertain, tempestuous month of March,' and 'the daily duty of ascertaining his position by . . . latitude and longitude. . . . Most disagreeable of all was the necessity of keeping fifteen men imprisoned in the fore-castle in sanitary condition and supplied with food and water—the latter a very scarce article after a long passage from the East Indies,' to say nothing of the unlucky 'prize-master locked up in the cabin. . . . For nearly five long weeks night and day had this vigilant ordeal to be maintained by these three men, till they arrived at Liverpool on the 21st of April.'

'Extract from "*Liverpool Directory*," 1880.

"*Annals of Liverpool*," p. 67.

"1862. April 21.—The *Emile St Pierre* from Calcutta arrived under command of Captain

Wilson. She had previously been captured by the Federal war-steamer *James Adger* on the 18th of March off Charleston, a prize crew sent on board, and ordered to Philadelphia, the steward and cook only being allowed to remain on board with Captain Wilson.

"On the third morning she was most gallantly recaptured. . . . The crew were placed in irons, and the vessel was brought safely into this port.

"*May 3rd*.—Captain Wilson was presented with a gold chronometer and a coffee and tea service subscribed for by one hundred and seventy merchants, a gold medal from the Mercantile Marine Association, and a sum of two thousand pounds sterling by the owners. The steward and cook were each presented with a purse of seventy guineas and a silver medal. The owners also presented them with three hundred pounds each."

Some days later, without giving a new date to his letter, Captain Orr concludes it.

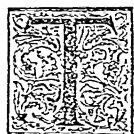
'Since writing the foregoing I have a letter from Mr W. P. Paul, who . . . has the French officer's sword. . . . He gives a graphic account of the recapture of the *John*, as he received it from Mrs Lyon. It differs from what I heard only in some minor details, not worth mentioning.

'Thus you see, dear Donald, how one brave action is the exciting cause to another. Captain Clouston . . . instigated Captain Lyon,' and Captain Lyon's trophy, the French officer's sword, and his account of it, stimulated Captain Wilson to repeat 'the same daring deed after sixty years. . . .—Yours truly,
WILLIAM ORR.'

Commentary upon this letter would be superfluous. Let the following fragment of talk about it suffice for conclusion :

'I like these yarns,' said Captain Murray. 'I believe them, and I could sit all night listening to the like of them. But what is the use of them nowadays?' 'None whatever, with lascar crews,' replied somebody, and the talk ended in laughter.

A L O N D O N L A N D L A D Y.



THE London landlady has been immortalised, and deservedly so, for she is one of the most unique products of our modern civilisation. Her ways are dark and intricate—unfathomable to our duller intelligences. I write of one of the best of her class—of the worst much has been said and written; but full justice can never be done to her.

When I first established myself under Mrs Robinson's hospitable roof I think she was inclined to entertain doubts of my thorough respectability. I always hang portraits of my

favourite authors on my walls; and when Mrs Robinson first saw the array of many faces she looked doubtfully from me to them, and remarked gravely, 'You seem to have a good many gentlemen friends, miss!' I assured her that none of the friends in question were ever likely to appear at my lodgings; that, indeed, most of them were long since dead. Thereat she was evidently gratified.

Prominent among my landlady's many peculiarities is her systematic depreciation of my personal belongings. I had furnished my own rooms with a portion of the treasured furniture

of the dear old home that now is but part and parcel of my dreams. This was before I had experienced the storm and stress of London lodgings. When a plate of my valued Copeland dinner-service is cracked by violent concussion with a substantial scullery slop-stone, I am told in a tone of great suavity that 'old china does get so *himpoverished*—it *will* crack.' I cannot refute this ingenious statement, but resolve to replace my Copeland by enamelled tin, feeling sure that otherwise not only my china but myself too will become rapidly impoverished.

During the first weeks of my life under the Robinson regime, and before the arrival of my own household goods, I was provided by my landlady with a teapot which I shall always remember with bitterness. This teapot was for a time the bane of my life. Twice a day did I wrestle with it: at first in a spirit of quiet determination, then conciliating and persuasive, next with vicious irritation, and finally with speechless, helpless frenzy; yet, in spite of blandishments, cursory remarks, and violent handling, it stoutly refused to perform its simple functions without first reducing me to a state of utter prostration. This discourtesy on the part of the teapot is not, however, peculiar to Mrs Robinson's teapot. All lodging-house teapots share it. I have known teapots that poured anywhere but into the cup; teapots that gushed generously forth at the lid, and refused to allow more than a feeble trickle to escape at the spout; teapots, even, that would not part with any of their precious contents at either aperture until violently poked with some sharp implement. Never have I been blessed with a lodging-house teapot that did its humble work with a proper spirit of amiability.

To return to Mrs Robinson. There are certain common and inexpensive things on which she, with the rest of her class, would seem to set an inexplicable value. Hot water is one, salt another; while, as for matches, it would be impossible to exaggerate the jealous care with which she guards them. The last is an annoying form of economy. I come home from, it may be, a concert, with soul attuned to the divine harmonies of the *Eroica*, or to the tempestuous passion of *Tristan und Isolde*—perhaps from the mysterious charms of Maeterlinck—and I find the house wrapped in utter darkness. I grope my way upstairs, for I know that to fumble for matches on the hatstand is only to bring down a shower of top-hats.

I reach my room; and though I fancy that I know the general lie of the land, even in the dark, it seems as if every piece of furniture had shifted its position during my absence. I knock my shins against a chair and my head against a bookshelf; I embrace the piano; I trip over my slippers on the hearth. Ah! at last, the welcome haven of the mantelpiece, and I slide my hand

gently along. A vase falls into the fender, and the poker and tongs stand up in indignant protest. Next a few photograph-frames collapse; but of matches not a trace! I creep into my bedroom, and in hopeless depression clutch feebly at all sorts of unpleasant things, such as soap, pin-cushions, and candlesticks; but in vain. At last I resign myself to my dark fate. I find the following morning that the priceless matches had been taken downstairs to be handy for lighting the kitchen fire in the morning. The only really appropriate prelude to such an experience would be an evening at the Independent Theatre with little Eyolf or Hedda Gabler.

The uninitiated may think this state of things is easily remedied. 'Buy a dozen of Bryant and May's for your exclusive use!' Alas! my friend, this simple remedy has been tried and found of no avail. In two days you are again matchless. I positively believe that landladies must use them in their culinary operations—perhaps to sharpen up a curry, or else—and in these days it would be hardly surprising—matches must go off on strike in the silent watches of the night.

In one peculiarity, however, I would give much to be able to emulate Mrs Robinson; and that is in the sublime indifference with which she treats facts—hard facts, against which most of us manage to bump our heads so unmercifully. To swear that black is white were a small feat to her; for in her triumphant rejection of any fact which does not please her she has been known to describe a London egg of very uncertain age, which I had sent from the table, with the peculiarly unsuitable phrase, 'fresh as a daisy.' I suggested that her sense of smell was not acute. 'Smell!' she said. 'Why, I've *tasted* it!' After that no more could be said, and my indignation was softened by a generous pity.

In the matter of time, too, Mrs Robinson is entirely indifferent to fact. In her unique philosophy she makes of man's inexorable tyrant a minion whom she treats with contumely. Though all the clocks in the vicinity and all the watches in the house—except her own—are at one accord, Mrs Robinson's time will refute them all if she so desires it. Perhaps, like the Hatter and the March Hare, she is on good terms with Time.

Most landladies have a favourite lodger, generally of the male sex; for landladies unanimously seem to share the opinion of the Yorkshire agitator against Woman's Rights, who declared as a starting-point that 'Wumman, as Wumman, is a *mistake*.' Certainly, 'wumman' as a lodger would seem to be so.

Mrs Robinson's favourite lodger was a certain Mr Binney. He was occupied by day in what Mrs R. called 'an 'ouse of business.' Simpler folk might have called it a shop. Mr Binney was treated to luxuries undreamed of by me. For him was culled the choice sardine, so to

speak. For him hot puddings were snatched from my longing eyes ere I had the chance of a second helping.

This 'Admirable Crichton' had a pair of very old slippers in which, night after night, he used to creak upstairs and about his room, killing all sleep for me, whose ill-luck it was to have the room beneath his. When I mentioned the fact to Mrs Robinson her face at once assumed the injured air I knew so well. 'Oh, miss,' she said reproachfully, 'he has such a fondness for them slippers! He has memories about them. He could *never* give them up.' What these strangely abiding memories were I know not. I have memories of quite another kind about his slippers.

On one occasion, having had 'words' with Mrs Robinson, I told her I would write my orders for the day and send them down by the servant, as I felt it better we should not have any personal communication for a time. The first day this new method came into practice I had lying by me a small slip of paper on which I had signed a receipt for the payment of an article I had contributed to a well-known magazine. I had written my orders for dinner on a similar slip of paper, and gave the wrong one to the servant; so the august editor of *The* — received a strange communication from me, in which he was told to 'curry what is left of the mutton, and boil the vegetables more thoroughly.' When I discovered my mistake I hastened to explain it; but my manuscripts are now returned by him, and I believe he thinks I am a harmless lunatic.

Mrs Robinson's comments on matters dramatic, literary, and musical are no less unexpected than her attitude towards common things. After seeing Wilson Barrett's production of *The Manxman* she remarked to me, 'Oh, I *do* think it's good for young folk to go to the theayter! It does *so* enlighten 'em.' I was quite ready to agree with her as to the latter statement; but it seemed to me that her mind ran on somewhat uncommon lines. 'Have you seen 'im in the *Shadow of the Cross*?' she continued. 'I read that in a 'alfpenny novelette, an' I read the *Prisoner of Zanzibar* too: it *was* good!' 'Had you read *The Manxman*?' I asked, stifling my laughter. 'No,' said Mrs Robinson thoughtfully; 'an' it's strange I 'adn't; for I've read a lot—I've read all Mrs 'Enery Wood's.'

One day, having practised for several hours at a difficult and unmelodious study, I said, 'I am afraid you have found my music rather trying.' 'Oh no!' she responded cheerfully; 'I don't mind. I like your nice oratorios.'

She mortally offended a sensitive 'cellist of my acquaintance by welcoming him on the doorstep with the following remark: 'Come in, sir; come in. I know you—you're the gent as plays the grumbly thing that you scrape.'

Good Mrs Robinson! if your eye should fall by chance on these lines, will you, I wonder, forgive me? I mean it all in the kindest spirit, but protest that while you live on me—as joints, coals, and more especially gorgonzola silently demonstrate you do—it is only fair that I should in my turn reap some benefit from my connection with you.

'AVE, ROMA IMMORTALIS!'

'THE same blue sky bends over all.'

Nay, nay, 'tis scarcely true.

I never fathomed in my dreams

Such wondrous depths of blue.

The dewy radiance of the dawn,

How luminous and clear!

Across the wide Campagna's bounds

The distant hills draw near.

How white upon their painted slopes

Each nestling village shows!

How blue the shadowy lines that cross

Sorracte's lingering snows!

What touch of magic in the air

Has witched the land, in sooth,

And to this old, world-weary Rome

Restored the glow of youth?

Her paths are worn by many a foot,

Her stones by many a stain;

The record of her woes doth keep

The measure of earth's pain.

Yet still the scented wind, that sways

The white acacia flowers,

Doth breathe through many a ruined shrine

The charm of Flora's bowers.

The wild-rose haunts the hedgerow still;

While gaily, overhead,

Each crumbling, creviced wall doth flaunt

Its poppy-wreath of red.

From chink to chink among the stones

The shining lizards run;

The yellow butterfly floats forth

To frolic in the sun.

By yon brown fane, whose lichen'd dome

Has viewed a thousand springs,

Still jubilant, alert, elate,

The thrush his pean sings.

Athwart the radiant blue of heaven

The ilex darkly glooms;

The shadow of the cypress lies

Across a land of tombs.

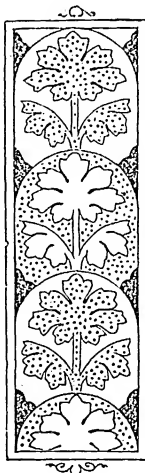
But yet beneath that sky serene

No shade may long dismay,

When conquering spring in triumph rides

Along the Appian Way.

M. GRAHAM.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

EDITORIAL DESIDERATA.

'What d'ye lack, my noble masters? What d'ye lack?'
—Old Street Cry.

THE era wherein the omnipresent typewriter has smoothed the rough and too frequently divergent paths of editor and author has inaugurated also the 'Contributors' Guide'—a compendium which, though it occupies less than a score of pages in the *Literary Year-Book*, is yet skilfully designed to guard the inaugural steps of the writer against the countless pitfalls besetting the path he aspires to tread.

A few useful if somewhat trite remarks respecting the desirability of writing on only one side of the paper, and of having all manuscripts typewritten, preface the list of the principal magazines and periodicals and their special requirements. The compiler makes some wise observations on the necessity of discretion in the matter of submitting manuscripts. He lays stress upon freshness of idea and subject, and denounces the old-fashioned article dealing with the dead world. In his opinion, 'the interest of the public is in living people and in living material.'

It is in the details supplied by each individual editor as to the class of literary matter he esteems acceptable to his particular journal that the interest concentrates. Even in these latter days it is a distinct achievement to have rent that veil of courtesy from behind whose folds the all-powerful editor blandly issues those neat little printed forms wherein, with compliments and thanks, 'he regrets his inability to use the accompanying manuscript.'

Towards the persuasive Mr Herbert Morrah, who is responsible for the conduct of the *Guide*, the author's gratitude abounds when he discovers that, at his instigation, not only do these dignitaries condescend to state what manner of matter they prefer, but even in certain cases become confidential to the extent of frankly telling the price they are prepared to pay for it; though, as a rule, the higher-class journals maintain a becoming silence on the question of honorarium.

The length of contributions in demand is
No. 269.—VOL. VI.

heterogeneous to a puzzling degree, ranging as it does from articles of five hundred words to one-hundred-thousand-word serials; though close study of the *Guide* convinces that the literary conditions most in request are curtailed articles and very short stories. The *Universal Magazine*, *Good Words*, and *Hearth and Home* set three thousand words as the limit of their minor fiction, and the editors of *Macmillan's*, *Pearson's*, *Pall Mall*, *Idler*, *Royal*, *Harmsworth's*, and the *Captain* do not crave tales that exceed four thousand words. *Cornhill Magazine* allows five hundred words more, and the *Century*, *Chambers's Journal*, *English Illustrated*, *Englishwoman*, and the *Lady's Realm* would not reject a story because its words chanced to number five thousand; while such a publication as *McClure's Magazine* makes six thousand its maximum. The *Windsor*, recognising with admirable discretion that the best writing cannot be woven by measure like ribbons, declares length dependent on subject.

Scribner's and *Temple Bar* are willing to consider tales of variant lengths, and in almost every instance articles ought to fill less space than fiction. The ruler of the *Fortnightly Review* is open to accept articles on social, literary, and political topics even though they run to seven thousand words.

The special requirements of the multifarious publications are amazingly diverse. Only one editor, who, we presume, is young, elects to invite poetical contributions. The *Lady's Gazette*, while inviting stories of a domestic character, repudiates adventurous work or that dealing with detectives. The *Century Magazine* makes no secret that in its pages English contributions are wanted less than American; while *McClure's*, not so exclusive, remarks that although the magazine has many articles based on American life, almost any subject well treated finds a chance of acceptance.

The editor of the *Strand*, displaying a width of view worthy his journal's circulation, is ready to consider articles of general interest, and always finds records of strange experiences acceptable;

JAN. 24, 1903.

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but, to ameliorate the heart-sickness attendant on deferred hope, he thoughtfully adds that, owing to the enormous amount of manuscripts received, he finds it impossible to guarantee an answer within a definite time. *Chambers's Journal* has use for high-class fiction and articles of current interest. *Macmillan's Magazine* needs articles on history, travel, and general subjects; while *Blackwood's*, nearly akin, accepts articles on sport, travel, and history. The *Pall Mall Magazine* wants stories and articles of a length of four thousand words; the payment varies. *Temple Bar* requires literary essays, historical and biographical articles, and fiction. *Cassell's Magazine* likes fresh, crisp stories complete in one number, and bright, topical articles (three or four months ahead of date) capable of effective illustration. The *Woman at Home* will consider short stories, sketches, and articles of general or domestic interest. *Pearson's* delights in bright, popular matter; and *Harmsworth's*, while wanting bright, romantic short stories, confesses to finding very short stories of between fifteen hundred and three thousand words, and articles of between one and two thousand, useful where longer compositions could not be accepted. *Crampton's Magazine* allows intending contributors the widest possible scope, but hints that nothing should be submitted 'unless of considerable merit or importance.' The *Wide World Magazine* wants true stories of adventure and incident; also articles on curious and out-of-the-way subjects, all being illustrated by sets of striking photographs. The *Queen* wishes articles of about a thousand words in length; drawings or good photographs may accompany the contributions. The average remuneration is twenty-five shillings a column. The *Ladies' Field* gives preference to 'such matter as will interest cultured sports-women.' Sketches, light articles, and dialogues are desired by the *Court Circular*; and *Vanity Fair* declares that, like the racks in a railway-carriage, it is intended for light articles only.

The courteous editor of the *Monthly Review*, after politely expressing his happiness in receiving manuscripts, requests his correspondents in the case of unsolicited manuscripts to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter, and to state whether he is offered the refusal of the manuscript indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, he regretfully declines to be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration. The *Nineteenth Century and After* and the *Saturday Review*, with a lack of civility that strikes harshly after such courtly punctilio, unite in haughtily refusing to return rejected manuscripts, even when the harmless necessary stamps are enclosed.

Punch does not solicit contributions, but returns them to the senders if accompanied by envelopes properly addressed. Both the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch* admit their preference for

work by members of their staffs; and only in the 'rarest cases' is outside matter accepted by the *Literary World*. The *Speaker* announces bluntly that for its pages outside contributions are not invited. The editor of the *Sphere* declines to consider manuscripts of any kind unless he has been previously approached as to their possible utility, and to the *Tatler* the same rule applies. The *Westminster Gazette* is prepared to consider stories, sketches, and general articles. The *Leisure Hour* briefly requests aspiring authors to study the magazine.

The wide fields of learning, science, art, travel, and Church affairs are open to writers for the *Pilot* (which has undergone the unprecedented fate of a literary resurrection); while the *New Age* has a leaning towards short, pithy articles (from one thousand to two thousand five hundred words in length) on political, economic, social, literary, and religious topics. In the case of the *Spectator* manuscripts are returned if possible, and a preliminary letter is not asked for.

Specific matters the *United Service Magazine* wishes to treat are travel and military topics of the day, naval or military history, and strategy, tactics, drill, and naval or military administration. *Commercial Intelligence* desires short practical articles likely to further the interests of British trade, but pointedly remarks that 'articles scolding the British manufacturer are not invited.'

For *To-day* bright short stories are always welcome, also articles on graver subjects when first-rate. *Woman* invites topical articles of a light nature and interviews only, and prefers stories that are 'dramatic and show knowledge of human character.'

Amidst the heterogeneous confusion of preference or dislike, it surprises one to find the less important publications the more exacting and definite in their demands. *M.A.P.*, for instance, requires new, true, and original anecdotes, and pen-portraits of men and women of the day; also two-thousand-two-hundred-word tales 'with pleasant tone, pleasant ending, and strong plot.' The *Princess Novelette* solicits stories of strong love interest, with dramatic treatment. *Home Chat*, too, wants strong love interest, with a pleasant tone; while tales of a 'happy tone' will recommend themselves to the *Home Circle*. The comprehensive taste of *Young People* fancies 'short chatty articles of healthy religious tone, interesting to children of seven to seventy years of age,' in addition to 'tales of school-life, city-life, life on the sea, fairy-tales, Nature parables, &c.' The *Girls' Friend*, evidently determined to give the public good value for the halfpenny which is its price, asks for serial stories running from seventy to one hundred thousand words in length, said stories to be 'healthy in tone, moderately sensational, with a strong love interest, plenty of pathos, and a conventional happy

ending'! Should there exist a gifted author so fortunate as to have achieved a novel fulfilling all these requirements, let him straightway convey it to Harmsworth Buildings, E.C., and there receive the guerdon due his labours.

It is with considerable diffidence that the writer approaches the delicate question of remuneration: a diffidence evidently shared by the amalgamated editors, to judge from the ingenuity they reveal in avoiding the subject.

Though many editors merely state that remuneration is always given, that it varies, that matter is paid by arrangement, or that all contributions are paid for, others are franker—some unnecessarily so. The editor of the *Strand* says he liberally rewards all accepted work; that of the *Lady's Magazine* describes his payment as 'prompt and liberal.' The *Lady's Gazette* pays 'at a fair rate;' *Life and Work* remunerates all contributors 'liberally.' The *Liberal Review* offers 'very high rates for special articles.' The *Windsor Magazine* rewards according to 'quality;' the *Army and Navy Gazette* 'at the editor's discretion,' *Black and White* 'on the merits of each article,' the *Onlooker* 'according to value of contribution,' and *Pearson's Weekly* gives 'good payment on merit only.' Several go so far as to state the terms they are prepared to give in undisguised pounds and shillings. Thus, *Science Siftings* offers sums ranging from five shillings to five guineas a column, and one wonders how often the highest rate is awarded. The *Artist* pays an average of a guinea a page of eight hundred words, while the *Studio* gives an average price of a guinea a page. *Tit-Bits* invariably pays a guinea a column, and *Answers* 'generally,' as also does the anti-vivisection organ, the *Zoophilist*. The *Boys' Own Paper* gives a guinea a page; so does the *British Printer*. Amongst journals offering a guinea a thousand words are the *Girls' Own Paper*, *Woman*, *Womanhood*, and *Forget-me-not*. The editor of *M.A.P.* recompenses outside contributors only with a guinea a thousand words, but he professes his willingness to fee commissioned articles at the rate of from two to four guineas a thousand.

The guinea would appear to be a favourite coin with editors. *Cassell's Saturday Journal* pays a

guinea for each column of about seven hundred words; the *Church Family Paper* considers a guinea sufficient payment for each article; *Home Circle* pays 'about' a guinea a page; and *Spare Moments* rewards the writers of two-thousand-word stories of good plot and dramatic interest with a guinea for each tale.

When, on rare occasions, the *Review of Reviews* accepts outside contributions it pays at 'the ordinary magazine rates:' a puzzling statement, considering the amazing diversity existing as to terms; while a periodical now defunct, which was nothing if not unique, seemed almost to flout the notion of writers expecting emolument, for it stated that remuneration, 'if required,' would be 'at the rate of one halfpenny a word.'

Five pounds a page is the top note in the *National Review's* scale of payment, which in certain instances descends as low as ten shillings. The *Educational Review* offers from five to ten shillings for a page of four hundred and twenty words; *Farm and Home*, twelve shillings a column; *Cycling News*, ten shillings a column of ninety lines; and the *Bazaar*, twelve shillings each thousand words.

Foreign publishers afford little inducement to home authors. The *Canadian Magazine* promises twelve shillings a thousand words for four-thousand-word articles; the *Madras Review*, which specially solicits English contributions, names two to five rupees a page. The *Indian Review*, which also desires English contributions and makes absolutely no restriction as to choice of subject, holds out the unenticing bait of half-a-guinea a page.

Lest these depressing figures should warn uninformed aspirants from taking the printward path, it is only fair to state that, with but few exceptions, the terms paid by the many editors who maintain a dignified reserve on the question of honorarium vary from two to twenty guineas a thousand words; the larger sum usually including the American serial rights. Many of the older-established publications have not adopted the system of reckoning by the number of words, and prefer to remunerate by the number of pages filled; but, however arrived at, the same result is usually reached.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER IX.—AN UPHEAVAL.



GEORGE'S next visit to the Light brought him only vexation of spirit and consequent increase of malevolence. Pierre received him with gloomy impassivity. Barbe flatly refused to come down out of the lantern. When, in desperation, he plucked up spirit to follow her there she immediately descended,

and would not throw him so much as a single look, much less a word.

Pierre had no wish to embroil himself with the wealthiest man in Plenevec—a man, too, who had ample opportunities of damaging one behind one's back, and who would have no hesitation in doing so to further his own ends or pay off his own scores. So he held aloof; and if he derived any

enjoyment from the quiet game of hide-and-seek, he did not show it. He had no desire for Barbe to marry any one. It would bring changes into the level life which for twelve years had amply satisfied him. Still, when she did marry, as he supposed she one day would, he would prefer the man with the money to the man without it. So, knowing that George's suit was, for the present at all events, useless, he gave him a free hand; and when George sulkily gave up the chase and dropped into a chair near him, all he said was, 'It's no use at present, *mon gars*. She is crazy for Alain Carbonec.'

'Confusion!' snapped George, and puffed curses through his pipe.

That night, in the boat, he found it difficult to keep his hands off Alain. A crack over the head while the other bent over to the nets, and it would be done. But—behind that rose two upright posts and a slant-edged knife; and, much as he hated Alain, he had no desire to take his last look through the narrow window on his account. A second disappearance from the Cadoual boat would never pass unnoticed; and Alain Carbonec was not like old Jeannot. He was no fool, he did not drink, and he was not the kind of man who tumbled overboard of his own accord. So George gnawed his heart in a silence that was denser and blacker than the night, and thought much; and when a man like George Cadoual thinks much under such conditions, it behoves the man about whom he is thinking to be on his guard.

If only Cadoual's ill-humour could have contented itself with silence and evil thoughts the night might have passed without untoward happening; but the very quietness of Alain's bearing was gall and wormwood to him. All the envy, hatred, and malice of his evil nature boiled and seethed within him like the contents of a witch's caldron. He kept his tongue within his teeth as long as he could, and then said:

'So you no longer visit the Light, *mon beau*?'

'How then?' asked Alain.

'The moth no longer goes to its candle?'

'How's that?' asked Alain imperturbably.

'Or if it goes it goes secretly, so that it can have its candle all to itself.'

'Who goes by himself chooses his own company,' said Alain curtly.

'It is true, and inflicts it on *ma'm'selle* also.'

'That's as it may be. *Ma'm'selle* is her own mistress.'

'As to that,' said Cadoual, with a nasty shrug, the flavour of which went into his voice, 'you probably know more about it than any one else. I confess I have my doubts'—

Then a swinging blow on the side of the head sent him floundering among the fish in the bottom of the boat; and as he scrambled up with his mouth full of fish-scales and curses, another stinging blow in the face sent him back again. He

sat for a moment, then picked up a heavy stone out of the ballast and hurled it at Alain's head.

It was a clear night, with an amazing wealth of stars, but no moon. The waves, when they broke against the side of the boat or by reason of carrying their heads too high, were shot with phosphorescent gleams. Not a light to fight by if any choice were left to one: a light, nevertheless, by which stones might be hurled with fair prospect of hitting when the object aimed at was only six feet away, and the stones came whizzing at Alain as fast as Cadoual could stoop and fling them. One caught him at last on the shoulder. As he reeled, the boat wobbled to the smack of a wave, and he measured his length among the cargo. Without rising, he flung his body over towards Cadoual in a blind fury, plucked his legs from under him before he knew what was coming, and the two men grappled fiercely among the slithering fish. Cadoual foamed curses and fought anyhow; but the blazing fiend that for the moment possessed Alain wasted nothing on words. All it wanted was the feel of Cadoual's throat crumpling under its fingers of steel, or the sound of his black head pulping against the side of the boat or the pieces of rock below. Alain Carbonec was never nearer murder than he was at that moment. When man and devil come to grips like this, the devil wins the fight and the winner's soul as well. Never was Alain Carbonec's soul in greater peril than when his fingers worked into Cadoual's throat at last, and he felt the muscles slipping about under them like a bundle of greasy cords. He was panting through his nostrils like a spent stag. He threw up his face for air while his fingers still gripped the other's throat. Far away to the east the light on Grand Bayou beat softly in and out like the pulsing of a golden heart. It whispered 'Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!' It beat through the whirling red mist that filled his brain to bursting, and his exultant hands reluctantly loosed their grip.

'*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*' he murmured, aghast at the recognition of that which was in him. And the devil slipped over the gunwale into the black water.

No word passed between the two men till they had landed in the early morning, and had got the fish ashore, washed the nets, and made the boat all ready for the next cruise. Then said Alain quietly:

'It is better that we part before worse comes of it. There is that between us which makes for trouble. You will get another man, and I will get another place.'

'It is all one,' growled Cadoual. 'Go anywhere you please.'

'If ever I hear of you saying one word against *Ma'm'selle Carcassone* I'll shake the life out of you, as I came near to doing last night,' said Alain, and walked away home to bed.

Alain found no difficulty in getting another place. He was recognised as a clever seaman and a lucky

fisherman, and his bright face alone was worth its place in any man's boat; but Cadoual found it no easy matter to make good his loss. He fell back for a time on riff-raff and ne'er-do-weels, which even so small a place as Plenevec could supply, and after a time he laid up his boat and let the fish go in peace.

For a week Pierre Carcassone had not been ashore, and then Alain discovered that his supplies were being taken out to him by one of the shore boats to save him the necessity of coming for them.

That day Alain clambered down the side of Cap Réhel and swam out to the Light; but the door was bolted against him, and he could not get in. He climbed the iron rungs and beat on the door with his fists; but he might as well have hammered the side of the lighthouse. So he chose a smooth slab, and sat in the sun to warm and dry, and whistled gaily to let Barbe know that he was there, and to show Pierre what good spirits he was in.

'Alain!' dropped softly from the gallery at last, like a voice from heaven, and he jumped up and stood below her.

'How goes it with thee, Barbe?'

Her face looked shadowed and downcast from where he stood. He moved farther out, and the shadows lifted somewhat.

'I am sad for want of thee, Alain. And thou?'

'Shall I climb up to thee by the rod?' he said, pointing to the thick rope of twisted copper which ran up the shaft to let the lightning down into the water.

'Nay, I like thee better at a distance with a whole neck,' she said.

'I believe it would carry me.'

'If you try I shall go inside.'

'How long is this to go on, Barbe? I am like a starving dog for want of thee.'

'We must wait. Perhaps he will think better of it. I will have nothing to say to George Cadoual—not if he came every day for a hundred years.'

'I have said good-bye to him. He came to look at me as if he would like to knock me on the head. One cannot work with a man who looks at one like that. It is not comfortable.'

'What will you do? You won't go away and leave me all alone, Alain?'

'I will never go away until I take thee with me, Barbe. I am in Jan Godey's boat, and all goes well. Cadoual is away on a journey, so he will not trouble thee for a time.'

'*Dieu merci!* Would he might never return from that!'

'That is too much to hope for. But if he worries thee I will break his neck if thou sayest the word, dearest.'

So they talked for a time, and Barbe was cheered by his visit; though, as for Alain, he would have given all their words for one sweet kiss.

Twice again in similar fashion he visited her, and their love but grew the stronger for the scantiness of its nourishment; for love, once firmly rooted, has hidden springs to draw from though all around be drought and desert sand or solid rock and salty sea.

Then Cadoual returned from his journeying, but met no warmer welcome from Barbe when he rowed out to the Light than he had done before; and yet he seemed satisfied with his visit.

When Alain scrambled up out of the water two days later he saw with surprise and satisfaction that, for the first time since his interview with Pierre, the door of the Light was open. He needed no invitation, but ran up the rungs and entered.

Pierre was sitting smoking in the living-room with a face of gloomy intention. He had been waiting for him for the last two days.

As soon as he saw Alain he called, 'Barbe!' and Barbe's voice answered from the room above, and she came slowly down the ladder. At sight of Alain her face flashed into light. She gave a glad cry, and ran towards him.

'It is thou, Alain?' and she glanced with quick surprise at her father, and wondered what it meant. Could the hoped-for time have come so soon!

Then Pierre raised his hand with a sharp '*Tenez!*' and there was that in his face that chilled their leaping blood and filled them with foreboding. He placed a chair in a certain position for Alain, and another not far from it for Barbe, and in a harsh voice said, 'Sit!'

At the word they sat and looked at him in wonder.

'Now, listen!' he said through his teeth, and inside his sallow cheeks they saw his jaws grinding against one another. 'Seventeen years ago that happened which broke my life. I came home from a voyage across seas, and found my home broken up and my wife gone away with another man, one Paul Kervec. I followed them up, and found them here. I came in upon them unawares. Kervec sat *there*, where you sit'—he pointed at Alain. 'My wife sat *there*, where you sit'—he pointed at Barbe.

They both sat staring at him in wide-eyed wonder, which changed instantly to horror.

'Kervec I stabbed before he could rise. He fell on the floor in a heap just there where you sit. My wife tried to get to the ladder; but I caught her by the hair and pulled her back. She begged for her life; but it was past that, and I killed her there in the corner behind the ladder. Upstairs were their two children, a boy and a girl. I was tempted to kill them too; but I did not. I tended the light that night, and next morning carried the children to Plenevec, and gave myself up. They understood my reasons, and that I could not have done otherwise. The girl was taken by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol; the boy was taken

away to Plougastel by a sister of Kervec's, and brought up there under her own name of Carbonec. You are the boy'—to Alain, who sprang out of his chair in a fury of amazement—'and you'—to Barbe, who sat white and trembling—'are the girl. Now—you see'—

'It is a lie,' foamed Alain—'a lie—a lie!'

'Ask your aunt at Plougastel,' said the old man grimly.

'I will ask her, and then I will cram it down your throat'—

'*Bien!* Ask her first.'

'I have kept my hands off you because you were—because I believed you to be Barbe's father. If you are not, then'—and he seemed like to spring on the old man and shake the life out of him.

'*Eh bien!*' said Pierre, backing away, 'I have behaved like one to her, and it will not help you to kill me.'

'Oh Alain, Alain!' wailed Barbe, who had sat stunned by the blow. 'Is it possible? Is it possible?'

'No, it is not possible,' stormed Alain. 'It is a vile lie coined by that—man, to part us, Barbe. Sister of mine thou art not, I swear, for I love thee as never brother loved sister since the world began.'

'And it is not as a brother that I love thee, Alain.'

'*Mon Dieu!* no, I should hope not. Do not believe it, Barbe. It is all a lie.' And then, as the thought suddenly struck him: 'But, *Dieu-de-Dieu!* if thou art my sister, Barbe, then it is I who should have the care of thee, and he has no claim on thee. Come with me, dear one, and I will care for thee.'

For a moment they all three stood stock-still staring at one another: Barbe with a sudden light of hope fulfilled in her eyes; Alain flaming with love and wrath; Pierre caught in his own toils, for, in spite of all his thinking, he had not thought of this.

'Run up and get your things, Barbe, and I will drop the boat,' said Alain.

'No!' cried Pierre. 'You are at all events my daughter by adoption. You shall not go;' and he moved towards the ladder as though to stop her.

'You!' shouted Alain, swinging up a chair by the back. 'You are finished. You have made enough trouble in the world. One little bit more and I will send you out of it in pieces;' and he towered above the shrinking man, and seemed double his usual size, while the other dwindled before him.

'Go, then, Barbe,' said Alain. 'I will await thee here;' and Barbe's white feet twinkled up into the gloom above.

She ran up joyfully, all aquiver with delicious tremors at the thought of going away with Alain. How her heart had ached, till her body ached in

sympathy, just for the sight of him! And here she was going away with him—alone with Alain! Glory! The very thought of it was so upsetting that her head was in a whirl. She could scarce think what to take and what to leave, and her hands trembled so that they would not answer to her will.

To go away with Alain! She hung over the black oak chest where her few possessions were kept. She took out one thing after another, and already they looked strange to her from the change that was in herself. Her point of view had altered in the last few minutes. Her life had been overturned, and everything was to begin anew, for was she not going away with Alain? With Alain!

Then, as the first tumultuous shock of it wore off and her brain began to work more calmly, her hands clenched themselves tightly on the rim of the oaken chest, and her eyes grew thoughtful—grew fixed and dark with the intensity of her thought. She gazed down into the chest with so fixed and gloomy a stare at last that one might have thought a corpse lay hidden there, and that she had turned up some of its bones. Minette leapt softly into the chest and began daintily poking about to find out what was wrong, and Pippo turned over the things on the floor with his inquisitive beak, and eyed them sagely with his one eye; but Barbe paid no heed to them, and presently she sank down on the floor among her poor little belongings, her head drooped down on to her arms, and she wept stormily though in silence. For the realisation of what she had been going to do came suddenly upon her and struck her like a blow.

Alain's sister! Never! Her whole being revolted at the thought.

Alain's—sister! *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* It could not be. She did not want him as a brother. As everything else, her whole being cried aloud for him. But—his sister!

She flung the things back into the chest, and got up heavily and went down the ladder.

The men stood fronting one another in silence.

'Alain,' she whispered, 'I cannot. It would be like believing it. It is not possible'—

'But yes, thou shalt come with me, Barbe,' he cried, with an angry stamp. 'We will prove it a lie; but I cannot leave thee here with him. By his own words I have more right to thee than he. Come, dearest, and I will see to thee.'

He threw his wet arm round her and drew her to the lower ladder.

'But not as thy sister, Alain!' she cried, trembling under his arm.

He bent and kissed her working lips, and showered hot kisses on her flaming face.

'Dost feel like a sister to me?' he said. 'Do I kiss thee like a brother?'

'My man! my man!' she cried, knitting her arms round his neck, and straining him to her with all the wild abandonment of her love.

How often in the coming times their thoughts turned back to that first all-too-brief voyage towards the new life! For Alain could hardly row for delight of her presence. His blue eyes blazed with rapture on her blushing face, downcast, in spite of the tumultuous joy that was in her, lest there should be any truth in Pierre's revelation. When his gladness bubbled up beyond the power of looks to express, Alain drew his oars up short to the rowlocks, and flinging back his yellow locks, he scrambled precariously over to her, fell on his knees before her, and drew her down to him and kissed her passionately. Once, after raining kisses on her face till she covered it with her little brown hands, he bent and wildly kissed her feet till, with a startled

exclamation, she drew them up under her short blue skirts.

'Little sister! little sister!' he laughed with scorn of Pierre and his lies, 'I could almost eat thee for very love.'

'Do not say it, Alain. I will not be thy sister.'

'Not for one moment, beloved. Sisters are good, no doubt, though I never had one; but a wife is worth them all, and thou shalt be my wife, my very own.'

They looked back for a moment at the tall white shaft gleaming cold against a great black rain-cloud that was driving up from the west, then they turned the corner into the bay, where Plenevec lay in front, and Alain rowed swiftly ashore.

WHERE POISONOUS SNAKES ARE PAMPARED.



OUTSIDERS who are unacquainted with the numerous quaint and bewildering social and religious institutions of the two British districts of South Canara and Malabar and the two native states of Travancore and Cochin—all four of which lie on the south-west coast of India, and are believed by the natives to have been miraculously reclaimed from the sea—can form no adequate idea of the extent to which the cobra, at once the most poisonous and the least wanton or aggressive genus of Indian snakes, is pampered, protected, and propitiated in these four little provinces. It is not meant to assert that serpent-worship and the propitiation of snake-divinities is a peculiarity of these provinces, for we have abundant historical evidence that such worship overspread nearly all Asia at a very remote period, and even crept into portions of southern Europe; but it never elsewhere assumed such a tenacious hold on the people as it has done in the region mentioned, nor did it anywhere else break out in such startling and fantastic shapes. Further, in no other part has it been able to resist so successfully the invading forces of other schools of religious thought and belief.

So far as South Canara and Malabar are concerned, the liberal and judicious influences of British rule have considerably lowered the status of the sacred cobra; and many a pious Hindu, whose forefathers bowed down and worshipped the reptile and expected all sorts of extraordinary favours from it in return, does not scruple now to make four annas by polishing off a snake with a stick and carrying the carcass to a public office for the usual reward offered by a generous Government. In Travancore and Cochin, however, where the revolutionary forces of a foreign system of civilisation have as yet made but little impression on the popular mind, the old order of things goes on in much the same

way as it did a thousand years ago, and Hindus, high and low, rich and poor, still venerate the cobra as a divinity, and consider it a heinous crime not only to injure the reptile, but even to neglect its slightest interests. To take the case of Travancore alone, from the single fact that the district contains no fewer than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand shrines dedicated exclusively to the propitiatory worship of snakes, one is somewhat in a position to understand the intensity and popularity of this ancient form of worship. These shrines are invariably in honour of the minor divinities of the country, some of them being of venerable age and more than local repute, and possessing extensive and valuable properties for their maintenance and for the cost of the numerous ceremonies which their keepers have to perform from time to time. They have an interesting mythological origin. A legend says that the first batch of colonists whom Parasu Rama marched into the country found it so arid that they fled back to their old homes. During their absence serpents from the lower world entered into possession; and when the colonists were taken back they made a desperate effort to expel the invaders. The war was fierce and long; but nothing prevailed against the invaders, and at length a compromise was effected, the interlopers being allowed to remain, but to confine themselves strictly to the south-west corner of every occupied garden or compound. It was also arranged that the demarcated plots should be untouched by knife or spade, so as to allow the vegetation to flourish and afford a congenial habitation for the snakes. The terms of this treaty are still adhered to, the vegetation in serpent-groves being pruned only when it encroaches on the rest of the garden.

Thus came into existence the *sarpa kavos*, or serpent-shrines, of the ancient republic of Kerala. In these shrines the Hindus set down fantastic idols of serpents on a stone basement, and the

shrine is protected by a mud wall. It is essential to the welfare of the householders that they should make periodical offerings of dough and milk and cooked rice to the serpentine habitués of the shrine, and place lights and chant hymns in order to be assured of their favour.

One of the most important of the shrines dates back from time out of reckoning. It is attached to the *illom*, or household, of a wealthy Nambudri Brahman. In the days before it existed a youth of the family married a maiden of a neighbouring house. Though respectable, the parents of the maiden were in reduced circumstances, and her only marriage portion was a much-venerated stone idol of the household serpent-divinity. The maiden carried this to her new home, and devoutly worshipped it every day. In time she became a mother, and was delivered of a boy and a snake. The snake-child was sent down into an underground cellar and brought up there. Hereafter the family enjoyed great and uninterrupted prosperity, thanks to the wonderful talisman and the serpentine offspring. Down to the present day, to the surname of the male members of the family are tacked on the name of the serpent-god and that of the woman who was privileged to give birth to it. It is further related that when the entire country was devastated by a great conflagration this particular serpent-shrine was spared by Agni in response to the prayers of the progeny of the serpent to whom the lady had given birth. Once a year, in the underground cellar of the house, as well as in the grove to the south-west of the compound, dough and milk offerings are placed. The door of the cellar is kept closed for three days, and lest the prying eyes of persons who, like Tennyson's low churl, are 'compact of thankless earth' should stealthily try to peep into the subterranean chamber, the ladies of the household cover every crevice and aperture with their big palm-leaf umbrellas. On the third day the door is opened, and the remnants of the offering are thrown into a tank as unfit for human consumption. It is noteworthy that the dough and milk have to be prepared and the offering made by the oldest female member of the family.

In addition to the special feasts, there are daily ceremonies. Every morning the king and the queen of the serpents are bathed, and fruit and milk are offered to them; at noon cooked rice is offered, and fried grain follows after a reasonable interval has been allowed to these lucky creatures to digest the choice viands that have gone before. On certain star-days the idols in the grove and in the household temple are carried in procession to the house, where propitiatory offerings are made. The presiding functionary at all these various ceremonies is necessarily the eldest female member of the family, who has to practise celibacy from the day she attains the position.

The arrangement is different in some other parts of modern Kerala. For instance, in South Canara ceremonies are performed by the virgin dedicated to this pious work. At similar famous snake-festivals of Travancore pious folk gather from all parts to join in the worship, and bring votive-offerings of gold, silver, grain, coco-nuts, pepper, spices, fruit, oil, ghee, sandal-wood, silk, and other things. The cost of the festivals is defrayed from the revenues derived from the paddy-fields and gardens attached to the shrine. It is believed that if the ceremonies are not performed with purity and devoutness the serpent-gods will be offended and the largest of the cobras will come out of the grove and show themselves to the people of the house. It is also believed that snake-bites in the neighbourhood of this and other such shrines never prove fatal. However this may be, it is certain that, estimating the average snake population of each of these shrines at a dozen—which is a modest computation, for I know of many groves each of which is inhabited by at least thirty cobras, and that there are between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand of these shrines in Travancore alone—the number of deaths from snake-bite in the country is remarkably small.

Of course, a partial explanation of this circumstance is to be found in the kindness with which the inhabitants of the state invariably treat their creeping friends. Indian snakes are, with rare exceptions, non-aggressive. They never molest people—they keep to themselves; and when their creature comforts are benevolently attended to by others, who thus save them a world of misery and worry and render foraging expeditions unnecessary, it is not in the least degree astonishing that they become most docile and harmless. It may be that the thoughtful and observant ancients of Kerala, wise in their generation, and recognising the fact that even the most deadly of venomous creatures must play an important part in the economy of nature, thought it more useful to bring such creatures under subjection than to exterminate them, and thereby disturb the beneficent and well-ordered arrangements of the Creator. The Western, always more destructive than economic, endeavours to protect himself by extirpating creatures which, under certain conditions, menace his safety and interfere with his comfort. The Eastern, with a sublime conception of the duty which he owes to the rest of the cosmogony, has ever followed the maxim of 'live and let live.' This is true not only with regard to the serpentologist and his snake-gods, for if you should happen to stay in an Indian forest you will come to find out that the jungle-man lives on terms of the most cordial amity with the wild beasts. Mowgli is not altogether a fictitious inhabitant of Kiplingdom. The Kadir of Travancore, the Vettuvan of the Anamalais, and the Kurichess of Wynaad warn cheetahs and bears off the road with the same indifference

as a villager asks a tame cow to move out of the way. It is remarkable that all over Travancore, when a snake is seen approaching, the people reverently say, 'The god is coming,' and make way for the divinity. How harmless these serpent-divinities of Travancore are we may further judge from the fact that the children of the household play about fearlessly in the neighbourhood of the groves, even while their serpentine friends are gliding about in the undergrowth or lie basking in the sun, and they have never been known to be harmed. When some of these groves become overrun with serpents, the surplus population is carefully removed and sent to other shrines. There are in all parts of Travancore pious Brahman gentlemen who are specially applied to in order to remove snakes from one grove to another.

One of the celebrated centres of serpent-worship in Travancore is the little township of Nagercoil, which itself means 'serpent-temple.' The local pagoda is dedicated to the snake-divinity. The copper-gilt idol of the serpent-mother is carried in procession in a car once a year. Thousands of devotees assemble at the temple weekly and on special days during the year to worship the serpent-goddess, and to carry offerings of milk, sugar, and coco-nuts to the living cobras. During

six months of the year a large quantity of black sand is thrown up from behind the idol, and for the other six months white sand; it is superfluous to remark that this singularly interesting natural phenomenon is set down by the pious to the special account of the ophidian lady-divinity. The sand is distributed as *prasadham*, or offerings to the devotees, and all castes and strangers may participate in the benefits that accrue from its possession. It is believed that within a circuit of a mile from the temple no snake-bite will prove fatal.

One particular fact in connection with serpent-worship both in and out of Travancore is that it is the fair sex exclusively that expect favours from the divinities propitiated. More particularly barren women and those in expectation of becoming mothers go in for these rites and ceremonies. This is certainly one of the most interesting phases of serpentology. Every myth and tradition connected with the serpent-gods is associated with the female sex. Nor is this limited to Asia, for we have similar myths still current in parts of Africa and in Mexico.

When all is said and done, there is no country in the world where poisonous snakes are pampered and protected as they are in the little kingdom of Travancore.

THE MOORABINGLE FLOOD.

By W. H. LANG.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.



IT was early summer at the Ox Plains, and fearfully hot. We were on the veranda after dinner, looking away north and west, and life was very pleasant then. We were Vincent, his wife, and myself. In fact, I spent most of my time at the Plains since my bereavement, and I think my presence was altogether welcome, more especially now that Jack and Mary were in Sydney at school during the greater part of the year. I had bought my own place from Vincent ten years before, and 'The Wells' was a slice of the Ox Plain station on the north boundary, about eight miles from the homestead.

I had tried to read *Geoffrey Hamlyn* aloud that evening, and it had been a miserable failure. It always refreshes me to read that delightful volume during hot weather, and to picture to myself Geoffrey and James Stockbridge sipping their cool claret-and-water, and watching the great rainstorm breaking across the plains, with thunder and lightning. It is well told; but it was a failure this night. The mosquitoes, moths, and crawling things, attracted by the lamp, were altogether insufferable; so, after having put out

the light, wearied of admiring Scorpio diving head-foremost into the horizon, I pressed Vincent to tell me the story of how he first came to the Ox Plains.

'Well, old fellow, if I had the gift of the gab I believe I could string the whole thing out as long as Hamlyn's yarn; but I'll tell you the main points, as plainly and as baldly as I can.

'Twenty years ago Frank Smith and I made a little pile. I had come from home, and Frank was Colonial born. We both cleared a few thousands in the same "spec" during the very first days of Broken Hill, and we had become inseparable mates. We thought we were rich, and so we were—as bachelors, and if we had left well alone; but most men may not live wifeless all their days. I was the last man in the world likely to remain single, though I didn't know it at the time. We had become sick of Melbourne. To young men with a taste for open air and sport, and no enthusiasm for dancing and junketing, a few months in town were more than enough, and we longed to be up and away. The great Cup Carnival was just drawing to a close, and it was Frank who hit upon the plan by

which we were to see life in a new manner, and at the same time to indulge our taste for sport and the country in a thoroughly novel fashion. We bought a caravan and a couple of light draught-horses, sent them by road and rail up into the country north of the Murray, purchased a brace of fair-class race-horses at the sales after Cup-time, and determined to travel round the out-back race meetings during the summer and autumn. Ah! you may laugh, Bill, my boy; but we had a lively time of it, with all its drawbacks and the roughing of it.

'We engaged a capital "boy," Jim Webster, to ride and mind the horses, and old Bill Oldridge came along as cook and maid-of-all-work. We had a tent, of course, and a good one; and, in truth, we did the thing really well. Frank was by nature a naturalist; and as we wandered along he made a beautiful collection of the birds of the Riverina, which he afterwards presented to the museum in Melbourne. I helped Jim with the horses, and was general boss and manager of the camp. I remember what a struggle we had as to what books we were to take with us. We had only room for a very few, and those few caused us endless searchings of heart before we could finally decide which they should be. Here is the list of those we took; and, were I compelled to make my pick again, I'd choose the same lot to-day: a Bible and a Greek Testament—it is an odd thing, but I may go for months without looking at either of these, and then a desire comes over me, like the desire of a smoker for tobacco, to partake of them, and partake of them I must; then there was the *Odyssey*, a handy little edition of *Shakespeare*, *Peter Simple*, *Vanity Fair*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, a *Horace*, Macaulay's *Essays*, and a good edition of Tennyson's *Poems*. We had space for no more, and they were weighty enough.

'Our friends laughed at us, and said we were mad; and we were much stared at when we camped near the townships, and were almost mobbed by bands of children, who invariably mistook us for the advance-guard of a travelling circus; but we soon became used to them and they to us. The out-back meetings were very fair at that time. The arrangements were rough-and-ready; but the sport was good, there were far fewer professionals at the game than there are nowadays, and the prizes were much more valuable. You are not a racing man, and I need not tire you with an account of our victories and defeats, our triumphs and disappointments; it is enough to say that we enjoyed life immensely, and were as happy and as free from care as two able-bodied and healthy-minded young men ought to be.

'Shortly before Christmas we were at Moora-bingle; and from there to the township of Drab is, as you know, a stage of forty miles. We were bound for the Drab Boxing-day race meet-

ing; and, provided everything was favourable, we wished to camp as near to the half-way as possible for a few days, rest the horses, and enable Frank at the same time to add to his collection. It is still a good country for game; but twenty years ago the whole place was teeming with bird-life, and so Frank was as happy as a king. We camped on the big reserve, just outside that thick clump of timber near the Big Plain paddock-gate, and next morning it at once struck us what a lovely natural training-track there could be formed just at the other side of the gate from the road. But word had reached us that Mr Chisholm of the Plains was an austere man, though a kindly, and required to be carefully approached and delicately handled; so immediately after breakfast I saddled the camp-hack and cantered over to the station.

'Mr Chisholm was sitting in his business-room, which was a picture of neatness and coolness, writing letters. He had a grave, serious Scotch cast of face, with clean-shaven upper-lip and chin, grizzled bushy whiskers, heavy eyebrows, and a large bald head. He looked over his spectacles at me as I entered, and in a deliberate, rather hesitating voice, with a strong north-country accent, he inquired, "Well!—what—can I—do for you?"

'I replied that I had come to inform him that I was camping on the reserve near his Big Plain paddock, and that I desired leave to work my horses there.

"But, oh—I did not catch your name—I have—at present—no desire to plough my paddock."

"Oh, I am afraid I have scarcely explained myself. My horses are race-horses, and I only wish to canter and gallop them on your land."

'I saw in a moment that my mission was a failure. He rose somewhat hastily; and, while arranging his papers and placing his pen on the inkstand, he looked at me once, but that once very keenly, and said, with none of the usual hesitation in his speech, "I regret I can give my land for no such purpose. I have no sympathy with the pursuit of horse-racing. I wish you good-morning."

'But a divinity doth surely shape our ends, hew them as ruggedly as we please. We still remained camped on the reserve, working the horses on the three-chain stock-road, though really they required but little galloping, racing pretty constantly as they were, and travelling in the intervals. One morning Frank had gone out as usual with his gun, the horses (in spite of the flies) were resting in the shady clump, Jim Webster was sleeping beneath a tree, and old Bill was busy with his pots and pans. I was reading the home-coming of Odysseus, and how old Argos rose from the heap of camels' dung in the yard, wagged his tail, looked up at his master in loving recognition, and then lay down and died. So deeply was I interested that I heard no step, and

gave a regular jump when I saw Mr Chisholm standing in the door of the tent, his face very pale and anxious, and his hand dripping with blood.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but will you oblige me with a seat for a few moments, and a glass of water?" Then, after I had welcomed him, he explained that while foolishly attempting to assist the men, who were fencing some half a mile away, he had jammed his thumb, and was in much pain. He had an ugly, painful wound indeed; and, as I had a small stock of medical comforts in the caravan, I soon had the injury comfortably done up in a decoction of marigold-flowers wrung out of lint, gently bandaged, and the hand and arm lying easily in a sling. This was a pet recipe of a dear old aunt of mine at home, and I believe that it is now much used by the profession under the name of calendula. I gave the old gentleman a little drop of whisky-and-water, and left him for a few minutes lying on our one piece of luxurious furniture, a long wicker deck-chair.

"When I returned he was quite at his ease and himself again, and he remarked, with a slight smile and in his natural deliberate voice, "I perceive you are a naturalist. I envy you—your accomplishment;" and we had just commenced a conversation when the station buggy drove up with inquiries if Mr Chisholm had passed that way. The driver was a lady, and if she were not at your elbow at this moment I should describe her to you; but only put the hands of the clock back twenty years—and the hands have left few marks there—and you can understand what she was like. She has scarce altered, to my eye at least, by one single line.

"Mr Vincent, we have service at the station on Sundays at eleven. If you and your friend care to attend, we shall be glad if you will afterwards remain to dinner. This is my daughter.—Mary, this is Mr Vincent."

"Then, at the first glance of her eyes, I fell down—metaphorically, I mean—I grovelled. I made no attempt to escape; I was enslaved, and I gloried in the bonds. I worshipped. Could no spirit of foresight step in and check the old man's generous speech? It was fated; it was willed. The divinity had shaped, at one touch, the rough and freehand outline of our ends."

PART II.

THE following morning brought a short note from Mr Chisholm: "Mr John Chisholm begs to present his compliments to Mr Vincent, and desires to say that Mr Vincent is at liberty to use the Plain paddock for the purpose which he desires. The key is enclosed."

'So far, so good; but it was with feelings of much impatience that I looked forward to the following Sunday. Frank thought the affair a bore, as there was a particular line of swamp the shooting of which he had appointed in his mind for the Sunday in question; but, in his good nature and friendship, he agreed to let the sport slide, and come to church. Service was held in a large, bare room adjoining the main buildings. Quite a number of station hands attended, all of them with Scotch voices and faces, even the children; and the form of worship was Presbyterian. For myself, I was supremely happy. With a frank smile and a slight bow, Miss Chisholm handed me a Bible, and I was so placed that I could gaze at her uninterruptedly for the hour and a half during which we listened to the portions of Scripture read by Mr Chisholm, and the somewhat long petitions to the Creator extracted from a very ancient book of prayers. The singing of several psalms in the metrical version was led by the gardener, whose voice was now a thing of the long past, and grated horribly on my somewhat sensitive ear. Finally, Mr Chisholm read a sermon from a book in a bright-blue binding, and I can remember that the text and frequent refrain of the discourse was, "And the Lord sent the hornet." I know not what was the lesson to be gathered from the expounding of these words; but Frank and myself apparently acquitted ourselves, both at church and afterwards, in such a way as to gain the goodwill of the old gentleman; and before a week had passed we were frequent guests at the station for one meal or another.

'Can you wonder at the result? Mary had no mother alive to cry a note of warning, and I have reason to believe that the worship which sprang up so suddenly was mutual from the very first. Ere a fortnight had sped we were deeply, irrevocably, seriously in love. The race meetings all round the district came and went, and we still lingered in our happy camping-ground, for Frank was content to tarry where sport was so good, and Jim Webster had gone on with the horses to fresh fields in other towns. Mr Chisholm was in Sydney on business, and had left Mary to entertain a houseful of guests. It was during those few days that the certain understanding made us both so happy. I did not propose. There was no love-making as it is generally understood, and I cannot quite tell how it all came about; but I knew that I would speak to Mr Chisholm as soon as he came home, and Mary approved. He was expected on the following night, and there was a little picnic arranged for that day beneath the cliffs at the lake. It was Mary's birthday.

'You do not know what the lake was like in those days, for there is no lake now; so let me tell you. You know that the house here stands on the first little knoll which rises from the

plain, and the old house stood on the self-same spot. The stables now crown the second rise, but then they lay on the plain beneath the house, and away to the left, skirting the road; and the cottages for the hands were scattered on the rises some way back from the level lands beneath. Follow the garden path for a hundred yards down a gentle incline, go through the gate, and you gain the three-chain stock-route on the plain. From there across is about a mile, and then the country rises for a few hundred yards, until you suddenly reach what was called the Cliffs. It was more like a steep, rough scarp than a cliff, and it must have been quite eighty feet from top to bottom. At the base was a pretty clump of lightwood and she-oaks, and many great boulders lay there in fantastic shapes, like Druid stones. The ferns and grasses grew luxuriantly, fed by a trickle from the lake above. A little way on, each side the cliff broke off into a steep grassy slope, up which the sheep-paths ran, and a little climbing brought you to the summit and the banks of the lake. It was really the old crater of a volcano; and, with the exception of the end at the cliff, the edges rose steeply to a considerable height above the water-level. Away north from this out into the plains there are two extinct volcanoes, and the rises on which the house and stables stand are doubtless formed by

the stones and débris belched forth by them ages long ago.

'So we picnicked there in the shelter of the trees that hot January day; though I need scarce have mentioned it to you at all but that I wished to tell you how the land then lay, and also to tell you of a little incident which took place that day which explained, in a great measure, what afterwards befell. It was a dry season, and, except where the tricklet ran, the scarp was lined with many cracks and seams, a result of the great heat and drought. As we sat at lunch we more than once heard a patter overhead, and, looking up, saw a tiny avalanche of dust and stones hurl themselves down the cliff and land not very far away from where we sat. Frank made us laugh at the first shower by jumping up and shouting, "Hi, up there! Look out!" But Mary told us that her father had noticed the same thing every season since he had settled on the plains over five-and-twenty years before. So we thought no more about the avalanches that day, and every one, I think, was glad when we drove home out of the sun, except Mary and myself; we would have been happy in the same atmosphere that harmed not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, provided that we endured it together. It was our last hours of happiness for many a day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A CHURCHMAN.



It was inevitable that, being the great and good man he was, the creed of Sir Walter Scott should provoke much interest in the minds not only of his countrymen, but of all who value the noble heritage he has bequeathed to the world. But his creed—or rather his own private and personal attachment to a particular form of religious belief, especially in its outward or material aspect—has not only provoked deep interest; it has created a considerable amount of controversy from time to time since his death in 1832. A further contribution to that controversy is here offered in the hope that—if not saying the final word upon it—it may at least demonstrate by means of facts not hitherto brought forward that he had a very material connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Parvus et infrequens cultor deorum, he was wont to describe himself; and, although no reader of his *Life* or *Journal* can doubt his deep religious feeling and high Christian character, there is little evidence of his regard for public worship. His *Journal* extends from 1825, when he was fifty-four years of age, until his death in 1832; yet the attentive reader will fail to discover any mention of his having attended church on more than two or three occasions during these seven

years, and then merely when he happened to be from home and went to church with his host and family. True it is that he was then no longer a young man, and was weighted down with increasing infirmity. Still, during the same period we read of his attending not only private dinners but presiding at various social functions, occasionally attending the theatre, and even journeying to London and Paris. One would, therefore, gather that he habitually abstained from attending church not from want of ability but from lack of inclination. Brought up under a father whose religion was strongly Calvinistic, his boyish nature rebelled against the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath; and he tells how it was he turned to his beloved books 'to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another,' and the tedium annexed to the duties of the day. 'Eh, sirs, mony a weary, weary sermon ha'e I heard beneath that steeple,' was his remark when the spire of the Tron Kirk, where his father worshipped, perished in the great fire of 1824.* Possibly for a time he may have got more reconciled to church-going when he was wont to meet his first love—the lady of the green mantle—whom he first met in Greyfriars Churchyard on the dispersing of the

* Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, p. 422.

congregation on a wet Sunday, and whom he was afterwards in the habit of escorting home. Still, his objection to ministerial discourses he never got over, for he notes in his *Journal*, on 20th June 1830, how, when staying at Blairadam, they settled to go to church at Ballingry; 'but when we came to the earthly paradise, so called, we were let off, for there was no sermon, for which I could not in my heart be sorry.'

After his financial misfortunes he laboured Saturday and Sunday alike at his self-imposed task whereby he endeavoured to wipe off the load of debt by the never-ceasing labour of his pen. Indeed, he seems to have seized upon Sunday as more free from interruption than other days to pile up a greater number of pages. We also read repeatedly of his driving and going journeys on Sunday, of visits to neighbours, and entertainments of friends in his own house; and it is comparatively seldom that one can gather from the *Journal* any distinction between the occupations of Sunday and those of the other days of the week. While setting forth these facts, we do not for one moment suggest that Scott passed Sunday without regard for religious duties. Nay, it is well known that he was in the habit of reading prayers with his household and guests; and one would gather from an entry in the *Journal* that in absenting himself from church he may not have been altogether free from the sting of conscience: 'The ladies went to church; I, God forgive me! finished the *Chronicles*' (of the *Canongate*).

Unfortunately there is a lack of data for forming anything like a decided opinion on the subject of Scott's churchmanship; and the following notes as to the connection between the great author and the oldest existing Episcopal church in Edinburgh may, therefore, be read with some interest.

St George's Episcopal Chapel is an inconspicuous building situated on the south side of York Place, and was built from the designs of James Adam, brother and partner of the famous Robert Adam, architect of the university and of the Register House, and the kinsman of Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, one of Scott's most intimate friends. It bears over its doorway the date 1792, the year of its foundation, which, it is interesting to remember, was also the year in which Walter Scott was called to the Bar and began to walk the boards of the Parliament House. His name was linked with the congregation since its very inception from the fact that the first incumbent of the church, the Rev. Alexander Cleeve, B.A., had previously acted as tutor to Scott, 'when grown a big boy' and before he went to the High School. This fact he has himself recorded in his 'Ashiestiel Memoir,' to be found at the beginning of Lockhart's *Life*.

Prior to the erection of the church, Mr Cleeve had ministered to the congregation in a hall or 'upper room'—over a pastry-cook's shop!—after-

wards a printing-office, in West Register Street, and had published a collection of Tate and Brady's version of the psalms for its special use. He was one of the clergy who, on 1st October 1788, attended the notorious Deacon Brodie to the scaffold. Leaving Edinburgh in the beginning of the century, he was first appointed vicar of Wooler in Northumberland, and subsequently chaplain to the Duke of Portland and lecturer at Trinity Chapel, Knightsbridge. His death occurred in 1805; and in the following year there was published a volume of his sermons, dedicated by permission to Queen Charlotte, in the preface to which he is described as 'an admired preacher in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.' From his connection with the author of *Waverley*, and as having done something to lay the foundation of Scott's wide knowledge of men and affairs, Mr Cleeve is entitled to some remembrance. Regarding his incumbency of St George's, it may further be stated that he resigned that position in 1800, prior to his leaving Scotland. His immediate successor was the Rev. Alexander Duncan, who held the incumbency till 1810.

About this time there is an interesting entry in the accounts of the treasurer of the church which directly connects Scott with the membership of the congregation. But in point of time anterior to this it is well to remember that Scott's three elder children were baptised in 1799, 1801, and 1803 by the Rev. Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, who had in 1794 reoccupied the meeting-house in Register Street, vacated by Mr Cleeve, and where he and his congregation worshipped until 1797—the year of Scott's marriage—when they removed to Charlotte Chapel, at the west end of Rose Street, a sacred edifice now famous for its interesting associations with not a few distinguished preachers.

The entry in St George's accounts above referred to bears that the treasurer had 'received from Mr W. Scott' the sum of three pounds three shillings, or the rent of three sittings in pew No. 81, for the year to Whitsunday 1811. It is impossible now to say when Scott and his wife became worshippers in the chapel, since the rentals during Mr Duncan's tenure of office are not in existence; but from the fact that Mr Sandford baptised their children from 1799 to 1803, the probability is that they worshipped in his church for some years after their marriage in 1797. There is, however, no doubt that at least from 1810 till 1823, when Abbotsford was completed, St George's was the church of the Scott family during the six or seven months in each year of their residence in Castle Street, Edinburgh.

When Dr Duncan resigned the incumbency of St George's there were several candidates for the office; among these was James Grahame, the author of the poem entitled *The Sabbath*. Originally a Writer to the Signet, and afterwards an advocate, he left the Scottish Bar, and—notwithstanding

his Covenanting proclivities—took orders in the Church of England. He could, however, only obtain a humble curacy. His application for St George's was warmly backed by Scott. On 7th May 1810 he wrote to Miss Joanna Baillie: 'James Grahame has returned to Scotland. His wife is now in town making interest to get him appointed preacher to the chapel in Queen Street [as York Place was originally named], and I am moving heaven and earth to help her; but I fear she has been too late in starting, as I find many of the most sweet voices are already engaged on behalf of others. He is a worthy, modest, and most ingenuous man, ill calculated, I fear, to beat up against wind and tide, which on this occasion seem to set in against him; but still I do not renounce hope of success.* A month later he again writes to Miss Baillie: 'I have forwarded your letter to Grahame, and have done all the little in my power to assist him in his object. . . . What probability of success he has is at present uncertain; the vestry, in whom the election lies, are, like other solemn bodies, mysterious and oracular, and the individuals who compose that august Sanhedrim, when spoke to separately, say "Hum," "Go to," look wise, and make the most of their temporary importance; but we will keep a sharp lookout, and will do the best we can for the *Sabbath* bard, who is really a most worthy and amiable man and an excellent painter of Scottish manners and scenery.'†

Mrs Grant of Laggan gives an account of the trial sermon in St George's, whither she had repaired 'with many other curious people to see and hear the amiable, poetical, sabbatical, and once anti-prelatical James Grahame reading the Litany in a surplice, fearless alike of the ghosts of John Knox and Jenny Geddes.‡ We may assume that Scott formed one of the congregation on this occasion.

Notwithstanding Scott's influence, the choice of the vestry fell, not on Mr Grahame, but upon the Rev. Richard Quaile Shannon, an Irishman then recently ordained by the Bishop of Kildare. Mr Shannon—who always went to church attired in full evening clerical dress, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles—was an excellent reader and preacher, with a fine voice and dignified presence. The chapel soon became crowded to the door by the *élite* of Edinburgh, and his house in York Place was one of the resorts of the literary men of this brilliant period.

At this time the Scott family-pew was in the second row of the middle bay of the gallery entering from York Place. It was originally numbered 81; but, in consequence of certain alterations in the gallery about the year 1813,

the pew was divided into two portions, the Scotts retaining the westmost portion, which under the new arrangement was numbered 85. In the rental books the seats were entered in the name of 'Mrs' and afterwards 'Lady Scott,' with the exception of the entry in 1810 already referred to, and again in May 1820, when the entry, 'By Sir Walter Scott, £3, 3s.,' appears. Various explanations of this fact might be offered, the most likely one being that, since Scott had accepted office as an elder in Duddingston parish church in 1806, to which reference is afterwards made, he would naturally prefer his wife's name entered in the rentals of St George's; but there can be no doubt whatever of the fact that Sir Walter attended St George's from time to time as circumstances permitted. This fact is well vouched for by an interesting letter, first printed in *St Mary's Cathedral Monthly Paper* for May 1895, written by a lady who in her youth had been a worshipper in St George's Chapel, and had seen Sir Walter Scott there. The lady referred to was Mrs Mary Christie Wilson, who, writing from Cannes, on Tuesday, 23rd January 1893, when she was in her ninety-first year, to her relative, Captain Christie, Governor of the Calton Jail, Edinburgh, states that 'our pew in St George's Chapel was in the opposite gallery to Sir Walter Scott's; and, going early, we could see him *descending a step or two carefully* (for he was very lame) into his seat. St George's is octagon. His pew was close to the head of the stairs leading out to York Place, and ours was nearly opposite. I remember him perfectly well.' *Sic sedebat*. The details stated by Mrs Wilson as to the octagonal shape of the church, the situation of the seat, the steps to be descended, and Sir Walter's lameness are so entirely accurate that there can be no doubt of the trustworthiness of her recollection.

There is, besides this, other ample testimony, supplied by Scott himself, as to his leaning in matters ecclesiastical. On 3rd April 1820, in a letter to his daughter Sophia, Scott writes: 'I understand you and Anne [his other daughter] have gone through the ceremony of confirmation.'§ Still more, we find that in 1820 his elder daughter, Sophia, was married to Lockhart according to the ceremonial of the Episcopal Church, and by Mr Shannon the incumbent of St George's, whose name has already been mentioned. In the archives of the congregation are still preserved the certificates of the proclamation of banns in St Andrew's and St George's parish churches respectively, which bear that 'there is a purpose of Marriage between John Gibson Lockhart, Esquire, Advocate, residing in No. 49 Great King Street, St Andrew's Church Parish, and Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, residing in North Castle Street, St George's Church Parish, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford.' On the back

* *Scott's Familiar Letters*, i. p. 176.

† *Letters*, i. p. 181.

‡ *Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan*, i. p. 243.

§ *Life* (edition 1837), iv. p. 373.

there is endorsed a certificate by Mr Shannon in the following terms: 'I solemnised a marriage between the within-named parties on Saturday evening the 29th of April 1820, according to the rites and ceremonies of the United Church of England and Ireland.—RICHARD Q. SHANNON.* The wedding was celebrated in Castle Street; and, *more Scotico*, in the evening. The marriage is also entered in St George's Register.

In 1826 the long-threatened storm-cloud burst; and Scott, overwhelmed by his financial troubles, with many regrets left the famous No. 39 Castle Street. Lady Scott died on the 16th of May 1826; and on the 22nd was laid to rest in Dryburgh Churchyard, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. E. B. (afterwards Dean) Ramsay, a man who holds a place in Scottish hearts only second to 'the Great Unknown' himself. Mr Ramsay had from January 1824 till about this time held the office of assistant at St George's, Mr Shannon being in poor health. Scott narrates in his *Journal*, 22nd May, how 'Anne had a return of her fainting-fits upon seeing Mr Ramsay, the gentleman who performs the service. I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend, Lady Albanley, the arrangement of whose funeral devolved upon me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom I should next hear those solemn words!' Again, on the following day, the *Journal* tells how his daughter Anne 'desired to hear prayers read by Mr Ramsay, who performed the duty in a most solemn manner. But her strength could not carry her through. She fainted before the service was concluded.' On the same day Scott took advantage of Mr Ramsay's return to Edinburgh to send a letter to his friend Mr Skene of Rubislaw, in which he says, 'Mr Ramsay, who, I find, is a friend of yours, appears an excellent young man:' an opinion which came to be endorsed by an ever-widening circle as years rolled on.

Thus sadly closes the connection between Scott and St George's; but before the curtain is lowered it may be permitted to mention some of the other members of the congregation who group themselves round the great author.

First among these must be placed William Erskine, raised to the Bench as Lord Kinneder. He first met Scott in 1792, and became 'the nearest and most confidential of all his Edinburgh associates.' He it was who arranged for the publication of Scott's first attempt as an author; and, until his lamented death in 1822, Scott made constant use of his services as a critic upon whose judgment he placed the greatest reliance. The burning, by a too careful friend, of Scott's letters to Kinneder, after the latter's death, lest

they should reveal the secret as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels—then the subject of intense interest—most unfortunately deprived the world of many of the author's views and sentiments as to his own work.

Among other seat-holders we find Lord Gillies of the Court of Session, the brilliant and witty Harry Erskine the Lord Advocate, George Joseph Bell the famous lawyer, Professor Playfair the well-known mathematician and natural philosopher, Lady Keith, and Lady Belhaven, to all of whom reference is made in the *Journal* and *Life*.

In pew 93, in a line with that of Scott, sat Mr and Mrs Henry Siddons, and in later years William Murray, her brother—all his intimate friends. Henry Siddons was the only son of the great tragedienne and nephew of Edmund Kean, for both of whom Scott had much regard. In 1809, upon the expiry of the patent of the old Theatre-Royal—which stood on the site, then called Shakespeare Square, of the present General Post-Office—Henry Siddons, at the suggestion of Scott, applied for and got the patent. Under his management began the brilliant history of the old house. From that year we find that Siddons held sittings in St George's till he died prematurely of hard work and anxiety in 1815. For many years his widow continued to occupy the same pew, which was afterwards shared by William Murray, her brother.

'His good friend William Murray' is repeatedly mentioned in Scott's *Life*. It was he who invited Scott, then 'the Great Unknown,' to preside at the first festival of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, instituted for the behoof of decayed performers. The dinner took place on 23rd February 1827, and at it Scott avowed himself as the author of the Waverley Novels.

Much has been made of the fact that Sir Walter Scott actually accepted office as an elder of the Established Church of Scotland, with its Presbyterian forms of worship. It is only fair to mention, however, the exact circumstances under which Scott accepted that office. In 1805 the Rev. John Thomson, the distinguished landscape painter, was appointed minister of the parish of Duddingston, one of the most beautiful of the suburbs of Edinburgh. Thomson was an intimate friend of Scott, and on 24th December of that year he baptised his younger son, Charles, the three elder children having been baptised by Bishop Sandford, as already mentioned.

At the time of Mr Thomson's appointment the number of elders appears to have fallen low, and it was accordingly resolved to nominate for the office several gentlemen not resident in the parish. Scott's brother Thomas (himself an Edinburgh solicitor and at that time factor on the Duddingston Estate), Scott himself, his friend William Clerk, Advocate, and Thomas Miller, Advocate (sometimes erroneously described as a Writer to the

* This certificate settles conclusively the date of the marriage, as to which there has been some dubiety. See Scott's *Letters*, ii. p. 75.

Signet), were selected to fill the vacancies. On 18th March 1803 all four, except Thomas Scott, were formally ordained elders.* On 1st April 1806 the Magistrates and Council of the Burgh of Selkirk unanimously elected Walter Scott, then the Sheriff-Depute of the county, as their member and ruling elder at the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was also appointed burgh representative in the following year, and on both occasions he took up his commission.† He was likewise nominated to represent Duddingston Kirk-session in the Presbytery. Too much importance cannot, however, be attached to Scott's action on these occasions. In his day, when there were fewer opportunities for young men appearing on public platforms, the position of representative elder was much coveted by junior members of the Scottish Bar, as affording them an opportunity of making themselves known in debate. None of the four new elders ever acted in an official capacity in Duddingston church; and the fact that all three who accepted office were advocates suggests that the motive in doing so may have been the chance of acquiring prestige in the Assembly. In Scott's case this presumption is increased by the proximity of the dates of his ordination and election as representative of Selkirk, pointing to the conclusion that the former had been arranged with a view to the latter. He no doubt would consider it an honour to represent his country; and he had the additional inducement of being of service to his esteemed friend Thomson, and also possibly of strengthening his own brother's connection with the parish. But whatever the reasons which prompted the acceptance of office, they did not prevent Scott from continuing his family connection with Episcopacy, and in all the more serious and solemn affairs of life and death receiving the consolations of religion through the ministry of its ordained servants.

However, to put the matter beyond all dispute, it is only necessary to refer to Lockhart's *Life* (vii. p. 414), where we are informed that 'he [Scott] took up early in life a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is conducted in the Scottish Establishment, and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he revered as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles.' Again, in 1827, we find that Scott, in a letter to the Rev. Dr McCombie, minister of Lumphavan, refers to 'our Church, for so I call that of Scotland, though I belong in form to the Episcopal persuasion of the same kingdom.'

* John Thomson of Duddingston, by Wm. Baird, pp. 34, 35.

† *History of Selkirkshire*, by T. Craig Brown, ii. p. 133.

We also find in Lockhart's *Life* that Scott was accustomed to read the Church of England Service to his household. Even his dry Presbyterian neighbours, Laird Niggy, 'gradually subdued his scruples so far as to become a pretty constant attendant at his English printed prayers' on the Sundays, which, indeed, were by this time (1808) 'rather more popular than quite suited the capacity of the parson-chapel!'

On 21st September 1862 Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, the Church services in the Prayer Book having been of much comfort to him in his last hours.

At the funeral, when the company were assembled at Abbotsford, 'according to the usual Scotch fashion' prayers were offered up by the Very Rev. Dr Baird, Principal of the University, and Dr Dickson, minister of St. Cuthbert's. At Dryburgh the burial service of the Prayer Book was read by his friend Archbishop Williams, and the grave closed over the great Scotsman to the solemn words of the Hymn of the Episcopal Church.

A BALLAD OF MEMORY.

I see thee in each bright spring morn
When filling in my garden fair;
While dewdrops still lie on the lawn,
And pale narcissi scent the air.
Some feathered songster breathes a prayer,
Sunshine and shadow come and go:
How glad life is! Yet I declare
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in the mellow corn,
Now bright with many a poppy's stare;
I watch the frolic-loving fawn
Peep forth from out his shady lair.
The world is bright and debonair,
The wild bees honey-laden grow:
'Tis wondrous, dear! and yet I swear
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in a land forlorn,
By wild and wintry blast laid bare;
Now gray and desolate the dawn,
And wan the garb the hedgerows wear.
'Mid blinding snow, in mute despair,
The cheerless herd drifts to and fro.
How drear! and yet I hardly care:
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

EXVOL.

Yea, though I see thee everywhere,
And hear thy accents softly flow,
At night-hour, when I draw my chair,
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

GEO. H. LUDLOE.

† *Life*, ii. p. 186.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE SCIENTIFIC TRAPPER.

By LINCOLN WILBAR.

THE successful trapper is born, not bred. Thus he resembles the poet, though there is no poetry about trapping, of which it may be said, as of gold-mining, that 'it pleasantly dilates the imagination in theory, but in practice is desperate hard work.' It is, in fact, a life of unremitting toil, hardship, and bitter disappointment, the kicks outnumbering the halfpence by ten to one. Nevertheless there is a fascination about it which appeals irresistibly to certain natures; and so strong is the hold which the craft obtains on minds susceptible to the peculiar charm and mysticism of the virgin Spirit of the Woods that there are to-day many men of education, even of university training, who have embraced this life of toil, privation, and loneliness, in defiance of every prudential consideration of home, comfort, and gain.

It is among these men, who combine an intellectual interpretation of Nature with an instinctive understanding of woodcraft, that the most skilful trappers are to be found. Like all other pursuits, trapping is reducible to a science; and as the man who makes a scientific art of a primitive craft is the man who succeeds best financially, so the trapper who reduces trapping to a practical science is the trapper who decorates his camp with pelts. Luck, of course, plays a considerable part even in the most scientific trapping; but when in a trapper certain woodland instincts are combined with trained intellectual powers of observation and induction, the cometary career of luck, being pretty accurately gauged and arranged for, is only as a dash of spice, a piquant flavouring of chance, in what would otherwise be a life of lonely drudgery.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article merely to describe the life of the 'general practitioner' in trapping, for his career is already made known in scores of volumes. The specialist in the craft is he of whom I more particularly wish to write. That wise dictum, 'Specialise, young man,' has no more practical application than to the trapper. The habits of the various fur-bearing animals differ so greatly,

and are so antithetical in susceptibility to modification by forces too subtle and diverse to be grouped or generalised, that no man could ever hope to do more than master the secrets of one animal's life, to know its nature so fully that the human mind no longer need reason as to what that animal would do under varying circumstances, but knows instinctively by virtue of that power of sympathetic intuition which results from perfection of understanding.

With such men the old clumsy and haphazard methods of trapping are out of date; new methods—flexible, elaborate, positive in application—have come into use. Thus the scientific trapper, while not disdaining the profits of 'general practice,' makes some one animal his specialty, and conducts his campaign with a swiftness and precision impossible to empirical trappers, whose methods of work in all cases are merely an adaptation of a general principle to the radical differences in the habits of animals. But salient traits lend themselves to characterisation, and methods based on this lead only to mediocrity when put into practice. It is insight into the most subtle workings of an animal's nature which sets the scientific trapper above his fellow-craftsmen and gives his calling something of the dignity of a fine art.

To pass a month in the woods during the trapping season with such a man is to obtain a liberal education in forest lore, to come so close to the heart of Nature that the mind sometimes thrills with a shock as of contact with some vital, pulsating essence. It is as if the Spirit of the Woods caressed you and then drew back coyly, doubtful of your worthiness for so great an honour—you who have sold your birthright of freedom for a mess of duties. You are conscious of some presence, invisible but coherent, soothing but palpitating with virile life; a mysterious power which tantalises you with the seeming simplicity of its enigmas. You can feel, but at first you have no intellectual grasp of, your sensations. Swifter than the lightning-stroke is Nature's assumption of dominion over the human soul; but to the unguided mind understanding is a growth of

patient years. Welcome, therefore, to the heart dumbly conscious of Nature's sway is the companionship of one whose instinctive interpretation of natural phenomena has been mentally scrutinised and built up into intellectual formulas, readily expressible and readily understood.

With a man of this stamp it was my good fortune to pass several months of last winter in the vast evergreen forests which stretch far away northward from the headwaters of the Penobscot River in Maine. He was a graduate of Harvard University, a prize-winner in two branches of learning; but, growing dissatisfied with the social conditions of civilisation, and believing that a more natural life best befitted a man, he sold his few possessions, and investing the proceeds in the paraphernalia of a hunter and trapper, he hid himself in the wilderness of the Upper Penobscot, and settled down to comprehend the possibilities of trapping with that diligence and attention to details which are essential to success in any business. At the time of my sojourn with him he had been eight years in the woods, and his fame as a trapper was known to the sportsmen of New York and Boston. Though he did not by any means restrict himself to beaver-trapping, that was his specialty, and his income from this source alone equalled the net income of the average American or Canadian farmer during the six best agricultural months of the year.

To many persons, especially to those who have read the sorrowful tales of failure written by gentlemen who, for the fun of the thing, have tended lines of traps such as no self-respecting animal short of a *felo de se* would condescend to get caught in, this statement will appear incredible; but it is perfectly true, and it can be duplicated many times over in many places. There is no greater fallacy than the popular belief that the fur-bearing animals have been nearly all killed off. The simple fact is that they have grown too wary of late to be captured by the primitive methods which served sufficiently well in the old days, when a steel trap set on a clean pine-chip, with a piece of meat tied to the pan by a pink string, was an object of curiosity rather than of suspicion to any creature that might be 'made beaver.' In most cases the intelligence of fur-bearing

animals has advanced faster than the intelligence of those who seek to trap them, with the result that the 'pine-chip' and 'pink-string' trapper is out of date. He is in the category with the farmer who still works on the principle that starving a hog one day and stuffing it the next will make alternate streaks of fat and lean in bacon. Such a trapper by sheer hard work may make from forty to sixty pounds by his season's trapping; but the average is from twenty to thirty pounds. To such men the woods may well seem dead; yet to those who employ the highest arts of the craft these same dead forests yield a comparatively rich return. Indeed, it is doubtful if any of the more orthodox methods of wresting a living from Nature give so large a return on the original capital as does trapping, rightly conducted. Certainly the respectable occupation of farming does not, and the farmer works the whole year through. Given an average year, the average Canadian agriculturist makes a gross income of from five hundred to one thousand dollars, and this on a capital of perhaps five thousand dollars. The trapper who is clever at his business makes as much on a capital of less than two hundred dollars, and is free during the summer months to tap other sources of income. Of course, these men are exceptionally skilful craftsmen, the highest product of nemoral science and nemoral instinct combined; and it may be urged that it is obviously unfair to compare them with the average man of another calling; but this is to obscure the issue. It is the returns on capital that are being compared, not the men themselves. Yet even in comparison of the men there is less unfairness than at first appears. The average farmer, being a man of fairly well-balanced mental capacities, would have risen to much the same level in almost any other pursuit if fate or opportunity had placed him in it, whereas the successful trapper, apart from the craft which utilises his peculiar qualities of mind and temperament, has no capacities which would lift him to an equivalent level in any other business or profession. The psychological chemistry which inspired the dictum, 'Once a thief always a thief,' is also responsible for the equally true but more innocent apophthegm, 'Once a trapper always a trapper'—or nothing.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER X.—HE COMETH NOT.



HAT, *nom-de-Dieu*, is this?' said the idlers on the shore at Plenevec as the blunt nose of the lighthouse boat bumped up the shingle.

'It is Pierre's boat from Grand Bayou,' answered one.

'It is Alain run off with old Pierre's daughter,' said another.

'La Carcassonne! *Tiens*, how pretty she is!'

'What a shame to hide her over there so long!'

'And where is Cadoual? Where is George? He is missing the treat.'

'Let George look after himself, *mon beau*. It is the one thing he is good at.'

Alain led Barbe over the unaccustomed shingle to the firmer ground above, and straight along the road to Veuve Pleuret's cottage, where he lived.

The old lady received them with many exclamations of surprise.

'This is Ma'm'selle Barbe of Grand Bayou. She is to stop here for a few days, Mère Pleuret, and you will take care of her. She will sleep in that other bed in your room.'

'*Bien !*' said Mère Pleuret. If Alain had asked her for her own bed she would have turned out gladly; he was so like her own boy who was gone.

'Now I will take back that boat, or the old hunks will be saying I have stolen it,' said Alain. —'Take as good care of her as if she were your own, Mère Pleuret,' he said, and kissed Barbe with control, and in his exuberance kissed the old lady as well, which made her eyes swim with pleasure. —'In two hours,' he said to Barbe, 'I will be back, and then we shall see. M. Gaudriol will tell us what is the truth.'

The two women watched him go along the road till he turned down the shingle, and then, as they lost sight of him, they looked at one another, and the eyes of both shone softly.

'A fine lad,' said Mère Pleuret, 'and a good one, and very like my own that was drowned. You are going to marry?'

'Yes,' said Barbe, full of faith and hope. And the old lady, having no idea of all that lay behind the pleasant face of things, questioned her discursively as to her father, and her life on the Light; and Barbe answered her with simple caution and gave no hint of the actual state of matters.

If only they had met Sergeant Gaudriol that day, how differently all might have gone with them, and what heart-breaking times they might have been saved! But Gaudriol was away at Plouarnec on official business, and did not get home till night, and then it was too late.

The hours passed, the storm of rain swept over them to the thirsty land behind, the sun drew down red and angry towards the rim of the sea, and Barbe Carcassone sat waiting for Alain to come to her.

She wondered what was keeping him. She wondered how the old man at the Light would get on without her. Mère Pleuret tried to draw her into conversation at times; but as the day wore on Barbe was too full of thought for talking.

The Light gleamed rosy white, then loomed gray in the eye of the sun with a glimmer of gold at each side, then stood cold and pale like a sheeted ghost; and while she gazed the golden rays burst out from the top so suddenly that she started. She had never seen them from the land before.

Still Alain did not come. What could be keeping him?

Mère Pleuret set her surprise to many words as she prepared the evening meal; but Barbe sat dumb with anxiety, and could eat nothing.

The night drew on and deepened, and still he did not come. When Mère Pleuret was ready to go to bed she expressed the opinion that Alain had come

to an untimely end, with the outspoken frankness of one who had already suffered and knew the futility of hope. Then Barbe shut herself in behind the sliding panels of the other box-bed, and sobbed silently because of the exceeding strangeness of everything.

Fears and forebodings racked her all through the night. She fell into fitful sleep at times, and dreamed horrible dreams, and woke up in the cramping agonies of a sorely tried heart. Yet at the core of all her trouble there glowed a tiny gleam of gladness. Alain loved her; she loved Alain. Though all the world cracked and tumbled about her in ruins, as it seemed like doing, that was one thing to cling to and hold by, and she would never let go of it. She told herself hopefully that Alain would come in the morning, and then prayed earnestly, pitifully, that it might be so.

She said to herself that no harm could come to one so bold and strong and skilful; but she knew that the sea was stronger still, and still more cunning, and that the boldest and bravest go down into it and come back no more.

Her face was sharpened with anxiety, and her eyes looked larger than ever by reason of the dark circles round them, when she came out into the dawn to look for Alain. The boats were coming in one by one. A wild hope sprang up in her that he had had to go with the rest before he found time to come and see her again last night. It would not be like him, she thought; but there might be things she did not understand.

The other girls and women were there awaiting the boats also. They eyed her with curiosity; she had been scarcely more than a name to most of them for so long. They whispered among themselves. They were not openly rude; but Plenevec had never wasted its time on polishing its manners.

Barbe, accustomed to the wide solitudes of the Light, was greatly troubled by this sudden concentration of observation upon herself. She knew not whom to ask about Alain. She felt herself a stranger in a strange country. In spite of her anxiety for information, she was about to flee back to the shelter of Mère Pleuret's shadowy wing when her eye, casting wildly round, fell on a majestic figure in blue and white which had just come along the road, and was eyeing her steadfastly. Sergeant Gaudriol had heard of her arrival the night before. He had looked in at Veuve Pleuret's as he passed. He came up to her at once.

'*Tiens, ma'm'selle !* It is good to see you here,' he said.

She looked up into the old grizzled face, and liked it, and knew she could trust him; for, if the official mask was somewhat hard and grim, as became the representative of the law, the simple kindness of tolerant age looked through the eyes—eyes which had seen so much in their time, and had come now to prefer the brighter side of

things, perhaps because they were growing dimmer themselves.

'M. Gaudriol?' she gasped. For Alain had spoken to her of the old man, and only last night he had said, 'Gaudriol will tell us the truth of it.'

'But yes,' said the old man delightedly. 'I am Gaudriol. And how do you know me, ma'm'selle?'

'I have heard much of you, monsieur, from Alain.'

'Ah yes, Alain! The fortunate Alain! And where is Alain, ma'm'selle?'

'But, monsieur, that is what is troubling me. He took the boat back to the Light yesterday afternoon, and he has never returned. And, oh, monsieur! I fear for him;' and her hand flew to her heart.

'He went to the Light yesterday afternoon, and never returned? Stay, I will inquire down there,' and he went crunching down the shingle to the noisy crowd round the boats.

'Jan Godey, where is Alain Carbonec?'

'*Mon Dieu!* M. Gaudriol, that is what I would like to know. He never turned up last night, and left me short-handed,' grumbled Jan.

'Who has seen him?' asked the old gendarme.

But no one had seen him since they all saw him row out to the Light after bringing ma'm'selle ashore.

How came ma'm'selle to be ashore? Gaudriol saw at once that the key to the matter probably lay there, and he strode back to Barbe.

'Why did he bring you ashore, ma'm'selle?' he asked quietly. 'What has happened?' He had a dim, far-down fear that the Light might possibly have been the scene of another tragedy not so very different from the one it had witnessed before.

Barbe hesitated, and Sergeant Gaudriol saw it.

'Tell me just what happened, my dear,' he said.

'Tell me everything, or I cannot help you.'

'Oh! I will tell you everything, monsieur. Alain said you would tell us the truth of it.'

'*Bien!*'

'It is this way, monsieur. We love one another, we two, very dearly'—

Gaudriol nodded.

'And my father—that is, M. Carcassone—he did not want me to marry Alain'—

'Why?'

'I think he did not want me to leave him alone. He would not let Alain in; but he swam out through the Race many times to see me, and I spoke with him from the gallery. Yesterday he opened the door to Alain; and when Alain came in he called me down and told us about the—the murders—long ago, and he said we were brother and sister, and so we could never marry. But it is not as brother and sister that we love one another, I assure you, monsieur. I would give my life for Alain, and he for me. We did not believe it

because we do not feel to one another as brother and sister. But though we did not believe it, Alain said he would not let me stop there. Since he was my brother, he said he had the right to take care of me, and he brought me ashore. Then he took back the boat, and would swim to Cap Réhel, as he always did'—

'*Mon Dieu!* Cap Réhel!' ejaculated Gaudriol.

'But he had done it so many times, monsieur,' she said, with quick anticipation of her own fears, 'and he is so strong and bold, and nothing ever happened to him. He said he would be back in two hours. But he has never come.'

The old gendarme's brows knitted into bushes of perplexity, and he thought deeply and quickly. It might only be an accident. Alain might be lying, bruised and broken, somewhere about Cap Réhel. Though, *ma foi!* if it was at the bottom it was little they would ever see of him again, as the tide had come and gone since then. He might have dared the Race once too often, and gone under, strong swimmer though he was. And—and—yes, it would up in spite of him—it might be that either of these things—bad as they were; ay, even though they were final—would be the least of the things that might have happened; for it might be that the men had quarrelled on Alain's return, and that Grand Bayou Light had once more drunk hot blood.

'Wait you, my dear,' he said to Barbe at last, 'with Mère Pleuret and keep your heart up. I will go to the Light myself and see if he is there. He might have hurt himself and been unable to come back.'

He spoke hopefully, and she was cheered somewhat.

'And the other matter, M. Gaudriol?' she asked anxiously, and with colour in her cheeks. 'It is not true that I am Alain's sister?'

'I have never heard it said till this moment, my dear, and I do not believe it. When Pierre came across that first morning after—when—you understand,' he said, with an embarrassed nod—'he carried you on one arm and the boy on the other. It is seventeen years ago; but I remember it all very clearly, for it was a terrible affair. He came up to me as I stood just about here where we are standing now, and he told me what he had done; and he said—but yes, I recall it all—he said, "This is my child, and this is his." *Voilà!*'

'God be thanked!' she said gratefully. 'I knew it could not be true. He said it just to part us. It was not well done; but I would sooner have him for a father than Alain for a brother. You are quite, quite sure, monsieur?'

'I am quite sure of what he said that day, my child; but we can make surer still from the records, and I will see to it.'

'I thank you with all my heart,' she said; and he gravely saluted her and crunched away down the shingle.

'Jan Godey, I want to the Light. Who will take me?'

'*Bien*, M. Gaudriol,' said Jan obsequiously. 'In two minutes I will be ready, if you can put up with the remains of the fishing. There will not be time to wash down.'

'It will do, *mon beau*.'

And presently M. Gaudriol, having settled himself comfortably on Jan's coat to save the spick and span of his blue and silver from contamination, and looking somehow monstrously out of place there, the bluff-bowed lugger was running swiftly seawards, bearing the Law to the Light.

'You fear something wrong, M. Gaudriol?' asked Godey, making play with so unique an opportunity of cultivating friendly relations with the great man.

'But no, *mon beau*, not at all. But accidents are always possible, and I want to find that boy.'

'A clever lad and a good fisherman,' said Jan. 'Cadoual was a fool to lose him. But, *ma foi*! it's not for me to complain.'

The tide was against them; but the wind was fair, and they made a quick run to the Light. The door was open and there was no one in sight.

'Wait for me,' said the gendarme, to Jan's disappointment, and began the laborious ascent of the perpendicular rungs.

It was not the easiest of matters for his stiff joints and harnessed limbs, but he drew himself up into the doorway at last, cocked hat and all, and disappeared within. It was almost an unknown country to him; for Pierre had never encouraged visitors, and Gaudriol's duty had always lain on solid earth, for which he had many a time devoutly thanked God. He got all he wanted of the sea from the vantage-point of dry land, and he never even walked on the shingle if he could help it.

He glanced cautiously round the dim interior. He was not without his fears of what he might find there. He had a very definite recollection of what he had once found there; and what had been might be.

The lower story yielded nothing. He climbed the ladder. Nothing there, and no signs of life above. Up again, and still again, till he stood in the lantern, and passing out to the gallery, he looked down on Jan Godey lying apparently asleep in the idly rocking boat sixty feet below. To all appearances they two had the place entirely to themselves. So down again for more minute research, in great relief at finding so far no signs of any tragedy.

Some one had tended the light all night. The only question with him was whether it was Alain or Pierre, and which of them had murdered the other.

As he stood in the sleeping-room the rough breathing of a sleeper came to him through the closed panel of one of the bunks. He strode across

and laid his hand on it. The answer to his puzzle lay behind it. He hesitated for one second, half-dreading what he might find there. Alain?—Pierre? In either case trouble. If Alain, then his worst forebodings would be realised. If Pierre, then he would fear much for Alain.

He gently rolled back the panel—Pierre, sleeping the sleep of the just and of the man who has kept watch while the rest of the world slept.

Sergeant Gaudriol had all his country's belief in the efficacy of the sudden surprise, the unexpected challenge, the endeavour to entrap, the assumption of knowledge, in dealing with a suspect. He laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder. The sleeper's breathing softened, his eyes opened, and he looked vaguely at the grizzled face and the imposing cocked hat bending towards him.

'Where is Alain Carbonec?' asked Sergeant Gaudriol, and Pierre sat up with a start. Gaudriol's eyes missed no slightest change in his face. He saw the startled look in the half-awake eyes, and he saw the colour ebb till the face was leaden under its tan. And he said to himself, 'Alain is done for, and this man knows.' And again to Pierre, and more harshly this time, 'Where is Alain Carbonec? What have you done with him?'

And Pierre knew that in the eyes of the law, as represented by Sergeant Gaudriol, he was already condemned unheard.

'What is it, then?' he growled. 'I do not understand.'

'Alain Carbonec is missing. He came here. He never returned. What have you done with him?'

'But, Sergeant, I know nothing of him. I did not even see him when he came back. We had had a dispute, and I had had enough of him for one day. He left the boat where he found it, and went his way.'

'Ay. Where to?'

'How should I know? I tell you I never even saw him.'

'And no one else has seen him since.'

'*Eh bien*, that is not my affair.'

'Have you killed him as you killed his father?'

'Ah! That's it, is it? And why should I kill him, Sergeant Gaudriol?'

'God knows. Doubtless you hated him because he was his father's son, and still more because he loved your girl, and she him. First you try to part them with lies, and when that failed you make away with the lad.'

'But I tell you I never even saw him. I only knew he had been here by finding the boat in its place.'

'*Eh bien*! we shall see. If we find him, good. If not?—'

'If not you will try to make out that I have made away with him. *Eh bien*, go ahead! A man can but die, and I am sick of it all.'

Whatever Sergeant Gaudriol's own suspicions

might be, he had nothing beyond them to act upon. Pierre might be telling the truth. Obviously the one thing to be done was to find Alain's body, if that were possible; but he had to acknowledge to himself that the chances of doing so might be small. If Pierre had gone the length of killing him, it was hardly to be expected that he would not have gone the further length of disposing of his body. Certainly on that other occasion he had boldly avowed his crime and accepted the consequences; but then the motives were, from a French point of view, not absolutely inadequate, whereas in this case no court in the country but would exact full payment for the crime, if crime there were.

The first place to search was Cap Réhel, in case the matter was simply one of accident. So Gaudriol went gingerly down the iron rungs and kicked the rope till Jan Godey woke, and they loosed and went in a wide curve through the run of the Race, and came in under the frowning Head. They landed there, and made careful search among the boulders; but their time was short by reason of the rising tide. They embarked again and coasted along close inshore, to and fro, till they had satisfied themselves that Alain's body was not there at all events.

Finally, Sergeant Gaudriol reluctantly gave the matter up for the time being, and went home, saying to himself that they would have to wait till the sea gave up its secret; for the scour of the Race sooner or later carried most things down to Plenevec beach. He had a faint hope that there might be some news of the missing man at the village; but a sight of Barbe Carcassone's eager face as she ran down the shingle to meet them showed him that the hope was futile.

The cocked hat wagged mournfully at her. 'No news, no trace, no nothing!' he said. 'But don't lose heart, my child. He'll turn up all right yet.'

In his own mind he doubted it; his tone carried no conviction; and Barbe's heart, which had buoyed itself on the Sergeant, sank hopelessly.

'He is dead,' she cried, 'or he would surely have come.'

'If he is dead some one shall pay for it,' said the Sergeant.

'Ah, it is only Alain I want,' she cried.

Words are but poor medicine for a stricken heart; and vengeance will not fill the place of one who leaves an empty heart behind.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTOR-BICYCLE AND ITS FUTURE.

By ARTHUR CANDLER.



IN the summer of 1901 I came across a gentleman with a motor-bicycle of well-known make which had broken down and could not be repaired on the spot. I was at the time thinking very seriously of buying one of that make, so could not resist the temptation of trying to get a little information. The gentleman appeared rather cross; and on my venturing to ask if he found the motor-bicycle as a general rule satisfactory, he snapped out, 'I consider these machines the biggest fraud of the century.' After a little while he became calmer, and told me that, out of ten half-day rides he had taken on his machine, with the exception of one ride of twenty miles, he had always broken down completely. Another gentleman told me that his motor-bicycle cost him ten pounds for repairs in the first month. These were not encouraging reports, and I put off all idea of purchasing a motor until what seemed the experimental stage was past.

Early last year, after visiting the cycle shows and examining the many good makes of motor-cycles, I decided to make the plunge, and have now my own engine; and in the course of more than four thousand miles riding in all parts of the country I have found such an extraordinary amount of interest taken in these delightful little machines, and have been plied with so many questions—such as about reliability, expense of upkeep, learning to

drive, &c.—that I feel sure an account of my experience will prove useful to many readers.

I will deal first with the most important question, and one that has been asked me literally hundreds of times—namely, Are they reliable? I unhesitatingly answer, Yes, provided you buy a machine by one of the first-class makers. Take my own case. I have only once had anything of the nature of a breakdown, and that was entirely my own fault. I had spent a day taking the engine to pieces and fixing it up again, so that I might learn something of its mechanism. I failed to put it together properly, so when testing it something gave way, and I had to pedal the machine home. With this exception I have never been delayed more than a minute or so in order to adjust the belt or screw up the terminals of the electric apparatus. In fact, I feel absolutely the same confidence in taking out my motor-bicycle for a day's run or a week's tour as I have ever done in the case of the common bicycle. As for the tires, I have had two punctures, which were repaired in a few minutes.

As to learning to drive the motor-bicycle, it is, indeed, very easy. Some patterns are so simplified that all the driving is done by one lever. My machine, a Quadrant, can be ridden straight away by any cyclist accustomed to the free-wheel, for all that is required is to set the air-lever to a mark, mount the machine just as if it were an ordinary bicycle, and pedal two or three yards; then turn

the lever, and away you go, increasing or decreasing your pace as you push forward or pull back the lever. You can easily cover one hundred and fifty miles a day, under average conditions, in eight hours' riding time. You can go as slowly as you like or up to thirty miles an hour, or more, on the level, with the standard pattern, one and a half horse-power. Any hill that a good cyclist can ride up on a common bicycle you can ascend on your motor bicycle very easily.

Now, as to the expense of running. There are three items of expenditure to take into consideration: (1) the petrol which supplies the explosive gas for driving the engine, (2) the electricity which explodes your mixture of gas and air, (3) the lubricating oil for the engine. I have kept a record of my own experience, and this is how I find it works out with my machine, and I doubt not that with other good makes the result will be the same: a gallon of petrol costs elevenpence, and will drive me, under average conditions, two hundred miles; the electricity costs sixpence for eight hundred miles; and the lubricating oil one shilling for one thousand miles. Thus you may estimate the cost of running one thousand miles as nearly as may be at a shade over six shillings, or something like fourteen miles for a penny. This is very wonderful when you come to think of it. A man can now possess his own engine which will carry him about the country at a ridiculously small expense.

I am not in a position to give accurate information as to depreciation and wear-and-tear, nor can I find any reliable data. I affirm, however, that after running four thousand miles my engine does not

show the slightest signs of wear, and the bicycle itself looks almost as smart and in as good condition as on the day I bought it. The original outlay for such a machine, with the spare parts that it is desirable to carry, is forty-five or fifty pounds. One of the very best machines on the market can be purchased at the higher figure. The standard pattern for 1903 is two horse-power.

There is this very great advantage possessed by the motor-bicycle over the motor-car: if by any chance you should have a breakdown some miles from a repairing-shop or railway station, you can easily pedal the machine at an average rate of eight or ten miles an hour for fifty miles if necessary without feeling unduly tired. It is, moreover, easily stored, and can be put anywhere just like a common bicycle.

During 1901 the motor-bicycle was seldom seen on the road. In 1902 the number increased twenty-fold; and it may be reasonably expected, owing to the appreciation of the riders of all first-class machines, that 1903 will see a very great boom in the industry. There is undoubtedly a brilliant future before the trade, for all cyclists who can afford the initial expenditure, and who have once tried a hundred-mile spin, will never again undertake a long journey on the common bicycle.

Finally, there is one development of the motor-bicycle which must have been remarked by most people, and that is the pleasure that can be given to members of one's family by taking them out in a trailer attached to the machine. Many an invalid wife or infirm mother may now share in the pleasure of cycling.

THE MOORABINGLE FLOOD.

PART III.



MR CHISHOLM drove up in the bright, warm moonlight night about twelve o'clock—we heard his buggy pass the camp—and next morning I called immediately after breakfast. As at my first interview, he was in his study; but this time he greeted me with a quiet cordiality. There was, however, no use in beating about the bush, and I abruptly began with, "Mr Chisholm, I wish to tell you that I have come to ask if you will consent to my marrying your daughter." I had commenced to dilate on her merits and my own unworthiness when he stopped me with a slight motion of the hand; then he sat still for quite a minute, with his finger-tips together, his eyes fixed on his desk, and with a grave, intensely serious face. At length he spoke:

"Mr Vincent, I regret this more than I can say. Were it not that I, in a measure, blame myself, I should be extremely annoyed. I dare hardly trust myself to speak. I feel that my

anger may override my other feelings, and the less said the better. It is impossible, and the subject must never be mentioned again. Go, therefore, hence, and return no more; and, recollect, I shall allow no correspondence between yourself and my daughter. That will do. Now go!"

"But, sir—Mr Chisholm, at least allow me to say good-bye."

Again he paused, in deep thought, and then rising, and averting his eyes, he said, "It is impossible. I cannot allow it. I wish you good-bye."

"So I went away, in sorrow and in anger. Our camp was broken up, and our jolly backwoods life was at an end. Autumn was coming on, and Frank flitted to town to set up his collection; the caravan was sold, and the tent stored in a Flinders Lane warehouse; one of the race-horses was well disposed of up-country, and the other, old Moro, I kept as a hack. I took rooms in the Royal Hotel, Moorabingle, for it

was my last thought in the world to give Mary up; though how I was to further matters by staying in the township I could not say. I was simply waiting to see what might turn up.

'Moorabingle is not a township in which an idle man can pleasantly or profitably pass his time. The bankers were elderly gentlemen with large families and little time or inclination to make new acquaintances. The doctor was a drunken fellow, with a great reputation for being clever when he was in liquor but no good when sober. Luckily for his character as a surgeon, he never was sober; and when, as was frequent, a patient went all wrong, he was excused on the ground that he was a little more "sprung" than usual, or a little less, as the case might be.

'It was a miserable time; and had the company, or the liquor, been better, or if I had had any taste that way, I must have taken to drink, or Heaven knows what. "Thus passed the winter days." At first I wrote frequently, and in desperation, to Mary; but these letters were all returned unopened, and readdressed in the old gentleman's handwriting. There were rumours flying about the township that a French count was staying at the station, and that a match was likely between him and the young lady there; that Mr Chisholm was inclined to be a tuft-hunter, and favoured him; that he was rich and titled, and so on. Thus I consumed my own smoke, in sorrow and in bitterness of spirit, all through the dark days.

'At length, one morning the count appeared in the township to catch the stage-coach through to the railway line, and he had such a self-satisfied, patronising air that I was seized with the determination to ride straightway to the Plains, see Mary and her father, and make one more attempt to break down his resolve. If I failed, why, then I'd make for England again, and pray to be shipwrecked on the way, and all such folly as that. It is strange—is it not?—those feelings which are so real to the young, at which the middle-aged laugh, and which the aged do not acknowledge to exist! Whyte-Melville has somewhere a soliloquy upon that text, I think.

'It was the rainiest winter ever known since records were kept; and it was a morning of tearing wind and wet when I started early to ride to the Plains. From the moment you left the Royal Hotel yard, the three hills—they are called "The Sisters" of course—loomed far ahead, and it was a cold, lonesome, miserable ride. The rain fell in heavy sheets, swept by a north-west wind; and from the start my left cheek-bone was fairly frozen by the blast, and old Moro pegged along, his head on one side, his ears back, and now and again blowing out his nostrils in disgust. After a few miles I sighted the little rises on the right, and presently could make out the house, with the smoke rising, and comfort came to my heart, for was not Mary there! I

repeated to myself, "Oh! I'm wat, wat; oh! I'm wat an' wearie O!" Do you know the lines?

'At last I was opposite the lake, and within a hundred yards of the garden gate. I had begun to funk it rather, I must say, and the prospect round did not raise my spirits. The plain was dull gray, with glistening pools of water, and the stone walls which fenced the paddocks there looked grim and dripping. There was no sign of life but for a mob of sheep near the yards, half over to the cliffs, and the gale blew their bleatings plainly to my ear. The solitary tree by the yards rose black, abrupt, and grim, like the plumes on a hearse; but up through the garden trees I could see the gleam of firelight through the study windows.

'The gale had risen to a howling tempest, and I was thinking with no pleasant feelings of my ride home again, probably in sorrow and despair, when a sound as of a very heavy clap of thunder made the horse start and throw up his head, and for a moment I had to attend to my reins. Surely, I thought, the wind was rising louder than ever, and never before had I heard thunder like that in winter. Then I glanced to windward. Good heavens! the lake had burst its banks, and, in a huge wall of water, came hurling to the plain. It was a foaming white mass where the cliffs had stood, and above hung a cloud of dust and debris like a pall. For a little while I gazed with interest, wondering, in a stupid sort of way, how the sheep would fare, and in a moment the water devoured them, even as a bush-fire consumes a dry leaf on the ground; then it reached the first wall. Now I realised what it was! The great wave towered above the stonework, tossing the waves on its summit up and down, as you see the waves in the Rip when the outgoing tide meets a southern gale, and it was roaring as it came. As it struck the stones a great spume of foam leapt high into the air, as when some huge roller strikes a rock-bound coast; and at the sight my heart turned to water, and I knew what Homer's heroes felt when "their knees were loosened."

'In moments such as these thoughts fly like lightning. The wave would easily reach the house; Mary was there! If I rode to the gate and opened it, precious moments would be lost. Moro had never jumped in his life to my knowledge. He must do it now. I whipped him round, and set him at the garden fence. It was a post-and-rail, mercifully old, grown over thick with monthly roses and sweet-briar. I think he would have flown it had he but known what was desired of him—as it was, he tried to stop; but I struck him with my spurs, held him tight, and at the last moment he seemed to understand. He did his best, and breasted it. There was a crash, and he landed in the orchard on his head. My feet struck the ground, and

I pitched far forward on his neck, and thought in that one moment of time to let go, slip off, and run on foot, when I heard him grunt and felt him rise. Then I scrambled back to the saddle; and on my pulling the old man together, we galloped up the garden, I shouting as we went.

'I saw Mary run out, and the first look across the plain told her all. "Quick! jump up in front," was all I said, and from the high veranda it was smartly done. Now we galloped down the drive towards the stables, almost facing the flood; but the gate was open, and before the torrent reached us we had turned the corner, and were racing up the hill. As we pulled up on the highest point, the waters swept round us with that seething *swish* familiar to us when, as children, we built sand-castles on the beach to wait the rising tide. The flood had reached its highest point, but we were dry shod; and as we turned our eyes towards the homestead, we saw the buildings there had gone down. Two chimneys still stood, and a few veranda posts and a little iron roofing were mournfully leaning in strange attitudes. It was as though a great fire had swept over it.

'By a most extraordinary combination of circumstances there was not a soul except Mary at the homestead at the moment of the flood, and presently our intense anxiety for her father was relieved when we saw him driving at a gallop from the paddocks beyond the stony rises. He was nearly unmanned by the dread of what might meet his eye at the station; but, controlling himself with a great effort, he simply wrung my hand, saying in a low voice, which trembled with feeling, "I can no longer fly in the face of a Divine Providence."

'We had thus mercifully escaped tragedy at the homestead; but on the plains they were not so lucky. Old Willie Scott, who had come out with Mr Chisholm years ago, was draughting the mob of sheep which I had seen engulfed, and with him were a young shepherd and a lad. Willie had taken it all in at the first roar of the bursting waters, and had run to the solitary tree, the lowermost branch of which was some distance from the ground. "Rin," he called to his mates in his Scotch voice, which was broken with excitement and breathlessness—"rin and loup on my shouthers, and I'll pit ye up. Haste 'e, haste 'e!" They needed no second telling, and as they climbed still higher they called aloud to him, "Scrim, Wullie, scrim; there's time yet!" Then they heard him cry in answer, "I'm owre auld to speil." Looking down, they saw the old man,

his hands raised and clasped above his head, his gray locks floating in the wind, and a light as of the light of battle or of a great triumph glorifying his face. He was fronting the great wave; and as it leapt at him the waves upon its crest seemed to be clutching at him even as we sometimes see great hands and arms groping for us in an evil dream. Then, as they shut their eyes and held on, they saw him no more.

'Alas! the tragedy did not end here. Willie was a great favourite with Mr Chisholm, and the old man would take neither rest nor food until, after the waters had receded, the body of the old shepherd had been found and brought in. There was nowhere for us to sleep that night at the Plains, and we drove, late in the day, to Moorabingle. Mr Chisholm was very quiet and silent all the evening, and his face was deeply flushed, while twice during the interval between dinner and bedtime he repeated in a dreamy way that he could no longer "fly in the face of Divine Providence."

'I was awakened in the night by the landlady, who told me that Mr Chisholm had been seized with a severe pain in the side, and appeared to be very ill, and asked if I would see him. There was little doubt, even to a layman's eye, that it was pneumonia, and I knew that at his age there could be but a faint hope. I saw him no more for five days. A professional nurse had been wired for, and she and Mary did everything, under the directions of the drunken doctor. On the fifth day he asked to see me, and in a moment I knew that all chance for him had gone. He lay in a darkened room, his face streaming with perspiration, and the breath coming and going with painful rapidity, and with that hopeless rattle of mucus with each rise and fall of the chest which, I am told, is such a deadly sign. He took my hand gently between his, and with frequent intervals and distressing gasps—his voice now Doric, broad and unrestrained—he said, "Mr Vincent, you must take Mary, and be kind to her. Be a good man. I trust—I believe—you will be weel yokit. I do not ask you to promise to abandon racing. Promises made in moments like these are seldom binding. I *hope* you will give it up. I have made provision in my will. Now, I have yet much to do, and the hour is at hand, for the night cometh. Farewell."

'I pressed his hand. I knelt one moment and kissed his forehead. He smiled, and I saw him no more alive.

'Now, good-night, old man; that's how I came to the Ox Plains, and it hurts in the telling. Good-night.'



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN.



HE first year of the new century has witnessed the inauguration of a remarkable engineering work, which marks an epoch in the history of the river Nile. Forty years ago Sir Samuel Baker suggested the formation of a series of dams across the Nile from Khartoum downwards, commencing with one at Assouan, five hundred miles above Cairo. It is this work, commenced only four years ago, that has now been formally opened. The mighty granite wall stretched across the river has a total length of a mile and a quarter. It is pierced with no fewer than one hundred and eighty sluice-openings, which are twenty-three feet high and six feet broad; and through these openings fifteen thousand tons of water per second can be discharged. The structure is built of local granite and Portland cement mortar; and in some cases the rock has been found so broken that foundations have had to be carried forty feet lower than was estimated for in the contract. This dam will bring an immense area of land under cultivation which for want of water has hitherto been barren; and it will form an almost imperishable monument of the beneficence of British rule in Egypt.

BALLOONS AND FLYING-MACHINES.

Of late years there have been so many conflicting reports and announcements as to the capabilities and achievements of certain flying-machines that one is glad to turn to the recent proceedings of the Aeronautical Society in order to seek authoritative information on the subject. In his presidential address to the society, Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell alludes to Count Zeppelin's monster air-ship, to the experimental trips made by M. Santos Dumont, and to other recent events; and he admitted that these achievements did not carry us very far beyond what was accomplished twenty years ago. He began to wonder whether we had now not nearly reached the end of the tether as regarded the propulsion of balloons. He believed that it would be quite possible to construct a balloon which would travel from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, which would be sufficient to enable it to stem a light breeze. With regard to machines for soaring, some were of opinion that such machines could be made to soar aloft without help of motor or propeller, and were laughed at for their opinion; but as birds could do so, why not men? After alluding to the gliding experiments of the brothers Wright, he remarked that there really seemed no reason why such experts, having obtained efficiency in the delicate art of balancing themselves according to the various puffs and currents of air, should not be able to soar away on the wings of the wind and

remain indefinitely in mid-air. In his opinion, the aeroplane was the machine which promised the best results. To attain free flight the only thing they wanted was to make a machine slightly better than those already in existence.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office, London, which has recently been enlarged, and has now a splendid new reading-room and reference library, must be extended still further to meet the needs of the Bill which has recently become law. Up to the present time the inventor who patented his idea had no guarantee that the same thing had not been patented before, and it was frequently the case that the department took fees from different patentees for the same invention. The new law provides that, as in America and many other countries, an official search shall be made, so that this injustice to the inventor may cease. It is estimated that at least fifty more clerks will be required to help in the extra work of this search. At present there are about a hundred applications for new patents daily, and this will be immensely increased. Many persons will gladly pay the initial fees for the advantage of ascertaining whether a particular idea is new, or whether it has already been patented. This work has in former times been done by agents; under the new law the department will do it without extra charge.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

An experiment which has quite a comic opera flavour about it is to be tried at Washington under the auspices of Dr Wiley, who holds the position of chemist to the Agricultural Department of that city. The object of the experiment is to ascertain definitely the effect upon the human organism of boracic acid, formalin, and other preservatives with which food-stuffs are now largely adulterated. For this purpose twelve men will be boarded at the Government expense, and we presume of their own freewill. Six will be fed on adulterated material for fourteen days, and the other six upon pure food. Then the parties will change places for another fourteen days. Every morning each guest or patient will be weighed, his temperature will be noted, and his pulse-beats counted. The results of the experiment will be embodied in a report to Congress in connection with the proposed Pure Food Bill.

MODERN WHALING.

Most of us have read of the manner in which whales used to be hunted in high latitudes. It was risky work, for small boats were employed; and when a harpoon had been thrown there was a chance of the boat being swamped by a stroke of the enormous mammal's tail, or of being dragged at break-neck speed for long distances as the poor

whale, slowly bleeding to death, endeavoured to escape. All this is now changed, as Mr Cutcliffe Hine explained in his lecture on Arctic Lapland to the London Camera Club. The modern whaling-vessel is a steamer, with a powerful swivel-gun at its prow, which carries an explosive shell. The shock caused by the impact and explosion of this projectile kills the animal at one blow, and it is towed away by the steamer to the factory, where its body is cut up and its various parts utilised. The valuable 'right' whale is now all but extinct in these waters, and the whales now hunted, which were formerly let alone on account of their great strength and swiftness, are the common 'fin' whale and the so-called 'blue' whale.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY SIGNALS.

The safety of many thousands of persons daily depends upon the accuracy with which the business of signalling trains is carried out, and it must be conceded that the work is well done. The labour of pulling over levers which control the signals at a considerable distance from the signalman's cabin is very great, and it has long been seen that benefit would accrue if some form of energy other than that derived from a man's muscles were employed in the work. The South-Western Railway Company are about to follow the example of American engineers, and employ compressed air as a motive-power; while the London and North-Western Company have long had under trial at Crewe an electric system which is said to be almost perfect. By the touch of a small lever one man, without any undue exertion, is able to do the work of two, and the apparatus is so arranged that by no exertion can he put a signal at 'set clear' until the points are in proper position for the safe transit of the expected train. The system allows of no risk of collision unless an engine-driver deliberately disregards the signals. An electrical system of signalling was devised about twenty years ago; but it was crude in conception, and had other disadvantages from which this 'Crewe system' is quite free. The apparatus employed is the invention of Mr F. D. Webb, chief mechanical engineer to the London and North-Western Railway Company.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

Major Ronald Ross, whose investigations into the connection between mosquito-bite and the spread of malaria have given him a world-wide reputation, recently gave some account of his work before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He remarked that although consumption caused more deaths, malaria was responsible for more sickness, than any other disease, a large proportion of the five million natives who died in India every year falling victims to it. Besides, malaria formed a barrier which closed some of the richest tracts of the world to human occupation. So long ago as 1880 Dr King suggested that infection was carried by mosquitoes, and fifteen years later Major Ross set himself to

test the truth of the story, with the grand results which are now well known. It appears that malaria is only conveyed by one kind of mosquito, the *anopheles*. The germs are developed in the stomach of the insect, then pass into its blood, and in minute thread-like forms make their way into the glands; thence they are conveyed to the proboscis, where they are in position to be injected along with poisonous saliva into the person bitten. The insects breed in stagnant water, never in running streams; and the first work in clearing a district of them is to efface these puddles. Much work had already been done in malaria-infested districts, and this had been made possible by the noble gift of a Glasgow resident of two thousand pounds. Sir William Macgregor, who has been lecturing on the same subject at Glasgow, pointed out that although the United Kingdom was practically free of malaria, Greater Britain possessed the lion's share of the malarial regions of the earth, and at the same time no other great power was so much or was likely to be so much, dependent upon its foreign possessions as we are. He spoke of the wonderful pertinacity of Major Ross in prosecuting the mosquito inquiry, and said that he had obtained the proud place of one of the greatest benefactors of our race.

RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

The plague of rabbits in Australia has for many years presented a problem which many have endeavoured to solve. These animals have multiplied in certain districts to such a terrible extent that large tracts of country, at one time supporting tens of thousands of sheep, have been entirely laid waste. The Government has offered large rewards for some efficient method of checking the rabbit-plague; but in spite of poison, of massacres on a wholesale scale, and of the introduction of an infectious disease among the animals, as suggested by Pasteur, the rabbits increase and multiply without limit. A new plan, which is said to bring relief, has at last been tried by Mr Rodier, of Tambua, Cobar, New South Wales. His land, being rabbit-infested, is necessarily enclosed. He traps the rabbits, and while the females are immediately killed, the males are given their liberty, with the result that the balance of the sexes is destroyed, and the polygamous state in which rabbits naturally live gives place to one in which polyandry is secured. This causes the males to harry the females, the young are destroyed, and a process of self-extermination ensues. Mr Rodier rightly argues that if both males and females are destroyed, as used to be the case, the conditions of life are improved for those who remain, and there is actually an eventual increase instead of a decrease of numbers. Mr Rodier has published a pamphlet on his system, and it will doubtless be tried in other districts.

A SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

Occasionally we hear of the body of a mammoth being discovered in Arctic regions, the flesh being

preserved by a kind of natural system of cold storage. Such a discovery took place about eighteen months back in Siberia, and news of the find made its way to St Petersburg, with the result that with great labour the body of the vast animal, divided into parts, was taken to the Russian capital, where it is now set up for exhibition. It is the most perfect specimen of the extinct mammal which has yet been found, and it is computed to be more than eight thousand years old. The legs and feet of the animal are like those of the elephant, except that the former has five toes and the latter only three. Unlike the elephant, the body of the mammoth is covered with a thick coat of brownish-yellow hair, which must have kept the animal warm under all conditions. The skin was found to be about an inch in thickness, and underneath it was a layer of fat. In spite of great difficulties, the various portions of the huge carcass were conveyed, in a frozen state, over hundreds of miles of country where roads were non-existent.

THE VAPOUR-BATH.

It is curious to find how widely spread is the use of the vapour or Turkish bath. Visitors to Pompeii will remember that there are such baths in that city with the heating arrangements plainly indicated. Even in Arctic Lapland the use of a vapour-bath of very primitive form is common. Mr Cutcliffe Hine, in lecturing on his recent visit to that high latitude, has described this bath, and other travellers corroborate him. The bath consists of a hut which is attached to every farm, and it is used on Saturday nights by the entire family and the servants. In the middle of the hut is raised a kind of beehive of rough stones, and in this a fire is lighted. When the stones become red-hot they are drenched with water, so that the place is filled with vapour. Then enter the bathers, who are armed with birch twigs, with which they belabour one another until all are in a profuse state of perspiration. Then they leave the hut and roll in the snow outside. This last function, it will be seen, is equivalent to the cold plunge or the douche which is the final experience in the Turkish bath as known to us all. In connection with this matter it is interesting to refer to an account of a domestic form of vapour-bath which we recently came across in a volume on distillation, dated 1653. The bather is shut up in a box, with his head only exposed, and steam is admitted to the box from a separate boiler. A rough woodcut of the apparatus is supplied; and the author, in referring to it, writes: 'I shall here commend to you a way of bathing by distillation, the manner of which you may see by these ensuing vessels.'

MENDING BROKEN LIMBS.

A novel remedy for broken limbs of trees is reported from Ohio. Two large trees, one being a maple and the other an apple tree, were recently much damaged by a storm, each having a limb broken, and only hanging on, as it were, by a

mere shred. These broken limbs were carefully supported on struts, and bandaged up, much as a damaged human limb would be secured by splints. Then melted paraffin-wax was applied so as to stop all cracks, and in this way the sap was prevented from escaping, the intrusion of insects was prevented, and rain and moisture were excluded. The broken limb so treated gradually became once more firmly attached to the trunk, and the cure was complete.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR.

Mr Sanger Shepherd, who some time ago perfected a system of producing lantern transparencies in colour by the superposition of three stained films, has now worked out a practical process of securing similar pictures on paper. Up to a certain point the two methods are identical. In the first place three negatives of the original—which may be a portrait, a landscape, a bunch of flowers, or anything else—are made under coloured light-filters. Positive images are produced from these negatives on bichromated gelatine, which becomes insoluble on exposure to light. The gelatine is supported on clear celluloid, and when, after exposure under the negative, it is placed in warm water, every portion of it dissolves away except a delicate but tough image in relief. The three images are stained respectively with pink, yellow, and blue aniline dyes, and when superposed and bound together they form a fully coloured lantern-slide. If, however, the three films, while yet wet from their dye-baths, are pressed in succession in contact with paper coated with a specially prepared soft gelatine, the latter absorbs all the colour, and a close imitation on paper of the original object is the result. This process, it will be seen, involves far more work than the production of an ordinary photograph, and the manipulations require great care. It is believed that it will be widely used; but we shall not be able to judge of this until after the dull wintry weather has given place to spring sunshine.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO, AND HOW THE MOSQUITO PEST IS DEALT WITH.

The mosquito—the transmitter of 'yellow jack,' smallpox, and malarial fever—has been referred to very frequently in the pages of this *Journal*, and various methods of extermination have been recommended. The writer—who has travelled extensively in Mexico, and is now employed there—believes that the experiment made in the city of Mexico to prevent the propagation of the pest has been very successful; but the difficulties to be overcome in effecting sanitary improvements are very formidable. The site of that beautiful and modern city was, in the time of Cortez, a large lake, lying in the basin of a circular chain of mountains, over which towers the famous volcano Popocatepetl, perpetually covered with snow. The Conquistadores, after having subdued the Aztecs, doubtless saw the advantages to be derived from draining the valley and utilising

the immense tract of wonderfully fertile soil, as also that, by providing an outlet for the water, they would be enabled to utilise the land for building purposes, which at that time was impossible owing to the changeable level of the lake. To effect this improvement they commenced the construction of an immense waterway through the surrounding mountains at the lowest and most feasible part. The result of the futile attempt is now pointed out to tourists travelling in the trains of the Mexican Central Railway, which run along the edge of the wonderful pass of Nochistongo, as one of the many evidences of Spanish pluck and cruelty. It is a gigantic drain, some three miles long and in some places hundreds of feet deep, dug out by the Aztec Indians, who were forced by the Spaniards at the point of the sword and by whip-lash: a work of which it is recorded that 'each cubic foot of earth extracted represents the life of an Indian.' The soil in and about the city of Mexico is soaked with sewage because of inadequate drainage-pumping apparatus; and, owing to the low-lying position and close proximity to smaller lakes, marshes, and stagnant ditches, water accumulates in some of the streets to a depth of two or three feet after rain. Therefore, in the vicinity of openings in the street for repairs the odours are very unpleasant, the death-rate in the district going up from ten per thousand to thirty

or forty. For some fourteen years the Government has been constructing immense drainage-pumping plant and canals to run off the water and prevent the flooding of the streets; and latterly these works, which hitherto had not been carried on continuously, have been pushed forward. Until the opening of the first railway into the city of Mexico a few years ago, the mosquito was only found on the coasts, the east especially. However, with the first trains on the English-built Mexican Railway—a magnificent example of engineering, running from the port of Vera Cruz through awe-inspiring scenery—the mosquitoes began to arrive, coming up to the city as very unwelcome guests, playing havoc with the passengers, and some dropped off at the various stations to multiply and increase, so that now the pest has invaded almost every part of the country. In the city itself, at no time a very healthy place of habitation, the mosquitoes are present in such numbers and so much disease is ripe that drastic measures had to be adopted to kill them off or at least to prevent their increase. The Mexican Central Railway Company directors were the first to take such steps, and, so far as the writer is aware, these have been very successful. A quantity of potassium permanganate was placed in the numerous pools and ditches of stagnant water, which were the breeding-places of the pest, and the chemical has proved very efficacious.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR.

By FRED. J. COX.



ANTOINE VERDEAU, the cobbler of Angeldorf, sat smoking his long pipe at his cottage door. It was a pleasant evening in July, and the streets of the little town were full of people eager to get a breath of cool air after the intolerable heat of the day. Some, as they passed, saluted Verdeau; but, as he either ignored their greetings or simply nodded his head with gloomy indifference, no one felt encouraged to stop and talk with him. Between himself and all the rest of Angeldorf there had long been a barrier of reserve; for what had he to do with the foolish, chattering township, its petty interests, its miserably short memory? His only concern in the few years of life that remained to him was to think, to brood, to remember.

Thirty years ago, and it seemed but yesterday! Thirty years: so long? He felt he was getting old, and the fear froze at his heart lest the shadows should gather round him ere his great dream was realised.

Yes, it was thirty years since the bombardment of Angeldorf. Verdeau, then in the prime of life, had been spared the barbarous spectacle. He was away at the time, far from wife and child, fighting

for his beloved France with the Army of the Loire. He received the awful tidings, which had turned the whole current of his life, from the lips of a comrade during the dark hours of bivouac: how his little Alphonse, then his only child, had been killed outright by a German shell; and how another missile had struck and shattered the wall of the new house which he had built with the hard-earned savings of his daily toil.

As he thought of it all again—when was he not thinking of it?—he became greatly agitated, and his eyes grew dim. It would drive him mad in time, this silent brooding. He must fly from his thoughts, if that were possible. Rising suddenly from his chair, he put his pipe aside, and hobbled down the garden path into the street. He tottered as he walked; he was getting more feeble every year.

Adjoining the cottage garden was a strip of land which he had bought for building purposes many, many years ago. It lay neglected and full of rubbish, for the misfortunes which had overtaken old Verdeau had paralysed most of his energies, diverting those that remained into one channel, concentrating them upon one great ideal: that of *La Revanche*!

At the extreme end of this fallow land stood the house which he had built, intending it for Alphonse when he grew to be a man—the house which the Germans had made a target for their cruel shells. The old man paused, contemplating the structure in silence. It was much larger than the cottage where he lived, having all the pretensions of a villa. But signs of dilapidation were everywhere; the windows were broken, the inside walls were damp and mildewed, and the mortar in places was crumbling away. The house was, as it had always been, untenanted, and the ragged aperture at the top of the outer wall, where the shell had pierced, went unrepaired. So it would remain as long as Antoine Verdeau had his way! As he gazed at the unsightly breach a look of bitterness came into his eyes; not the bitterness which a man feels for a particular enemy, but the large hatred which one whose spirit is unbroken by defeat might feel for a whole conquering race.

The gap should never be filled up! He had sworn it. Never, until *La Revanche* had come. Till then it should remain, to remind Alsace of her shame, France of her duty: a sign and a token, concrete, tangible, insistent!

Some fools in Angeldorf had many times advised him to repair the wall and put the house in order. Ah, they did not understand—those cravens! It would bring in rent—something for Victorine's dowry, they said. But he had always spurned their miserly advice—the German slaves!

Silently brooding, he retraced his steps through the growing dusk. The light from a lamp inside glimmered through the diamond-shaped panes of the cottage window; and on entering old Verdeau found the table laid for the evening meal.

A young woman, of twenty-five years or thereabouts, set the old man's chair near the table. Plump and well formed, with fair hair and grayish-blue eyes, and an even, pleasant expression of face, she might have passed for a German maiden. So appearances can deceive; there was not a drop of Teutonic blood in her veins. She was Antoine Verdeau's daughter.

The old man sank into his chair listlessly, and sipped his glass of cheap wine, while the girl repeated rapidly the more important items from her budget of town gossip. A thin smile played round her father's lips as she rattled on.

'So that is what they say?' he remarked. 'You gather gossip as the bees gather honey, Victorine. Indeed, you hear so much, perhaps you can tell me if the new stationmaster is appointed yet?'

'The stationmaster!' she echoed, in a tone of surprise. 'Why, he came nearly two months ago.'

'I hadn't heard,' said Verdeau wearily. 'There is little to interest me in Angeldorf now. But who is the man? An Alsatian, I hope?'

From the eagerness of his look, Victorine knew that she was on dangerous ground.

'I think not, father,' she said. 'In fact'—his searching glance compelled the truth—'I—I know

'tis not so. The new stationmaster is Herr Bauer.'

A fierce expression leapt from the cobbler's lips. 'A German!' he cried, with supreme contempt. 'I thought as much!'

'But not a Prussian, father,' Victorine exclaimed. 'Herr Bauer is out of Bavaria.'

The old patriot looked at her with contemptuous pity. 'If a lion had attacked you, girl,' he retorted, 'would you ask what breed it was? Prussian or Bavarian, 'tis all the same. And how does the township take this latest insult to France? With its wonted servility, I warrant, smiling back its thanks for every lash of the German taskmaster!'

'Herr Bauer seems to be popular in Angeldorf,' the girl ventured timidly.

Her father shrugged his shoulders. 'You have seen him?' he asked.

'He has been at the Berniers' once or twice,' she replied. 'Yes, I have met him there.'

She rose quickly from her chair.

'And of course you like him, with the rest?' he returned sarcastically. 'It would not be Victorine if she were not in the fashion!'

The girl reddened. 'He seems an agreeable man,' she said; 'but even if he were otherwise, I don't see how it can concern me, father,' she added naively.

'Pierre Michel should have had the job,' testily cried the old man. 'He is an Alsatian born and bred; but there was no one in the place to speak a word for him. Angeldorf fears the oppressor too much for that. It has come to believe that *La Revanche* is an idle cry—that she will never come. But she *will* come,' he cried, with wild intensity, lifting his eyes and talking to the ceiling rather than to Victorine; 'she *shall* come!'

'So you have always said, father,' was the girl's response; 'but how long the time seems!'

'Only to those who have lost hope and courage,' he replied solemnly. 'Thanks to the good God, I have both still, Victorine. Though I am sometimes impatient, I feel in my heart that the hour is not yet ripe. But that hour will come, child, and with it the Man—the new Napoleon, the saviour of France, the liberator of Alsace. Oh, if my boy had only lived, this glorious mission might have been his!'

Little Alphonse, whose death had first kindled and afterwards kept alive the idea of *La Revanche* in the old patriot's bosom, had become the very genius of the great event, so long delayed, which would stanch the wounds of France and recover her lost provinces. It was the cobbler's fond hope that this bright boy, inheriting his father's zeal, would have acquired the culture to shape its promptings. To Paris he would have gone in the flower of his manhood, no peevish railer at destiny, but the victor over incredible obstacles. With convincing force he would have rendered articulate the vague aspirations of the people for revenge, and perhaps—such was the fond parent's conceit—would

even have headed the attack against the hereditary foe.

The death of her brother, whom Victorine had never known, was the sole means by which she could obtain any conception of the central idea which dominated her father's mind. In all other respects *La Revanche* was unintelligible to her. Born a full five years after the war, she unconsciously accepted German ascendancy as part of the established order of things: a French Alsace was historically too remote to be passionately apprehended. 'Why not let the matter rest?' she thought. Like her mother, who had died in giving her birth, she shrank from the idea of war between the nations. Of an eminently practical bent, she considered her father's preference for cobbling shoes in penury instead of repairing the house which the shell had shattered a sad piece of infatuation. To sum up the matter, there was little suggestive of *La Revanche* about Victorine except her name, which contained, as it were, the promise of the fulfilment of her father's hopes.

Immersed, as he so often was, in dreamy speculations, Antoine Verdeau was nevertheless keen enough to perceive that his daughter was no enthusiast. She had imbibed instead the lethargy of the township, and as a consequence he seldom spoke of his ideas to her. But that last blow to French pride—the appointment of a German stationmaster in a town so near the frontier as Angeldorf—affected him so acutely that he was obliged to talk.

'I saw Pierre Michel pass to-day,' he said a few days later. 'He should have had the post.'

'But is he a more capable man than Herr Bauer?' Victorine asked, somewhat needlessly, for she knew Pierre to be a hopeless ne'er-do-well.

'He is an Alsatian,' was the curt response.

The reason was much too sentimental to appeal to Victorine, and she found herself, before she was well aware of it, blundering into an advocacy of the Bavarian's claims.

'People say, father, that Herr Bauer is well up to his work,' he observed, with some warmth. 'He has been sergeant in the Eisenbahn regiment, and has a good record.'

'Where did you hear all this, girl?' Verdeau asked impatiently. 'Ah, I see—you have met him again?'

Victorine avoided her father's gaze. 'Yes—last night—at the Berniers,' she replied in a low voice.

'Why does he go there so much?' he inquired fiercely. 'And what does old Bernier mean by encouraging him? As a lover for the fair Julie, perhaps? Ha! ha! 'Tis glorious,' he shouted. 'The Deutschers have made their conquest complete. We give them our sons for their army, our daughters for their wives! They have conquered us body and soul!'

At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red.

'What are you saying, father?' she cried. 'The

new stationmaster marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her? Never!'

The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month!

Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. 'Victorine!' he said in a hoarse whisper, 'you yourself love this man—this Prussian?'

She threw herself at his feet. 'Not Prussian,' she protested vehemently, 'but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people.'

Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure of her love had caused her. He simply looked down upon her sadly, reproachfully, as at some weak and unworthy object: such a look in his eyes as a schoolmaster might give a child who was unable to grasp a theme to him so simple. Then he left her to her tears, and slowly ascended the creaking staircase. When he reached his bedroom at the back of the cottage he threw open the window and looked out.

The white radiance of the moon rendered all the more prominent objects of the landscape plainly visible. He could see the clearing in the forest which ran up to the borders of Angeldorf, and near by glistened one of the white stones marking the frontier line. Suddenly, as if by magic, his illusion fell away from him, and the bubble of his dream was burst. He realised for the first time since the war the mad futility of it all. The landmarks yonder set by the Germans—the forest clearing, the white stones—were fixed and immovable. *La Revanche* would never come. He had been a fool for cherishing his hopes so long. France cared nothing for her lost provinces. Her glory had departed; she was supine and asleep. The occasional frontier troubles, the restiveness of a few Alsations under the conqueror's iron decrees, Boulanger the charlatan, that overpraised alliance with Russia, the verses of Paul Deroulède, the stagey heroics of a few hot-headed Parisians: where did all these things lead? Nowhere! The ideal was burnt out, and these were the miserable flickerings from its smouldering embers.

He heard Victorine sobbing in the next room, and a great pity surged at his heart. He had never tried to understand the girl. Leaving her to her own devices, he had lived with *La Revanche*, and cared for no one else. Small wonder, then, that to escape his dreary society Victorine had thrown herself into the arms of the foe.

Before he fell asleep he had again become the Antoine Verdeau of the days before the war: the practical tradesman, intent upon affairs, eager to save and acquire, to benefit his family. What had worked the miracle? It may have been his

daughter's grief, or the strange immutable look of the frontier stones in the cold moonlight. He could not tell.

When he awoke he felt numbed and listless. The dream which had fed his vitality had departed. There was a marked change in the girl as well. Her vivacity was gone. She no longer gathered gossip as the bees gather honey; no longer lavishly retailed it. Subdued and careworn, she went about her duties mechanically; and when her father would have spoken with her, the mute appeal for silence in her eyes restrained him.

For a whole week she remained indoors, and then one balmy summer evening she went out of the cottage, leaving the old man still at his work.

She returned late, her eyes bearing traces of recent tears. Then it was that Verdeau found it within him to break the silence.

'You have been to the Berniers', Victorine?' he said.

'Yes.'

He hesitated a moment, and then inquired, 'You have seen him again—the stationmaster?'

'Yes,' she replied in a level voice. 'He asked me to be his wife.'

Her father showed no surprise.

'You consented?'

She caught her breath. 'No, I refused.'

'Ah!' He breathed heavily. 'But why?'

'I gave no reason,' she replied in the same monotone. 'But'—her voice now faltered—'I think he guessed. He says—he is coming to see you to-morrow.'

'He shall have his answer,' said Verdeau quietly. 'You love him, Victorine?'

The unwonted tenderness in his voice caused her to look up suddenly. There was a new light in her father's eyes, which showed him to be no longer the patriot busy with his dreams, no longer the recluse hugging his burden of bitter memories, but the man and the father eager to perceive and sympathise with the desires and weaknesses of a woman's heart.

She threw herself at his feet and kissed his hands with passionate energy. 'Father!' was all she could say through her tears.

When Eugene Bauer entered the cottage the next day, he found Antoine Verdeau very different indeed from the descriptions given of him by the Angeldorf townfolk. He was courteously received, and encouraged to talk on matters dear to his heart: the hills of his native country, the glories of Munich, its art, its music, even its beer. He spoke with the fire and animation of the South German, and revealed no trace of Prussian stolidity. But when these impersonal matters were left behind, and the main business of his mission called for attention, his fluency forsook him, and it was only when Victorine entered the room that he summoned up courage to speak.

'But it was not to talk about Bavaria I came

here to-day,' he said hesitatingly, 'for there is another matter which affects me much more deeply. The fact is, Monsieur Verdeau, Victorine and I are in love with each other, and—and'—

'And so would marry?' said the old man. 'Ah, monsieur, when there are two willing parties to a contract, what right has a third to stand in the way?'

Victorine uttered a glad cry as her lover replied in a burst of fervour, 'You make me the happiest man in the world, Monsieur Verdeau. But I am not wholly selfish in my joy. I know what Victorine is to you, and I shall not take her far away. Why,' he cried reassuringly, 'from here to the cottage at the station 'tis little more than a stone's-throw.'

'She need not live so far away as that,' said the old man quietly. 'There is the house yonder. You see, monsieur, Victorine does not go to her husband quite dowryless.'

Victorine stared at the old man in amazement. 'But, father, that house was never to be repaired until *La Revanche* had come!'

Antoine Verdeau shook his head. '*La Revanche* is dead, child. She will never come—now.—You see, monsieur'—he turned to the stationmaster—'it was my dream once.'

He smiled sadly, but there were tears in his eyes. The younger man bowed his head in respectful silence. He was a soldier and patriot too, and so understood.

And thus it was that Angeldorf lost that insistent reminder of its shame, and once more the havoc wrought through the hatred of the nations was repaired by the love of a man for a maid.

SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND.

A smooth expanse of water, darkly green;
On every side hills hid in lofty pines;
Against the sky, broken and clear-cut lines
Of a great mountain-range; and soon, between
Tacoma on its heights and the great screen
Of foliage, Mount Tacoma looms and shines,
Snow-clad and mighty. Lo! a touch refines
The lovely landscape to a wonder-scene.
Behind the mountain-range the sun drops low,
Painting the sky a burnished, golden red
That flecks the waves with amber, and is shed
Softly upon the giant's veil of snow,
Transmuting it, from base to lofty crest,
To rose-hued semblance of the glowing west.

VIRNA WOODS.

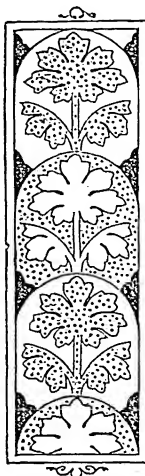
* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

By HEMINGFORD GREY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

HE bed on which Li Sing was sleeping was a piece of matting spread on the floor, and a Chinese pillow the shape of a large brick, made of porcelain and coloured green. As the clock struck six he woke up, stretched himself two or three times, yawned once or twice, and began to put the shop in order for the business of the day.

After rolling up his bed and packing it away under the counter, he sprinkled the floor with water and swept it vigorously with a small broom of coir. He then dusted and put straight the opium divan, arranged the pipes in their places on the tray, lit the little wick under the bell-shaped glass at which the pipes were lighted and the opium heated and softened, and filled the little horn phial with sufficient opium for the day's use. The many cuspidors scattered about the place had then to be emptied and half-filled with fresh water, and the writing materials set in order on the counter.

Finally he attended to the little porcelain god which presided over the destinies of the shop from a niche in the wall duly ornamented with peacocks' feathers and little moral maxims in black or gilt characters on oblong strips of red paper. Before the niche stood a little bronze urn on three legs, filled with the ashes of numerous joss-sticks, and emitting a faint odour of sandal-wood. Into this he stuck three freshly lit joss-sticks, which rapidly began to smoulder away, filling the shop with a pungent but not unpleasant odour of burning incense. Then the deity was propitiated for the day.

After taking a leisurely survey of the interior to see if everything was in order, he took from their sockets the six heavy wooden bars which represented the door, and hung outside the long wooden signs which informed the public, in gilded characters on a red ground, of the

flourishing business done by the shop and the numberless blessings in store for the lucky people who had dealings with it.

All this occupied some considerable time, as the morning was very hot, and the rest of the staff, who resided in the upper regions, did not usually put in an appearance till about eight o'clock. At that hour Li was free for an hour to go and take his rice in the bosom of his family, who lived in a little cubicle on the top floor of one of the poorer-class Chinese houses overlooking the river.

It was in one of the many narrow, tortuous streets of the ancient city of Canton that the 'Chun on Hong,' or 'Shop of Ten Thousand Blessings,' carried on a flourishing business as money-changers. The principal place of business was on the ground floor, a long room extending from the front to the back of the premises. In the front portion was the counter, on which stood the scales and various trays and baskets full of silver coins of different denominations; and a few blackwood and bamboo stools and a large round table for meals comprised the rest of the furniture. At the back was a small, dark room partitioned off by a lattice-work screen, where the bookkeepers pored over the pages of Chinese characters which represented the account-books of the shop; and in front of this room was the opium divan. On the first floor was a sitting-room overlooking the street, also furnished with a round table and a number of square-backed, marble-seated blackwood chairs; and it was here that the staff and their friends retired at intervals to discuss the topics of the day with the help of Chinese tobacco inhaled in short whiffs through metal water-pipes. At the back of this sitting-room were four cubicles partly used as sleeping-apartments and partly as private sitting-rooms. The top floor was partitioned off into numerous

cubicles and cocklofts, carefully designed to exclude light and air as much as possible, where the eight or ten coolies who made up the staff talked, gambled, or slept away the hours they were not employed in the business premises below. Above this there was the tiled roof, on which stood a number of old wine-jars supposed to be filled with water for use in case of fire. As the water had long since evaporated from those which remained entire and uncracked, they would have proved quite useless in the emergency against which they were presumed to be a safeguard.

Li, who was the shop-coolie and watchman, had hardly been waiting ten minutes before the staff made their appearance one by one; and, having seen them safely settled down to breakfast, he made the best of his way to his own home.

After finishing his meal and discussing with his wife the important question of whether or not she should adopt a daughter of about twelve years of age to look after the children and help in the house, Li returned to his duties at the shop, where he found a large sum of dollars done up in a bag of matting awaiting his arrival to be taken to a native bank and deposited there for safe custody.

With many grunts at its heaviness, he hoisted the bag on his shoulder and went out of the shop. His way lay through some of the narrowest and most crowded streets of the city, and he found himself pushed and jostled at every turn. He managed, however, to get along pretty rapidly at the usual dog-trot affected by coolies carrying heavy burdens, every now and then shouting to some one to get out of his way or abusing them for having got in it.

Li did not pay much attention to the passing crowd, his mind being chiefly occupied in enjoying in anticipation the feast which would take place after the death of his secondary grandmother—an event shortly anticipated, and for which considerable preparation had already been made. He was just speculating whether he could, without losing 'face,' make eighty *cash* (about twopence) represent the hundred he would be expected to subscribe on that occasion, when a man bumped violently into him, knocked him over, and, seizing the bag of dollars, ran rapidly with it up a by-street.

Li, rudely awakened from his pleasant speculations, quickly grasped the situation and gave chase to the thief. Having a considerable advantage in the weights, as the thief was now handicapped by the bag of money, Li gained rapidly on his quarry, enlivening the proceedings by shouting out, 'Thief-man! thief-man!' at the top of his voice.

No one took any notice of the pursuit except to stop and watch the runners, the occurrence being a very common one, as the city was infested with thieves and robbers who plied their

trade in armed bands or singly, as in the present instance.

Faster and faster sped the thief, but faster still sped Li after him, until he was almost on the robber's heels, and near enough to recognise him as a man whom he had often seen loafing about the shop door. Hearing Li's feet clattering along in dangerous proximity behind him, the thief gave a hurried glance over his shoulder; and, realising that something desperate must be done if he wished to escape with his booty, he pulled a revolver from his waistband and fired three shots in rapid succession into that portion of Li's anatomy where he had contemplated stowing a large portion of his secondary grandmother's funeral feast.

Poor Li, by this unexpected assault, was brought up with a round turn. Giving two or three convulsive yells, he dropped to the ground, shouted, 'Save life!' once or twice, and then collapsed into unconsciousness.

A crowd of curious idlers rapidly gathered round him and volubly speculated on the cause of the assault and the probability of Li's recovery, most of them expressing an opinion that Li must have been a very bad man or certainly no one would have shot him.

No attempt was made to render him assistance or revive him in any way. Apart from a national apathy towards such cases, all were afraid to help him lest they should bring trouble on themselves or be brought into touch with the local magistrate or the *yamen* runners, officials whom long experience had taught them were very apt at getting all their money, and very slow at giving any redress. So they stood still, speculating, being curious to see what Li would do when he recovered consciousness.

After an hour or an hour and a half Li recovered his senses sufficiently to state where he came from, and asked to be carried back to the shop.

No one seemed willing to undertake the job of carrying him there; but at last two decrepit old coolies, seeing something to be gained, and having certainly nothing to lose, bought a bamboo and some rope from a neighbouring shop, which they paid for with the contents of Li's purse, and set about carrying him to the address he had given them. The method they adopted was a very simple one. Tying a piece of rope round Li's wrists and another round his ankles, they slipped the bamboo through the loops formed by the arms and legs, put the ends of the pole on their shoulders, and tottered off.

That there was any cause for haste never occurred to them. They staggered slowly along with their burden, occasionally stopping to buy a cup of tea, and far more frequently to rest. At last they reached their destination, and with little ceremony carried Li into the shop and dumped him down on the floor, where he lay

again unconscious and with every appearance of having already departed to join his ancestors.

To the inquiries made by the shop-people as to the cause of the accident the coolies answered that they knew nothing except that they had found Li lying in the street, and had brought him there at his request, for which service they required a remuneration of one dollar apiece.

This gave rise to a long argument, in which each side maintained their views with great vigour and loudness, and illustrated them with copious gesticulation. The shop-people said Li was only a coolie, and had very likely brought the trouble on himself; and, anyhow, he had lost their bag of money, and probably fully deserved all he had got. They even dimly hinted that the coolies themselves were interested in the theft, and made allusions to the magistrate and the pleasures of the *cangue*.

The coolies, nothing daunted, gave back quite as good as they received; said Li must have been an important coolie to have been entrusted with so much money; and threatened the shop with the anger of the Coolie Guild, a powerful and widely dreaded body.

At last, just as things were reaching a crisis, one or two friendly bystanders intervened, and, by dint of 'talking peace' for some time, persuaded the parties to come to an amicable settlement. The shop was to pay the coolies seventy-five cents each, and they were to carry Li to his own home.

When the money had been duly paid over, counted, and tested, the coolies with great unconcern lifted Li with their bamboo as before, and staggered away again on their farther journey. Half-an-hour more of tottering brought them to the foot of the stairs leading to the little cubicle overlooking the river. With much difficulty and a great deal of chattering Li was

hoisted on the back of the least decrepit of the two; and so, carried in front and pushed behind, severely wounded, bleeding, and unconscious, he returned to his wife and his home.

After laying Li down on the floor and untying his wrists and his ankles, the coolies went their way, merely telling Mrs Li that the shop-people had told them to bring him there.

Mrs Li was a woman who possessed, in a minor degree, many of those strong-minded and vigorous qualities which several times in the history of China have raised one of her sex to the throne and to power unlimited. She wasted no time in useless waiting, but at once tried to restore her husband to consciousness. Finding that violently slapping his hands and loudly calling his name had no effect, she took a couple of *cash*, and began to carry out a series of pinching operations with them along the fleshy part of his arm, with the object of seeing if he had any sense of feeling left. Under this vigorous treatment Li gradually began to show signs of life, and eventually recovered sufficiently to ask for some tea, which his wife handed to him. She then questioned him about the cause of his accident; and Li, with a good deal of effort, gathered together his senses and gave her a pretty clear account of what had taken place. Having done this and told her of his assailant's home and where he belonged to, Li laid the strongest injunctions on her to have the thief brought to justice at all costs, and dwelt on the obloquy which would be cast on his ancestors and his descendants if the thief were allowed to escape unpunished. Comforted by her assurance that she would do everything in her power to bring this about, Li's spirit fled to his ancestors, and Mrs Li found herself left a widow with three children to support and a mission of vengeance to fulfil.

THE IVORY COAST.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



THE French colony of the Ivory Coast is now attracting a good deal of attention, and our interest is of a twofold character: political and private or commercial. The political interest is due to the activity of France in West Africa, where she is establishing posts and building railways, and so acquiring a strategical position that is regarded by those who pay attention to these things as threatening British power there with extinction. The private or commercial interest is due to the reported discovery of gold in such quantities and formations that French writers are already naming the Ivory Coast 'the New Transvaal,' and the British speculator is

already to the fore with his sovereign 'in the hand for two in the bush.'

The Ivory Coast stretches in a fairly straight line for a distance of three hundred and forty-one miles along the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. Looked at on the map, it has the Republic of Liberia (the old Grain or Pepper Coast) on the left or west side, and the British colony of the Gold Coast on the right or east side. Inland it merges towards the north into the French Soudan, towards the north-west into French Guinea, and towards the north-east into Dahomey, which is also French. The course of the Cavally river was made its western boundary by an agreement with Liberia in 1894, and the course of the Tănöe river for a short dis-

tance from the sea was made its eastern boundary by agreement with Great Britain, signed at Paris on 14th June 1893, and ratified twelve months later.

The French claim to the Ivory Coast dates from 1842, when Admiral Fleuriot de Langle made a treaty with some of the native chiefs—notably with Amatifou, king of Krinjabo—whereby they placed themselves under French protection. The following year the French built Fort Assinie and Fort Nemours, in the vicinity of Grand Bassam, the capital, and so began to make their occupation 'effective.' In 1853 another fort was built farther west, along the coast at Dabou. These forts were, however, worse than useless, for the natives were too peaceful to give any employment to the garrisons; and the soldiers, condemned to idleness, gave way to every kind of self-indulgence (which kills anywhere, but especially in West Africa). The high mortality thus invited brought such discredit upon the country that all thought of its development was abandoned. Interest in it, however, was revived through the stimulating discoveries (1887-89) of the explorer Colonel Binger, who is now Governor-General of French West Africa. These discoveries, besides showing the Ivory Coast to be fabulously rich in mineral and vegetable wealth, proved what was of perhaps greater importance in the eyes of the French Government, with its aspirations for colonial expansion—namely, the practicability of linking up the Ivory Coast with the French Soudan and the other French West African possessions. Leading steps in this linking-up process were the occupation of Timbuctoo in 1894, the junction of the Ivory Coast with Senegal in 1896, the overthrow of the Soudanese chief Samory in 1898, and the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea in 1899.

This last step—the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea—is perhaps the most complete of any by reason of the excellent highway that connects the two colonies. In connection with this, we have to explain that on the confines of Liberia, in the bush of Tabou, dwell the Tepos, a warlike tribe, who early in 1899 exhibited hostility to French authority. French officers accordingly led their Senegalese troops against them, and were met by a fire from the Tepos, pieces of pot-legs and of iron pots being used as bullets; and a French doctor and ten Senegalese were killed. To prevent the Tepos from following a custom attributed to them of eating their dead and buried foes, the French placed the slain Senegalese in a hut and set it on fire, thereby consuming the bodies. The Tepos defeated, and Grabo, their capital, occupied, the French burned four of their larger towns, imposed a fine of fifty bullocks, and also condemned them to two months' hard labour in making a road round the back of Liberia. This is the highway leading to French Guinea, which is destined to play an important part in the opening up of the rich region of the Cavally.

The character of the Tepos as reflected in the foregoing is quite different from the character attributed

by travellers and prospectors to the natives generally. Winwood Reade, a celebrated West African explorer, considered his treasure-chest safer in the hands of the humblest Ivory Coast carrier than it would have been in England. Binger, too, found the natives not only honest but also peaceful and inoffensive. True, they are superstitious. They believe, for instance, that the white man has an attraction for gold—that gold is drawn to him; consequently on approaching a mine they paint themselves white so that the gold may not run away, as it is supposed to do from a black man. Sometimes, too, in escorting prospectors they have prepared for the journey by sacrificing dogs, pigs, goats, and fowls. The natives number about two millions. Besides gold-washing, their employments include fishing (at which they are very expert), basket-making, mat-making, pottery-making, rubber-collecting, and palm-oil trading.

The coast tribes have a good smattering of English. Every white man is 'John,' and the generic name for food is 'chop.' This is easily accounted for when it is remembered that for over a century the bulk of the trade has been in English hands. Bristol mariners of former generations knew the Ivory Coast well. They used to freight their barques with trade-goods—cloth, beads, rum, gin, salt, gunpowder, and metal wares—to exchange for gold-dust, palm-oil, and other tropical products; the ships lying at anchor in the Gulf of Guinea, outside the fierce surf that rages all along that shore, till they had sold out. The British mariners, however, knew nothing of the interior, which is one vast forest, with cleared spaces round the native villages. There the banana-trees grow, each tree bearing a mark to indicate its owner; coco-trees abound everywhere; pine-apples are common, as are also oil-palms, almond-trees, rubber-trees, and mahogany. The exploitation of the forests for commercial purposes is, however, confined to the river-banks near the sea, where the forest swarms with chattering apes, and its gloom is broken by multitudes of birds of brilliant and gorgeous plumage. Near the swamps are found crocodiles, hippopotamuses, serpents, and troublesome insects. The rivers, which are so numerous that the Ivory Coast has been likened to Japan, swarm with fish. The villages are rich in fowls, pigs, and goats; and well inland there are sheep and cattle.

The most striking physical feature is presented by the immense lagoons that line the shore from its eastern boundary westward for over two hundred miles; some of these run parallel with, and some at right angles to, the ocean. The superficial area of these lagoons—which are navigable for any craft, and have been termed a small Mediterranean—is about one thousand five hundred square miles. On the narrow spits of sand that separate them from the sea, and which never exceed half a mile in width, are the European factories or warehouses, the nut-brown villages of natives, and the dwellings and stores of the 'Jack-Jacks'—eager traders who

act as middlemen between the inland natives and the Europeans. The 'Jack-Jacks' are so named from their speech resembling the cry of the duck. Bosman, a seventeenth-century Dutch trader, called them 'Qua-Quaans,' and the part of the coast where they dwell the 'Qua-Qua' Coast; it was also known as the 'Tooth' Coast and the 'Five and Six Stripes' Coast. The latter designation was derived from native-made cloths that used to find their way, from far inland, to the hands of the 'Jack-Jacks,' by whom they were sold to the European factors, who in turn found a market for them on the Gold Coast. It is now known that the makers of these cloths live in the extreme north of the colony, near the watershed that divides the Niger basin from the area drained by the Ivory Coast rivers. These races, who have been for over two hundred years under the influence of Mohammedan civilisation, are skilled weavers and dyers, raise fine cotton and rice, breed stock, and dwell in roomy houses of rectangular shape, thatched with straw.

Previous to Binger's discoveries, European notions of the Ivory Coast hinterland were based on Mungo Park's descriptions. According to Park, the Ivory Coast was shut off from the Niger valley by an impenetrable mountain-range—the Kong Mountains.

But for these mythical mountains—which, had they existed, would have robbed the Ivory Coast of its strategic value—Great Britain would have secured the territory long ago, and that without violating any of the recognised principles under which modern communities advance; for all last century she was, and still is, the chief trader with the coast. Even Binger could not help remarking with some regret that, of the fifty sailing-ships he saw anchored in the Gulf of Guinea off Grand Bassam, two were American and the rest British. However, the territory is now French, and it was Frenchmen who explored it and demonstrated its true worth, though it looks as if British capital and enterprise were to develop it.

Binger showed that the divide between the rivers of the Ivory Coast and the Niger was much farther inland than had been supposed; and, what was of more importance, he found that that divide was formed not by a huge range of mountains but by rising ground of moderate elevation. In fact, he marched out of the Niger valley into the Ivory Coast, and down the valley of the Comœ to Grand Bassam on the Gulf of Guinea. These discoveries changed French colonial policy in West Africa, and led to more exploring and development work in the Ivory Coast.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER MISSING MAN.



ALL that day, after Sergeant Gaudriol returned from his fruitless errand, Barbe haunted the beach, and the wistful hope died gradually out of her eyes, and left in them nothing but despair.

The other women, with but a dim comprehension of her trouble, offered her rough words of comfort, which comforted her no more than alien words can ever do. The despairing eyes in the dark circles of the eager white face evoked their sympathy and loosed their tongues. A discriminating reserve had no place in the Plenevec character, especially in the gentler—rather let us say the female—sex. They discussed Barbe to her face, and behind her back, long after the feeble lights glimmered in the tiny windows, and doubtless also when the panels of the dark box-beds were slid to. She paid no heed to them, but suffered none the less.

When night fell she found her way back to Mère Pleuret's cottage, and sat before the white ashes on the hearth, drooping and desolate.

'*Ma foi!* He is dead, without doubt,' said the old woman, with the stolid outspokenness of the peasant; 'but one must eat all the same.' She insisted on the girl eating some of the thin soup, out of the pot over the fire, and a piece of black bread which tasted to Barbe like ashes from the

hearth; and she discoursed reminiscently the while of Alain and her own dead boy, whom he now resembled more than ever.

Barbe sat there dry-eyed and silent. Fears wrung her heart into silent sobs of prayer to the Mother of Sorrows, whose own heart had been wrung beyond any heart in the world save one. In the shuddering darkness of that day and night she drew very near to the great heart of pity which is closed to none, and may be reached by many channels. She slept little that night, and rose in the morning white and worn and widowed; and when, during the day, Pierre came to the house and bade her come home, she followed him without a word.

Pierre spoke no word to her as they crossed slowly to the Light. He was in his grimmest humour, for the whisper had gone round Plenevec that Sergeant Gaudriol believed that Alain Carbonec had come to his death out there, as his father had done before him, and Plenevec was disposed to consider it not unlikely. They had forgiven Pierre Carcassone one crime because in their judgment he was justified; but this—if it were so—*eh bien!* you understand, this is another affair altogether. Such a fine lad was Alain, and the sight of Pierre's face was enough to make you shiver.

Pierre understood it all perfectly; but he gave them no gratification of a sign of it. He shut

his face grimly and spoke no word to any of them.

They climbed the ladder in silence. In silence Pierre ate the morning meal, and then lay down in his bunk; and Barbe climbed up to the lantern, went out on to the gallery, and gazed with hopeless longing at Cap Réhel as if it could have told the secret of Alain's disappearance if only it could have spoken. In her anguish she raised her arms towards the frowning Head as though invoking its help or pity, and her action and her prayer were not lost.

It was hard at first to settle back into the old routine after so great an upheaval, and with every fibre of her being tight-strung for news of the missing one. Relief came to her by degrees, however, in the common round of her daily tasks, and she slaved over them as never before. The lighthouse rooms were so immaculate that it seemed like desecration to use them for the ordinary purposes of life. The reflectors in the lantern suffered such tribulation that no shadow of a speck remained upon them. Grand Bayou light shone with a brilliance that evoked half-damnatory eulogiums even in Plenevec.

'*Eh bien!* He may kill people, this monster of a Pierre; but he knows how to keep a lighthouse,' said they.

However, Pierre had little to do with it. He was rankling under the injustice of the general condemnation of a deed he had not done, and he was sick of it all. He rarely spoke to Barbe, and spent most of his time sulking in his bunk or sitting smoking with his eyes fixed gloomily on the wall before him. Was it not bad enough to have suffered when that had gone before which justified, and at the same time compensated, the suffering? Now he was suffering without reason. Thousand devils! That old fool Gaudriol ought to be drowned. And as for those other fools at Plenevec: let them think what they would; it was all one to him.

Once only, on the first night of her return, did Barbe speak to him of her own accord.

He was smoking gloomily before taking his watch up above, when she came silently down the ladder and stood before him. Her face was set like stone. There were even little ridges round the soft mouth showing white through the bloom of the tan. Her eyes burned in their hollows, and her words were the outcome of much anguished thought.

'Where is Alain?' she asked abruptly.

'I know nothing of him.'

'He came back here with the boat.'

'I found the boat at the beams. I saw nothing of him.'

'If you have killed him I shall kill you if the law does not.'

She said it very quietly, but in intensity of purpose she looked at the moment capable of it. This was not the Barbe he had been accustomed to; but he recognised what was in her as an old acquaintance of his own, and he showed no surprise. He

even looked at her for a moment with something like approval.

'I understand,' he said. 'It is in your blood. But I have no fear of either you or the law, my girl.'

'*Bien!*' said she, 'we shall see.'

When he turned in to his bunk at early dawn he left the sliding panel slightly open to show how little effect her threat had on him.

She was sitting in the gallery that morning, as was her custom when she had finished all her work below, when a boat turned out of the bay and made steadily for the Light. It was probably George Cadoual, she thought, and so sat and watched it stolidly and with disfavour; but a sudden shift of the helm showed her the gaudy plumage of Sergeant Gaudriol in the stern, and she jumped up and clung to the gallery rail with her heart fluttering in her throat.

News was coming—good or bad—in either case a certain end to uncertainty; and when one's heart has really given up hope even the certain worst brings a measure of relief.

For the time being—as the result of sleepless nights and overstrained nerves and lack of food, for she could not eat—she knew that Alain was dead. If he had been alive he would have come to her. He had not come, therefore he was dead; and here was Sergeant Gaudriol coming with the news.

She was waiting in the doorway when Jan Godey brought his blunt-nosed boat with a deft sweep up to the gangway; and, when he was satisfied that he could do so without loss of life or dignity, the old gendarme came slowly up the iron ladder.

'You have found him?' gasped Barbe.

'But no, my child, not yet,' said Gaudriol kindly. 'Is Pierre upstairs?'

'He is sleeping.'

'Good! I will go up. I like them sleeping;' and he ascended the ladder in front of Barbe.

Sergeant Gaudriol's mind was in a state of chaos, and he had come to see Pierre in hope of reducing it somewhat.

George Cadoual had been missing for three days past. Madame Cadoual was in furious distress, and demanded him of Sergeant Gaudriol with tears and invectives, and ceased not day nor night.

'*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* What is the good of you, then, you there, if you cannot find me my boy? What in the name of heaven are you here for but to keep things straight? Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me! Get up and do something, you great padded heap of blue cloth!—Tell me, some one, is it a man then, that thing in the laced hat that stands mopping and mowing like a gibbering idiot? Oh! let me get at him'—and so on, and so on, till Gaudriol grew tired of it, and the neighbours dragged Madame Cadoual away, foaming and clawing, and fairly off her head.

The moment he had heard of Cadoual's disappearance the Sergeant had set to work searching for

clues and following them up to the best of his power. The matter connected itself at once, in his own mind, with the disappearance of Alain Carbonec. That was inevitable, of course; but what the connection was he had not so far been able to determine. In the meantime he organised search-parties and sent them out over the hills and wastes in every direction.

The community was roused out of its natural stolidity by this double disappearance. Mère Buvel drove a roaring trade each night, and the discussions that went on round her trestle tables were listened to by the old Sergeant with keen attention in hopes of finding a grain or two of corn among the windy chaff; but he heard very little that was not familiar to him. Cadoual and Alain had quarrelled and separated, and it was freely stated that they had quarrelled over Barbe Carcassone. Cadoual had gone away on a journey. On his return he had gone out to the Light, as he had been in the habit of doing. Then had come the quarrel between Alain and Pierre which resulted in Alain bringing Barbe across to Plenevec. Alain took the lighthouse boat back, and no one had set eyes on him again. That same day George Cadoual had started off to visit Landroel on business, but had never arrived there—or anywhere else in the neighbourhood so far as could be ascertained.

Gaudriol listened to it all, as it tossed about like a thinning bundle of hay among the smoke and the damp mugs of cider, and he racked his brains for the meaning of it. He had been certain in his own mind that Pierre Carcassone had made away with Alain. Was Cadoual also in that matter perchance? Had Pierre and Cadoual joined hands to get rid of Alain, and then had Cadoual—infinately the weaker mind of the two—fled the country? Or had Pierre made away with Cadoual also? And for what reason? To rid himself of an accomplice? It was possible. In fact, anything was possible with Pierre Carcassone.

George's boat, however, was drawn up high and dry on the beach, and no other boat was missing; but, of course, Pierre might have taken him across from the Head in the lighthouse boat.

Then, as the result of one of Madame Cadoual's tempestuous visits, he extracted from her with infinite difficulty the fact that when George had been away that other week he had been to Brest. That set the Sergeant's ideas churning again.

Cadoual had been to Brest. Brest is just across the water from Plougastel, where Alain's boyhood had been spent. On his return he goes at once to see Pierre. Then comes Pierre's announcement to Alain that he is Paul Kervec's son, and his attempt to separate Alain and Barbe by the declaration that they are brother and sister. It was obvious that the information as to Alain's identity had been given to Pierre by George. Alain might have discovered that, and—

Yes, that was possible, but not like Alain. Still, he was a hot-headed boy, and there was no knowing.

A hasty blow following hot on provocation, and two lives may be wrecked in a moment—ay, three; and the thought of Barbe's suffering lay heavily on the old man's heart, for her beauty and her distress had touched him greatly. But there—given three angry men with love and hate thrown in among them, and the possibilities were endless. All the same, he would not believe that of Alain till he had more to go on than a remote possibility.

It was in this frame of mind that he climbed the ladder to Pierre's room, with Barbe at his heels.

Pierre was snoring peacefully, as he had been that other morning.

'But yes, I like them asleep,' said the Sergeant to himself as he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder; but his remark applied to Pierre as a suspect and not simply as a man, in which capacity he would hardly have claimed a prize for beauty.

'What, then?' said Pierre, opening his eyes and then sitting up with a jerk, and very wide awake indeed at sight of the Sergeant. 'Well, what is it now?' he asked gruffly. 'Whom have I murdered this time?'

'George Cadoual is amissing,' said Gaudriol; and Barbe, behind him, gave a startled jump. 'Have you seen anything of him?' He knew by his eyes, before Pierre answered, that he had not.

'Thousand devils, Sergeant Gaudriol! am I accountable for every fool that goes amissing in Plenevec? I know no more of him than I knew of the other.'

'When did you see Cadoual last?'

'*Nom-de-Dieu!* I do not know,' said Pierre, pondering. 'He came and went'—

'Did you see him the day Alain Carbonec was here?'

'I think not.'

'The day before?'

'Ah, but yes, I remember'—

'He came to you after he had been to Plougastel and told you what he had learned about Alain. Is it not so?'

'That's so.'

'And you told Alain how you got that information?'

'I think not,' said Pierre, thinking heavily. 'But *la petite* was there and heard all that passed.'

'The first time he came, yes. But when he returned with the boat?'

'I never saw him, as I told you already.'

'And you know nothing of Cadoual?'

'Neither of him nor the other. I should not wonder if the one has killed the other. They did not love one another, those two.'

Gaudriol had drawn blank, and he knew it. He turned to go, and met Barbe's anxious look.

'You have no word of Alain, then, M. Gaudriol?'

'No word yet, my child; but we do not give up hope. It is all a tangle at present, and I have not found the thread yet; but keep up your heart,

my dear. Alain is a fine lad, and I do not fear for him.'

He did, though, and Barbe was not deceived.

'*Tiens donc!* Have you searched the Head?' said Pierre, as the result of his cogitations. 'When he brought back the boat he would swim ashore there, as he always did. It would be a simple matter for the other to drop a rock on his skull as he climbed'—

'I searched there after I left you last time.'

'*Ah—ça!*' He said no more, but seemed satisfied with his own thoughts on the subject.

Thereafter, whenever she looked at frowning Cap Réhel, Barbe had terrifying visions of Alain precariously climbing the Head, while George Cadoual bombarded him with rocks from the top. She saw his poor body lying bruised and broken at the foot of the cliffs, till the tide crept up like a stealthy beast of prey and dragged it silently away. She brooded over the ebbs and flows in case it should be passing, and more than once she sprang up and hung over the railing with fear at her heart, thinking she saw the white face tossing in the boiling Pot. She passed through many phases during those first dreadful days. Since Gaudriol's visit she no longer suspected Pierre; but, all the same, they rarely spoke to one another. The atmosphere of the Light was grim and dark; but the light itself shone brighter than ever.

All her suspicions centred now on Cadoual, and she hated the thought of him. Once only the idea flashed venomously across her mind that Alain had gone away because of Pierre's lying statement concerning their relationship; but her heart rejected it instantly, and chased it away whenever it showed head again. For herself she had no doubts about that matter, and Pierre's own words that other night when she threatened to kill him confirmed her in her belief.

'I understand. It is in your blood,' he had said, and she rejoiced that it was Pierre's bad blood that ran in her veins, for she did not want Alain Carbonec for a brother. Truly Pierre's words were translatable in many ways, but her understanding of them held comfort, and she cherished it resolutely, and closed her mind to any other.

By degrees, and broken-heartedly, she took up the old life again—outwardly; but life could never be the same to her, and gladly would she have laid it down. She felt bruised, broken, hopeless, and the thought of the long lonely years that lay before her brought her head to the rail many times a day, and her tears were silent prayers for help and succour. Of the possibility of Alain being still alive, and of her ever seeing him again, she gradually gave up hope. Hope dies hard; but there is a point at which the strongest cable snaps, and the time comes when the slender threads of hope, which are stronger than any handiwork of man's, reach breaking-point too. Alain was dead or she would surely have heard from him, and when he went all her life went with him.

She drooped like a waterless flower, and all her old interests became as dust and ashes to her. Minette and Pippo wrangled round her in vain. They went to extremest lengths of provocation without evoking so much as a single look from her. The dawns and the sunsets pulsed and burned unheeded, and as yet only pained her with their memories of happier days. The high-piled argosies sailed the upper blue in vain for her. Her thoughts no longer freighted them with glowing fancies; and the ever-changing sea below was no longer a friend, but a stealthy and inscrutable foe who perchance held the key to this mystery. At times, as she looked on the smooth, swelling waters through her tears, the thought of seeking rest beneath them came down upon her, and would not be driven off. Could she have been certain that Alain rested there, the temptation might have been too much for her; but the white seeds planted long since by the Sisters at St Pol were still in her. She had a simple belief in an after-life when this weary one was over, and her heart told her that that was not the way to enter it.

A time of weary, hopeless desolation, with only an eternity of the same in front of her! Verily love and Alain Carbonec seemed to have brought her anything but joy; and yet, deep down in her heart, at times she would cry, 'Alain! Alain!' in a voice that was love itself, though her hand was at her side to still the pain that beat there.

METALS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.



ANY people imagine gold to be the most precious of metals because it is the standard of currency. The number of metals at the present time more valuable than gold, however, exceeds the number of those of less value.

This earth which we inhabit, and all contained therein, is made up of about eighty simple substances or elements. An element is a substance which has not been reduced to two or more

simpler substances. For example, brass is not an element. A chemist can resolve it into copper and zinc; but by no means at his command can he resolve copper into any simpler substance. When he commences he has got copper, and when he has finished he has the same copper with which he began. Copper is an element.

Of the elements, between sixty and seventy are metals; the rest are non-metals. The number of the metals is not exactly known, as some of the elements which are on the border-line between

the metals and non-metals possess some of the qualities of both divisions, and chemists are not quite agreed as to the class to which they belong.

The cheapest but not the most plentiful metal is iron. Then follow in succession, according to value, lead, zinc, copper, arsenic, tin, mercury, aluminium, and nickel. The price has now risen from a few pence per pound for those first mentioned to three shillings per pound for mercury and aluminium, and three shillings and sixpence per pound for nickel. Antimony, cadmium, sodium, and bismuth, each worth about six shillings per pound, follow; and then the price rises sharply to fifteen shillings per pound, which is the price of cobalt. Rising higher in the scale of prices, we find magnesium, manganese, tungsten, silver, thallium, and molybdenum. These are sold by the ounce, the prices varying from one and sixpence per ounce for magnesium to seven and sixpence per ounce for molybdenum. The price now increases suddenly to sixty-four shillings per ounce for chromium, a metal whose ores occur somewhat abundantly in the Shetland Islands, but which is somewhat difficult to procure in the free state. Gold, as represented by the metal of the British sovereign, comes next. As a sovereign weighs 123.27 grains, it follows that a troy ounce of such gold is worth about seventy-eight shillings; but if we require the absolutely pure metal we shall have to pay seven pounds per ounce for it, that being the price of 'precipitated gold.'

We now come to those metals with which this article shall more particularly deal—namely, metals more precious than gold.

On the slopes of the Ural Mountains, and in Brazil, California, Australia, Canada, and many other countries, a peculiar substance known as native platinum is found. This is an alloy of the metals platinum, palladium, iridium, osmium, rhodium, and ruthenium, together with a little gold and iron. All of these, except the last mentioned, are 'noble' metals. They do not tarnish in the air, and are not soluble in any single acid. Their values per ounce are: platinum, ninety-five shillings; palladium, one hundred and ninety-shillings; osmium, two hundred shillings; iridium, two hundred and fifty shillings; rhodium, four hundred shillings; and ruthenium, four hundred and fifty shillings.

The most plentiful metal occurring in native platinum is that from which it takes its name. This metal is of a grayish colour, and, with one exception, is the heaviest substance known. Its fusing-point is extremely high, and this property, together with its freedom from tarnishing, causes it to be largely used for the manufacture of crucibles and other vessels required by scientists to stand a very high temperature. It is also sometimes used as a substitute for gold in photography; and when deposited in a thin film on

the interior of the tubes of telescopes it forms a dead-black surface which prevents the light from being reflected by the polished sides. The demand for platinum largely exceeds the supply; hence the metal is yearly advancing in price.

Palladium is of a lustrous white colour. It is the most easily fused of the metals found in platinum ore, and can even be volatilised. A curious quality which this metal possesses is that when heated to redness it is porous to hydrogen gas, allowing it to pass through somewhat in the same manner that blotting-paper permits the passage of water. The silvery-white colour of palladium and its freedom from tarnishing render it useful for making scales and division-marks on scientific instruments. A mixture of this metal with mercury is sometimes used for stopping teeth.

Osmium is a metal which possesses two remarkable properties: it is the most refractory of the metals, resisting fusion at the most intense heat; and it is also the heaviest substance known, being almost twenty-two and a half times heavier than water. Together with iridium, it occurs principally in a peculiar variety of native platinum called osmiridium. This mineral differs from ordinary platinum ore in that it contains a larger proportion of osmium and iridium than platinum. Osmiridium is found in small particles varying in weight from one-sixth to one-third of a grain. These particles are extremely hard, and are used for pointing non-wearing pens. For this purpose as much as thirty ounces of osmiridium are used annually in the United States. This mineral is a source of much trouble to the officials of the Russian Mint, who find it extremely difficult to separate small particles of it from the gold used for coinage.

Metallic iridium possesses a white steel-like appearance. The knife-edges of delicate balances and other bearings which require extreme hardness are often made of it. An alloy of 10 per cent. iridium and 90 per cent. platinum has been found to be very little affected in volume by changes of temperature, and is the substance of which the standard metre, kept in the International Metric Bureau at Paris, is made.

Rhodium and ruthenium are metals of little practical use. The former occurs in platinum ore to the extent of .5 per cent. to 6 per cent. The latter is found only in osmiridium, and averages about 5 per cent. of that mineral.

These six metals have been treated of together because of their resemblance to each other; but the metal which ranks next to platinum in price is zirconium, which occurs in hyacinth and some other rare minerals, and is worth about six pounds per ounce. Titanium and uranium, whose ores are found in Cornwall and some other places, are each worth six pounds ten shillings per ounce. Uranium is remarkable for its high atomic weight, the heaviest known.

Another metal found in Cornwall is lithium. At Wheal Clifford near Redruth, and also near Huel Seton copper-mines, mineral springs occur which contain respectively sixty-one and eighty parts of this metal in one million. Its salts are widely distributed, being found in very minute quantities in the ashes of many plants, especially tobacco. They impart a magnificent crimson colour to an otherwise colourless flame, and by this means the minutest traces of lithium can be detected. This property of lithium was taken advantage of by an expert some years ago in order to decide whether or not the water of a spring was contaminated by the water which percolated through the soil of a neighbouring graveyard. He first examined the water from the spring for lithium. Finding it absent, he buried a quantity of one of its soluble salts a few feet below the surface of the graveyard, and after a few weeks again analysed the water. On this occasion traces of lithium were found, and the spring was accordingly condemned. Lithium is the lightest solid known, being only half as heavy as water. It is worth about nine pounds per ounce.

Vanadium, the ores of which are also very widely distributed, occurs, Dieulefait says, in all primitive granite rocks, but in small quantity. It is difficult to obtain in a state of purity, and is of very little use in the arts. It costs eighteen pounds per ounce, or about tenpence per grain.

The next metal is barium, concerning the appearance and properties of which much difference exists amongst chemists. It is variously described as a silvery-white metal, as resembling iron in appearance, as occurring as a yellow powder, and as having a bronze-like appearance; and doubt has been expressed whether it has ever yet been seen except as a metallic powder. Barium, or what is sold as such, is priced at one shilling and threepence a grain.

As has been stated, iron is not the most abundant metal. This distinction belongs to calcium, a metal which occurs in limestone to the extent of almost 40 per cent. As whole mountain-ranges are composed of limestone, some conception may be formed of the quantity of calcium stored up in this ore. The metal is light yellow in appearance, and as it is both ductile and malleable, it would be of the greatest service to mankind were it not for one property which renders it useless: it is rapidly and violently converted by moisture into slaked lime. Although calcium is so abundant, the difficulty of isolating it is so great that at present it costs two shillings a grain. There can be no doubt, however, that were it able to resist moisture, means would be found for its rapid and economical production.

We now come to strontium, a metal somewhat resembling calcium, being also of a light-yellow

colour. Its ores are scattered over the whole globe; but as it is somewhat harder to isolate than calcium, it costs a little more, being two shillings and sixpence a grain.

It may be noted here that strontium and calcium, together with gold, copper, bismuth, and possibly barium, are the only metals whose colour is not intermediate between the dull gray of iron and the shining appearance of polished silver.

Beryllium is a metal occurring in emerald, beryl, and a few other rare minerals. It is of a bright-white colour, and occurs both in powder and in crystals. The former variety costs three shillings a grain, and the latter variety five shillings.

Rubidium and cesium were the first of a number of new elements whose discovery was directly due to the introduction of spectroscopic analysis in the early sixties of the last century. They are widely diffused, but in such small quantities that their presence had been undetected by the methods of analysis previously in use. The mineral spring at Wheal Clifford in Cornwall, previously mentioned, contains about one and a half parts of cesium in one million. A similar spring at Durkheim in Bavaria contains one and a half parts in ten millions, and these were regarded as the richest sources of cesium until both it and rubidium were found in Vulcano, one of the Lipari Isles. Rubidium occurs as silver-white globules of metal. Cesium is also of a silver-white colour, and is soft at ordinary temperatures. They cost respectively two shillings and eightpence and three shillings and threepence per grain.

Another metal whose discovery we owe to the spectroscope is gallium. It is bluish-white in appearance, and is easily fused; in fact, it can be liquefied by rolling between the fingers. When rubbed on glass it forms a mirror much superior to the ordinary mercurial ones. Although gallium was not discovered until 1875, when it was obtained from an ore found in the Pyrenees Mountains, its existence had been affirmed and its properties described long before by a Russian chemist named Mendeleeff. The chloride of this metal costs fifteen shillings a grain; but the metal itself is not found in commerce.

We now come to a group of fifteen metals, usually known, from their analogy to the most important of their number, as the cerium metals, many of which are extremely rare. They are cerium, yttrium, lanthanum, phræseodymium, neodymium, terbium, ytterbium, erbium, holmium, thulium, dysprosium, decipium, samarium, scandium, and victorium. Of these the first three alone are on the market. Cerium and yttrium cost about one shilling and threepence a grain, lanthanum two shillings. A mixture of phræseodymium and neodymium, known as didymium, is also to be had, and is priced at two shillings a grain. The others exist merely as chemical

curiosities. Some of them have not yet been isolated from their earths, and are known only by the peculiar properties of their salts and compounds. The existence of scandium, like gallium, was foretold by Mendeleëff some years before it was actually discovered. The cerium metals are chiefly found associated in groups in minerals which occur in Sweden, Greenland, and some parts of Siberia. Three metals which sometimes accompany them are thorium, niobium, and tantalum; but they are not classified with them, because of the dissimilarity of their properties. These metals do not occur in commerce, and, like most of the cerium metals, are only known as chemical curiosities. Tantalum and niobium are also found in some parts of the United States.

There is a rare mineral found near Freiberg in Saxony which contains a metal called germanium. This metal was first isolated in 1886. Like scandium and gallium, germanium had been described and its properties foretold by the learned Russian Mendeleëff some years prior to its actual discovery. It does not occur in commerce.

The latest candidates for admission to the catalogue of metallic elements are named radium, actinium, and polonium, whose existence had remained unsuspected until scientists began to experiment with the Röntgen and Becquerel rays. It was then found that salts of some of the elements obtained from certain sources possessed the property of fluorescence to a much greater

degree than the same salts obtained from other sources. An examination of these fluorescing salts showed that their peculiar properties were due to the presence of traces of hitherto unknown substances, three of which are said to have been isolated and named radium, actinium, and polonium. Their claims to the rank of elements have not yet, however, been admitted by all scientists, and therefore they may be looked upon as being still in a state of probation.

In conclusion, it may be stated that although many of these metals are at present more expensive than gold, yet in a number of instances there can be no doubt that, were there any demand for them, means for their economical production would be forthcoming. The metal aluminium may be taken as an illustration of this. Aluminium occurs abundantly as a constituent of clay. When first isolated the operation was a work of such difficulty that the product cost several times its weight in gold, and for many years it was one of the most expensive of the metals; but it was found that it possessed many valuable properties, being both light and malleable, and also free from tarnishing. Processes by which it could be cheaply produced were therefore sought for, and with such success that the price has gradually been lowered until at present it costs only three shillings per pound, and there seems to be every probability that in the future it will largely replace iron in the service of mankind.

A MORNING IN THE OFFICE.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



MR GREGSON rounded the corner for his office. So had his junior clerk just half-a-minute before. He knew the time the governor's train arrived; and the fact that he was paid to be at his desk half-an-hour earlier didn't trouble his conscience: it very seldom does if the youngster would prefer to emigrate, or turn policeman, or go into the navy rather than into an office. The four seniors had preceded him by at least five minutes, and were beginning to think of work; but they were married men with others to consider besides themselves, so this greater punctuality was more pardonable from their point of view.

Mr Gregson was an oil-merchant in a moderate way of business. His warehouse clerk brought him the morning's orders. There was one from the secretary of a hospital. The writer begged to remind Mr Gregson that a wing was shortly to be added to the building. He also mentioned that the next year's supply of oil for the institution would soon have to be tendered for, and that if Mr Gregson's price was as low as that of any other firm,

he might, in consideration of having given satisfaction hitherto, have a good chance of securing further orders. Enclosed was a request by the matron and nurses for a contribution for their next Christmas-tree. Mr Gregson smiled grimly as he noted the demands on his pocket, and thought of the $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which was all that he was clearing by the last contract, now expiring, which had been accepted with a flourish of trumpets by the Hospital Board, in the knowledge that, cut him down as they might, he could not bring himself to supply them with other than a genuine article; and cut him down they did with a vengeance.

Amongst the letters was an order: 'Please send me four gallons of sublime olive-oil at the very lowest possible price. Try and do it at —, which was the figure your traveller quoted when last here.'

'Unconscionable being!' was the reflection. 'Now, that fellow knows perfectly well that he asked my traveller for a quotation for a hogshhead of the oil; and the mean beast, unless we writè him first, will knock the difference off the invoice price when he

comes to settle if we execute his order even at only fourpence per gallon over the cask rate.'

Then he turned to another missive :

'The oil you last sent me has proved thoroughly unsatisfactory. I return it herewith. Please send a similar quantity of good oil. I have lost two valuable customers by having this stuff from you.'

'Johnson !'

'Sir.'

'See when Mr H. last had oil of us.'

'This time last year, sir,' was the answer after a brief reference.

'Was it new oil that he bought then?'

'No, sir ; last year's oil, and charged and invoiced accordingly.'

'I guessed so,' said Gregson to himself. 'That fellow, to save himself a few shillings, ordered old oil instead of new ; and now that what he has left of it is beginning to turn "off," after being in his back-shop instead of a proper cellar, he wants to force it back on me, and get new oil at the same price in exchange, although the market has advanced. Shouldn't wonder 'but he will have the impudence to want to divide the cost of the carriage of his second consignment, if I send it.—Don't execute this order,' he added aloud to his warehouse clerk, 'till I see by the books whether his account is worth having.—What's this. An order from Newport.—Johnson, isn't our traveller, Mr Brenson, due at Newport in two days?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Here's an order from Shuffleout. Isn't his account a bit overdue?'

'Yes, sir. He sent an order the week before Mr Brenson waited on him last journey, and got it executed ; and when he was called upon, didn't pay the account due, but said he would remit it and the amount of his fresh order altogether very shortly.'

'Well, he wants to try the same game again. Here's his letter :

"Please send me a quarter-cask of oil same as last, by first conveyance. Could not wait for your traveller to come round. Please use all despatch, as I am quite out, and customers are waiting."

'I am afraid they will have to wait, so far as we are concerned,' said Mr Gregson, and then ordered that this slippery individual should be written to thus :

'DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour, which we shall have pleasure in executing after our account, which is somewhat overdue, has been settled.—Your obedient servants,' &c.

Mr Shuffleout, after receiving the answer, so far forgot himself as to vent his rage on the traveller, when he presented himself, with 'Look at this from your governors. Obedient servants! Sanguinary idiots I call them!' Strictly speaking, his language was even less polite.

Another missive read :

'DEAR SIR,—Please send on my order given to wait forwarding instructions a fortnight ago. Please

charge your very lowest prices, as I have now to compete against that bane of the trade, H—Co-operative Company, which has started a branch here. I have warned your traveller against calling on them, as I feel sure that you will not help such a firm to compete against one of your old customers.'

'Now, how can this man really think that he is justified in dictating in this way? Because he has sent us orders to the value of ten pounds per annum for about ten years he really seems to think he can forbid our doing with a company able to order as much in one month as he can in twelve.' And Mr Gregson positively groaned at the thought of the hopelessness of convincing such an individual that his notions of commercial equity were erroneous.

The next letter he turned to was no whit pleasanter to read, being :

'You sent me a tin of oil about a fortnight ago. I now find that there is a hole in the tin, as if a nail had been run into it ; and a considerable amount of leakage has taken place, as on measuring what is left I find it to be six gallons short. This is, no doubt, owing to the carelessness of the railway company in transit. Will you therefore send me on a six-gallon tin to make up the deficiency, and claim against them for the loss?—Yours truly,' &c.

'That's it !' Trying to foist the matter on to our shoulders as usual. He knows perfectly well that he ought to have signed for the tin as "leaking" when he took it in in the first place, instead of leaving it without examination for a week or more ; and he ought to know by this time that he alone, as the party who pays carriage, is legally entitled to make a claim. But he won't do it, and so we must have all the bother and work of passing one in on his behalf, with the chances fifty to one that it won't be recognised owing to the delay in reporting the loss. Then, at the least, he will ask us to divide the loss, which will mean knocking off all the profit we have got from his petty orders for the last two years or more. That's the sort of thing we middle-men have to put up with, while all the time we are accused of extortion and imposition.'

Fortunately the next letter perused was a more satisfactory communication. It was from a really good fellow :

'GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send me on two more casks of oil, size and quality as last, at your early convenience. I am pleased to tell you that the last gave great satisfaction, and I have got through it much quicker than I expected. Several tradesmen in our town have been summoned under the Food and Drugs Act for selling adulterated oil, and the inspector called at my shop about a fortnight ago and obtained a sample of the lot you sent me, and then let me know it was going to be analysed ; but I did not write to you about it, because I had perfect faith in your article ; and now he has gone as far as to tell me that in his experience of the last twenty years he never met with a better sample. Now, gentlemen, I am sorry to hurry you ; but you will oblige me more than ever if you can see your

way to immediate despatch of the further quantity, as if the run on what I have got left continues I may be awkwardly placed, seeing I don't feel that I can trust neighbours to supply me with anything equal to your article to go on with.'

This letter was quite refreshing. Mr Gregson inspected the rest of the orders in a more cheerful spirit, and then turned to the other portion of his correspondence.

He took up one marked private. It was from a working foreman of a firm that had recently commenced doing business with the house, enclosing his private address, and requesting that some little acknowledgment of the orders now being given might be sent to him there. But Mr Gregson was not that sort of man. 'This is sickening,' he thought. 'I'll see if I can't frighten the brute!' So he dictated this letter:

'Messrs Gregson & Co. are in receipt of the request from the manager of Messrs F. to the effect that something shall be given to him in consideration of the orders recently forwarded from the firm, which same he desires to be forwarded to his private address. Messrs Gregson & Co. beg to inform him that they have under consideration the feasibility of laying his communication before his employers, as they feel sure that such an application would be strongly discountenanced.'

Then he called in his working manager, told him what he had done, and impressed upon him the necessity for taking every possible precaution in executing any further orders from the firm employing this individual with the itching palm, 'for, depend upon it,' he said, 'if by any accident that fellow discovers the slightest ground for complaint he will be sure to magnify it.'

Then he unfolded one of those ominous official-looking papers with which commercial men are only too well acquainted, and read the old, old story: offer of composition of two and fourpence in the pound. Debtor commenced with borrowed capital; claims of relatives partially secured; failure attributed to increased competition and bad debts.

'There!' muttered Mr Gregson, 'I told my traveller there was no possible kindness in giving that man extended credit, and this is what comes of it. He said, "Well, sir, he is a respectably connected young fellow, and he ought to do there." If we had firmly refused to trust him with more goods when he began to get behind in his payments we shouldn't have been let in like this.'

Next he read a request from a trader in an outlying district that he should be allowed an extra $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. if he remitted orders and money instead of requiring a traveller to call upon him for either.

'Well, that's cool!' commented the merchant. 'He calmly demands that we should pay him money for the privilege of keeping away from his neighbourhood, thereby lessening the chance of our supplying any of his competitors about there. What next, I wonder? I wish men who take shops

would learn commercial laws, and understand that when the term of credit has expired they are legally bound to pay for goods supplied, and that the sending of a representative to them to collect a debt is only a matter of expediency and not of necessity.

The letters received by that morning's post were too numerous to be particularised. They included requests for situations from young men who were perfectly confident that, although they had had no previous knowledge of the oil-trade, they could master its details in a few weeks so as to give complete satisfaction. There were also several applications for subscriptions. Men who went in for lay-preaching, and were wont to thunder from the pulpit about the necessity for Disestablishment, had no scruple in asking for money to help them to maintain their crusade against the Church of England without taking the trouble to ascertain previously whether Mr Gregson belonged to that Church or not. That they sent him business was, in their opinion, a sufficient justification for their demand. Others wanted contributions for athletic clubs, and proffered tickets for smoking concerts, intimating that if pressure of business prevented Messrs Gregson & Co. from travelling fifty miles or so to attend them it would be a favour if they would return them, with a donation towards the expenses.

There was a letter from a country tradesman saying that his assistant was coming to town on the following day for a holiday, and that, as he had never been over a large oil-warehouse, he trusted that Messrs Gregson would take him thoroughly over theirs, and that perhaps they could spare somebody to go out an hour or so with him and show him the leading sights; ending with: 'My assistant does not often have the chance of going away so far. He is a married man, and I feel sure if you see your way to a little help towards the expenses of his trip you will not lose by it in the long-run.' Again Mr Gregson groaned as he thought how little the dwellers in small country towns, where time was only a consideration on market-days, realised the value of it to busy city merchants. He knew he would be expected, however pressed for time, to interview the caller, and that he would have personally to hand him over to one of his employes to get rid of as soon as he decently could.

He hastened to look at the *Public Ledger* to post himself up in the market changes, for well he knew he would soon be called upon to give audiences to a host of callers whose visits, five out of six of them, would be profitless to him; and soon they began to come, some of them using every artifice to avoid the regulations given to his clerks to stop intrusion.

'Mr Reu, sir!'

'Don't know him, if you have his name right.'

'I asked him for his card, sir. He said he believed you knew him, and that his business was private.'

'Tell him I am very much engaged; but if his business will only take a minute or two he can come in.'

Enter a picture-dealing Jew. Mr Gregson took him in a moment, and wished him out again.

'My clerk said you thought I knew you. I don't, and am very busy.'

'Well, sir, I know of you, and, knowing you was partial to pictures, thought as I was in the town I'd just show you two or three sweet water-colours I've got here.' Here he began unpacking.

'I'm not open to look at them, and don't expect to be called on here about that sort of thing,' said Mr Gregson in such a curt, decided tone that even the persevering Hebrew saw no chance of a deal, and took up his package of works of art, saying, 'Well, sir, you needn't be offended. It's generally gentlemen as has taste that like these things.'

Mr Gregson held open the door for his departure; but ere he could close it another man stepped forward with a hand-bag and a business card.

'Good-morning, sir. I have the pleasure of waiting on you from Messrs H. No doubt you know the firm: one of the largest importers of mineral oil in the kingdom.'

'I don't do in mineral oils; in fact, by the terms of insurance of these premises I am prohibited from having any of them.'

Any one unacquainted with the genus 'seller on commission' might naturally expect that this intruder would now depart; but instead of doing so he undauntedly and pertinaciously renewed the attack.

'Sorry to hear that, sir; but dare say we could arrange to stock a few barrels for you, and then you could take orders from your customers and send them on to us for despatch. I am quite sure your customers would be pleased with our oil. I assure you, sir, it's beautiful. Just look at this;' and he produced a sample from his bag.

'Now, I've told you I cannot stock mineral oil here, and it would not be worth my while to sell it in the way you propose. What are your terms for paying carriage, and what is the smallest quantity you send out?'

'We pay carriage on ten-barrel lots and upwards, and would send out as little as a single barrel if required.'

'Very well. Now I think you can see you are only taking up your time and mine to no purpose. I've told you I don't deal in mineral oils. If I did after a great deal of trouble secure an order or two for single barrels, my customers would not pay the extra carriage from your stores up in the north, which would be as much again as if they got it from mineral oil wholesale houses in this town, who not only supply single barrels but smaller quantities in tins if required.'

'But, sir, I'm confident that with a connection like yours'—this was his first call, and he had only made inquiries about the firm of Gregson & Co. three days before—'you could venture on a little lot of ten barrels.'

'I've given you my answer; you must excuse me saying more.'

'Won't you give me a trial line? I assure you, sir, you won't repent it. Are you quite sure you couldn't make some arrangement with your insurance company?'

Mr Gregson held the door open.

'Supposing I say eight barrels for the first time, instead of ten. Customers always order our stuff again, sir, when they've had it once. I've done remarkably well in your town so far.'

Argument, Mr Gregson knew, would be purposeless. What would this fellow care if he perilled the value of his buyer's whole stock so long as he earned his commission? Could a man of such mental calibre possibly be brought to understand that the statement—such statements in business have to be taken *cum grano salis*—that he had sold well to all the neighbours was no inducement to a buyer to purchase, inasmuch as he was apprised thereby that plenty of competition would come into his selling channels? Mr Gregson determined not to say another word, but looked at his watch and again motioned the intruder out.

'If I can arrange to divide up a lot, sir, and send you four barrels'—

'Williams!'

'Yes, sir.'

'Show this gentleman out, and let me know who are waiting.'

'Three or four are waiting, sir, and your friend Mr G. was here. I knew you would like to see him. He said he would wait a few minutes; but as he had to catch a train he has just gone.'

'All because of that idiot,' thought Mr Gregson, 'I miss a man who really could have given me information worth having, and have my time wasted. That class of man ruins the road, and spoils the chances of many a good, *bond-fide* commercial.'

The next interview-seeker was a canvasser for advertisements for a colonial newspaper. One constantly sees in the press that active and energetic young men are required for this sort of work, and active and energetic they very frequently are; but, alas! a large number of them are lamentably lacking in the power to impart really useful information, and this one was no exception.

'I've called, sir, to solicit your advertisements for the *Canadian E—Gazette*. Your name has been given me as a large dealer in oil; and I am quite sure, sir, if you only give our journal a trial you will find it will lead to increased orders. If you will glance at this list you will see the districts through which it circulates. There is room for a great opening up of trade in them. Our terms are only ten shillings an inch, sir, for a series of six advertisements and upwards. I don't mind telling you in confidence that I've just taken one order for a trial six from an old firm near you.'

Mr Gregson cut him short as soon as he could by handing him a price current.

'What's the exact import-duty on these three kinds of oils'—indicating them as he spoke—'in the parts of Canada where your paper circulates?'

'Well, sir, I—that is—well, I can't say off-hand ; but you've only to write to our editor, and he will find it out for you ; or if you prefer, I'll write for you. But if it suits your neighbours, it is pretty sure to suit you to advertise in our columns. Won't you give me a trial six advertisements? You could get quite enough to begin with into a two-inch space.'

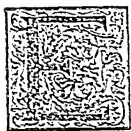
'When you've got your facts at your finger-ends you can call again—not before. I cannot listen to you a minute longer.'

'Now, I wonder,' soliloquised the harried merchant after the canvasser's departure, 'when our Government means to move in the matter, and get our young men to acquire tariff information properly. As if a fellow like that would ever care to spend his money on subscribing for the *Board of Trade Intelligence*. It ought to be drummed into them as boys in every commercial school in the

country. Just think of the damage done. I know very well the import-duty in those parts where that paper circulates is heavy enough to make the price of my oil utterly prohibitive there ; but he never told that young Green, my competitor, a word about it when he secured his advertisement. When old Green was alive he would not have got such an order from them ; but that son of his, in his feverish desire to push trade, jumps at conclusions without a moment's reflection. Then, look at the harm he does. Because his is considered a respectable firm of old standing, other simpletons will be told of his advertisement, and will likewise waste their money to no purpose. Oh, it's disgusting !'

A clerk now came to tell him that somebody was waiting to see him with a letter of introduction from a customer. With a faint hope that it might be about buying goods, he said, 'Show him in.'

THE DOCK DIVER.



VERY dock of any size has a diver or two in its employ. As the need for their services is variable, when not engaged in diving they are employed upon some of the many other duties pertaining to a dock, such as attending to the entering, leaving, and berthing of vessels, seeing to the good condition of ropes and chains, cleaning, painting, and so on. When anything goes wrong under water—a sluice refusing to open or a gate to close—down the diver goes to see what is amiss, and to rectify it. Vessels also sometimes need minor survey or repair below the water-line that it is not worth while dry-docking for. The dock company provides the dress and pumps, and the diver gets as a rule ten shillings for each descent, or, if the work be continuous, that amount as a daily wage.

The dock diver is a more prosaic individual than his professional brother of the 'Magazine.' Encounters with sharks and devil-fish, and adventures amongst the ribs of rotting treasure-galleons, are not his. Indeed, when asked his opinion of these he frankly calls them impossibilities and lies. His own adventures, although they lack the orthodox glitter of the diver who drops into print with apparently as much ease as he does into water, are nevertheless interesting enough.

Referring more particularly to work in a South Wales coal-dock, it is much like working in a vat of London porter or a huge reservoir of ink. None of the kindly light of heaven penetrates below the surface of the black, muddy water. Nothing is done by sight, but everything by feel. If a nail has to be knocked in, the head has to be felt for, and the direction of the blow guided by judgment independently of the aid of the eye.

To realise in some measure what it means, let the reader try driving a nail into the cellar wall after dark. A diver under such peculiar working conditions acquires an additional sense of localising. He carries a kind of dead-reckoning of his movements in his mind. Otherwise, if he were to put a hammer down it would take him some time to find it when next needed. As it is, he makes notes in a subconscious way of his movements—a half-turn to the right, two steps forward, a full turn to the left, and so on ; and by reversing these he can get back to any desired point, and place his hand down upon his hammer, for instance. A simple way out of the difficulty seemed to be carrying the tools suspended from a leather girdle ; but when it was suggested to the diver he would have none of it. The hammers used are larger than those used above water, so as to give more force to the slower, steadier blow only practicable. An upright position is also extremely difficult to maintain in the water, and weights slung around the body, trailing at different angles with it at every movement, would make it more difficult still.

An omission in making the notes referred to as the alternative practice led upon one occasion to a diver's being placed in a situation of extreme peril. In many coal-docks, to save initial cost of construction, the sides are built up roughly on a slope, and the shipping-hoists, together with the railway lines leading to them, carried out upon massive timber staging a distance of thirty or forty feet to deep water, in which the vessel lies. Upon the occasion referred to the diver was engaged in some work or other amongst the submerged portion of the supporting piles. When he came to give a thought to returning to the surface, he found that his air-pipe had got

entangled by his movements in the timbering, and that he was a fast-bound prisoner. Rather a gruesome situation for indoor nerves; the blackness and chill of the water pressing in upon him on every side, the slimy feel of the piles, a full consciousness of the frail connection between himself and the life of the upper world, and the impossibility of any outside help. However, there was nothing for it but to pull himself together and set to disentangling himself. Had he kept a mental count of his movements it would have been an easy matter; as it was, any further movement might be one in a wrong direction, and mean a firmer binding. A sudden slip might also throw such a strain upon the pipe as would either break or close it. It took him over an hour and a half of anxious and careful work to free himself. Strange to say, the time seemed much shorter to him upon a checking later on.

An interference with the air-pipe is the danger that all divers most dread. Something of a similar case to the foregoing happened in Bilbao a good many years ago. A vessel had got sunk in the river there, and English divers were employed—sent out from England, if we remember rightly, by the English firm most interested—to salvage the cargo. The work of sending up the cases, owing to the danger of entanglement of the air-pipes, was slow—so slow that Spanish divers on the spot offered to do the work much more quickly. The offer was accepted. They took over the work, and up came the cargo very much more briskly under their efforts, as promised. But they worked so recklessly that in the course of a few hours they were hopelessly entangled, and the Englishmen had to be hurriedly sought for to descend and free them. This they did, fortunately without any loss of life; and, needless to add, finished the work in their own way at their own rate.

To return to home waters, a diver of our acquaintance once mentioned a lucky hit in a minor way which he made in a dock. An officer of a ship lying in it was hurriedly passing along the ship's side, when a projection of the rail caught his watch-chain, tore it and the watch in his pocket free, with the result that both were whirled into the dock. As the watch was a highly prized and valuable gift, he engaged a diver the next day to make a descent and attempt its recovery. Not an easy matter even though the spot could be approximately localised, taking into consideration the foot or two of soft mud at the bottom of every dock. He went down, and the first touch of his fingers upon the bottom rested upon the chain. He pulled gently upon it, and up came the watch, still attached, from the mud into which it had sunk.

Reference to mud brings to mind another peculiar accident met with by a diver. He was walking along the dock-bottom, groping in the mud for a small portion of machinery which had been

carried away from the front of a coal-hoist, when he suddenly dropped into a ten-foot hole. Now, it is sufficiently disconcerting to drop unexpectedly into a ten-foot hole of water in the open face of day, but to drop into one with thirty feet of water already above must be still more so. The strangeness of the thing startled him beyond measure, for he knew that there should have been no hole there. The ridiculous thought that flashed through his mind as he tumbled was, that he was 'going to knock the bottom of the dock out.' However, he did not, and came to no harm, for his attendant above, a true and watchful man, had paid out the additional pipe and line as he felt him go, although mightily surprised at the sudden demand. Upon recovering himself at the bottom of the hole, he found that the mud knocked about by his descent had clogged the outlet valve for the air in his helmet, and had to immediately signal to be hauled up. He was so dirty that his mates, after hurriedly unscrewing the eyepiece of the helmet upon the appearance of his head above water, and finding that he was all right, insisted upon scrubbing him down with a hard brush before they would admit him into the pumping-punt. The commonplace explanation of the hole turned out upon inquiry to be, that the dock grab-dredger, instead of working with the usual loose moorings, had been doing so with fixed, with the result that in place of clearing the mud from a wider area it had been digging a hole in the dock-floor.

Whether there is anything in the occupation of a diver to promote geniality, or whether it is that only genial men can advantageously undertake the work, we cannot say, but the diver is almost invariably a genial man. He is also stout, as is clearly befitting, for a lath of a man would lack the weight and steadiness necessary to a proper descending into and working in water. By the way, they attribute their characteristic avoirdupois to breathing so much condensed air, upon similar grounds to condensed milk proving fattening food to babies.

FAREWELL AT DAWN.

Dawn on the harbour, wan and very still,
A glimmering gray upon the quiet deep,
While the great headlands seem to crouch, and creep
Closer beneath the shelter of the hill.
All the night long we sat and talked our fill
Of boyhood days, the faith we vowed to keep;
We thrust aside the wooing arms of sleep,
And vagrant memory wove our words at will.

One hand-clasp more, a step upon the quay,
And the light boat goes springing through the foam,
Leaping with joy to greet the freshening gale.
Then, as I turn to seek my lonely home,
Athwart the black ships' fretted forestry
The sunlight flashes on your far-borne sail.

WALTER THACKWELL.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART II.

MY own memory of my grandfather, Robert Chambers, is, with the exception of one interview, somewhat vague and indistinct. He died when I was fifteen years old; and during the latter part of his life we, who were living in England, had not been able to see him frequently. That one interview, however, stands out in my mind with a startling distinctness. It must have taken place in 1864, when, as a boy of eight, I had just begun learning Latin with a tutor. This great intelligence had been communicated to my grandfather, and I can remember my feelings of mingled pride and apprehension when the towering and dignified figure took me by the hand and began to question me: 'So, my little man, you're into Latin?' 'Yes, grandpa.' 'That's good; that's good. Now then, can you go through *mensa*, a table?' 'Please, grandpa, we call it *musa*, a muse, in our book. I can do that for you.' And I did, without in the least understanding why my grandfather gave a Homeric shout of laughter. The consequent gift of a shilling was, however, thoroughly intelligible, and served to impress the little incident indelibly on my mind.

It is evident that Robert Chambers fully understood and practised *l'art d'être grandpère*. In July 1858 my mother was on a visit to her parents in Edinburgh, and had taken me and my brother, aged respectively two years and a half and seven months, with her. She writes from 1 Doune Terracè:

'Papa is quite fidgety in the morning till I bring down the boys. Then he lights up, opens his arms, and clasps the laughing Frederico Jocosso, as he calls him, cuddles him, raves about him, foretells his future career of genius extraordinary and distinction generally; admires his nobly shaped head, his waggish eyes; calls him pearl of boys, the prince of babes, the dearest, funniest, wittiest child on earth; and allows him to pluck at his

whiskers, disturb his shirt collar, and catch hold of his nose.'

And again a day or two later:

'You should have seen us at breakfast this morning. Papa with Rudy on his knee getting bites of egg, sups of tea, and crumbs of roll. Freddy on Jan's knee, dadding on the table with his two chubby hands with all his might—a little giant, papa says, not knowing upon what to expend his strength; papa all the time keeping up a chorus of "What a splendid babe! Oh, he is the prince of babes, the king of babes! Good heavens! I nev-v-v-er saw such a babe in my life." Then, in a kind of rapture, he takes him in his arms, hugs him, kisses him, fondles him, says, "Always smiling, always laughing—oh, the captain! happy boy!" and enjoys him to the full. Then he gives Freddy jumps in the air, and makes him into a clock; and Rudy is passionately fond of him; and as for Freddy, his whole face is one grin when grandpapa appears.'

My grandfather, no doubt, had a right to such little compensations as a visit from his grandchildren could give him, for the life of a philosopher in the midst of a family of cheerful daughters is not always an easy one. The following letter, written to my father in 1855 by my mother's sister Mary,* gives an account of some of the trials endured by the author of *Vestiges of Creation* at the hands of his girls:

'I must tell you such a good joke we keep up to frighten papa. Well, you must understand that we have an imaginary lover named "Charles," and sometimes on an evening when the curtains are drawn and papa comes abruptly into the room we all make a kind of underhand fuss, then make signs

* Mary Chambers, known to her family as Mollie, was a beautiful and brilliantly gifted girl, who did not live to fulfil the high promise of her early years. She married Dr Alexander Edwards, and died quite young.

to each other, then look anxiously towards the curtains, and whisper loud enough for pa to hear, "Keep in your feet, Charles; the tip of your boot is seen," &c. Then of course papa looks suspicious, and goes and examines behind the curtains, amidst our shouts of laughter.

'Well, to-night he came in as usual to read us some philosophical work or other; and Tuckey, who cannot endure when he begins to read, and who generally acts as Charles on an emergency, went out of the room. Presently there is the sound of a guitar heard outside in the garden, and we all look at each other and whisper, "Oh! there's Charles at last. Good gracious! I hope papa won't hear him. Oh, heavens! I wish he would be quiet until papa goes out of the room. Annie" (in a despairing tone), "go to the window and sign to him to go away just now." Then papa, who has heard it all of course, looks up quite angry and says, "Dear bless me, what's the use of my reading to you if you all go on making signs to each other in that way!" However, he goes on again. Presently the door hastily opens and a head pops in, but the moment after disappears again on seeing papa, leaving nothing but a general impression of tremendous black moustache, a hat, and cane; then, of course, we are all in fits of laughing. Oh, we have such fun with the darling papa! He is the best man in all the world. I just adore him. He takes us walks three times a week along the Dean Bridge, and entertains us with the most charming, intellectual, and at the same time amusing conversation. These are the greatest treats we have, and we tell him that it is very bad policy on his part to make himself so fascinating to us, as we will never leave him to be married. . . .

'It was my birthday yesterday, and I was twenty, and none of them gave me a present (although I gave them all due warning some days before so that they might have sufficient time to prepare the presents) except mamma and Annie. Mamma gave me a pair of scissors, a thimble, a lovely coral stud for my neck, and a beautiful ring. Annie gave me a very pretty jug, Bob gave me his blessing (wretch!), and pa gave me a long lecture on the Dean Bridge, to the effect that although I had passed twenty years without seeing any misery and without experiencing any cares, yet I must often think that there are such things in the world to the extent of which I have no idea, &c.?

My grandmother, Mrs Robert Chambers, has been already mentioned in the passages I have quoted from my father's note-book. She was a musician of no common skill, and played beautifully both on the harp and on the piano. Not only was she the very soul of kindness, but she had a charming gift of humour, sometimes conscious, sometimes (in appearance, at least) unconscious—humour always radiant and amiable, but often, too, of a detached and unworldly kind that made her society delightful to all who knew her. My mother, who was once

more on a visit at 1 Doune Terrace, writes to my father in 1860:

'About twelve o'clock I saw mamma hurrying up lunch, and asked why it was to be so early. "Oh," says mamma, "I want to get lunch over, as Miss Y. said she would come in to-day, as she waited an hour and a half yesterday for me to come in, while I was sitting upstairs, and she had to go away; but she left a message saying she would come back to-day, which I think is probable, as she has left her teeth behind." "Her teeth?" I said. "Yes; they were found on the ground, just where she had been sitting, by cook when she did out the room this morning." It gave poor mamma quite a turn, being the first thing she saw on coming down to breakfast this morning, and she has been on the sofa ever since. Well, we hurried our lunch, and got it over; after which mamma prepared to vanish safely out of the ken of Miss Y. or any other visitor, first turning to Margaret the tablemaid, and saying gently, "Margaret, if Miss Y. calls say we're all out, and that her teeth are on the dining-room mantelpiece." The fits you are perhaps taking over this are nothing to what I am going into at this moment as it all comes back to me. There was the double set, eight-and-twenty of 'em, on the centre of the mantelpiece, covered decently by mamma with the *Scotsman* of yesterday, but exposed to view every now and then by everybody in turn taking up the *Scotsman* intending to read it. Papa can't get over it; he goes into tranquil fits over and over again, and says they were left as a ghastly reproach by Miss Y. because she had no lunch yesterday.'

In 1862 Mrs Chambers paid us a visit at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, and brought with her her youngest daughter Alice, a little girl who, though she was my aunt, was my senior by only a few years. In the following letter my mother describes a memorable incident of this visit:

'Mamma and Alice took a bedroom near, and lived with me till yesterday, when they took a parlour and bedroom next door; but of course we are always together, and Alice's cheerful voice rings about the house all day, pitched at such a height that one would think it *must* fall. Mamma enjoys the place in her own way immensely, and has already sniffed out all the drains and condemned them, particularly the Chine one by Sampson's. The Sampsons [the owners of the bathing-machines] are greatly impressed by her presence and dignity. She goes about in her white dressing-gown, regardless of crinoline and all existing fashions, spends small competencies on shrimps, never takes a meal at the time we take it, and retires to her couch at about 6.45, leaving Alice to spend her evenings and sup with us. Yesterday she announced with an air of the deepest mystery and importance that she was going to give a concert—Alice prima donna; admission, by ticket, one halfpenny. She intended giving it in her own room, but came round and asked if she might give it in mine, as the fact was

the upper notes of her piano were slightly defective, and most of the lower ones wouldn't sound at all. So I gave my consent. Alice wrote the tickets, and we were all obliged to purchase. The boys came clamouring for halfpence—the free list was suspended—Liza [the parlour-maid], Julie [the German nurse], and Matilde [our German governess] were commanded to disburse. Julie plunged a great brown paw in her pocket, and finally cleared the required coin from a miscellaneous collection of crumbs, local diamonds, nutmeg-grater, grimy pocket-handkerchief, small hard apples, and safety-pins. Liza drew hers forth with more delicacy from an old purse of yours where she keeps a small fortune of halfpence and fourpenny-pieces. Then mamma said in a grand voice, "Let Mrs Colenutt* know of this. I desire she may come too." "Free list?" I whispered. "By no means. She must pay for her ticket." So poor Mrs C. had to buy her ticket; and finally, when we were all seated, she knocked at the door, held her ticket out timidly, and stood, without a smile, at the back of the door the whole time. Mamma had got Matilde to make a wreath for Alice, who looked like a midge in the sunshine with it on; and all the boys had sprigs in their hats, and sat with the greatest solemnity the whole time. The concert consisted of mamma and Alice playing three duets, and before each mamma always turned to Mrs Colenutt—who was ready to sink with awe—as being the principal feature in the audience, and said impressively, "Scotch—Lowland;" "English—very old;" "Favourite air of Sir Walter Scott's—supposed to be Highland." When it was over Mrs Colenutt curtsied and said it was "beautiful, and well worth the money." Hopie and I retired after the whole thing, and actually danced with laughter. Mamma was, on the contrary, as serious as a judge; and Alice subsequently confided to Hopie on the sands that she had made fourpence halfpenny by the affair, having sold nine tickets. Mamma said afterwards to Hopie and me, "Now, that is a thing Mrs Walnut will never forget. She was deeply impressed."

I must now pass on, reluctantly enough, from these intimate family reminiscences, and next in order I call up from the past the figure of our dear old Wilkie Collins, the kindest and best friend that boy or man ever had. Wilkie—we never called him by any more formal name, even when we were little fellows—had known my mother before her marriage, and to us boys and to our sister he soon grew to be what he ever afterwards remained: not merely the grown-up and respected friend of our parents, but our own true companion and close associate. He took our young imaginations captive with stories of Tom Sayers, with whom he had often conversed, whose face-destroying hand he had shaken, whose awful arm he had felt. "He hadn't any muscle to speak of in his forearm," said Wilkie, "and there wasn't any show of biceps; but when I

remarked on that, he asked me to observe his triceps and the muscle under his shoulder, and then I understood how he did it." This story was told to us some time before Wilkie set out to denounce athletes and athleticism in *Man and Wife*—of which, by the way, he wrote a considerable part in our home near Highgate. The book is dedicated to my father and mother; and though, as budding cricketers and football-players and runners, we felt ourselves wounded in our tenderest places by its severity towards athletes, we were generous, and forgave the erring author for the sake of the unvarying friend. Not very many years after, so great is the force of kindness and inconsistency, he congratulated me on having rowed in an eight-oar on the Cam and made some bumps!

I can see him now as I used to see him in those early, unforgettens days: a neat figure of a cheerful plumpness, very small feet and hands, a full brown beard, a high and rounded forehead, a small nose not naturally intended to support a pair of large spectacles behind which his eyes shone with humour and friendship; not by any means the sort of man imagination would have pictured as the creator of Count Fosco and the inventor of the terrors of *Armada* and the absorbing mystery of *The Moonstone*. Yet he was, in fact, a very hard and determined worker. In one of his letters to my mother he describes how he finished the writing of *The Guilty River*: 'You know well what a fool I am—or shall I put it mildly and say how "indiscreet"? For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I worked for twelve hours a day, and galloped along without feeling it, like the old post-horses, while I was hot. Do you remember how the forelegs of those post-horses quivered and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end?'† It must be remembered that for many years he had to struggle against attacks of rheumatism, and later on of gout in the eyes; but neither the acuteness of his pain nor the remedies he was forced to take in order to abate it could quench that indomitable spirit or freeze the genial current of his soul. His conversation was easy and delightful both in English and in French. 'I don't care a fig for the accent,' he used to say, and he certainly spoke truly. 'The French are a polite people, and they don't trouble to think about accent if they understand you. They understand me.' Two peculiarities in his English I can remember: he always pronounced the words 'really' and 'real' as if they had been spelt 'raily' and 'rail,' and he gave to the word 'obliged' its old-fashioned sound of 'obleegeed.'

I have said that Wilkie Collins knew my mother before she was married. The earliest specimen of his handwriting that I possess is a piece of verse addressed by him to her. It accompanied a gift of

* The landlady.

† I am indebted to Mr A. P. Watt, Wilkie Collins's literary executor, for permission to publish here some of Wilkie Collins's letters and verses.

toffy sent in return for a similar gift from her. Here it is:

'Miss Chambers has sent me a very sharp letter, With a gift of some Toffy (I never sucked better!). 'Tis plain, from her note, she would have me infer That I should have first sent the Toffy to her. I will only observe on the present occasion (Thinking first gifts of sweets so much sugar'd temptation),

That, in tempting of all kinds, I still must believe The men act like Adam, the women like Eve.

From mere mortal frailties I don't stand exempted, So I waited, like Adam, by Eve to be tempted;

But, more fitted than he with "The Woman" to grapple,

I return her (in Toffy) my bite of "the Apple."

'W. W. C.'

'March 27, 52.'

Wilkie Collins's novels left him no time for sporting with the lighter muse; but it is plain from these playful and polished lines that he might, had he cared for the task, have set up as a frivolous rival to Mr Locker or Mr Austin Dobson in the writing of *vers de société*.

In my next article I shall give some of the letters of this prince of letter-writers.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XII.—STRUCK DOWN.



ALAIN CARBONEC, when he parted from Barbe and Veuve Pleuret that afternoon, rowed gaily across to the lighthouse, hauled the boat up to the beams, and left it as he had found it. Then he stripped and twisted his blue cotton duds in a rope round his waist, and cast himself into the tide, just as the raincloud burst and whipped the sea all round him till it hissed.

He was in the highest of spirits. He did not, indeed, see the end of the matter quite clearly yet; but Barbe was out of Pierre's hands and in his own, which was all to the good. He would see Gaudriol when he got back to the village, and get his opinion of this sister-and-brother story—which, for himself, he did not for one moment believe. Gaudriol would certainly help him, for he had shown his liking in many little ways since he came to Plenevec. How they were to get married without Pierre's consent he did not quite see; but they would manage it somehow, and then he would be the happiest man on earth, and Barbe should be the happiest girl. *Dieu-de-Dieu-de-Dieu*, how beautiful she was! The blood leaped through his veins at thought of her, and he shot through the waves at double speed because each strong stroke was taking him back to her.

Scrambling ashore under the frowning headland, he found his clothes in the nook where he always left them. They were soaked with the rain; but that was a very small matter. In an hour he would be sitting with Barbe before the fire in Mère Pleuret's cottage. He twisted the blue cottons round his neck, since they would not be needed there again, and set off on his precarious climb round the granite shoulder of the cliff.

It was perilous work; but his fingers and toes found holes and holding, as though by instinct, where holding seemed impossible. The rain hissed on the rocks and beat back in his face. The birds shrieked and whirled around him in a way that would have flung a less hardy climber to his

death; but Alain was accustomed to them, and there was that in him now that made him feel as though he had wings himself. He let them scream their fill without hindrance or annoyance, and drew himself up at last among the scant herbage of the cliff-brow, and lay panting his lungs full of it, the smell being so sweet after the nauseous passage of the roosting-places. Then he rose and swung down among the great standing-stones that the ancients had left, and through the clumps of gorse by the path his own feet had made.

Then—as he passed swiftly along, full of Barbe and the gladness of living—a figure rose suddenly behind him out of the shadow of one of the great stones. An arm swung, a ragged piece of rock flew at so short a range that it was almost a blow and failure was impossible, and Alain lay bleeding on the grass. George Cadoual bent over him, as Cain bent over his brother Abel. It was the *abc* of murder—the most primitive form of vengeance: the ambush and the stone.

Alain, however, was not dead. Cadoual had hardly hoped for so much, and his choice of hiding-place had provided for it. He looked down for a moment at his work: the horrid wound in which the blood welled, and gathered, and trickled down through the yellow hair to the grass, and stained it purple-black for a moment, till the rain washed it off; the slackened limbs, a minute ago springing with full life.

Cadoual had no compunctions, however. The man had been in his way. He had to go. George stooped and gripped the body by the shoulders, and dragged it out of the path, and along till he came to a burrow hidden by a clump of furze at the foot of one of the stones. He backed into this on his hands and knees, and drew the body in after him, bit by bit, till it disappeared, as the rabbit disappears down the big snake's throat. The shaft widened in its descent. The air grew cool and moist, and at last he stood in the damp darkness of a wide chamber with the body of Alain Carbonec at his feet. His work was not done yet: this

was only the ante-chamber. He paused for breath, then struck a sulphur-match, which gave him the appearance of a corpse looking down at another one. He lit a candle-end and stuck it on a boulder, and quieted his twisting mouth with a cigarette while he rested from his labours. Then he crept up into daylight again to make sure no traces were left there. The rain had already washed away the blood; and he picked up Alain's blue stocking-cap and crept back with it in his hand.

Then he laid hold of the body again, and dragged it with loose-kicking heels over the rough floor to a corner where another dark passage yawned. He went back for the candle, carried it down the passage, and then came back for the body.

And now he went warily, for there was that hereabouts which might be the death of him; he came to it at last: a fault in the rock, where the

bottom of the passage slipped away into darkness. He kicked a stone down; it fell, and no sound came back. He had discovered this place when he was a boy; it had given him many a nightmare, and he had never been there since.

Without a moment's hesitation, he pushed the body of Alain Carbonec down into the darkness. Consciously, or with the instinctive grasp that never leaves the sailor till the final grip is loosed, the slithering hands of the wounded man caught at anything that offered. Cadoual's feet were plucked suddenly from under him, his short-cut shriek echoed along the vaulted passage, and the two men disappeared into the darkness together.

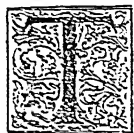
Up on its ledge in the passage, the candle licked its sharp tongue to and fro as though thirsting after knowledge, and burned slowly to its death.

J O H A N N E S B U R G.

A REVIEW AND FORECAST.

By the Author of *The Coming Rush to South Africa, &c.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



THAT Johannesburg is destined to become one of the leading cities of Greater Britain is a contention more moderate than ambitious. Remarkable it has always been, and is; famous it is certain to become, and that early in our generation. Dowered by nature with almost every conceivable requisite essential to commercial potentiality, it is difficult to see how—if as much energy is displayed in the future as in the past in the development and exploitation of the latent resources of the Transvaal—Johannesburg, by reason of its topographical situation, can miss achieving the glorious position among the world-centres of industry to which it has so obviously been predestined by nature; and the prosperity of Johannesburg and that of the Transvaal—of South Africa itself—go hand in hand.

This land of promise remains as yet under the cloud that has obscured its fortunes and smothered its attempts at progress since 1896. The inquiries: How is this so? What prospect is there of an early resumption of commercial activity and industrial progress which alone can justify the tide of immigration allowed to flow unrestrictedly Randwards? and What demand will such commercial progress and expansion create for a newer and larger white population from overseas?—these will come within the province of this article.

Depression, like prosperity, is no new experience to Johannesburg. It has revelled for brief periods in the rich meadows of prosperity; it has also pined for years in the desolate wastes of depression, with its misery accentuated by the knowledge that the

causes which combined to withhold its former prosperity—to which its title was long since incontestably proved—were well known and removable. All that was needed was fair and equitable government in which the people had a voice, an abolition of monopolies, a customs tariff bearing lightly on the necessities of life and the necessities for the prosecution of the industries of the country, together with uniformly low railway rates and greatly increased railway facilities throughout the coast colonies and inland states of South Africa. What chance, however, was there for the attainment of such necessities, if ideal, conditions during the existence of Krugerism, a despotic oligarchy which laid the axe of retrogression unsparingly to the roots of the tree of progress? To their shame be it said, certain phases of that policy were supported by the British colonies of the Cape and Natal. In their unwise haste to make present profit out of the overseas importations of the Rand, and with no thought for the future, they fixed the railway rates at exorbitant figures, and levied indefensible and usurious transit-dues on all goods consigned to the Transvaal passing through their ports. The railway rate from these ports—one a thousand miles and the other four hundred miles distant—was a very important factor.

That under the old régime money was to be made freely—although by methods not always creditable—is undeniable. Even to-day one occasionally hears the lament, 'Give us back our grievances;' but neither in prosperous nor dark days was there any real or general disposition on the part of Britons—who, after all, always constituted the bulk of the

Johannesburg population—to barter their claim to political and personal freedom and a voice in the management of their own affairs for increased wealth or office under a Government which they despised, and at whose unjustifiable restrictions they revolted. A rupture was unavoidable. On the one hand was a population ever agitating for reforms and clamouring for elementary justice, and to whom '*Civis Romanus sum*' was the be-all and the end-all of national existence; and on the other hand was an autocracy determined to resist such agitations and silence such clamourings by every means in their power, just or unjust.

Finally, after years of muttering and threatening, the war-cloud burst on the 11th of October 1899, when, on the expiry of the time limit fixed in their insolent ultimatum, the Transvaal Government caused the fateful word '*Oorlog*' (war) to be flashed along the wires to the eager and expectant commandoes. Naturally, the majority of the Uitlander population had not deferred their departure till this psychological moment. The inevitable conclusion had been foreseen and discounted months before; and few recollections will linger longer in the minds of old Johannesburg residents than that of the exodus from the Rand of the Uitlander population. Within a space of about five months some thirty thousand to forty thousand persons left Johannesburg; and the daily and nightly scenes at the station, as the trains for Delagoa, the Cape, and Natal left, with their closely packed human freight, were such as to beggar description. It seemed like the ebbing of a huge tide, sucked backwards by some irresistible power, and leaving the ground which it had recently covered deserted, uninhabitable, unproductive. For with the receding population went the brain and the sinew, the capital and labour, the sagacity and energy, which had built up Johannesburg; and the Boer Government, with their Continental parasites, were left clinging like barnacles to the side of the ship whose progress they had done so much in the past to retard, and from whose sides the sustaining tide had now receded.

The town of Johannesburg during and after the exodus presented a truly unique spectacle. The Uitlanders found it impossible—so hurried and crowded was the forced flight—to take any but the lightest baggage. It was in most cases impossible to arrange for a caretaker, for those who remained when the blow fell would be the sworn foes of those who had left. Everything had therefore to be sacrificed for what it would fetch—when so many were selling few were anxious to buy—or property was left in deserted homes, with no better safeguard than a key turned in the door lock, and perchance corrugated-iron barricades to the windows. Whole streets were suddenly almost deserted, and within a few weeks miles of houses presented blank and dusty fronts to the few passers-by left to notice them. The shops were in as bad case. Bereft of customers, the proprietors could only take careful

note of all stocks, discharge employés (with in some cases a retainer on their future services), close the deserted establishments, betake themselves to the coast towns, and wait till the storm had expended itself, and it was possible to return and gaze on the ruins it had left in its track.

This, then, is a transient glimpse of Johannesburg as it was immediately prior to and at the outbreak of war. It is not our intention to describe the dreary lives of Uitlanders during the war, or the state of the town during that period. The past is past; our concern is with the present and future. We will therefore take up the threads of our investigations at the time when the populace commenced to return to Johannesburg.

A considerable portion of the Uitlanders—or refugees, as they had now become—found means of ascertaining immediately after the British occupation in what state their deserted homes and possessions were; but a very great number had to remain for the whole period of their exile in suspense, ignorant whether they still had a home to which they could one day return, or if—with businesses ruined, possessions looted, and homes destroyed—they had become to all intents and purposes homeless wanderers. One regrettable fact in connection with the hardships suffered by loyalist refugees was that by far the greater part of the damage to houses and property was done after the British occupation of Johannesburg. In stating this no charge is made against any specific body; no attempt is made to fix the blame on any section of the community, civil or military, who occupied the town from the entry of Lord Roberts till the return of the refugees; but the fact remains that, without considering by whom it was done, 75 per cent. of the damage was committed whilst the town was under British protection and subject to British military law. The Boers—whatever their many faults, however callous and brutal their treatment of the flying population—appear to have to a considerable extent respected absentees' property. We have heard much of what they intended to do at the last minute to private and public property; but we cannot condemn them for alleged intentions; we must be guided by results, and these go to show that in the majority of cases the damage that had been done before the entry of the British troops was comparatively as a mere drop in the ocean to that which was committed in the following months.

An ounce of personal experience is worth many pounds of hearsay evidence, and this must be my excuse for relating my experience of how my property was treated in my absence, and what measure of satisfaction and reparation I subsequently received. Prior to leaving my home on 4th October 1899, I caused my entire possessions to be inventoried, appraised, and the value sworn to by a professional valuator. The most valuable of my effects I then placed in a small room, which I caused to be securely and permanently closed up; after

which—comforted in the knowledge that I had done all that was possible—I left Johannesburg in a cattle-truck, reaching Natal *via* Delagoa Bay, the direct Natal line having been closed down some days previously. Immediately Johannesburg had been entered and occupied by the British forces under Lord Roberts I wired an urgent inquiry through to a burgher acquaintance who, I had good reason to believe, had not gone on commando, being past the age-limit, and his most welcome reply informed me that my house was quite intact.

My satisfaction, however, was doomed to be short-lived. Little as we thought it—providentially for our peace of mind—two weary years had to elapse before we could return to our homes; and during this interval I caused frequent reports to be sent me as to the state of my home. The reports received were most depressing, and trebly so to one in exile. No sooner had the British occupation begun than looting followed, and within three months my house was thrice broken into and robbed. From most of my friends I received similar accounts. It was impossible to do anything, which rendered it the more galling. Letters frequently took weeks to reach Johannesburg, and then only after the most autocratic censoring, which possibly was necessary, but none the less irksome to loyalists. Houses were commandeered right and left by the military, or permission given to favourite civilians to reside in them, regardless of the wishes of the absentee owners. The Military Compensation Board was a solemn farce in one act, and that a brief one. Curt notices appeared in the South African papers calling upon refugees immediately to submit claims for damage that had been done, or for ever after hold their peace. Such claims, it was stated, must be supported by sworn evidence as to exactly when the damage was done, by whom, and precisely to what extent. How refugees, debarred from instituting any inquiries of such a nature as would justify them in swearing to the accuracy of information received in reply to inquiries, could conscientiously comply with these conditions the proclamation unfortunately omitted to state. Failure to submit such sworn statements by an impossibly early date resulted in a hectographed and misspelt notification being sent to the claimant, when his belated claim did arrive, in which he was informed—if he had been favoured with a legible copy—that his claim being late, insufficient, or otherwise out of order, it had been rejected, and would on no account receive any consideration whatsoever. These *billets-doux* must have been sent out by thousands, whereby the labours of the Military Circumlocution Board were cut down to vanishing-point, and the members enabled to relapse into the calm slumber from which they had been so cruelly aroused.

On my return to Johannesburg in June last, I found that furniture worth over two hundred pounds had been looted; that permission had been given by the military authorities for my house to be let to another tenant; and that my furniture, or rather the

remains of it, had been roughly packed and hastily removed to a Government store. Worse, however, was to follow. A certain General, whom the grant of a free house had imbued with a desire for free furniture for the same, paid a visit to the store where refugees' furniture and effects were supposed to be lying in trust pending their return, and selected such as seemed good to his eye. Unfortunately for me, mine was among that honoured with approbation, and to his free house it was accordingly removed. My request for prompt return was complied with, a month later, by the return to the store of what, on a cursory examination, seemed to be a load of very roughly and imperfectly chopped firewood, but which a closer examination revealed as my mutilated furniture. My application to the gallant officer for compensation or replacement resulted in a charmingly naïf letter being sent me by his A.D.C., in which the General expressed his conviction that, as a Britisher and a loyalist, I could not possibly object to his having taken and used my furniture. Considering that it was in a place of trust and safety when taken, the cogency of this argument was not apparent to me; but my brief notification to this effect elicited no reply from the officer. Considering that my knowledge of his character was, after all, some equivalent for the damage done, I let the incident drop, being fortified in my decision by the fear that if I protested too much I might find my hard-gained permit withdrawn, and myself placed across the border on an untried charge of *lèse-majesté*, 'assisting the enemy,' 'conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline,' or something else equally heinous and foreign to the point at issue.

The experiences of others were even more trying, and in some cases almost dramatic. One householder of my acquaintance, by virtue of his position on one of the Transvaal railways, received a summons and his permit to return as early as July 1900. On arriving at Pretoria he secured a cab, and, with his thoughts blithely dwelling on the delights of home-life so soon to be resumed, drove off to the house which he had left nine months previously. To his astonishment and horror, the vehicle stopped at a heap of charred ruins. The house had been burnt to the ground after—as it subsequently transpired—having been completely looted! This, it is only just to add, was done during Brother Boer's rule.

On my return journey I found the country between Ladysmith and Johannesburg wearing a most depressing aspect. Peace had been declared a few days previously, and the blockhouses bordering the railway line were being subjected to a vigorous process of demolition which in no wise improved the foreground of the landscape; though it did one good to see the cheery Tommies—no longer wistfully watching the passing trains for the chance gift of a bundle of old papers—labouring to dismantle the structures which for months past had been but little better than tombs to them. On both sides of

the railway-track the ground was littered with the bones of horses, cattle, and mules. The numberless specks floating and hovering far above earth in the blue ether showed that the *aasvogels* had not yet realised that the banquet which had for the past three years been spread with such lavish prodigality for their benefit was drawing to a conclusion. It was early winter, and the parched veldt, blackened by fire as far as the eye could see, formed a sombre garment for the country-side.

Many of the blockhouses possessed the most bizarre, fancy names, such as Fedupfontein, or were embellished with notices expressive of the feeling of their occupants—as, 'This commodious blockhouse for sale or to let; the owners, who are going to England, having no further use for it.'

Recollections, painful and pleasant, thronged through the mind as Johannesburg, after an absence of nearly three years, was reached, and I have a distinct recollection that old Omar Khayyám's lines—

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—

kept recurring to me with most persistent monotony. The town wore a deserted-village appearance most unbecoming to an important mining-centre.

The roads had fallen into the most ghastly disrepair, resembling long-drawn-out toboggan-tracks; while the exposed tram-lines, projecting above the road-level, were an eyesore by day and a snare for the feet of the unwary by night. Such shops as were open dealt almost exclusively in military requirements. Liquor could only be obtained in quantities strictly defined by proclamation and by permit, the latter only granted when the authorities were satisfied that all regulations had been complied with, and that, above all, the applicant had joined the Rand Rifles, a unique volunteer organisation remarkable because of the fact that all members were pressed men. With the advent of peace, however, the various severities of martial law were relaxed like the grip of a dying octopus; and at the time of writing, in early November, although martial law is still legally in force, it would be difficult to find any manner or direction in which it is operative.

The way has now been cleared for the consideration of the two last phases of our review: Johannesburg as it is, and as we hope it will be; why we find it in the condition in which it only too assuredly is, and what hope there is that it will ere long cast its slough and emerge in the cloth-of-gold which we know full well is underneath.

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER II.



THE first thing to be done was to lay out the corpse in a corner of the cubicle. Having done this, and sent the children to play in the street in charge of one of the neighbour's children,

Mrs Li set out to find and consult her father, who was the owner of a small native boat plying for hire on the busy waters of the river and the creek separating the European settlement from the native city.

She made her way to the water-front, and, making inquiries from the owners in the numerous craft tied up to the bund, learnt that her father had just taken a couple of passengers to catch the evening boat to Hong-kong. To the wharf of the steamboat company she accordingly went, where she found her father's boat just about to return home. She stepped on board, related everything that had occurred, and asked what was the best thing for her to do to carry out her husband's injunctions.

After a good deal of talking, a plan of campaign was decided on. In the first place, recourse must be had to the shop to see if they would move in the matter. If they could only be persuaded to do this, a good deal of worry and anxiety, and, what was more important, a good deal of money, would be saved. Moreover, as the

shop was an influential one, and in a large way of business, the authorities would be more likely to pay attention to their representations.

To the shop accordingly Mrs Li went, and, with many chinchinings and salaamings, besought them to bring her husband's murderer to justice.

Unfortunately the shop had had a previous experience of the manner in which the native authorities administered justice, and knew that it meant a great deal of squeeze-money being paid to all the officials of the court, much worry and trouble for themselves, and very little likelihood of any satisfactory result. So they told Mrs Li that they had already lost a large sum of money owing to the robbery, that business was very bad, and that they did not see their way to incur any further loss, especially as there was no pecuniary advantage for themselves in prospect. The widow pleaded very hard with them to alter their decision, but to no purpose. Finally, being wearied of her talking, they told her that her husband had never been of very much use, and plenty of men could be found to fill his place; and then added insult to injury by suggesting that it was through his own carelessness and neglect that the robbery and assault had occurred.

Being a woman of energetic temperament, and

having an extensive command of Chinese vituperation, acquired during her early life on the river, Mrs Li, thoroughly roused by this gratuitous slight on her late husband's abilities, let fly at the shop-people to the utmost of her powers. She reviled their ancestors, cast aspersions on their fathers and mothers, cursed their living relations, and made pointed and fairly accurate remarks about their habits generally and their vices in particular. As this took place in the presence of a large crowd of neighbours and onlookers, she had the satisfaction of knowing that, as far as lay in her power, she had successfully discredited the 'face' of the shop in the eyes of the neighbours, and had heightened her own by vigorously doing her duty to her dead husband.

She then returned home to her garret, called the children out of the street, gave them their evening meal, and despatched the eldest to her (Mrs Li's) father, calling him to a further council of war. The next step was, without doubt, to apply to the native magistrate, an official who had a great reputation for justice and fair dealing, but who was surrounded by a crowd of satellites and time-servers who occupied various minor posts in the court, and with whom justice was less than the dust in the balance when compared with the money they could extort from the parties to a case by promises of forwarding the suit of one side or delaying that of the other.

Nothing could be hoped for in this direction without money; and of money Mrs Li and her relations were peculiarly short. They were all poor people, living a hand-to-mouth existence, knowing few luxuries except at feast-times, and having few pleasures except simple ones; content to work on from day to day, happy if they could make enough to buy rice for the daily meals and to make occasional purchases of cloth to repair the wear and tear of their well-used apparel.

A very large proportion of the Chinese, however, belong to money-loan societies, and the deceased was no exception to the general rule. The principle of these associations is generally a very simple one, and the one to which Li Sing belonged was one of the simplest. He and nine other friends had met together, and each contributed the sum of five dollars to form a fund. They had then drawn lots as to who should have the first use of the fifty dollars; when this was decided, the money was handed over to the drawer of lot No. 1 for him to use for one year. At the end of the year they all met together again, each bringing another five dollars, and the fifty dollars was handed to the drawer of lot No. 2 for his use for the year; and so on till all in turn had had the use of the capital sum. At the end of the ten years every man had contributed the sum of fifty dollars in ten payments, and had had the use of fifty dollars in a lump

sum for one year. Fortunately for Mrs Li, her husband had drawn a high number, and had already contributed eight payments without yet having had the use of the principal sum. So she went round to the members and requested them to call a special meeting with the object of getting them to pay her the fifty dollars which would at the next meeting have come to her husband. As she failed to get them to do this, she persuaded one of the members to purchase Li's interest for thirty-eight dollars; and, being given this sum, she went away quite contented.

By dint of importuning her friends and with the help of her family, she made this sum up to fifty dollars; and then, having exhausted every possible avenue of credit, she went to the magistrate's court. By making a small payment to one of the clerks she got him to draw up a petition setting out the facts. Several more payments to other officials enabled her to get the petition laid before the magistrate, who appointed the next day for her to appear before him. On the morrow she duly made her appearance, stated her complaint, and the magistrate, after a short conference with his clerk, to whom Mrs Li had previously paid a sum of five dollars to ensure his co-operation, made an order directing the *yamen* runners to apprehend the murderer and bring him before the court at once. But before any move was made by the officials further inroads were made on Mrs Li's little store, which made a serious hole in its proportions.

Unfortunately for Mrs Li and her hopes, the murderer's family happened to have a little more money at their command than she had. Sur-reptitious five-dollar notes handed to the *yamen* runners at once made them aware that the man they were searching for had fled into the country, and that none of his relatives had the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts. They accordingly made a report to this effect to the magistrate.

Mrs Li knew well enough what the real state of affairs was. Whispers had already reached her that, notwithstanding the *yamen* runners' report, the murderer was still to be seen in the eating-houses and streets of the quarter in which he lived. Still she did not give up hope. A further petition to the magistrate, with a heavy fee to ensure immediate presentation, stating her belief that he was still to be found, led to a further order for his immediate arrest. She doubled her fees to the runners, and promised them the whole of her fast-dwindling balance if they would only arrest him; and this these far-seeing officials at length determined to do. They knew Mrs Li had reached very nearly the end of her resources; but they strongly suspected there was money still to be made from the other side. So they set off again, and, notwithstanding all the protests and bribes offered to them, put on an air of

incorruptible integrity, seized their prisoner, and marched him away to jail.

Then followed, as they expected, a petition by his friends for him to be set free, accompanied with the proper monetary tributes so inseparable from its due presentation. Mrs Li counter-petitioned in vain. Her resources were at an end. What small payments she could make were far outweighed by those made by the other side. At last she could pay no more, and the officials, after extracting a more than usually heavy fee from the murderer's family, presented their petition for his freedom. The magistrate made the order usual in such cases, calling on Mrs Li to come forward and substantiate her case—an order she was very willing to obey had the officials but informed her of it. But this, knowing there was nothing more to be got from her, they carefully refrained from doing. On the contrary, they went to the other side, told them a day was fixed for the hearing, and could only with great difficulty be postponed; and, having worked on their fears to great profit and advantage, finally arranged that the case should be called without notification to Mrs Li.

The appointed day came, and the case was laid before the magistrate. He was a busy man; and, although striving to do justice to the best of his lights, he had so many of these petitions and counter-petitions presented to him as a matter of course that it was impossible for him to attempt any sifting of the truth of the allegations contained in them unless the parties were actually before him, and even then it was an almost hopeless task. After asking whether Mrs Li were present, and being told by his subordinates that she could not be found, he made an order dismissing her petition and the prisoner from custody, and finished by dismissing the matter from his mind.

All these proceedings, owing to Mrs Li's persistent energy, occupied but five or six days. During this time the dead man lay awaiting vengeance before burial; and at the end Mrs Li found, notwithstanding all her efforts, that her funds were exhausted, that the murderer had been set at liberty, and that her husband's injunctions still remained unexecuted.

What was now to be done? Another family conference was called, and long and anxious were the deliberations. It would have been an easy matter for some one to have shot the murderer just as he had shot Li Sing; but that was not the kind of retribution she was seeking for. It would have entailed no public disgrace; it might even have enlisted popular sympathy on his side, and made him a martyr instead of a criminal. What, then, was to be done? She had no money now, and no influence. How could she hope to bring to book the murderer who was well supplied with both? Nobody at the conference could suggest any solution of her problem for a

long time. At length her father said, slowly and cautiously, and as one who makes a statement not expecting it to be believed, that he had heard that the foreign devils who lived apart over the creek had influence with the magistrates; and, further, that they would, so he had heard, sometimes help other people, even Chinese, without asking for any payment for it.

A silence fell over the little gathering after this statement. They knew that the foreign devils were all mad and often did mad things; but that they should do so mad a thing as this had never entered into their contemplation. For why should anybody, they argued, interest himself with other people's troubles, and run the risk of making them his own, unless there was some great profit to be gained by doing so? They shook their heads and said it sounded very nice, but it was too absurd to be thought of. To Mrs Li, however, the idea presented itself as a straw to be clutched at—a weak and impossible straw perhaps, but still a straw; and, what was a good deal more, a straw which wanted no purchasing, no petitions, no bribes—just clutching, and that was all. Long after the meeting had broken up she pondered over the idea and how it could be made to shoot into effect and into retribution. At length she fully made up her mind, and decided when the straw was to be clutched at, how long it was to be held on to, and when it was to be left to be floated down the stream towards the little haven into which she wildly hoped it might safely enter, there to be noticed and gathered, or to be left unheeded as the gods might direct.

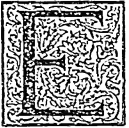
By the following morning she had thought it all out, and at once proceeded to put her design into execution. She went to her father, and arranged with him that she should have the use of his sampan for a week or ten days. She took possession of it, had it brought round to the creek, and moored at the back of the house where her cubicle was situated. She then made an inspection of the size and capacity of the damp, evil-smelling hole under the deck where the pots and pans and all the miscellaneous rubbish of the occupants were usually kept. These she carefully removed and stored them in her attic. Then, with the assistance of a friend, she carried the body of her husband to the boat, and carefully deposited it in the hole, put on the hatch, collected her family together, and made every preparation for a week's stay on board. Finally, she got on board herself, took command of the large steering-oar, and slowly rowed the boat in the direction of the creek which divided the European settlement from the native city. Up this narrow waterway, choked with boats, muddy-coloured, and filled with floating garbage of all descriptions, the boat with its gruesome cargo slowly made its way until it

reached the back of the compound belonging to the Commissioner of Customs. Here she carefully moored it to one of the many rotting posts sticking out from the bund, and sat down to wait the course of events. For two days she stayed there, patiently waiting and attending to

the wants of her little household. On the third day, no notice having been taken of her presence, she unfastened her moorings and rowed a little higher up the creek to the back of the residence of the English consul. Here she again moored her boat, and again sat down to wait.

A MORNING IN THE OFFICE.

PART II.



ENTER an uncouth young Welshman of about twenty.

'Good-morning, sir,' said the merchant.

'Good-day to you. It's from Wales I've come this morning by the excursion. You know Mr Davies'—naming the town he came from. 'He said you would be able to help me to a situation. It's a letter I've got from him for you.' Here he stepped backwards, did not drop his hat (because he had kept it on), but let his stick fall with a crash, backed against a chair and nearly overturned it, set a hanging file of papers in motion by a jerk of his elbow, then handed over a letter which read :

'GENTLEMEN,—I am sending the bearer to you to see if you can help him to a situation. Perhaps you have a vacancy for him in your own establishment ; or, if not, will you give him a note to one of your friends in the town ? He may not have drawing-room manners, but he is a hard-working young fellow. I have known him from his boyhood. I think you did business with his uncle, Mr V., for many years. Anyhow, I know you would like to oblige a customer.—Yours,' &c.

Mr Gregson remembered that he had done business with the merchant referred to, and that he had been *done* when Mr V. died hopelessly insolvent, owing him fifty pounds odd.

'Johnson !'

'Sir !'

'Just see how this account has stood for the past three years,' he said, handing over a slip with the name of the letter-writer pencilled thereon. Then he addressed the youth, who—completely indifferent as to the disorder he had created by his recent lurching—was standing expectant, humming a tune, and shifting from one foot to the other noisily and self-assertively.

'I am afraid you will have some difficulty in obtaining a situation here, as the class of trade is very different from that which you have been accustomed, if, as I suppose, you haven't had any experience of the oil-trade other than in the town where you were brought up.'

'Oh ! it's regular sharp I am, I can tell you. We don't let folk who come to us get the better of us—no, we don't. I know my way about. There's not many will take me in even if I haven't been all over England. Our minister said last Sunday,

"Trust a Welshman for seeing through English dirty tricks."

Mr Gregson's business experience with 'gallant little Wales' had certainly convinced him that dirty tricks did not emanate on his side of the border only. He did not comment on this, however, but merely said, 'I am sorry I can't assist you. We have no vacancy here, nor do I know of any. Why do you wish to leave your present employer ?'

'Well, he went away for a fortnight to see his father ; and his son William—he's a traveller, and he was home for a holiday—came to the shop to help with things, and he said to me one day he thought his father would like to have things more tidy than I was keeping them ; and I said, "It's a liar you are." And he up with his fist and hit me ; and when the old man came home I told him I wasn't going to stay in his dirty shop to be treated like that. And I went to Mr Davies, and he said I'd better come to your town, and try for a situation, and that you would be sure to help me.'

Hereupon in came the clerk and gave the required information. This Mr Davies had been a customer of the firm in a small way, but he had done no business with them for the last three years. There was a memorandum that he had told the traveller that he was offended because he had not received a subscription for some local object when he had demanded it. Yet this man, with all the assurance in the world, though getting his supplies of oil elsewhere, did not hesitate to demand a favour.

Mr Gregson did not explode. He only informed the confident young Cambrian that, although it was not in his power to assist him, he would recommend him to find out from Mr Davies the names of the parties now supplying him, as perhaps they might see their way to rendering the desired service. The upshot of this was that three days later he received a note from his former customer saying that he was surprised that under the circumstances more trouble had not been taken, and concluding : 'Although I have not done business with you for some years, I am not more likely to do so now.' Any one—even a long-suffering business man—would consider such a letter as an unparalleled piece of impudence.

A whistle from the warehouse speaking-tube

made Mr Gregson give ear to an inquiry from his working-manager as to whether he might send a hand in to him who needed special reprimand for having come to work on the previous day in an inebriant condition.

'Send him in at once,' was the reply, 'or my time will be occupied.'

Presently a shamefaced man was admitted.

'Now, Thompson,' said his employer, 'how comes it that a man like you, so many years with us, came in such a disgraceful state yesterday? A man of your age ought to know better.'

'Well, sir, I'm downright ashamed; but, please sir, I hope you will overlook it just this once. It was this way: my daughter she went and got married yesterday, and that's how it were.'

'Oh! So you thought you would set a good example to your son-in-law?'

Thompson had the good sense to hold his tongue and look penitent, and Mr Gregson dismissed him with a stern, 'Now, just you take care that it does not happen again, or else the consequences will be serious to you.'

Fortunately for Mr Gregson's peace of mind, the next-comer was not unwelcome. He was an experienced commercial traveller, whose call proved both pleasant and profitable. He was well up in the state of the market, and had tact enough not to make suggestions as to advantageous ordering until Mr Gregson had finished dictating his requirements. That there might not be any mistakes or misunderstandings about quality or quantity, the traveller read out the order he had booked. Then he quietly pointed out that certain commodities, being unusually low in price at the moment, were worth special consideration; and gave some valid reasons for expectation that they would shortly become dearer. His statements immediately induced Mr Gregson to increase some of the quantities ordered. The traveller had his pocket-book at hand, containing particulars of previous orders for some time past, so that the trouble of reference to the firm's books was saved. Thus the business was satisfactorily and expeditiously transacted, as both men knew and trusted each other. Valuable information was next exchanged regarding the financial position of a third party with whom they both dealt, whereby a doubt as to his stability was removed. Thus the traveller booked a satisfactory order, received and gave information, and had two or three minutes' chat within a shorter time than some of the undesirable callers had occupied.

It was now close upon one o'clock. Mr Gregson felt rather sorry for the next caller, a hard-working, well-meaning young commission agent, who came expecting to make a big sale of foreign goods. His principals had written to him from southern Europe saying that circumstances were such that there was positively no one in the district who could offer such inducements as they did. Poor young man! He little thought that twenty letters of similar tone, at the very least, from other prin-

cipals in the same district had reached their agents that morning. He came in armed with his quotations, confidently believing that Mr Gregson would be so favourably impressed that his orders would be given to him on the spot without consideration for the firm with whom he had dealt satisfactorily for many years. 'My price is ——' he ingenuously said. 'I don't think you can be paying as low as that, sir.'

Then pitifully did his face fall when Mr Gregson quietly intimated that a consideration of a fractionally lower quotation would not be an inducement for him to make a change, as he had every reason to be satisfied with the houses at present supplying him with that special class of goods.

The call made the merchant think of his own youthful inexperience, and of his experiences when, at the age of nineteen, he had been sent out travelling on horseback to the Welsh hills. His first unrequited attempts at business had so depressed him that a kindly tradesman, seeing that he was down in the mouth, had said, 'Look here! You take my advice: just you go back to your hotel and have a pint of port, and then you'll feel all right.'

So he dismissed the young fellow with a few words of advice. After telling him that, although he could not give him an order at present, he would be quite ready to see him on future occasions, and hear what he had to say, provided he would remember to be concise and brief in his statements, he added a few words of encouragement. So far as he had observed, he said, an earnest young man who showed that he thought more about his business than himself, and who did not lay down the law to older men of twice his experience, generally got on as a salesman. 'There is always hope,' he said, 'if people get to like you. Why, I called five years on a chemist in a large way of business, trying to get his oil-orders, and at first I had very short answers; but I stuck to it, always taking care not to come in on him when he appeared to be busy, waiting my opportunity and watching outside his shop for more than an hour sometimes. Well, one day when I went in he said, "Now, Mr Gregson, I'm going to give you a trial. I've done business with the firm I told you of for a good number of years; but they have been sending a traveller here whose manner is most objectionable. He never seems to care whether I am busy or engaged with anybody else, but comes bustling in with his 'Good-morning, sir. Here's my account, which I'll leave with you. When will it suit you for me to call again?'" Well, I've given him a hint more than once about such impertinence; but there has been no change in his conduct. For example, this morning a respected lady-customer of mine called to ask me for something to relieve a swelling of her gums. I said to her—of course I've known her for years, and she has often come to me for advice about small ailments—"Will you allow me to look into your mouth? Perhaps I shall be

able to tell you if it's a tooth that's troubling you.' Well, she opened her mouth, and I was making my examination when that fellow came in. He didn't stop—not he!—but marched right up to the corner of the shop where we were, and begins his 'Good-morning, sir.' I don't know when I've felt so annoyed with a traveller. So now, Mr Gregson, I'm going to give you the order I intended for him; and when his firm write and ask why I've dropped them, I shall just reply that if they will send out such a thoughtless and disagreeable man they must take the consequences. To think of disturbing a man when he is looking into a lady's mouth!"

'Well,' concluded Mr Gregson, 'we satisfied him, and he stuck to us till he gave up business. So don't you be discouraged; you don't know what you may get if you keep on trying.'

The young man went out somewhat comforted, and Mr Gregson began to prepare to go for a hasty lunch and a visit to the commercial salerooms, when he was informed that the Reverend Mr K. wished to see him, and had promised not to detain him for more than a minute. His request for an interview being backed by a card of introduction from a minister who lived near Mr Gregson, the latter informed his clerk that he would see him if his business was not an appeal for a subscription, as he had no time then for considering the merits of the case.

'He says, sir, he is not making a collection, but that he feels sure you would like to see him,' said the clerk.

'Show him in, and after he goes I must not be stopped again.'

A seedy-looking individual in a squash hat and long frock-coat now entered, with an ominous volume under his arm. Mr Gregson recognised the book-cavasser, and he had reason to do so.

'Good-day, sir. Allow me to introduce myself as the Reverend Mr K. The Reverend Mr T.'—mentioning the name of the Dissenting minister

whose card he had handed in—'is well known to you, I believe.'

'I know something of him,' said Mr Gregson, who happened to be a Churchman. 'But excuse me, as my time is valuable, will you kindly state the object of your visit as briefly as possible?'

'Oh, I hoped you would be good enough to subscribe for this splendid work that Messrs Stimkins are bringing out very cheap. It is an admirable work, I assure you, in twelve volumes. This is a copy of the first. It will be sold at twenty-five shillings per volume when it is completed, but the price is only a guinea per volume to subscribers who give their orders now.'

'But I thought you were a minister of the Gospel.'

'So I am—that is—I had a chapel; but owing to unforeseen circumstances I had to give it up. Your neighbour, the Reverend Mr T., will assure you that I was not really in fault; but'—

'I have no time to discuss that, sir; but I buy all my books through my bookseller, and do not require the work you offer,' said the worried merchant.

'May I not show it to some of your people?'

'I must ask you, sir, to be good enough to leave the office.'

'You will excuse me, sir; but really—I am in an unfortunate position. A loan of five shillings would greatly'—

Mr Gregson without further ado cut the ex-minister short by ordering a clerk to show him out. Then he left some final directions for the day's work, and actually managed to start out; but even then he was haunted by the uncomfortable reflection that on the morrow he might probably have to suffer a repetition of that morning's worry and annoyance.

'I wish,' he ejaculated, 'that we masters could form a trade union to strike against everything save legitimate business in business hours. The others wouldn't find me turning blackleg in a hurry.'

ON THE TRAIL OF THE FOX.

By D. MACLEOD.



THE coming of the fox was on this wise. It was a long and severe winter in the Glen, a crofting township in Sutherland. We had a green Yule; but the New Year was ushered in by a heavy fall of snow, and during the next three months the whole landscape was enshrouded in white. Even the lakes, the sky-blue lakes of summer, slumbered cold and still beneath a double covering of ice and snow. The waters of the Cronan flowed sullen and dark, adding a sombre touch of variety to the scene, until they lost themselves under the ice-bound surface of Loch Cama. Here and there in the distance the precipitous face

of a towering crag loomed black and threatening amid the snowy waste. All else was weird, uninviting, interminable. Among the shrouded tops of the mountains to the north storms raged with a fury unknown in the Glen; but now and again a blast of icy coldness would sweep down the slopes, tearing along the lower valleys, screaming past houses and hedges, until, with a long-drawn wail, it died away on the cheerless moors. And ever and anon the snow came down in blinding myriads of large downy flakes, falling silently but steadily, filling up footprints, blotting out stray shapes of man or beast, and ever adding freshness to the never-changing scene.

There was, however, a sublime beauty about it all. We had days when the rising sun tipped the mountain summits with vermillion, when at noon an overpowering light scintillated from countless millions of tiny snowy facets, and when in the gathering shadows a rich purple glow tinged the upland corries and the low-lying valleys; and then on clear moonlight nights the view to the west and north was superb. The mountain masses of Coulmore, Sugar-loaf, and Cannisp reared themselves like phantom giants into the blue of the starry heavens.

About the beginning of March, when every green thing had been hidden from view for fully two months, some of the furred and feathered denizens of the moors and mountains, driven from their usual haunts by cold and starvation, began to make their appearance in the Glen. This invasion by the untamed creatures of the uplands was a gradual process. One evening a stag and several hinds were seen reconnoitring the position from the summit of Knockbraec, a hill nearly a thousand feet high overlooking the Glen. Next morning they were discovered gorging themselves in a hay-rick. Moorfowl had made their presence known in the neighbourhood by their hoarse cackle for nearly a week, when one morning a crofter's wife found a cock-grouse and his mate feeding with the poultry. These raiders, however, if on robbery or thieving bent, were regarded with considerable toleration, and even sympathy, by the good folks of the Glen; but there were other creatures, more stealthy, more elusive, and of a more bloodthirsty disposition, that found themselves driven out of their lairs by the rigours of that inclement season. Martens, polecats, and other carnivora made constant and mysterious descents on the Glen in the dead of night, and played havoc with the poultry. Many a goodwife on her morning visit to the henhouse was horrified to find the bodies of some of her best fowls lying stark and stiff at her feet. Within a week there was scarcely a house in the Glen that had not suffered from the deadly visitation. A close inspection of the victims revealed the manner and cause of death. So traps were cunningly set, watches were kept, and in due time a round dozen sleek and sinuous animals of the weasel family made a speedy exit from this world. Thus the ruthless slaughter of poultry was for a time checked; and the Glen, lulled into a false sense of security, slept the sleep of the innocent.

It was then the fox arrived on the scene. The course of events now took even a more mysterious turn. The dead carcasses of fowls no longer startled the housewife in the early morning; but birds were missing: one, two, and sometimes three had disappeared during the night without leaving a trace. Several households suffered from this new terror. It was remarked, however, that the thief allowed some time to elapse before paying a second visit to the scene of former operations. Excitement had reached its height when a young

lamb—the offspring of the gamekeeper's pet ewe, which, regardless of weather conditions, she had dropped while yet the world was in winter's icy grip—had been spirited away from the pen in which, with its proud though rash mother, it had been sheltered. The door of the pen—a temporary and somewhat fragile affair, it is true—had been burst open; and that fact, taken in conjunction with the disappearance of such a heavy object as a lamb, went to prove that the robber was of considerable size and strength. A closer watch than ever was kept, and next night a crofter surprised a fox of unusual proportions prowling about the cow-shed in which the hens were kept. He obtained only one glimpse of the animal, which took to his heels on being discovered. Now that the mystery was solved, every effort was put forth to cut short the career of the daring and bloodthirsty author of the latest raids. Traps were ingeniously set; but in vain. Reynard would not be coaxed. The few guns the Glen possessed were put into the hands of the best shots; but to no purpose. As if he divined where danger lay, the elusive fox refused to be shot or captured. He invariably appeared where he was least expected, and his wonderful escapes were worthy of a De Wet. He became the chief topic of conversation in the Glen; and every day added to his reputed size. Timid women and children dared not venture out alone after dark. Such a ferocious and resourceful creature, now driven to desperate deeds by sheer starvation, was capable of anything.

Then suddenly the long-looked-for thaw came. The heavens opened and the rain descended in torrents. A gale from the south-west sprang up; and within twenty-four hours the hilltops and more exposed slopes showed themselves once more to the delighted eyes of the Glen folks. The fox ceased his depredations, and the current of events turned into ordinary channels.

Not for long, however, did Reynard grant a respite. The young lambs were now arriving daily; the treble note of their cries filled the Glen and the more sheltered nooks among the surrounding hills, but it was soon evident that a mysterious thinning process was going on among them. A lamb that looked hale and hearty one day was gone the next: it disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it. The long-suffering crofters bore this new calamity for several days; but as the depredations continued, they discussed the matter at length, and came to the conclusion that their old enemy the fox was again active. Their surmise was soon proved to be correct when the local shepherd, astir betimes one morning to look after his young charges, perceived in the gray dawn the ubiquitous Reynard scampering up a long, rocky ridge, a spur of Cannisp. This mountain had always been the haunt of foxes; and, as these animals are very destructive to game, various attempts had been made by the keepers to exterminate them. Though many were killed, a few

succeeded in making their escape; and these in course of time returned to their stronghold, and, in obedience to Nature's first law, multiplied after their kind. As now the snow threw no obstacle in the way, the Glen decided that the war should be carried into the enemy's country, and Colin Mor the gamekeeper was entrusted with the commission. He was to beard the fox in his den, and by hook or by crook—in other words, by gun or by trap—extirpate the whole colony. No quarter was to be given. Nothing loath, Colin accepted the task, and at my eager request readily granted me the favour of accompanying him. The preliminaries were settled there and then, and we decided to set out on our novel expedition that very night.

It was an hour past midnight, and we still sat in Colin's cosy kitchen, where a large peat-fire blazed merrily in the wide, open fireplace. The Glen had retired to rest two hours ago. The clock on the 'dresser' shelf ticked away the silent moments while we smoked pipe after pipe, Colin meantime relating some of his 'hill' experiences during the thirty and odd years he had been gamekeeper; and interesting experiences they were. His knowledge of the habits and habitat of birds and beasts was extensive, and he excelled as a *rucentaur*. 'We had better be off now,' he said at last, glancing at the clock, which showed the time to be half-past one. So, wrapping ourselves up, and each armed with a muzzle-loader charged with No. 4 shot, we set out, accompanied by two Scotch terriers, Jockan and Flossie, veterans both, and bearing the scars of old wounds received while waging many a fierce combat with the wild denizens of the mountains.

Our plan of attack was a simple one, and, it must be confessed, not specially daring. Colin calculated that the walk to the mountain would occupy three hours. On arriving there we were to conceal ourselves among the boulders scattered about the spot where the keeper concluded the fox's lair was to be found, but in such a position that we could command all the approaches to the place. Judging by long experience, Colin was certain that the fox would be absent on a foraging expedition, from which he would return at dawn to the vixen and cubs; and it therefore behoved us to lay the ambushade before daybreak. If our strategy succeeded, Colin was to make the fox his special concern, whilst I, relegated to a more subordinate position, would keep a sharp lookout for the vixen in the event of the sound of firing bringing her out into the open.

It was a clear, bracing, moonless night. The stars twinkled merrily overhead, the Milky-way showing as a white track across a background of sapphire. A cold breeze from the east blew in our faces as we covered the first half of the hilly country and broken moorland that lay between us and our destination. Occasionally a grouse rose from a clump of heather, and with a hoarse cackle disappeared into the night. The scream of

a curlew reached us now and again from the shores of Loch Cama; and once a hare started up at our feet and scampered off towards the silent moors. Save these odd sounds and movements, and the sighing of the wind among the heather, all was still. After a march of more than two hours we came to a sheltered gully that my companion judged to be half a mile from our journey's end, and here we sat down and indulged in a pipe, for it might be hours ere we could venture on another. The wind now blew right across our track, so we resolved to make a slight detour to the left to enable us to approach the den against the wind; for if, as we surmised, the fox was in the neighbourhood of the Glen on his customary freebooting expedition, he would probably make a bee-line to his lair, and his keen scent would not apprise him of an enemy lurking about.

It was shortly after four when we reached the scene of operations, and there was as yet no appearance of the coming day. Having reconnoitred the position as well as the darkness permitted, we cautiously lay down behind some boulders which lined a small ridge overlooking a mass of loose rock that had in course of ages broken off from the rugged slopes of Cannisp towering darkly overhead. Somewhere in the midst of this chaos of tumbled rock, Colin assured me, was the ancestral home of the notorious Reynard. The terriers, contrary to their usual habits, had conducted themselves to our entire satisfaction during the journey. Colin now placed them in a capacious pocket in one end of his shepherd's plaid, his constant companion; and, apparently influenced by a few stern words of command muttered in Gaelic, they curled themselves up as if convinced that as far as they were concerned the business of the night was finished. As for us, we lay down at full length, facing the rocky heap, with our guns ready for instant action, and our eyes trying to pierce the darkness for signs of the enemy.

It was a strange scene. On all sides the black masses of the mountains reared themselves into the starry vault of heaven; between, all was dark and indefinite save where far below on the right the surface of Loch Cama glistened dully in the surrounding gloom; a mountain tarn bubbled merrily somewhere near, and the morning wind moaned eerily in fitful gusts. We must have lain thus for half-an-hour before a pale tinge in the east heralded the approaching dawn. We spoke but little, and that in whispers. Gradually the pale glimmer stole across the sky, and objects around us loomed ghostly and indistinct in the gathering light. The wind chilled us to the bone. My companion, with a cautious half-turn of his body, produced from a pocket a length of brown 'twist,' took a bite off the end, and passed the remainder on to me. I also bit. There was now sufficient light to enable us to see things more clearly; so we watched and looked, and looked and stared, but to no purpose.

Then, suddenly, as I was beginning to despair of success, there was a low, muffled growl from one of the terriers, instantly suppressed by a touch of Colin's foot, and at the same instant my companion's body stiffened itself out, while he lowered his head by an inch or so, and noiselessly hugged his gun closer. I followed his gaze, and there, about forty yards distant, the head of a fox, with ears erect, appeared in a gap between two boulders; the eyes, expectant, were looking past us to the left. For a few seconds the animal stood motionless; then he uttered a low whine with a wistful, pleading note in it. There was no response. A second cry produced an answering one from among the rocks on our left. Then the head ducked, and next moment Master Fox vaulted lightly through the gap, holding between his gory jaws the lifeless body of a fine blackfaced lamb. A muttered expression, not often found, let us hope, in parliamentary records, escaped Colin's lips at the sight. The words were so low as to be almost inaudible to me, but the effect was instantaneous and unexpected. The plunderer dropped his booty as if it were red-hot iron, and stood staring in our direction, with pointed ears and wild, alert eyes. Clearly he scented danger. Then a whisper from Colin reached me: 'Now; but don't stir till I fire.' As he uttered the words there was an explosion, and I saw the fox leap in the air as he gave vent to a piercing bark. Next moment I was half-standing, half-crouching with my gun levelled in the direction from which the countersign had issued in response to the call of the returning free-booter. I got a glimpse of a brown body disappearing behind a boulder, and fired; but it was too late, and I missed. 'Steady, now,' I heard Colin say; 'she will come in sight again in a moment.' She did so. 'Don't fire till she shows her side,' was the next order. The vixen was running straight away from me; but a large boulder that stood in her path compelled her to turn for a second to the right, exposing her flank. At that instant I pulled the left trigger; and, with a howl like that of her consort, she toppled over, and rolled down among the stones. 'Well done!' shouted my companion, bringing his heavy hand down with a thud between my shoulders; 'we have got both. Now we'll have a smoke.'

Meanwhile the terriers had escaped from their retreat, and taken part in the fray with all the fuss and fury of which they were capable. Colin, however, quickly restraining their new-born enthusiasm, led them to the spot where the vixen made her startled exit, and urged them by voice and gesture to 'seek.' Jockan, without any preliminary sniffing, entered the cairn, and Flossie, after several futile attempts to penetrate elsewhere, followed through the same opening. In a few minutes a series of yelps and barks, apparently issuing from the bowels of the earth, was succeeded by the appearance of Jockan with his pointed ivory teeth embedded in the throat of a young cub, the hind-quarters of which were firmly gripped between the grim, strong

jaws of Flossie. The cub was dead. Knowing the bloodthirsty propensities of Jockan, Colin sent Flossie alone back to the den, and she brought out two live cubs in as many visits. These, with the skin of the fox—that of the vixen was not in a condition to be useful—were wrapped up in the ever-serviceable plaid, and carried to the Glen as trophies of the expedition. The cubs were ultimately sent to England, where, pursued by hounds and hunters, they have probably ere now proved themselves worthy of their birthplace and ancestry.

On the hearthrug of my little study there extends a fox's skin noted for its unusual size and beauty of brush; and as its glassy eyes, with a look of something like reproach in them, meet mine, I am again carried back to the scene enacted in the chill darkness of that morning in early April, under the shadow of Cannisp.

SHADOWS.

LIFE is but a shadow-scene.

All the forms that pass us by

Flit as shadows o'er a screen;

We may hear them laugh or sigh,

But their substance ne'er descry.

Shadows are we all.

Half the thoughts we have of others

Are but mere haphazard guess.

Even they that be as brothers

Know that we must each confess

That the other's fathomless.

Shadows are we all.

Sad to have a shadow-lover;

Strange to love we know not what.

Yet we never can discover

What's behind the veil. Sad thought

Life with mystery is fraught.

Shadows are we all.

Ah! so sweet some shadows are;

If the screen were rent in twain

Would the real our vision mar,

Would our loving wane?

Then let dear delusion reign—

Shadows be we all!

W. A. RUSSELL.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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TETUAN: THE ALHAMBRA OF MOROCCO. A POTENTIAL WINTER RESORT.

By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

THE recent disturbances in Morocco certainly seem to indicate that the solution of the much-talked-of 'Morocco Question' cannot long be deferred. It is, of course, inevitable that the reforms of the comparatively enlightened young Sultan should excite the most determined opposition on the part of the official classes pecuniarily interested in maintaining the old abuses of administration. Hence the tribal dissensions and local risings, probably fostered by French intriguers from Algeria. Whatever the cause of the crisis, the more enlightened Moors are no doubt beginning to realise that a hotbed of Oriental barbarism cannot long be tolerated on the very door-step of Europe. Indeed, the horrible cruelties practised in the interior by local *kāids*, or governors, in the collection of taxes could only be equalled in China or in the Soudan under the Khalifa's rule.

It is not only in the inland cities that we find this chronic reign of terror. Even in Tangier, the 'European capital of Morocco,' the oft-described horrors of his Shereefian Majesty's prison system are known to every casual globe-trotter who pays a flying visit to the land of the Moors. In fact, the Tangier guides and interpreters apparently regard these abominations as one of the legitimate sights for their patrons! Nothing brings home more vividly to the English tourist the startling anomaly of the existence of this barbarous despotism within a few hours of English territory than a visit to these Oriental prisons. The cruelties practised on the prisoners are, it is true, more passive and negative than positive, as at the prisons of Fez or Mequinez; but still the hardships are real. For instance, the authorities do not consider themselves bound to supply food to the inmates, who have to depend for a living on the charity of their friends, the European residents, or even casual tourists.

Had Tangier remained an English possession—and everybody knows, or is supposed to know, that it was part of the dowry brought to Charles II. by his Portuguese bride, and afterwards renounced—there is no doubt it would now be a second Riviera, as it possesses one of the finest winter climates in the world; but the barbarous character of the Government, the general insecurity of the country, and the chronically disturbed state of the interior, combined with the jealousies of the Great Powers, have effectually checked its development.

Tetuan, which is of especial interest to English people at the present juncture, is perhaps the most picturesque city in Morocco. It is situated on the slopes of an outlying spur of the Riff Mountains, some forty miles south-east of Tangier and about six miles from the Mediterranean—Marteen, its harbour, being the only Moorish port on the Mediterranean (for Ceuta is, of course, a Spanish possession)—and has a population of some twenty-five thousand, including several hundreds of Spaniards. Tetuan is said to be threatened at the present time by the turbulent Riff tribes, always ready to take advantage of disturbed conditions in the Sultan's dominions; but as it is, for a Moorish city, fairly well fortified, the situation does not seem so serious as if it were not walled.

The town has a chequered and romantic history, and its fortunes are more closely bound up with those of Spain than any other North African city. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that many modern maps boldly assign Tetuan to Spain, as if it were another *Presidio* like its neighbour Ceuta, or Melilla on the Algerian frontier. As a matter of fact, Tetuan was taken and occupied for a short time by the Spaniards in 1860, in the famous Moorish campaign of O'Donnell (created afterwards Duke of Tetuan); and it was restored to the Moors in the following year. The Spaniards were inordinately proud of this barren conquest, and there is hardly a city in Andalusia

which does not possess a street (Calle Tetuan) named after the Moorish stronghold. A considerable number of the inhabitants claim descent from the Moors expelled from Granada by the fanaticism of Ferdinand and Isabella. Indeed, it is said—and it is none the less worthy of credence because it is one of the stock legends of the guide-books—that some of the descendants of these noble refugees still cherish the hope of returning some day to Andalusia; and because of this aspiration they carefully preserve the title-deeds and even the keys of their ancestors' homes in Granada.

The scenic charms of this African Alhambra are undeniable; in fact, it is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. The tourist from Tangier gets his first view of the city when some fifteen miles off. With its prominent walls and towering minarets and dazzling white houses lifted high on a mountain ridge, apparently overhung by precipitous mountains, it presents a magnificent spectacle, as it suddenly comes into view when the rider tops the last hill just before entering the Tetuan plain.

Considering that a ride to Tetuan is one of the stock excursions of visitors to Tangier, long a favourite winter resort with English people, it is curious how little is known about the place. Some years ago I remember seeing a sensational picture of the route to Tetuan in a well-known illustrated weekly, in which the artist had carefully placed telegraph-poles, and to give the requisite Oriental touch he had bestrewn the route with skeletons of camels! As to telegraphs, there are none in Morocco; and the track is far too stony and rough for camels; indeed, they are not often seen on this route except when the track crosses the Fez caravan-route. As for the so-called road, it is a track of the roughest description. In fact, there are no roads, as Europeans understand the word, in the whole empire, with the exception of the remains of a military road from Ceuta to Tangier, built by the Spaniards in the 1860 expedition. The route from Tangier to Tetuan varies with the season, as is customary in uncivilised countries. The whole country between the two towns is gridironed by lines of wandering footpaths, some of them deeply worn by centuries of donkey, mule, and horse traffic.

The scenes in the Tetuan market-place are, if possible, even more Oriental than the market-scenes in the Tangier *soko*. Indeed, the *soko* is almost commonplace in comparison, owing to its having been so much described with pen and pencil. Here the scene is far more fascinating and picturesque, and without the disfiguring element, from an artistic standpoint, of the European tourist. Very few knickerbockered tourists are to be seen, armed with the inevitable kodak. The pictures shift like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope; and it is at first difficult to pick out the salient features. There are groups of camels squatting in the dust, moving their ugly necks with a peculiar snake-like action, attended by villainous-looking Riffs in dirty em-

broidered robes. Donkeys loaded with vegetables or charcoal, water-sellers, and sweet-sellers push and elbow their way through the throngs of dignified-looking Moors, stalwart negroes, gaily dressed Jewesses, and swarms of half-naked children. On the fringe of the crowds sit imperturbable money-changers; and hawkers of fruit and vegetables are squatting in front of their stock-in-trade piled up in heaps on mats spread on the ground, flanked, perhaps, on one side by a seller of charms and on the other by a dealer in *couscous* (very small balls of minced meat and flour, fried in oil). Then, just outside the main throng, in the centre of an admiring ring of idlers, will be seen a snake-charmer or a professional story-teller.

The men outnumber the women by ten to one at least; but occasionally the observant traveller will notice, among the few women to be seen, one wearing curious leggings of morocco-leather. These are really survivals of the *fascia* of their Roman conquerors, which were formerly worn by the Moorish women of Granada, as is shown in a curious picture in Granada Cathedral representing the baptism of the Moslem women after the conquest of Granada.

The quaint booths and covered alleys which serve as the bazaar of Tetuan are far more picturesque than those of Tunis or Cairo. Here, too, it is possible to pick up curios which were not made in Birmingham or Paris! Some of the dealers have wares which have come direct from Mequinez, Marakesch, Fez, or even Timbuctoo. Here will be found barbarous embroideries and other curiosities. Tetuan is famous, also, as a manufactory of red and yellow slippers and bags of the soft leather named after the country of its manufacture.

The ordinary tourist rarely has an opportunity of seeing one of the most interesting features of Tetuan: a genuine Moorish interior; for the 'show-house' of the guide is hardly representative of one of the hidden palaces of the rich merchants of Tetuan. The studiously plain exterior gives no hint of the splendour within. You enter, by an insignificant door in what seems like a blank wall, a large open *patio* suggestive of the Alhambra, with fountains and fish-ponds; all round is an arcade with lavish tile ornamentation, and with galleries above opening into cool recessed apartments. For spaciousness, elegance, and sumptuousness there is nothing in Tangier to equal this typical specimen of a Tetuan house, whose glories, to the passer-by, are masked by a forbidding blank wall.

For those who consider Tangier too Europeanised, Tetuan should make a delightful wintering-place, with a climate as sunny and mild as Tangier; and it will specially appeal to artists, being purely Oriental, with no admixture of a bastard European element. At the same time, excluding Tangier and Mogador, it is the only town in Morocco tolerably easy of access, while its surroundings are far more interesting. Then within the last few years it has possessed a very fair Spanish hotel, an English vice-consul is stationed there, and the services of the

English doctor attached to the important North African Mission Station are available in an emergency. Therefore, as a potential winter resort, there is much to be said in favour of Tetuan.

Unlike Tangier—where the game in the vicinity of the town has been appreciably thinned by Gibraltar sportsmen, officers on leave, &c.—Tetuan makes a convenient centre for the tourist of sporting proclivities. There is very good snipe, quail, and duck shooting, in their respective seasons, within a few miles of the town, and partridges abound in the interior. Trout-fishing is to be had

in the vicinity, and also a certain amount of sea-fishing at Port Marteen. Except near Tangier, there is no close-season, and nothing is preserved except storks and monkeys, which are held as sacred by the natives. However, tourists, and especially sportsmen, would do well to remember that it is impossible to hire good horses or mules, or even guides or attendants, at the time of the annual visit of the legation to his Shereefian Majesty at Fez or Morocco city, which generally takes place in the spring, as all the best mounts are engaged for those attending the various missions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIII.—BURIED.



WHEN Alain came to himself it was to a sense of sickening pain, oppressive darkness, and an odour so evil that he could scarcely breathe. He could not remember what had happened, for his head was still humming from

Cadoual's blow. He could not make out where he was, nor how he came there. He had no present inclination to rise and find out; and that was just as well, for, as he discovered afterwards, a too enterprising curiosity might have led to a broken neck. When he tried to lift his head he turned sick and faint. He was lying on something soft and evil-smelling, and about him there were strange, low sounds; and, though the smell was nauseating, he lay still because nothing else was possible to him.

He must have lain there in a semi-conscious state, with intervals of sleep which made for healing, for a very long time. The next thing he was aware of was a ghostly light which glimmered up at him from below. He rolled over on to his chest and crawled towards it, sneezing and coughing and half-suffocated with the effluvia of his passage.

The light sifted dimly through a ragged archway of natural rock which lay below him. He dragged himself to it slowly, for the ground sloped sharply, and he had no idea where he was getting to; then he pushed his head and shoulders through the opening, and saw a sight that almost took his breath away. It was as though he had come out suddenly into one of those hidden galleries which run round inside a cathedral just where the tall shafts branch up into the roof, and was looking down into the great silent interior: a cavern so vast and dim that his eyes could not penetrate its immensities. Strange, tapering columns, some long, some short, hung like mighty icicles from the darkness of the roof; their spectral white points alone being visible in the dim light. Below him, on his own side of the cave, other similar white columns raised their smooth points, like stricken pines clinging precariously to a steep hillside. Below them was misty darkness which his eyes could not pierce.

As Alain gazed with wonder and a touch of awe at the vastness and the solemn silence of the place, the light which filtered in through several narrow slits in the wall opposite to him grew suddenly stronger; it deepened and mellowed till it was pouring through the narrow horizontal slits, as through the openings of a Venetian shutter, in slabs of glowing gold, moteless and unquivering, majestic in their solidity. They struck the wall above him and crept slowly up towards the roof, and for all too brief a time the upper part of the cavern gleamed and glittered like a treasure-house.

As a boy he had spent many a day in the caves at Morgat, just across the bay by Crozon, and their wonders could never be forgotten; but, compared with this, Morgat was a fisherman's hut, and not to be named in the same breath, lest this mighty roof should fall and grind him to powder.

Far away below him another solid bar of light stretched across to his side of the cavern, like the single beam of a golden bridge. It disappeared as he looked, and in a moment came thrusting in again and again, as though in vain endeavour to penetrate the solid rock against which it struck. The sun, he knew, must be just dipping into the sea out there. When it was gone the cavern would be in darkness. He drew back into the chamber in which he had been lying, and looked carefully round. Since he had got in, there must be a way out; but it was very dim, and he could see nothing in the nature of an outlet. The thin screen of rock between him and the larger cave glowed with soft colours, red and green and yellow veins running through a ground of tender rose-white. They paled as he looked, with the fading of the light outside.

He scrambled through the opening and began to descend the steep rock-wall. It was perilous work, even for a whole head. To a less hardy climber it would have been impossible. The upstanding white pillars helped him. He slid down from one to another, and they were clammy-cold to his embrace. The narrow golden bar below was thrusting up to meet him. It stopped and grew ruddy as he

neared its glow, and almost at once it began to fade. He scrambled on till he leaned, panting, with his back against the rock and his face opposite the opening through which the golden shaft came. It was a ragged round hole at the end of a cleft like the archers' windows in a castle wall, a cleft that widened inwards—a funnel rather, for it seemed to him that its inner opening into the cave was not wider than his head, while the outer hole might be the size of his fist; and where it opened into the cave the rock had fallen away and left an overhanging arch up which he could not swarm. As the golden dazzle flickered and died, he saw, as through the small end of a telescope, the rocks of Grand Bayou and the tall white shaft of the lighthouse. Then a bird waddled across the outer opening and shut it all out. In a moment the obstructer was hustled away by another, and he could again see sea and rocks and sky; and then once more it all disappeared as another plump body filled the hole. He shouted, but the birds were quarrelling too much among themselves to heed so feeble a sound.

The light within the cavern grew dimmer every moment. The position was one of much discomfort, though whether he would improve matters by continuing the descent he could not tell; but in any case he could not remain there like a fly on a wall. So, slowly, and with infinite precaution, he slipped and scrambled downwards, down and still down, till it seemed to him that he must be getting into the bowels of the earth, and then his feet came suddenly on rocks and he could go no farther. Groping with cautious hands and feet, he found a flooring strewn with broken *débris* from the roof. Now and again he came on the smooth conical pillars, some whole and tapering to a point, some shattered by the falls from above. In the silence he heard the gentle drip, drip of water, and everything he touched was cold and clammy. He felt suddenly and strangely tired with his exertions, and became aware of an aching void beneath his belt which surprised him, since he did not know that he had lain unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours up there in the little chamber where the rock-doves nested. He wanted food, and he wanted rest. The first he saw no means of obtaining, and his broken head had no suggestions to offer beyond the desirability of lying down again as soon as possible, and keeping quiet.

How came that aching hole in the back of his head? He remembered walking among the ghost-stones on the cliff as he always did. Then had come a crash, and then darkness and the slow awakening amid that evil smell which clung to him still; but where he was, how he came there, and what it all meant he had not the remotest idea.

He licked the top of one of the conical pillars to quench his thirst, and when that was licked dry, found another and another. When at last he came upon a hollow which seemed drier than the

rest by reason of an overhanging ledge, he crawled in, curled round like a tired dog, and fell asleep again.

Up to a certain point sleep may take the place of food to a hungry man; but the time comes when the groaning stomach demands food, food, food, and nothing else will satisfy it. Food of some kind it must have, even though the quantity be small and the quality unusual. The philosopher may argue, the Stoic may endure; but sooner or later hunger will bend or break them. Alain was neither philosopher nor Stoic. He was awakened by the lamentations of his empty stomach, and for the time being his whole mind was bent on filling it.

It was twilight still in the cavern, and that puzzled him at first. He quickly came to learn that it was always twilight there, except during those brief moments when the sinking sun drew level with the infrequent openings. Far above he could dimly see the threatening white pendants which hung from the obscurity of the roof; the little light that trickled in seemed to strike full upon them. He became aware of a continuous low murmur up there in the roof: *Coo-roo! coo-roo! coo-roo!* He knew it too well to be mistaken; and in a moment, with the spur of hunger within him, he was scaling the rocky height down which he had come in the sunset.

The ascent was much more difficult than the descent had been. The wall rose up before him with little more of a sheer at the base than the lighthouse had; fortunately it was not smooth like the side of the Light. On the contrary, it was like a mat of twisted white ropes hanging down the side of the cave; again, it was like the clinging tendrils of a gigantic creeper laced against the rock, all pure white and slippery with the constant dripping of water from above; and in places it was as though a mountain torrent, flowing down a steep slope, had frozen instantly into solid white rock.

When he came opposite the hole through which the golden bar had shot, he saw that it was broad day outside; and, since the sun shone full on the light, he argued that it was still morning.

While he looked, a broad-based figure came out on the balcony and stood gazing steadfastly towards the cliff, and he knew that Barbe was back at the Light. For the moment he forgot even his hunger, and stood straining eyes and heart through the narrow cleft. She was nearly a mile away, but the air was very clear and the sun shone full upon her. It seemed to him that her face was sad and anxious, and she stood so long, and looked so earnestly at the cliff, that he could almost believe that she knew he was there and could even see him.

'Barbe! Barbe!' he cried in his craving for her, and it seemed to him that she heard the cry and raised her arms beseechingly towards him.

Not until she went inside the lantern, and left the gallery bare and friendless, could he tear himself from the hole, though his stomach was ravening

like a winter wolf. As soon as she had gone he set his face to the rock again, and climbed slowly up towards the opening through which he had first looked down into the cavern. Hunger and the cooing of the rock-doves pricked him on, and at last he crawled through into the chamber where he had found himself lying when first his senses came to him. The cooing of the doves was all about him. The concentrated smell of their droppings of thousands of years almost suffocated him. The nearer birds scurried past him through the opening into the outer cave. He felt quietly about till his knowing fingers lighted on the little round eggs lying in couples in the flat plates of the nests. He felt them till he found one still warm. In a moment its contents were slipping down his watering throat, and the angry ones inside him leaped at their prey and growled over it as loudly as they had growled over the lack of it. Another and another followed till he had eaten his fill.

Then, to provide himself another meal without that arduous climb, he wriggled out of his jersey, made it into a bag by tying the arms tightly together, and slowly filled it with eggs which he selected with care and judged by the feel. Then, with his bag in his teeth, he let himself slowly down the slope again.

He stopped opposite the lookout; but Barbe was not in sight. From the shadow of the Light he judged it to be close on midday. She would be inside preparing breakfast. The climbing had tired him unwontedly. He said to himself that he would rest a while, and then, after another meal, he would find the way out of this hole and get home again.

On the whole he was glad Barbe was back at the Light. She was safe there, at all events, in Pierre's keeping—safer than ashore with George Cadoual prowling about, and no one to look after her but Mère Pleuret. She must, he knew, be sorely perplexed at his absence; but he would go straight to her the moment he got out. But how in Heaven's name had he ever got in? He thought and thought till his head grew dizzy with thinking, and yielded nothing by way of return.

Then his thoughts went surging back to that strange statement of Carcassone's that he and Barbe were brother and sister. But he would not have it. He laughed it to scorn, and his laugh rolled up into the roof and echoed there tumultuously till it seemed as though the sound of it would never die away.

It was still muttering hoarsely in distant hollows when another sound caught his ear—a sound so faint that at first he took it to be but a further freak of the echo. Then he got up and stood listening intently, every nerve in his body straining towards the farther darkness out of which the sound had seemed to come. For full five minutes he stood as motionless as one of the rock pillars around him, and stilled his very breathing lest it should come between him and that faint sound again. Unless

his ears or some trick of the cavern had deceived him, the sound he had heard was a human voice. Very faint, very far away maybe, but— But then, he said to himself, one never knows in a cavern. It might be only the wind fluting in some hollow pipe or setting some nice-poised tongue a-humming. A cavern such as this holds mysteries more than a man can learn in a lifetime; and he had heard tell of strange and monstrous things that lived in such places—spirits even. How he wished he was well out of it!

He was about satisfied of his mistake, and the keenness of his vigilance was beginning to relax, when the sound came hollowly out of the darkness once more. It was but a groaning breath, a sigh of pain; but it was surely human, and he cried at once, 'Who is there?' and started into the darkness in search of it.

As though in answer to his call the sound came again, and then again. It led him round an angle of the rock, and he stumbled blindly among rough-strewn boulders. He followed the sounds, groping with hand and foot, till at last his retractive fingers lighted with a crinkling chill on the hair of a man's head, and a hollow groan came up out of the darkness.

'Who is it? Who are you?' he gasped in mortal terror; but another hollow groan was his only answer.

He bent over the head, and his hands told him that the hair was stiff with blood. It was too dark to see anything; though on looking back he could distinguish the dim outline of the rock-buttress, round which he had come, standing out against the glimmer of the larger cavern. His first impulse was to drag the man to the light, such as it was, for he could render him no assistance in the dark. His own safety might depend upon this man, since a man who could get into the cavern would probably know the way out again, though indeed it was not so with himself.

Alain put his hands under the man's arms and tried to lift him; but the heavy body hung so brokenly in his hands, felt so like falling to pieces, and groaned so dolorously that he was fain to let it lie. He would have given money for a match—his own had been soaked and were useless, but this man might have some—so he bent again and searched in the man's pockets, and found matches, a bundle of cigarettes, and some money.

Striking a match, Alain held it down to the man's face to lose no fraction of the short-lived illumination; and once more the one man looked down at the other in the ghastly, sulphurous glow, like a corpse looking at another corpse. But this time the men's positions were reversed. Half the match was wasted before the clear flame broke out and lit up the face of the helpless man; and, bruised as it was, clotted with blood, and warped with pain, there was no mistaking it.

'Cadoual!' and the match dropped from Alain's burned fingers. The wound in his own head throbbed with sudden pain as he stooped, and it came upon him with the startling inconsequence of a flash of lightning at midnight that there was some connection between his presence there and Cadoual's. The meaning of it was beyond him. He understood it no more than the forest trees understand the lightning; but the thought had cleft the darkness and left its mark.

'Water!' murmured the broken man, and speculations as to how he came there and in that condition vanished before his immediate needs.

Alain struck another precious match in order to learn, if he could, if there was any water obtainable in the immediate neighbourhood; but the light glimmered on the near ragged roof of a tunnel-way, which accounted for its dryness.

'I will get you water,' he said, bending down to Cadoual.

'Water! water!' came the husky whisper; and Alain started off the way he had come, racking his brains for something to carry the water in when he should have collected it.

When he had groped his way back to his own lair his hand came upon the bag of eggs. Picking up a half-dozen, he returned with them to the wounded man, and, having chipped off the tops, poured the contents carefully down his throat, wasting not a little in the process, for Cadoual was barely conscious, and it was too dark to see. However, eggs were more plentiful than matches in that place.

'Water! water!' said Cadoual, with an accession of energy after this meal.

So Alain gathered up the egg-shells which he had kept for the purpose, and went back once more to his own territory to procure the needed water.

After some cogitation he saw how to get it; but it would take time and some labour, and Cadoual would have to wait.

The white side of the cave, up which he had scrambled to get his eggs, was damp with the drippings from the roof. Each drop, no doubt, had its little duty to perform in the slow building of the white columns and mushroom growths and corded muscles of the cave-side. Much of it ran apparently to waste, however; and the white face of the frozen torrent was beaded with moisture, cold and damp to the touch but almost invisible to the eye.

However, Alain had noticed an occasional drop slip suddenly across a smooth slab here and there with the suddenness of a falling star. It might have been gathering for an hour, a day, a week—he could not tell; but it was water, and water was life. For himself, indeed, he could lick the shorter pillars and the frozen torrent itself, and so keep his thirst within bounds; but that was obviously impossible for the wounded man, and even for himself it lacked the full satisfaction of a flowing drink.

Back once more round the angle of the cave, where his previous passage had impressed him with the fact that the floor was strewn with sharp granite boulders. He returned with a handful of splinters, and set to work scoring a slanting groove across the bottom of the smoothest damp slab he could find, a tiny runlet for the capture and safe conduct of the rock-sweat into an egg-shell, which he deftly propped with stones where the channel broke the edge of the slab.

He worked upwards, and when he looked into his egg-shell after an hour's hard scoring, he was cheered by the sight of a few drops of water in the bottom of it. A careful downward sweeping with his hand increased the supply to close on a teaspoonful, and he carried it at once to Cadoual, whose groans he had heard at intervals all the time he was working.

It was no easy matter to get the precious drops into the wounded man's mouth in the opaque darkness. He could only feel his way, and every touch of his creeping fingers brought forth fresh groans. At the first taste of the water Cadoual raised his hand eagerly to increase the supply, and crushed the egg-shell to pieces against his lips.

'Tiens!' said Alain impatiently. 'Now you've done it, and now you'll have to wait till I can get you some more.'

'Water! water!' craved Cadoual, and Alain left him, to tap the rocks wherever a smooth slab offered and an egg-shell could be propped.

All the time, as he worked, his brain was groping vaguely after the meaning of things: how he came to be there; how Cadoual came to be there. Both were more or less damaged, though it was evident that Cadoual's wounds were much worse than his own.

It was quite certain he had not wounded Cadoual, for his own recollections left him tramping through the dripping gorse-bushes, anxious only to rejoin Barbe as quickly as possible. After that all was blank till he found himself lying in the doves' chamber, with a broken head and the smells of the ages all about him. Some one had broken his head and conveyed him to the cavern; and some one had apparently done the same for Cadoual. If Cadoual had not been there, and in as bad case as himself, or worse, he would have felt sure it was Cadoual's doing, for Cadoual was the only enemy he had. Then he thought suddenly of Pierre Carcassone and the violence of their last meeting, and it seemed to him that Pierre was the most likely solution of the puzzle. Pierre was slightly mad; of that he felt sure. What more likely than that, in his desire to keep Barbe to himself, he had hit upon the plan of waylaying them separately, felling them from behind, and flinging their bodies into this great grave?

Eh bien! When one murders a man one should make sure he is dead before burying him. If Pierre could get them into the cave there must naturally be some way out, and the only thing was to find it. A broken head was of no great account, anyway.

He was inclined to think Cadoual's injuries went further than that; but he had had no opportunity so far of examining him. The thing to do was to find the way out, and he could not conceal from himself that that might be no easy matter.

The roof of the cavern gleamed suddenly iridescent in the rays of the setting sun, and the golden bar came pulsing through the round hole above him, and glowed like a fiery eye on the slabs and whorls of the frozen torrent. He scrambled up at once, with careful avoidance of his egg-shells, to get another look at the outside world, and possibly of Barbe, before the sun sank out of sight.

The Light stood there with the golden glory streaming round it, and, as he watched, Barbe came slowly round the gallery and stood looking longingly towards the cliffs. He clung there, with his back against the damp white wall, till the sun dipped and the lights faded out of the roof, and the world outside began to grow cold and dark; but until he could no longer distinguish her, Barbe stood looking out towards Réhel, and he knew that she was thinking of him, and wondering why he did not come.

It was with a choking in the throat, between a sob and a curse at his helplessness, that he let himself down again to the level. He made another meal off his eggs, and administered another half-dozen to his fellow-prisoner. He also took the opportunity of endeavouring to ascertain the extent of Cadoual's injuries, and came to the conclusion that at least one arm and one leg were badly broken. What more he could not make out; but, from the man's groans whenever his body was touched, he

feared there was damage there of still greater moment.

The lair Cadoual had chosen was drier than his own, and he lay down beside him to sleep; but the wounded man's groanings and his incessant husky demands for water made sleep impossible, and at last Alain crept back to the hole he had occupied on the previous night. He fell asleep to the sound of Cadoual's groans; and when he woke once in the night he heard him groaning still, and in the morning he was still at it.

The egg-shells he had placed here and there below his grooves all contained more or less water. He carried the fullest at once to Cadoual, and took care this time that it was not wasted. He gave him the last half-dozen eggs, and then climbed the side of the cave for his own breakfast.

The light was still shining in the lighthouse, and the lighthouse itself gleamed like a pearl against the dark western sky in the purity of the early dawn. Even as he watched, the first rays of the sun flashed in the glass, and the feeble light inside showed no more. While he hung there feasting his eyes on it, and grinding his teeth at his impotence to get at it, Barbe came slowly out of the lantern, leaned over the gallery-rail, and gazed earnestly at the sun and at him.

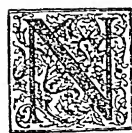
'Barbe! Barbe!' he cried as he raised his futile arms towards her, and came near falling headlong down the treacherous slope.

Not until she went in again did he turn to his climbing, and then he scrambled up resolutely, determined to break out of his prison that very day, and follow his heart to Grand Bayou.

J O H A N N E S B U R G.

A REVIEW AND FORECAST.

PART II.



NOTHING could have been more glowing than the hopes which animated every one when, after nearly three years of devastating warfare, peace was declared and a rich jewel added to the Imperial crown. Johannesburg, that new El Dorado of South Africa, was the theme of every tongue, the lodestar of every ambitious, youthful mind; and, but for the wise limitations of martial law, what adventurous streams of emigrants would have crossed the ocean and poured themselves over the country and into the town which, still quivering under the shock of recent warfare, was as yet so unfitted to receive them! Few traits in a man are so objectionable as those that prompt him, on every possible occasion, to say, 'I told you so;' and yet, when considering the disappointed hopes of those who had thought to see prosperous days dawn at once for Johannesburg, it may be permissible for

me to point out that, in an article on 'The Coming Rush to South Africa,' in this *Journal* for August 1902 (vol. v. p. 519), I said to intending emigrants: 'Do not be in a hurry. Rest assured that everything will come, improved and mellowed by the delay, to him who waits.' To all who knew, and had the true welfare of the country at heart, it was obvious that a lengthy interval must elapse before a settled and permanent prosperity could pervade the country. I say permanent prosperity, for nothing short of that will ever be of service to South Africa. We cannot, dare not, and will not consent to large numbers of emigrants breaking off old associations and crossing seven thousand miles of sea to participate merely in feverish bursts of commercial activity and share-market booms. Our house must be in order before we give the house-warming, and at present it is not. Commercial and economic cankers still exist, and these must be probed deep, and if necessary cauterised; thorny

questions remain unsettled, and these must be carefully and patiently handled and divested of all elements which could subsequently give rise to danger or irritation. No rearing of a glittering but inherently rotten superstructure on a narrow and unsteady foundation will serve South Africa's needs. The commercial and industrial future of the country must rest on a broad and secure basis, the foundations of which have been laid with deliberation and integrity; and it is precisely because this operation is now in progress to-day that South Africa pauses.

There are two causes which, more than all others, are militating against all efforts Johannesburg is making to battle against adverse circumstances. Others there are, indeed, dating from long prior to the war, which are vital enough considered by themselves, and these will be referred to later; but these two are so urgent that it is fitting that they should be explained first. They are the amount which the Transvaal will be called upon to contribute towards the cost of the war, and the native labour question. With regard to the first, the country is, I am compelled to say, entirely misunderstood at home. Money-seekers it may be we are, by force of circumstances as much as inclination; but the men who rallied to the Empire as South Africa did are not the men to cry off when it comes to paying the bill for the war that was fought equally for them and the general welfare of the Empire. Some few there may be among those who direct the affairs of the Witwatersrand mines who would evade even just taxation; but their attitude and wish have no bearing on the merits and justice of the case. At present the expansion of the gold industry is being retarded not merely by the fear of a heavy tax, but even more by the paralysing feeling consequent on not knowing what amount is to be demanded from it, and, above all, how and when it is payable.

[Mr Chamberlain, in the course of a speech at Johannesburg, said he intended submitting to the Imperial Parliament a Bill guaranteeing a loan of thirty-five million pounds on the security of the assets of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. The loan would be raised as soon as Parliament should signify assent. The money would be used in paying the existing debts of the Transvaal, buying and building railways in both colonies, and providing for public works and land settlement. As soon as the first loan had been placed on the market another loan of thirty million pounds would be issued, payable in annual instalments of ten million pounds each. This loan would be considered a war debt, and the security would be the assets of the Transvaal. South African financiers had undertaken to subscribe the first ten million pounds without preferential security.]

A highly technical dissertation on the mining possibilities and probabilities of the Rand would not be appropriate here; but to make the position

clear to the uninitiated, it is necessary briefly to say that the mines of the Witwatersrand fall naturally into two great classes—namely, the outcrop and the deep-level mines. The former, as they were the first to be discovered, were the first to be worked, and will be the first to run out. Their lives are known practically to a year, their yield and what it will cost, under normal conditions, to extract it almost to a pound. It is apparent, therefore, that it is not to the already exploited 'outcrop' mines, with their rich but extremely limited 'lives,' that Johannesburg has to look for its future prosperity and stability. It is necessarily on the 'deep-level' mines that the town relies; and when these are threatened the future of Johannesburg is imperilled. The deep-levels stretch, roughly speaking, in parallel lines behind the outcropping reef. As their name implies, the gold embedded in these reefs has to be sought at depths increasing with the distance they recede from the 'outcrop,' and in some cases (as instanced in the Turf Club borehole) as low as over four thousand feet. These mines have, in consequence of the enormous expense of mining at this depth and frequent lowness of ore-grade, to be worked with the utmost economy and managerial ability. Many hover eternally on the border-line separating a profitable output from working at a loss; and a fraction per ton increase in the working costs is sufficient in many cases to depress the scale to the latter state. Thus it can readily be seen that the subject of taxation is viewed with the utmost suspicion, and fear on all sides is freely expressed that the Home Government, in deference to the exigencies of party government, may yield to uneducated popular clamour, and impose a war-tax that will doom vast mining areas—which under lenient taxation could be rendered productive—to remain so much waste ground. There should be no misunderstanding when the subject of taxing the Transvaal is under discussion. Taxing the Transvaal means taxing the mines—the fifty miles of reef which stretch east and west of Johannesburg—and nothing else. At present there is nothing else worth mentioning to tax! Given lenient treatment, either on the basis of all sums derived from taxation being devoted to internal development or a complete immunity from taxation for five years, with no subsequent retrospective penalising in the shape of accumulated interest, and it is safe to predict that twelve months would see capital poured into the land like water. New gold-mining properties would spring into life as at the wave of some magician's wand; the prospector would be abroad penetrating into the almost inaccessible fastnesses of nature, and exposing her richest and most secret stores; factories for the manufacture of all kinds of raw materials would be established. In a word, industry and the boundless prosperity and content which follow in its train would spread themselves in a fructifying and enriching stream over the length and breadth of the land. This is no chimera, but the certain effect

which would follow on the heels of the indicated cause.

The second vital question which has to be faced and solved before South Africa can expect internal domestic peace and prosperity is the native question. This is a problem which affects every part of, and every person in, South Africa; but here we only propose to deal with that phase of it which most concerns the mining industry.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the result of recent practical experiments conducted on certain of the mines of the Witwatersrand clearly goes to show that white unskilled labour for the development of our mines must, under existing or any conceivable future conditions, be a failure from an economic point of view. The point at which such a scheme would break down would be when it came to tackling the new deep-level propositions, where every fraction of extra expense tells. The standard rate of pay to natives prior to the war was from fifty to eighty shillings per month. A white man will not and cannot be asked to work under an irreducible minimum of twelve pounds per month, and few indeed would be procured at this figure, and none who could be regarded as desirable permanent workmen, as they would largely be drawn from the 'dead-beat' class. The work is such as can be easily and advantageously performed by natives; and if they are carefully taught, properly treated, and intoxicating liquor sedulously kept from them, or its issue strictly regulated and supervised, they make excellent workmen. As with the white man, the native has his rate of wage below which, from a variety of contributory reasons, he will not work. It must be remembered that by natural inclination and temperament he is lazy. He would, at any time, infinitely prefer living in idleness on the barest necessities to providing himself with comforts and improving his moral and physical status by hard work.

For years past it has been found that, for the wages mentioned above, 'boys' would come freely to the Witwatersrand from all parts of South Africa; and if a lengthy stay were not the universal rule, the majority trekking home with a year's amassed wages, there were always fresh supplies coming up to fill the places of those going down. Therefore, when the minimum wage for which the native would work had been determined, common-sense and sound policy would seem to direct that such rate of remuneration should be adhered to by the mines, and on no account tampered with, least of all in the direction of reduction. Yet what do we find being done on the reef at the close of hostilities? At the very time when every nerve should have been strained, every effort and even sacrifice made to secure the services of a vast army of natives to restart old mines and develop fresh ones, the captains of the mining industry, by preconceived and united determination (as was evidenced by the simultaneity and unanimity of the action), reduced the scale of payment for mine

Kaffirs to an average of thirty shillings monthly per head. Such a sensational drop could and did have but one effect. The 'boys' immediately began and continued to leave by hundreds. Within a few weeks the mines, practically denuded of native labour, were compelled to close down. The share-market—the pulse of the town—slumped and slumped, business drooped and languished, enterprise and the flow of capital stopped short, and the confidence which had been shyly peeping forth curled up, thoroughly scared. From that moment Johannesburg entered on the down-grade which has brought it to the low level on which it finds itself to-day.

In the case of the former of the two headings into which I have subdivided the latter half of this article—namely, the question of taxation—the mining industry is far more sinned against than sinning; but it is impossible to truthfully say as much for the latter.

Let us consider the question dispassionately and on its merits. The men who made the mining industry what it is, who snatched Johannesburg from the slough of despond of the slump of 1890 and created the Witwatersrand of to-day, are no novices at the business whose destinies they control with such acumen and ability, one might almost say genius. On the contrary, every phase, every conceivable condition, which could possibly arise is intimately familiar to them; and when at one stroke they reduced the native wage-sheets by 50 per cent. they most certainly knew what they were doing, and what would be the immediate and inevitable result of their action. In a word, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion arrived at by all earnest, thinking men, that, frightened at the idea that such a tax was about to be imposed on the profits of the mines as would cripple all but the wealthiest, and absolutely kill the low-grade properties, the mining houses, acting on the principle of the end justifying the means, determined that there should be as few profits as possible to tax until such time as the question of the amount to be levied from the mines was definitely and irrevocably settled. As it could not be denied that the gold was there, and as white skilled labour in plenty was available, even if it had been policy to interfere with men who could and would combine for the protection of their common rights, the readiest means to secure the desired end was the practical temporary elimination of the native labourer, so indispensable to the carrying on of the mining industry. To do so by open and direct dismissal would have been to court suspicion, and might even have defeated its own purpose; so the equally certain but more indirect method of reducing the native wage, on the pretence of thereby effecting vast economies, to such a level as past experience had clearly shown would not be accepted by the natives was adopted. The idea worked to perfection; while the thought that a corollary of such action would be that the town would be plunged

into depression, progress delayed, and confidence shaken never for one moment weighed with or deflected from their determined course the men on whom the responsibility of the present depression largely rests.

Such a policy cannot be continued indefinitely; an industry like the exploitation and carrying on of the mines of the Witwatersrand cannot be perpetually stifled by a handful of financiers, however powerful they may be. Kruger pursued this policy, and to-day he is not. The future of the country, the livelihood of thousands of families, depend on the gold industry being earnestly and energetically developed, and developed it will be.

Thus, as a satisfactory arrangement can only be arrived at by the settlement of the foregoing questions, it may be safely concluded that settled they will be, and that ere long. When this consummation, most devoutly to be wished, has been attained, the first effect will be the release, coincident with the restoration of confidence, of vast sums of capital, already destined for and devoted to the exploitation of new mining areas. Within two years the existing number of mines will be doubled, and in place of the present row of outcrop mines fifty miles long, with their parallel line of deep-levels, there will be two or three additional rows of the latter, each contributing its quota to the wealth of the country, and employing its scores of white men and hundreds or thousands of natives. As the general prosperity of Johannesburg is dependent on and keeps step with the development and progress of the mines, the town will expand to an almost unimaginable extent. This ever-increasing extension of its boundaries will necessitate the presence of thousands of artisans; the growing volume of business will provide stools for a similar army of business men; and, in short, a period of commercial activity utterly beyond anything in the history of the country, in that it will be legitimate and permanent, will have been ushered in.

The gold industry, though the chief, is not the only staff on which the Transvaal leans. The land is rich in minerals of all kinds. Coal and iron there are in plenty, of excellent quality and in close proximity; and there is no reason why, when the last ounce of gold has been won from the Transvaal soil, and the last ton of iron from the old country, miles of blast-furnaces, supplanting the stamp-batteries of a former generation, should not demonstrate that, in the person of one of the youngest of her children, England has revived her commercial strength and supremacy.

Other irrefutable proofs which deal with the present are not wanting that an upward and onward movement cannot long be delayed. For a radius of at least five miles round Johannesburg, ground which prior to the war was lying idle and unproductive has now been surveyed, laid out into townships, and cut up into 'stands'—allotments, usually fifty by one hundred feet—every one of which has been put up to auction, and realised an average

initial price of a hundred pounds per 'stand.' The majority, it is safe to say, have been bought, not for speculation, but by those who, having perfect confidence in the stability and staying-power of the country, intend to build their own residences and live under the shade of their own fig-trees.

To revert to the mining industry, from which it is impossible for a Johannesburger to escape for long, the best indication of the extent to which it is more than probable that the gold-mining industry will be extended in the near future is the sensational introduction to the public of what is at present known as the Coronation Syndicate. The entire kudos of this truly portentous discovery is due to the acumen and energy of Mr Carl Hanau, the representative in South Africa of the house of Barnato. Anxious for fresh reefs to conquer, Mr Hanau cast his eye on the Heidelberg district of the Transvaal as a likely spot for his purpose, and shortly after announced and proved the existence of a new gold-bearing reef thirty-five miles long, to which he gave the name of the Coronation Reef. Of the possibilities and probabilities of such an announcement it is early as yet to speak with the voice of authority and certainty; but that the syndicate shares, issued but a few months back at a hundred pounds, stand to-day at six hundred pounds, with only an occasional seller, speaks eloquently as to the confidence reposed in the new venture by a section of the community who have an extraordinary genius for being right, and who are at no time given to investing their money in 'wild-cats.' Perhaps, to the average Rand man, one of the surest indications that the Coronation Syndicate has come to stay lies in the fact that Mr Harry Johns, manager of the famous Ferreira Mine since its inception, and in this the holder of one of the richest prizes open to mining men, has relinquished his position to assume that of consulting engineer to the Coronation Syndicate. Should the Coronation Reef, to employ a sporting phrase, 'turn out trumps,' the scope of the mining industry will have extended to invisible horizons. It is interesting to learn that the market value of all the mining companies in the Transvaal is two hundred and twenty million pounds, of which 81 per cent. is held in Great Britain and the remaining 19 per cent. on the Continent.

There are other questions which are in importance hardly secondary to the two to which I have given such prominence, and the principal of these are, as stated, greatly reduced railway rates and immensely increased railway facilities, both as regards passenger and goods service; uniformity and reduction of customs tariffs on all articles which may be described as bearing directly or indirectly on the cost of living; and last, but not least, a whole-hearted effort on the part of each of the South African ports to render themselves really fitted to cope with the enormous volume of inland traffic which will shortly be pouring through them in a never-ceasing and ever-increasing stream.

These, however, are matters which can safely be left to time and Lord Milner's wise and far-seeing statesmanship.

It is intended to hold an 'International Peace Exhibition of South Africa' at Johannesburg in 1904-5. The classes of goods to be exhibited will include mining and mining machinery; products of South African mines (gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, coal, iron, lead, and copper ores); also, African native work, sculpture, oil paintings, and jewellery. Then there will be all manner of gas and steam engines, hydraulic machines, ironmongery, clothing, drapery, and examples of women's industry. The prospectus has it that Johannesburg is the best centre in the world for a large industrial exhibition. Its distance from the various ports, in miles, is as follows: Delagoa Bay, 397; Durban, 483; East London, 668; Port Elizabeth, 715; Capetown, 1015.

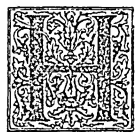
One of the latest circulars from the Emigrants' Information Office states that the supply of skilled mechanics at Johannesburg and Pretoria is already more than sufficient, and they are warned against

going to the Transvaal at the present time unless they have already secured employment there, or take one hundred pounds to meet the very high cost of living. The Women's Immigration Department, 29 Plein Street, Johannesburg, has lately arranged a scheme, subsidised by the local government, by which domestic servants in England may have passages advanced to them on condition of their repaying twelve pounds of the expenses out of their wages, at the rate of one pound a month. Application should be made to the South African Expansion Committee, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W. Such emigrants go out under the protection of a matron, and are received into a hotel at De Villiers Street, Johannesburg.

Enough has, I hope, been stated to enable those interested in South Africa to grasp the salient points of the situation as it presents itself to-day, to determine the causes which are at present retarding progress, and to appreciate the underlying qualifications which must ultimately carry the federated South Africa of the future to proud pre-eminence among the great nations of the world.

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER III.



HER Majesty's acting vice-consul at Canton, A. C. B. Jordan, Esq., was a young but energetic man who was temporarily in charge of affairs during a visit of the consul to Hong-kong, where he had entered a pony for the races: a course which led to a not unnatural desire to see the animal perform, and, incidentally, to indulge in any social festivities which might be going on in that enterprising port. So the acting vice-consul found the whole burden of maintaining the prestige and protecting the commerce of the Empire at Canton thrust on his shoulders, if only for a short time. Fortunately, or unfortunately—Fate will not tell us which—no burning questions arose calling for instant decision and prompt action during this short period, though he felt himself quite equal to dealing with them if they had arisen; and had even, in speculating on such a contingency, contemplated cutting the cable connecting him with the outer world so that he might not be hampered with instructions from home.

On the second day of his reign he came down to breakfast in that state of mind and health which rendered it dangerous for any one to speak to him without having been first directly spoken to: a not uncommon condition amongst many residents in the Far East. A late night, a good deal of bad luck at cards, a good many cocktails at the club before dinner, and a good many whiskies-and-sodas after had all borne their share in the generation of his present violent headache

and irritable frame of mind. He sat down to his breakfast with the usual repugnance to consume anything but hot tea, inseparable from his physical condition. He turned away from his porridge after taking a spoonful, and eyed with distrust the fried bacon his cook sent up as the next course. Finally, he fell back on a couple of boiled eggs. He had hardly opened the first before he made up his mind that it was bad; and, if the first was bad, it was only natural he should imagine the second was bad also. As a matter of fact the eggs were in a very fair state of freshness, not even having acquired that condition in which they are known as 'monsoon eggs.' But to his irritated senses they appeared veritable electioneering eggs, to say the least of it. He was confirmed in his opinion by an indefinable suggestion of some horrible smell which became apparent to his olfactory nerves just about this time, and which he thought proceeded from the eggs in front of him. Loudly calling for his servant, he used some very strong language to him about his carelessness in allowing such eggs to be set before him, and ordered him to take them away and inform the cook his wages would at the end of the month be diminished by the deduction of twenty-five cents for each egg.

When the servant returned the smell still seemed to linger about the room, and he ordered him to open the windows and doors to purify the atmosphere. Instead of this proceeding having the desired effect, it seemed only to intensify the

smell, which grew stronger and stronger every minute. Again was the long-suffering servant called in, and told by his irritated master that the cook must be concocting some filthy Chinese mess in the kitchen, and that if the smell went on he would sack him at the end of the month. The servant returned with the information that nothing was being cooked, and that the cook had even emptied the fire out of the chatties. He then added in that curious pidgin-English adopted by the Chinese, so expressive and often so condensed, 'I think so that smell belong one sampan.'

Further inquiries from his master elicited the information that a sampan had been moored to the consulate posts for the last twenty-four hours, and that the smell had its origin from somewhere or something on board it. The consulate clerk was sent to make inquiries, and returned in a little while and informed his master, 'Have got one pieceee dead man that sampan. Some man have shootum he. Makee die long time. Too muchee smellum.'

Jordan, moved partly by a sense of curiosity and partly by the oppressiveness of the smell, which became stronger and stronger, swallowed his tea and set out accompanied by an interpreter to make inquiries for himself. Not feeling equal to boarding the boat, he sent the interpreter to fetch Mrs Li, who was seated on the little deck. From her he learnt the whole story. Beginning at the beginning, as all Chinese do, she told him of her marriage, of her husband's position, of the birth of the children, and finally of the theft, the assault, the fatal result, and of her unavailing efforts to obtain redress.

Jordan listened gravely to her story, told her she must move the boat away from his premises, and said he would see what he could do for her.

Going back to his office, he called in the head clerk and had a long discussion with him on the merits of the case. As a result of these deliberations, he determined to go and see the magistrate himself. So he ordered out the consular official chair, a huge and cumbersome vehicle covered with green silk with black fringes, and carried by four coolies dressed out in official livery, and wearing little round straw hats with a small red button at the top and a long red tassel hanging from it, as though they were descendants of the great Panjandrum himself.

Through the narrow streets of the great city the chair made its way: past the fish-sellers' quarters, where live fish are always being chopped up into shining, sticky masses on huge blocks of wood; past the pork and duck shops, where whole candied pigs gazed fixedly into the street, and ducks split open and pressed flat hung in unsavoury rows from long strips of bamboo; past the clothes-shops, smart with mandarins' jackets and gay embroidery hung out to entice the passers-by; down the street of the carvers in

blackwood, through the booksellers' quarters, and on, through many a tortuous alley, till it finally came to a stop before a rickety-looking building which formed the court of the Nam-hoi magistrate.

Here the chair was set down, and a coolie despatched to the magistrate with a message that the acting vice-consul wished for an audience. In a little time an official came out, who said the magistrate was highly honoured by receiving a visit from so honourable a personage, and would he condescend to enter his insignificant abode?

The temple of justice, as represented by the magistrate's court, was a low, dark, evil-smelling room redolent of Chinese tobacco, of an unwashed multitude, of sickly, clinging opium. The magistrate's seat was one of the carved blackwood chairs with a marble bottom so commonly found in Chinese interiors. This was placed on a small raised dais at one end of the room. Over it was a dingy canopy in yellow and red silk, fantastically embroidered with dragons and peacocks and other emblems of the throne of the 'Son of Heaven.' In front was a small table, at which, seated on small stools, two clerks were busy recording fines and punishments in oblong, dirty, tissue-paper-coloured books. Two or three runners, with red hats on, lounged about the court; and in the background was a chattering, struggling, spitting crowd of the great unwashed of Canton.

Elbowing his way with some difficulty through this unsavoury multitude, Jordan almost fell over a wretched culprit who was kneeling with bare knees on a piece of old sharp-edged chain as an inducement for him to make the admission of guilt requisite before he could be sentenced to death. Whether the admission, when obtained, was true or false was quite immaterial so long as it was made.

The magistrate raised his head as Jordan approached, and signed to one of the runners to conduct him to a seat on the bench. There, after the inevitable flowery and meaningless compliments had been exchanged, Jordan told his story. The magistrate listened attentively, and remarked that it was no doubt correct; but the widow had not appeared when summoned, and so of course the case had been dismissed. The fact that she had never been told of the summons was quite immaterial. He had ordered her to appear. She had not appeared. There was an end of it. Jordan pressed him to order a fresh hearing, and guaranteed to produce the widow. Finally, he stated that if the case were not reheard he should report the matter to the British Minister at Peking, petitioning him to request the Viceroy to see into the matter. Having the usual dislike of Chinese officials to have any act of commission or omission of theirs inquired into by any one but themselves, and foreseeing that any such inquiry, whatever the result, must necessarily mean trouble to him and

equally necessarily expense, the magistrate reluctantly appointed an hour for the rehearing on the following morning, and sent off his runners to arrest the murderer; while Jordan, half-stifled by the fetid atmosphere of the court, gladly made his way back to the Consulate.

Having some slight experience of the ways of native justice, he returned the next morning to see that the matter was not again allowed to be delayed or obstructed. He found all parties duly present, and the evidence just concluded. As he entered two grave-looking Chinese doctors were holding a post-mortem on the body in the middle of the court. This consisted in rolling up a piece of paper in the form of a pipe-light and inserting it in the wound to see if it was deep enough to be the cause of death. After much consultation they pronounced that it was, and the prisoner, seeing he had no further hope, and wishing to escape torture, confessed his guilt to the magistrate, who promptly made the order for his execution. The runners took their prisoner back to the cells, and several days later the final ceremony took place. The execution-ground was a narrow strip of land left unbuilt on in the heart of the city, and when not required for the purposes of justice was used by a potter for drying his wares. There Jordan betook himself on the appointed day to see the thing through to the end.

A small space had been cleared amongst the pots and pans, and the prisoner, with his hands bound behind him, was made to kneel down in the middle of it while the executioner made ready. That official, after testing the keenness of his sword—a heavy weapon with a blade about two feet long and six inches broad, made very thick and heavy at the back and having an edge as keen as a razor—gave two or three preliminary flourishes in the air, and, stepping up to the prisoner, knotted his queue up in a bunch on the top of his head, and affixed to his back a small piece of paper setting out his crime. Ordering the prisoner to stretch out his neck, he slowly raised the heavy sword in the air, and just as slowly let it fall on the outstretched neck. There was no force used, no striking, no sense of concussion. The knife was simply lifted in the air and then let fall as by its own weight; slowly it fell till it reached the prisoner's neck, nor did it pause there for an instant; slowly it fell, the prisoner's head falling with it. The vendetta of Li Sing was accomplished.

Over Jordan's mantelpiece hangs a heavy Chinese executioner's sword, which he obtained at a cost of thirty dollars. If asked its history, he says it is a souvenir of the first time he had sole charge of the interests of the British Empire, and that with its aid he succeeded in obtaining justice for a Chinese coolie.

NATURAL SOURCES OF WEALTH.

COAL AND WATER-POWER.



OUR coal-supply is of great national importance, as that mineral is our greatest natural source of energy, being so largely utilised in its transformation into mechanical power.

The other two important natural sources of mechanical energy are water and wind power; and these have been, and still are, utilised to some extent. Before Watt's time the steam-engine was used only for pumping water from mines; but his invention of the separate condenser and many other improvements and additions to the working parts rendered it really serviceable for machinery requiring a steady movement.

For a long period there was great waste of fuel; and it is only in comparatively recent years that the reduction in the amount of coal consumed for the power developed has been notably obtained in the raising of steam, and that largely through efforts to improve the efficiency of the marine engine. Much waste has also resulted from the careless and extravagant consumption of coal in works and houses both in town and country, the atmosphere being often vitiated by the products of imperfect combustion.

Fortunately for this country, rich seams of coal

lie at not too great depths below the surface in the great coalfields of England and Scotland; but the constant heavy home and foreign demand has caused such a continuously increasing output that, during the last century, statisticians were impelled to devote some attention to the calculation of the probable duration of our supplies from certain coalfields and from the whole coal area. Royal Commissions have also considered the matter, one having been appointed quite recently; for the fact of our coal production having risen to nearly two hundred and fifty million tons per annum is sufficiently startling when we remember that about forty years ago the output was little over one-fourth of that amount. That the outlook even at that time was far from reassuring we find from one of the late Professor Macquorn Rankine's songs, entitled, 'What shall we do for Coal?' He says:

For countless ages forests dark
Grew thick o'er Britain's tale;
For countless ages wood and bark
Lay deep beneath her soil.
The old black diamond may appear
As though 'twould ne'er give o'er;
But seventy million tons a year
Will soon exhaust the store.

Then forge and mill must all stand still,
 And trains no longer roll,
 Nor longer float the swift steamboat;
 Oh, what shall we do for Coal?

It is now recognised that water-carriage by canals is an item in our industrial system which has been too much neglected. The introduction of railways about 1830 threw this slower method of transit into the background, very much as the earlier introduction of the steam-engine for driving mills caused less attention to be given to the value of water-power. Doubtless in many districts of our own country where there is suitable water-power, over-shot and breast wheels, or the later forms of water-turbine, have been established for the carrying on of various industries; but the steam-engine during the greater part of the past century has been our most important prime mover on land, and during the last fifty or sixty years our mercantile marine has been almost entirely changed from sail to steam. Nor are we likely to see steam-power replaced by any other form of power to drive our ships; but on land there is every likelihood of greater attention being paid to our natural sources of power in the lakes and mountain streams. Electrical energy is coming into use for certain manufacturing processes where an inexpensive power to drive the dynamo is an important factor if we are to compete favourably in the markets with other nations. A few years ago extensive works were established at the celebrated Falls of Foyers for the purpose of reducing by electricity the clayey material largely brought from the north of Ireland so as to obtain aluminium, the water-power of the district being utilised; and there is now a probability of other works being set up which will utilise the waste waters of the lochs lying among the mountains and on the moors of the West Highlands.

The production of electricity by that wonderful machine the dynamo is now quite familiar to all; but, although the dynamo is a most efficient transformer of the energy imparted to it, dependence has still to be placed upon some prime mover of more or less efficiency to give the rotation which determines the flow of the current. For this purpose, in our country, the steam-engine is almost universally applied. In our best steam-engines, however, only about one-eighth of the potential energy of the coal can be transformed into actual energy. Thus, if we could transform all the heat-energy which lies in, say, two pounds of coal into mechanical work we should have about eight horse-power; but as our combination of steam-engine and boiler only gives about one horse-power for this consumption of fuel, the efficiency is only one-eighth, or about 12 per cent. of the original heat-energy transformed into mechanical work in the driving of machinery. Besides the steam-engine, we have hot-air-engines, oil-engines, and gas-engines. These are all fairly efficient; but the hot-air-engine is large and unwieldy, and as yet the oil and gas engines have been mostly used for small powers. The dynamo

itself may be taken as utilising nine-tenths of the energy imparted to it; but, as it must be driven by some form of engine, the question arises, What form is most efficient? The older types of water-wheel gave from 60 to 70 per cent. of efficiency, and the best forms of water-turbine give about 80 per cent. of the energy of the fall of water; we have, therefore, in water-power a valuable means of driving machinery, and it now becomes a commercial and engineering problem how best to adapt it to the special requirements. Wind-power does not offer the same advantages, as it is variable in its action, and the windmill does not yield much more than about 30 per cent. of the energy of the current of air impinging upon the sails.

In some countries where coal is not found, or is scarce, or of poor quality, nature has been lavish in water-power. Norway and Italy are in this position, and it is likely that any changes from steam haulage-power on railways to electric motors will first come into use in these countries. America, with its abundance of coal and water-power, has utilised the energy of both to a great extent; and in Germany the flow of the Rhine, whether in river or waterfall, has for long contributed to the production of power for driving machinery.

Our own country has, on its western side at least, a high rainfall, amounting in parts of the mountainous districts to fully a hundred inches annually. That a large part of this rainfall runs to waste is obvious after every storm, as we see our rivers coming down in flood, and in many cases some of our larger lakes rise from two to three feet after a day or two of heavy rain. Even this storm-water, if it could be suitably stored, would give many thousand millions of gallons, which might be turned to account.

In former days it was often inconvenient to place the desired machinery near the water-power site; but now, since the great development of electrical transmission, we may place the turbines and dynamos at the site and convey the electrical current by wire for miles from the source. The advantage of any store of water depends upon the elevation of the site, so as to give what is called 'head' or 'fall.' It is on account of the small head generally obtainable from tidal action that so little has been done in the utilisation of this change of level of the sea around our coasts. To most of the lakes in the hilly districts this difficulty does not apply, and it is the business of the engineer to design suitable means to take advantage of what fall can be got. The temptation to use coal has been very great, as through its combustion and the raising of steam we can, by the burning of two or three pounds of coal, get a power known technically as a 'horse-power,' or five hundred and fifty pounds raised through one foot in one second; whereas, in general, the finding of a suitable site and gathering-area or stream whereby water-power may be obtained is often difficult.

If water-power is to be made commercially

serviceable in this country the storage reservoirs must be inexpensive. We must, therefore, look to the lakes and streams lying in the wilder parts of the districts of high rainfall; the lakes being preferably narrow at their lower or outlet ends, so

as to reduce the expense of wall or embankment, and situated so as to be as near to the site of the proposed working centre as possible in order to lessen the distance over which the power is to be transmitted.

MY ROOK.

By CLARA BENSTED.



BLACK winter's morning, all the earth bound in frost that had lasted a week, and now a piercing wind carrying small, sharp hail.

Standing by a blazing fire looking idly across the room out of the

French window, I saw something blown along the path. To me then it seemed like a small bundle of draggled black alpaca; but I had a suspicion that it was some feathered creature, and I was soon out by the glass doors and running along to the end of the path. There, entangled in the hedge, was the object I had seen. As I bent down I saw there was a large beak and a feeble movement of long feathers.

Soon it was in my hand, and I was back again in the warm room. I found I was the possessor of a rook: one wing between his legs, and both wings heavy with ice, icicles hanging from his breast-feathers, his feet swollen, the toes without nails, and they had been bleeding. I gently moved the wing from between the legs, and found it was broken.

The bird lay quietly on his back in my hand; and, after examining his starved body, my eyes encountered his—wide-open, deep-set, and shrewd. He had watched all my movements, and now we gazed at each other.

'Poor dear chap!' I said; and, talking to him softly, I carried him to the kitchen for food.

His icicles were melting, and water was dripping from my hand. As luck would have it, our cook was cutting up meat for beef-tea. He saw what she was engaged upon before I did, and made a sudden movement, his eyes fixed on the meat. I gave him several pieces, he taking them from my hand and swallowing eagerly. The strange part was that he seemed perfectly tame.

Drying him in a duster, I went from the kitchen, and met a member of the family coming in at the front door. He looked at my very dilapidated rook, and urged me to let him kill it; but the shrewd, bright eyes so full of vitality were looking into mine, and I turned, taking him to my bedroom to have him to myself.

When I put him on the floor the broken wing got between his legs, so I picked him up and cut the feathers quite short, and again put him down. He scuttled under the bed, and I sat down quietly awaiting events. Soon I heard a movement; and at the head of the bed, pushing the valance on one side, came the large beak and bright eyes—very out

of place, of course, I knew. In a little time he came into the middle of the room, but not with the jaunty straddle of his kind; he seemed to tumble over and over, then lay on his side, and I said in my heart, 'Ah, yes; death will be the kindest thing.'

I took him up; but, instead of having him killed, I put some zinc ointment on the sore feet and laid him on soft flannel in a basket, giving him also a little more meat and some biscuit. I must tell how hurt his beak was; it closed just at the tip, but arched up at each side so that one could see through. The mischief was done by hammering on the frozen earth.

In the morning, after resting passively in my room all night, he took food from my hand and water from a spoon that I just put in at the side of his beak; but, finding he was thirsty, he opened the beak for me to pour it in. I could see it was not looking quite so out of shape, and eventually it became as it should be.

Coming to my room about noon, I found him huddled up on the edge of the basket and making a feeble attempt at preening. The next day he sat in the palm of my hand and ran his beak between each finger in a caressing manner, and I have no doubt whatever he meant it for a caress. I stroked him and called him Jim; and later on, when we were real friends, he used to make a noise to attract my attention—a sound without opening his beak, a sort of croak, but pleasanter, and I got to know it well.

Some months passed, and he lived in a blackbird's cage. He could sit on a perch, but never very firmly. I carried him about in my hand in the garden and took him to visit a raven kept in a disused stable. They used to play with each other's beaks; but I mistrusted the raven. I saw he had a strong inclination to get hold of Jim's body; and when his feathers were not raised on his head I could see in his flattened skull the cruel bird of prey. So I held Jim in my hand; but, at the earnest solicitation of my brother, who pleaded the loneliness of Jack, I allowed Jim to be put in a wired-off part of the stable. He lived there two months, a most wretched bird, and I took him away and put him in his cage again, hanging it often in the sun. He was content; but he was happiest in my room on a table by the window; and one day when I was downstairs I heard a curious guttural sort of chortle, something like a starling's note; and, stealing to the door of my room, I looked in, and there

was Jim on his perch with neck outstretched and his still very dilapidated figure in joyous attitude.

I watched him, and felt that my bird was happy. Then, drawing near, I put my hand in the cage. He was on it at once, caressingly putting his beak between the fingers.

Besides this, I have only once heard a rook make a similar chortle—a song, I suppose; it was in an elm-tree near the house, and he was in the attitude of a singing-bird.

Now comes the time when Jim distinguished himself, and claimed the gratitude of the elder members of the house, who had always slighted him, and taunted me with his ugliness. Yes, Jim saved the silver and put the thief to flight.

One night I placed him on a table that stood on the landing near my open door. I was roused from sleep by Jim calling me with his peculiar sound, not opening his beak—the sound I knew so well. It was not loud, but as I did not fully rouse myself it became more emphatic, one note following quickly on another. At last, becoming quite awake, I sat up in bed and called out, 'Jim!'

Then in the lower part of the house there was a confused sound, a rushing of wind; finally a door banged, and all was still. I heard cook get up and strike a light; but she evidently returned to her bed. Jim was silent. I slid down in my bed again, and went to sleep.

I was awakened in the early morning by cook rushing into my room very excitedly, crying out that the house had been broken into; the plate that should be in the dining-room was lying on the kitchen floor half rolled up in a towel, food was gone out of the larder, and other things were on the scullery floor.

So my rook had heard the stealthy creeping about that we had not, he had roused me, and my calling 'Jim!' had frightened the burglar. He acted as sentinel to us, as he had done for many years, I should fancy, to his flock of comrades.

Then the end of Jim? It was a cruel and violent one: the raven got him at last. His jealousy at seeing the gentle bird loved and petted often put him in a rage. He was, and is still, a treacherous creature, nipping my finger till the skin is cut and bleeding.

I am often reminded of Jim, for at some time every day a flock of rooks settle near the house, and they busily hunt for acorns under the oaks: over a hundred I can count. I love to see them; but a rook's face is not pretty, for at the base of the bill, extending half-way down, is a grayish covering, described by ornithologists as a 'warty scurf'—not a nice description—and also called a scaly skin. There are no slender feathers covering the nostrils; those of the raven are like bright black threads an inch in length, growing downwards on the polished black and curved beak. Then Jack is very handsome, and Jim was not; even under his chin this disagreeable whitish skin occurred. But the rooks are lovely in their plumage: black with

blue and violet reflections. Their walk, too, is so quaint.

They appear very much at home here, and last spring a pair of them began to build a nest in one of the big oak-trees. The nest was built in spite of great opposition and much good advice from more experienced couples. The oak is not thought the right tree to build in by rooks; the elm and beech are better on account of the twigs being more pliable, I believe.

A little distance away across the road were eight or nine elms, and a couple were building in one; this couple were most anxious to get our pair away, and were constantly flying over to reason and argue. One afternoon they appeared to pull at the nest, although the hen was on it. In the morning I went out to see if they were still there. I saw the hen on the nest, but she was not sitting down close; the husband was perching quite near, and both looked most dejected. As I gazed up at them he uttered a caw—a very cheerless caw: there seemed a sob in it.

I longed for them to stay and found a rookery; but I thought if they were going to be so depressed they would soon depress me. I walked thoughtfully away to the house. Scarcely had I got to the garden when I saw the elm-tree couple bustling over, with quick flapping of wings and loud caws. They settled beside my pair, and their reasonings and arguments were this time crowned with success, as all four sailed away to the elms, and soon another nest was built beside that of the elm-tree couple; and the four spent a happy, busy summer.

The nest that was built in folly and ignorance remains in the oak.

HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

His eyes of clear and cloudless brown,
His hair a soft and silky down,
His face the sweetest, all must own:

You recognise him, maybe?

We know but one such words could suit,
But one whose will is past dispute,
Whose sovereign law is absolute:

His Majesty the Baby!

No mightier monarch e'er was known,
His right divine we gladly own,
For it is based on love alone:

A right which knows no maybe.

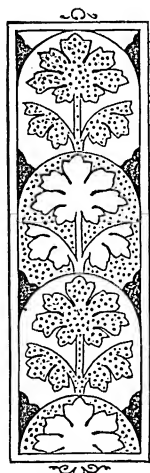
A sceptre this we gladly kiss,
And own our saddest moment this:
When for the briefest space we miss
His Majesty the Baby.

We know not what before him lies,
What shall await him—smiles or sighs,
A stormy path, or sunny skies:

These things may not or may be.
Whate'er the great Unknown shall bring,
We fear it not while we can sing
With trustful hearts, God save our King,

His Majesty the Baby!

A. CHARLES HAMILTON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART II.

RETURNING homeward along the rugged moorland road after a day spent among the grouse, I have often looked far across the wide expanse of bog and upland, veiled in the gathering gloom, to count the glimmering lights in the distant, scattered farmsteads; but for miles on my way not a single human being have I met. Sometimes, however, as I journeyed on under the starlit dome of the August night, the greeting of a solitary shepherd or keeper has come from the surrounding darkness of the moor, where, among the dim forms of sheep grazing on the skyline or resting in the shelter of the rough, uneven banks and ridges of the heathery waste, the figure of the watcher has loomed ghostlike and indistinct. At such times the loneliness has strangely oppressed me. To my mind, indeed, the characteristic melancholy of the Celtic temperament has seemed the natural outcome of a life spent in the great solitude of a moorland wilderness.

Our villagers, living in the distant valley, do not lead a monotonous life. Even while labouring during the day they often enjoy each other's companionship; and when work is over they generally collect in large groups about the roads and lanes, or on the bridge, to discuss their own affairs and criticise their neighbours' doings. In the long winter nights the cottage homes of certain notables in village society become gossip-shops, such as Marged's *cwrcy-glap*, 'the mound of the tale-bearers,' where the women's tongues are ever busy; while their husbands gather in the cosy kitchen of the inn, and, over a favourite local measure known as a 'blue' of beer, indulge in lengthy arguments on varied topics: horses, sheep, sporting dogs, fox-hunting, otter-hunting, salmon-fishing, ploughing, cricket, preaching, the last Calan Hên concert, and the last big funeral-feast, where an ample supply of *cwrcw* restrained or stimulated the grief of the assembled mourners. Each member of the community is

a public character; he cannot move in secret. He fondly imagines, however, that he is but an ordinary individual, exciting no unusual interest—a nonentity as far as his neighbours are concerned—and therefore takes little pains to conceal his movements and his opinions. Not that it would make a difference if he were more discreet. There are eyes behind every hedge, behind every window-blind, at the keyhole of every door; for the soul of village life is gossip.

The folk of the moorland district where Philip lived spend an altogether different existence from that of the villagers. Either because of force of circumstances or by their own predilections, they dwell in almost untrodden wilds. It is not difficult for the observant eye to detect these lonely people when they arrive in the valley for one of their periodical market-day visits. They seem to be of a race different from the folk of the lowlands. The men are generally tall, gaunt athletes, with black hair, thin lips, and dark, mysterious eyes; the women are proud and reserved, as if conscious of superior birth, and yet painfully aware that their gowns are not made by the little dressmaker who expounds the intricate laws of fashion to all and sundry of her sex in our immediate neighbourhood. Rarely, whether at home or among their friends in the market, do the moorland farmers display a love of animated talk. No gossip-shop exists on the hills; and the public-house at the cross-roads is beyond the outskirts of the moor. Sometimes a shepherd on his rounds will lift the latch and come into the kitchen of the farmstead for a basin of warm broth and an hour's desultory conversation; and, more rarely, a keeper will call for his weekly supply of butter and cheese, or seek refuge from a driving storm.

The life of the moorland farmer is hard and strenuous, leaving little time for recreation, except in the long winter nights, when the hours drag slowly by. Then the lonely man longs for some

indoor hobby which might be to him an additional source of income; and, thus longing, falls asleep before the crackling fire. His farm is extensive; the land is poor; so he must needs walk many miles each day to look after the welfare of his stock, and must delve unweariedly to secure an average yield of corn and root-crop. As the years pass, the solitude gradually claims him for its own. He becomes a child of Nature, like the hare or the grouse—a wildling of the sunshine, the mist, the tempest, and the snow; and while he roams over the heather or follows the plough he is for ever turning some problem over and over in his mind: the solitude teaches him to think. Take him from the furrow, seek to show him the beauty of a pure and simple religion, send him into the heart of some great city: if all this could be accomplished he might become a great social reformer, with a voice crying from the wilderness, filled with the charm of the simple life back yonder on the moorland, filled also with the store of his lonely musings, and, plain of living, a constant, vehement rebuker of the luxury and recklessness and artificiality of modern life.

Such were the people among whom Philip lived, or rather whom he occasionally visited in their homesteads. If he borrowed an idea, it was from them, or from Ianto the old gillie, or from the little girl whose innocent friendship—belonging to a later part of my story—was the joy and solace of his declining years.

For many the name of poacher has a sinister meaning, and is applicable only to a certain class of men who are among the dregs of society, the unscrupulous enemies of the game-laws, the dreaded foes of even the stoutest-hearted keeper. These men are supposed to enter the coverts prepared to resist, at any cost and without the slightest compunction, all attempts at capture. They are branded as criminals of the lowest type, akin to thieves and house-breakers. Unfortunately, near large manufacturing towns, landowners are generally right in maintaining such harsh opinions; their keepers contend against frequent raids organised by men whose daily work is so monotonous that it fosters a craving for violent excitement. These men delight in law-breaking, and regard a poaching affray as sport, just as they would a prize-fight or rabbit-coursing for a wager. They are treated sternly by the law, and deservedly so. There is, however, a wide difference between them and even the worst of the poachers to be found in an agricultural district.

As far as experience has taught me, Philip occupied a unique position. He was a poacher first of all because he loved the night-side of nature with a consuming passion. Doubtless by some bitter fate that in early life had warped his finest feelings, his soul had been driven in on itself. A strange melancholy had veiled his character. He, who might have been a genial, broad-minded squire and an idol of the country-side, was an outcast. The current of events had been too strong for him,

though, withal, he possessed the instincts of a fighter, battling courageously against adversity, persistent and wary to the very end. Some heart-string had been strained, and then snapped, and from that one great mortal pain he had never recovered. At all events, when I arrange and examine the trifling details gathered almost instinctively from certain incidents in his later life, I can come to no other conclusion: the world had dealt harshly with him in his youth.

The success which well-nigh invariably attended Philip's raids on well-stocked coverts was due not only to his intimate knowledge of the poacher's craft, but also to a keen and calculating insight that frequently discovered in apparently the most awkward predicament the surest chance of escape.

On the largest and most vigilantly preserved estate in the valley, the cottage of the head-keeper stood in the heart of the woods, beneath a precipitous slope covered with oaks and beeches that formed a belt between the fir spinney reaching on one side to the mansion and on the other to the entrance-lodge. The loamy soil of the little grove was honeycombed with burrows. A long, narrow clover-field stretched from the highest point of the hill to the hazel hedgerow on the margin of the wood, scarcely more than a hundred yards from the keeper's cottage.

One summer night Philip, having watched the keeper return home from his rounds, determined to make himself familiar with the 'lay of the land' in the immediate vicinity. He found no beaten pathway in the wooded belt on the slope; every sign indicated that the place was seldom disturbed. He climbed the ascent, picking his way leisurely and quietly between the holes of the warren, and peered over the hedge. The field was alive with rabbits feeding on the succulent herbage, or playing in and out between the grass clumps. Retreating to the copse, he carefully examined the warrens. They were too extensive to be netted thoroughly without aid; and, though he had a dozen purse-nets with him, he decided to do nothing that night but reconnoitre, and if possible devise some scheme for a further expedition.

Creeping back through the wood, he gained the far hedge, and then, making a detour in the shadow of the hawthorns, reached the brow of the hill. On his way he looked everywhere for signs which should influence his future movements; but the hedges exhibited no trace of human footsteps. To all appearance the hurdle in the gap had never been disturbed; and not a single twig had been broken. Philip felt along the upper cross-pieces for some scar to indicate that an iron-shod boot had scraped away the thin bark of the hazel wands as the keeper might have leaped from the top of the hurdle; but everything seemed as smooth and well-arranged as if the hedger had only that day completed his task. The hedgerows skirting the field were so thick and thorny that only from the hurdle, the

wood, and the gateway at the far corner on the breast of the hill could a proper view of the clover-field be obtained; the nearest pathway into the spinneys led from a stubble about three or four hundred yards away. Abundant evidences could be adduced to prove that hereabouts the land was kept strictly private, as a sanctuary whither both furred and feathered game might resort without dread of interference.

With interest more than ever aroused, Philip again passed quietly through the wood. On the lower branches of the trees roosting pheasants had taken up their quarters for the night. As the poacher moved through the fern-brakes on the outskirts of the wood, the clear, musical call of the partridge, like a provokingly scornful challenge to all prowling enemies, reached the wanderer's ears from the stubbles beyond the clover. Though the temptation to secure a pheasant or two could hardly be withstood, Philip, having by this time almost matured his plans, dismissed every thought of a raid that night, and resolved that he would run no needless risk of spoiling the chances of a future expedition. One thing only was necessary to ensure the success of his project: he must find out the 'run' of the rabbits when disturbed.

The warrens extended from end to end of the grove. Some years ago each burrow had been thoroughly ferreted and 'stopped' by the keepers on account of an outbreak of disease among the rabbits; but the estate had exchanged ownership, and the grove had been restocked. Though, as far as Philip could judge in the darkness, the entire warren was inhabited, his knowledge suggested that some favourite spot might be found more closely tenanted than any other part of the wood. He again crept along the hedgerows, entered the clover-field from the gate, and walked across the hill towards the wood, keeping well within the shadow of the hawthorns. At intervals he stamped heavily on the ground, bringing his heels down sharply and almost simultaneously. The reverberating blows were not unlike the alarm-signals given by the bucks to warn their companions, and the rabbits hurried away, invisible but for the white scuts that gleamed everywhere in the gloom. Philip's observations in the clover-field were now complete, since he had thus made the discovery that nearly all the disturbed creatures had fled for safety to the far corner of the grove. The rabbits were far less numerous in the adjoining fields; but there also the poacher, as he trudged homewards, carefully noted the direction of their flight.

At dawn next day Philip set out for the nearest country store, where he purchased some thin but strong calico, a reel of coarse thread, a skein of thick white silk, a few stout needles, and a knot of whipcord. In his cottage, during the greater part of the morning, he worked hard. With fingers unaccustomed to the task, he made the calico into bags, each of which might contain from

fifteen to twenty rabbits. When finished these were stained with damp earth to a neutral colour, and afterwards placed on the garden hedge to dry. He overhauled his large silken sweep-nets, mending them wherever necessary, and joined three together at the ends so that one large net, sixty yards long and six feet wide, was formed. Such nets he was accustomed to use singly for capturing partridges as well as ground-game. Three other nets, with larger meshes, through which the body of a rabbit might easily pass, were also united in one of sixty yards length; but this big-meshed net, used exclusively for the special purpose for which it had now been prepared, was only four feet wide. A yard or so of whipcord was fastened to each of the corners of the nets; and other pieces of cord, twenty feet long, were made into miniature guy-ropes for steadying the supports to which the nets would be attached. Everything being now in readiness, Philip wound the two silken nets around him beneath his coat, folded the bags and placed them in his voluminous pockets, laid his fire ready to be rekindled on his return, and, snatching up some food for a meal on his way, set out for the distant wood.

On leaving the moorland, he avoided the roads and travelled straight across country till he arrived in the grove, just two hours before dusk. To make his raid a complete success it was necessary that the nets should be placed in position before the rabbits came out to feed, so the task was immediately begun. He cut down four strong ash saplings from the hedge, and carried them to the cover of a dense furze-brake above the spinney, where he lopped off the twigs—which he afterwards made into pegs for the guy-ropes—and tied the upper corners of the nets to their supports in such a way that if alarmed he could easily sever the cords and make off with the most valuable of his belongings. He now proceeded to satisfy himself that no enemy was likely to interfere with his plans, and soon ascertained that the keeper was busy in the garden of the lodge, and that no farm-labourer was in the upland fields. Returning to his operations, and entering the clover-field near where the rabbits had disappeared when alarmed, Philip placed the big-meshed net in such a position that the ash poles supporting it could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding branches. The net with the finer mesh was set up twelve inches farther away from the wood, and parallel with the other. Both were parallel with the hedgerow skirting the wood. The lower edges of the nets were then untied, thrown back over the top, and held up by forked sticks thrust into the ground, so that the rabbits might pass into the field from the grove; and the small-meshed net was allowed to hang rather more loosely than the other. Everything was done as quietly and expeditiously as possible; and last of all the bags were laid out ready for immediate use in the thickest recess of the furze-brake.

Philip now hid himself in the middle of a bramble-

clump within the wood, and kept a strict lookout on the gate, on the hurdle in the gap, and on the road by the keeper's cottage. Soon the rabbits began to steal from the grove into the clover, past the nets, till, when the dusk drew on, more than a hundred were feeding in the field. Still Philip waited; the time was not yet ripe for his purpose. Presently the door of the cottage was heard to open, and 'Velveteens' appeared on the road. Taking the path to his left, he turned into the fields below the grove, and walked down the valley, straight away from the hill. This indeed was luck; and Philip, though knowing that the utmost caution must still be observed, laughed quietly as he thought how little his enemy imagined what preparations were in progress not a hundred yards from his home.

At last the night grew dark. The crescent moon and the twinkling stars were hidden by the drifting clouds. The poacher's opportunity had arrived. Slowly and silently he descended the steep, turned, and came back to the hedgerow near the nets. On hands and knees he crawled into the field, and inch by inch moved towards the spot where two of the ash poles stood. There he loosened one end of each net and allowed it to hang free. Retracing his steps, he crawled along the ditch and loosened the other ends. Back again he crept into the wood, then made the circuit of the hedgerow, filled his pockets with stones, and entered the field by the gate.

Running straight towards the nets, and throwing the stones in all directions as he ran, he drove his prey into the toils, till the nets were alive with helpless, struggling rabbits which, having bolted into the first net, had by the momentum of their flight thrust the small meshes through the large openings in the second net, and so were caught in a trap from which escape was impossible. Philip now gained the hedgerow, passed behind the nets, and proceeded rapidly to kill the rabbits. When this gruesome task was over, the ash poles supporting the ends of the nets were laid on the ground, and the work of removing the spoil was commenced. Load after load was borne to the furze-brake, till more than eighty rabbits lay in heaps beneath the bushes. This being done, Philip wound the nets round his body, removed the ash poles to the thicket, and then set about 'spreading' the legs of his victims before they grew cold and stiff. The task was lengthy, but there was little call for haste: he was not likely to be discovered in his well-chosen retreat. The remaining hours of the night were spent by him in conveying his well-filled bags to a covert on the borders of the main road.

Just before dawn a carter with a laden wagon from the country store appeared in sight—whether by accident or arrangement it matters not—and on the following day the rabbits were exposed for sale outside the shop of a dealer in a distant town.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIV.—LIFE BELOW GROUND.



HE rock-doves were still abed when Alain crawled into their chamber; but he went so softly and slid his hand so cautiously among them that even the robbed ones scarcely murmured. In order to carry with him a larger supply he breakfasted on the spot, chipping the eggs against his teeth and sucking down their contents gratefully; and as he sat and sucked a new idea came into his head. He wanted light down below to explore with. Here to his hand was fuel in any quantity. His fingers, as they sought the still warm eggs, travelled lightly over the twigs and dried grass of the nests, which felt like the top of a haystack. The pungent bed on which he lay was composed of the same, mixed with the droppings of countless generations of birds, layer on layer, from the time of the Flood. The thought of a fire suggested the idea of cooking. In a moment his cunning hand had a bird by the neck, and before it could utter a cry the warm little body was in his bag. He captured four without moving his position, and with as little disturbance to the rest as came natural to one who had been cragsman before he was sailor. He lay and waited till the birds woke up and flew out for their day's work, and then he set to work himself, scratching out and

hurling down the slope great masses of the tightly packed accumulations of the years. The dust came near to smothering him, and the smell to choking him. He sneezed and coughed, and tore and flung, till he could do no more without a rest and a drink, and then he followed his plunder down the slope.

The avalanche had polluted all the whiteness of the rock-curtain, all his tiny channels were choked with dirt, and all his egg-shell reservoirs smashed. It did not matter. He would get out of his prison that day. So he sought a clean cone and licked it dry, and then another and another, till his thirst was quenched. Then, taking an armful of fuel and his bag of eatables, he carried them to Cadoual's hollow. There he started a blaze, hedged it round with stones, and in a very few minutes one of the plump little rock-doves was toasting over the red-hot core of the oven. His fuel, so far as it was composed of dried bird-droppings, burned with a dull, smouldering glow and a most villainous odour. When a flat nest of twigs and grass was burning the flames shot up into a crackling flare, which died all too speedily into the dull-red glow again; but the very sight of the fire and the smell of the cooking were inspiring after a three days' dietary of raw eggs and calcareous water, and he found himself

so ravenous for meat, now that it was in sight, that he could hardly wait till it was properly cooked.

The disordered senses of the wounded man seemed to be stirred by these things also. Once, when Alain turned from the fire, he found Cadoual's eye fixed on him with a look which he did not understand till later.

'Thou!' groaned the wounded man, then closed his eyes to shut out the sight, and broke once more and half-unconsciously into his husky murmur for 'Water! water!'

'Have an egg,' said Alain, chipping one and pouring it down his throat. 'When we've had something to eat I'll see if I can find water. Do you know the way out of this cursed hole?'

Cadoual only groaned and closed his eyes the tighter. It was beyond belief and altogether intolerable. He had killed this man and flung his body into the bottomless pit, and here was the victim waiting on his murderer, and tending him as if he were his own brother. But even that was nothing to the pains he suffered. Every bone in his body seemed broken; every attempt at movement was an agony past the bearing; every breath a horror of sharp knives piercing his chest and rending his sides. He groaned because silent endurance was beyond him. He cried for water because his throat was hard and dry as a board. The bitterness of living was so great that death would have been a relief; for it was not to be believed that anything that might come after could be worse than the agonies he was suffering. Nothing that could happen to his soul could equal the tortures of his mangled body.

Alain divided the rock-dove with his knife, and inserted some choice morsels between the sick man's lips. His grinding teeth sucked them in, but his throat could hardly swallow them. They had no taste to him; but there was nourishment in them all the same. Alain, understanding something of his difficulty, broke another egg down his throat, and he got on better; but he ate mechanically and without enjoyment, and only because nature and hunger were stronger than the feeble will that was in him. The stirrings of life that the food awoke in him served only to increase his sufferings.

'Water! water!' was his ceaseless murmur.

As soon as he had sucked the bones of his feast, Alain got up to search for water—and the way out. He flung an armful of fuel on the dying fire and went back into the front cavern. His eyes were becoming accustomed somewhat to the dim light. It was as though a great cathedral were lighted only by a few narrow slits away up in the roof at one end, and as if even those narrow slits were shaded by Venetian shutters with the slats turned down. In the other direction the vaulted roof and massive sides melted away into the darkness. He could not tell where the roof and sides ended and the darkness began. They might end abruptly just beyond his sight. They looked as if they might run right into the bowels of the earth.

He shouted to get some idea of the size of the chamber, and the tumult that followed startled him as it had done when he laughed. The sound seemed as if it would never die away. It bellowed down the vast hollow and rolled among its hidden arches, and died, and rose like a new voice, and changed its tone and its key, and started new sets of sounds that buzzed and hummed like ghostly organ-pipes. Therefore Alain decided in his own mind that the place he was in was a very large place, and that, unless he hit upon it by chance, his search for the outlet might be a matter of considerable time.

However, he went to work systematically, carrying armfuls of fuel over the rough strewn floor, past the tunnel where Cadoual lay, to the farthest point from which he could catch the glimmer of the dim light in the outer cavern. The window itself he could not see; but the outline of the great rock-shoulder round which he had turned was faintly silhouetted against the twilight beyond, and would always enable him to find his way back. A dull-bronze glow streamed across the cavern from the fire in Cadoual's tunnel behind the shoulder; but that might die down, and could not be counted on as a landmark.

Alain lighted a bundle of the slow-burning punk at his fire, carried it to the great pile he had collected, and stood back, transfixed at the amazing sight that started up all round him in answer to the flames. Morgat had been the wonder of his boyhood; but Morgat was a cockle-shell compared with this. Such magnificence of domes and arches and fluted columns had never even entered into his imagination. Columns that sprang from the floor and reared themselves beyond his sight, smooth and white and regular as the deftest chisel could have made them; columns that hung like gigantic icicles from the darkness of an invisible roof, in awesome sympathy with those that sprouted from the floor to meet them; and it seemed to him that they grew and neared one another as he looked. Some were solid throughout their whole length from floor to upper darkness; some were joined by the narrowest thread, so that the whole upper structure seemed to stand upon a needle-point; and some had not yet met, but were divided by no more than a hand's-breadth. The latter were perhaps the most awful to look at; for, their upper lengths being hidden, they seemed to swing in the dancing light and threatened to fall at any moment.

The side-walls here also were clothed with strange, wild growths of the same white stone: huge corded mats, festoons of ropes, delicate lacy of creeper and tendril, all interwoven and overlapping in fantastic profusion, all growing downwards out of the upper darkness, and where they reached the floor spreading out over it, as though by the superincumbent weight, in rolled-up waves and ridges. Here and there the matted growth crept from pillar to pillar, and in places the walls broke away and showed great black gaps which doubtless led to other caves. As far as his sight could travel, those

wonderful white pillars stood ranged in solemn silence, some in groups and some in stately solitude. He wondered vaguely if his were the first eyes that had ever lighted on them.

Then, suddenly, as he gazed eagerly round, he was startled by an impression of stealthy fittings among the distant columns; but a moment's observation told him that they were only the shadows of himself and the nearer pillars cast by the fire upon the more distant ones, and he pushed on eagerly to see what more he could before the light died out. He went on and on through the pillared aisles till he was brought to a stand before a sight more wonderful than all the rest. From side to side of the cavern ranged a series of narrow columns, for all the world like the great organ-pipes in St Louis' at Brest. They were all blood-red, and set so close together that he could see no way through. He travelled from one side of the cave to the other without finding an opening large enough to squeeze through, but with a growing desire to see what lay beyond. A moment's consideration would have told him that, since the barrier seemed impenetrable, there could be no egress that way; but he did not stop to think of that, and time pressed.

Passing his hands round one of the lower cones which was not yet fully married to its mate, he pulled with all his strength against it; but it resisted all his efforts. He raised a hand to the pendent pillar above, and it trembled at his touch. A swift pull and a run from under, and it broke off up above with a sharp crack, falling with a crash and strewing the ground with splinters.

He crawled over the cone, and found himself in a wide-open space without a pillar in it. The light of the fire behind him set the great organ-pipes pulsing red as though they were filled with blood. The echoes of the breaking pillar were still crashing in the roof when, in the darkness in front, there came a sudden splash as of falling water. He stopped instantly with a thirst upon him which he had not felt a moment before. He stood listening, with bated breath and craving throat, but heard no sound except the sharp cracks that still rang in the distant hollows of the roof; and yet he could have sworn to that sound of falling water, and the sudden thirst was in him still.

He pushed on again across a rougher floor. A sudden leap of the flames mirrored the red organ-pipes, with bars of fiery gold between them, in a great black pool in front. He ran forward, fell on his knees, and drank greedily. The water was sweet and cold, and he was grateful.

The sudden fading of the light told him he must hurry back; so he drank again, then turned and made his way through the rent in the screen. One of the objects of his search was attained. Here was sweet water in abundance; and, moreover, it was evident that the way out of the cavern did not lie in that direction. The fire had sunk into a glowing heap, and he had to make his way back to it with caution, lest a fall against some slender pillar should bring it down upon his head.

Cadoul was still murmuring huskily for water when Alain came up to him; but he had nothing in which to bring water, and all he could do was to crack a couple of eggs down his throat, and then he went on to bring up a fresh supply of fuel.

Then he clambered up the slope to get a cheering glimpse of the Light, and his heart leaped at sight of Barbe sitting in the gallery where he had so often sat with her. She stood up suddenly as he looked, and leaned over to watch something; and presently a boat—Jan Godey's boat: he knew it by the new white patch in the brown lug—floated across the narrow disc of his view and made for the Light. He could distinguish Sergeant Gaudriol's uniform, and he knew that the search was afoot. If only he could have done something—anything—to attract their attention! But he was as helpless as a man in his coffin, and he ground his teeth and clenched his fists at his impotency. Mètres of solid rock lay between him and the face of the cliff, with only that God-given hole as a connecting-link. His chief feeling was one of regret that the hole was not larger.

He saw Gaudriol climb like a great blue beetle up the iron ladder, and he saw Barbe waiting to receive him in the doorway. He could not see her face, indeed, but he knew that it was clouded with grief and anxiety. He watched till Gaudriol clambered slowly back into the boat, and the boat skimmed swiftly out of his range.

(To be continued.)

TURKEY.

Constantinople, Saturday, January 24th.—The Grand Vizier has instructed the Treasury to cease all payments until further orders.—'Times' Telegram.



BANKRUPTCY is the only word that describes the financial condition of Turkey to-day; and this state of affairs has been chronic ever since 1876. What few sources of revenue remain free for the use of the Government are not sufficient to show a balancing Budget; and when the Government needs even

paltry sums to make up some deficit or to pay pressing petty accounts, all sorts of machinery have to be set in motion to raise the money. Sometimes the difficulty is overcome by the readjustment of some small surplus of an already mortgaged tax, or a conversion scheme is worked up by the banks. So, somehow, the Treasury coffers are replenished, and things go on as before, 'till next time.' One

corner in the crooked road of Turkish finance has been turned; but the road is a *cul-de-sac*—'No Thoroughfare' is writ large on its sign-post. This road which Turkey is travelling is leading to disaster. That the country is in this state is an acknowledged fact; but how she reached the stage of bankruptcy may be worth inquiry, so that, perchance, some means may be devised to permit of a gradual recovery.

Before the Crimean war Turkish finance was fairly sound, money was plentiful in the country, and public credit and trade were good. At that time it cannot be said that Russia was in a flourishing condition, either financially or industrially; she had to depend on Europe for almost all her manufactured articles. To-day Russia can take her place with European nations both as regards her credit and her industrial enterprise.

Why is it, then, that Turkey has fallen so far behind Russia? It cannot be that the inhabitants of Turkey are less intelligent than those of Russia. The real reason may be found in the fact that, whereas Russia has been free to impose any protective duties she thought fit, Turkey has been bound hand and foot by treaties. By reason of these treaties, Turkey has been unable to foster a single manufacturing interest as Russia has succeeded in doing. The result is, Russia to-day is almost independent of Europe for manufactured goods, being herself the manufacturer, and by this means she has created a large industrial class of her own subjects. Turkey, because of the restrictions mentioned, has not been able to develop her vast resources; and, what is of greater importance, she has not been able to form a technical class.

It may be said that the Turk, being indolent by nature, would not take kindly to any industrial pursuit. That the Turkish peasantry in the country are, as a class, indolent there is no gainsaying; but this does not apply to such subject-races as the Greeks, Armenians, &c., people of great energy and intelligence who, with very little training, would soon become skilled workmen.

The European Powers being interested in supplying the Turkish markets with their goods, it can easily be understood that they would not do anything in Turkey's special interests; thus all the treaties were made in the interests of Europe only. As with Pharaoh of old, who did not wish the Israelites to become great, so Europe did not wish that Turkey should become powerful. To the English public any proposal having a semblance of protection is forthwith condemned, if the effect is not even like holding a red rag to a bull; but when dealing with an undeveloped country such as Turkey, the methods which suit Great Britain are not applicable.

We have seen many examples of commercial and industrial progress in other countries fostered by protective tariffs and subsidies; therefore the conclusion is forced upon us that if Turkey had the same free hand as Russia, Germany, Greece,

Roumania, and even Bulgaria, her financial position might become very much improved. All these Continental nations have been able to protect their industries, having raw material to work with and cheap labour, which only needed training. The labour market in Turkey is even more advantageous than on the Continent generally, and under other conditions we might have seen British firms planting their factories in Turkey instead of in Germany, Italy, and Russia. The 8 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imports is so low that it does not leave a sufficient advantage for capital to be invested; but if a protective tariff could have been put in force on such manufactured goods as, say, cotton and wool, in a very few years remunerative business would have been worked up, the people would have become accustomed to industrial work, and the country prosperous. No doubt some inconvenience would have been felt for a time; but the solid progress of the country would have been assured. This progress would have conduced to the social and political advancement of the people, and we should probably not have heard of the late disturbances amongst the Armenians, Albanians, and Macedonians. The old adage still holds good: 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' In all probability the different races, through common commercial interests, would to-day have been loyal, united, industrious, and contented subjects of His Imperial Majesty the Padishah.

It is the fashion to say that it is an impossibility for Christians to live happily under Mohammedan rule, and that religious differences are at the root of the discontent. There may be some grain of truth in this; but the difficulty is not insurmountable. The Turks are very tolerant; they only demand that the religion should be *ketabli* (based on a book). Their tolerance is witnessed by the innumerable schools and churches of all sects and creeds flourishing in the country: Roman Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox, and Semitic.

What may be considered as the greatest stumbling-block to the natives is the administration of justice, and this department certainly requires drastic reform. The law is good, being similar to that of the French Code Napoléon; but the delays and the devious procedure of the law-courts in deciding questions requiring immediate settlement cause great dissatisfaction, and frequently result in the abandonment of just claims. Rumours are current that 'palm oil' is the cause; but industrial progress in the country would soon put a stop to such abuses. The circumlocutory process could not be tolerated when the judges had plenty of business on their hands; and with increased court-fees and their salaries paid regularly, there should be no inducement to continue the practices complained of.

Besides the central question of treaty duties and restrictions imposed on Turkey, there are many other things which militate against her progress. Their name is legion; but I will only cite a few—for example, the land laws, bad roads, the farming

of the tithes, and the tobacco monopoly. These are all very great hindrances; but perhaps the greatest is the land laws.

As the larger portion of the land is the property of the State, the freehold cannot be bought. It can therefore be easily understood why people are loath to invest capital in agriculture, and millions of acres of virgin soil lie untilled. If a good title to these lands were granted to foreigners, immigration would at once take place, and the now desolate tracts of country might become a smiling garden. With immigration, the road question would soon be solved; for the immigrants would make them if Government did not do so.

The farming of the tithes is a terrible scourge. As the farmer of the tithe only undertakes the business with a view to profit, it is evident that the poor agriculturist is in his power. The tithe-farmer is armed with full authority by the *vahi* (governor) of the district, and this is backed up by soldiery in case of need. The agriculturist may not lift his crop off the field, nor thrash it, unless the tax-gatherer is present, and it often happens that in the interval rain comes on and the crops are sadly damaged. To avoid this the peasant has recourse to bribing the tax-gatherer, by offering to pay him more than his just due in order to secure his crop. This is one way; but there are many others known to the wily extortioner.

The tobacco monopoly has done no good, but an immensity of harm. It has not increased the revenue, but has trebled the price of tobacco. The grower, however, has not shared in this advance in price; and many growers have been obliged by the monopolists to stop the cultivation of the fragrant weed. Now, in order to grow tobacco, the land must be specially prepared at great cost, just in the same way as for vineyards. The value of such land

is five times that of arable land, and all this extra value is lost to the owner, who receives no 'compensation for disturbance.' It is said that 'a coach-and-four can be driven through an Act of Parliament.' Well, as under the 'capitulations' monopolies in Turkey were abolished, how is it that this gigantic monopoly has been permitted? That coaching feat has evidently been performed here, and a skilful driver has been on the box tooling the team! By this monopoly thousands of skilled men have been thrown out of work, and hundreds of merchants have been obliged to give up the tobacco trade. If the State were receiving great benefit by this monopoly, say in enhanced revenue, there might be some argument in its favour; but in the past this has not been the case to any appreciable extent. As to the shareholders in the company, their position can be gauged by the fact that the shares which were issued at five hundred pounds now stand at three hundred and fifty, and this after twenty years of monopoly.

These are some of the causes for the prevailing state of affairs; but in making these statements I do not wish to imply that the Turks themselves are not mainly responsible. I only wish to point out that they are not solely to blame, and that outside pressure has contributed in a large measure to the troubles and embarrassment of the country. It is believed that it would not be long before Turkey could resume payment if the Government enjoyed the same freedom in exacting import duties as the other Continental States, and if, in addition, the State lands were freely sold to immigrants for agricultural purposes.

Unless considerable changes are effected, a collapse may be expected; and that calamity would lead to much serious trouble, in which Europe will inevitably be involved.

'CRIF' COLUMBUS.'

By LOUIS TRACY.



'**C**rif!' cried the small boy when the topmost crab of a barrelful fell out on the fish-quay, and crawled stiffly amidst the rows of cod, haddock, and ling slowly gasping their lives away.

'What do you mean by that, Phil?' demanded his amused mother.

But a live crab and a squirming codfish were too immediately interesting to the small boy to permit him to speak; here was wonderland spread out before his big blue eyes. He had previously seen the sea only from the deck of a P. & O. steamer on the homeward voyage from India. Eyes, ears, and mouth were inadequate to-day; their utmost capacity would not permit each new sight and sound to be assimilated at once. Marvels abounded—gaily painted fishing-cobles, gloriously

striped in red, white, and blue; lumbering fishermen in sou'-westers, oilskins, and big boots; stout old women in short skirts and knotted shawls; the auctioneer with his quick patter: 'Now-then; nice-lot-o'-whitin'. Who says two bob? Two-an'-three, two-an'-three, two-an'-six, two-an'-nine; three shillin'. Any advance on three? Mrs Verrill'— Could it be expected that any youthful Briton, aged seven, would find time for mere words in the midst of this whirl of sensation?

The fish-market soon came to an end. The unwilling crabs and heedless fish were packed in crates and carried off to the railway station; and a man with a hose swabbed quay and loiterers with impartial skill.

So Phil and his mother walked away down the pier, to look at the great steamers turning close

round the Nab, on the ocean highway 'twixt north and south. Then the small boy found speech.

'Do they all come from the island, mammy?' he asked.

'What island, dear, and what are you thinking of?'

'Don't you know?' he cried, with the quick petulance of childhood. 'I mean the island daddy told me about. A man named Crif Caddus once sailed out into the sea and found it. Daddy said that every man, when he's growed, goes out to look for an island. Some finds nice ones and some finds nasty ones; but everybody finds an island.'

'I wish daddy wouldn't talk such nonsense to you,' laughed Mrs Somers; whilst three ladies who were passing heard the boy's eager explanation, and agreed with each other that he was 'a dear little fellow.'

The tiny harbour was a delightful place, a narrow inlet pent within stone quays and jetties, with ropes and chains swinging from the low wooden rails, with steep ladders let into the huge tiers of masonry, and with flights of worn steps, bright yellow on top, and dark green where the tide washed them, leading to the strips of sand laid bare by the ebb. Fishing-cobles and smaller boats swung idly on the water. Phil wondered how the men got into them, until he saw a white-haired fisherman pull steadily on a rope reeved through a block fastened to the stout railing, when, lo! one of the heavy boats commenced to move, all by itself, to the side of the pier. In half-a-minute it bumped against the stones beneath, and the fisherman, now holding both strands of the rope, let himself down into the coble. Then he untied a short cord which fastened the boat to the cable, got out the oars, and pulled rheumatically up the harbour until he disappeared beneath the swing-bridge.

So that was the way to do it, was it? Phil was deeply interested.

Mrs Somers had met a friend, and the two ladies gossiped.

'It is so delightful to be home again!' exclaimed Mrs Somers. 'We came back last year; but my husband was sent at once to the Transvaal, and all my plans were spoiled. I had so looked forward to a quiet life in England after eight years in India. But his battalion was ordered home two months ago, and here he is now, safe and sound. Philip retires as soon as peace is declared, so I really believe my troubles are ended.'

'I hope so, my dear,' agreed the other woman, 'though I am older than you, and I haven't reached that stage yet.'

'Mammy,' cried the small boy, 'where does the tide come from?'

'I am afraid I must follow your father's example and tell you it comes from the island,' she said smilingly.

Her companion took up the parable.

'The island out there is called Holland,' she said. 'Holland, where the Boers come from.'

'Oh!' said Phil, upon whom a great light broke suddenly.

Then the ladies fell to discussing the increasing difficulty of obtaining good servants.

At luncheon, in the big hotel on the cliff, Phil wrestled with a problem. At last he propounded it to his father.

'Daddy,' he said, 'if a man takes a Union-jack and sticks it on an island—after he finds the island, I mean—that is England, isn't it?'

Several people laughed.

'Pon my honour,' agreed the major, 'I don't think Mr Chamberlain could have stated the method more precisely.'

A sour-faced person, who was noted in the hotel by reason of his ostentatious perusal of the *Daily News*, quoted severely: "'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall ye learn wisdom.'"

'You seem to have deferred the operation,' said Mrs Somers sweetly.

A grin went round the table.

'Your little boy is a smart youngster, no doubt, madam; but you would hardly contend that his policy should be that of Great Britain,' was the answer.

'My little boy has seen the British flag flying in so many parts of the world that he naturally believes in its power,' came the quick retort.

An American visitor broke in with a staccato comment: 'It appears to me that the only place where Englishmen are shy about waving the Union-jack is in England itself.'

Phil wondered why this cut-and-thrust argument had arisen so suddenly. His active brain was filled with a great undertaking, and he had no room for further thought. The day passed, and the child was so unusually thoughtful that his mother would have experienced some alarm were it not for the undiminished vigour of his appetite. At bedtime he explained that he might be 'hungry in the night.' With a smiling protest, Mrs Somers allowed his governess-nurse to give him a stock of apples and biscuits. Phil kissed them all 'good-night,' and snuggled up in his cot, whilst Major and Mrs Somers, followed by the maid a few minutes later, went to the saloon to hear the band.

They remained there two hours, and by chance the nurse accompanied them to the hotel. It was a fine evening, though dark, for there was no moon, and the heavy banks of cloud scurrying to the south-east showed that a stiff breeze was blowing from the land, though the town itself was screened by the high moors. The tide was going out. The sidelong glint of the toy light-houses at the entrance to the harbour showed that there was yet sufficient depth of water to float any of the coasting craft or larger fishing-vessels which frequented the port. Many miles

away, in the black void of the sea, an occasional tiny speck shone like a star. Mrs Somers knew that these were the mast-head lights of steamers.

'How strange it is,' she confided to her husband as they stood for a little while in the porch of the hotel to permit him to exhaust the better end of a cigar, 'to picture up beneath each of those glimmering dots the great hull of a vessel, full of men, machinery, and cargo, steadily ploughing its way through the pathless water, depending solely on a trembling needle in the compass, and regarding the mass of the land as we regard the ship: an invisible certainty, marked only by an occasional lantern!'

The soldier smiled. 'You are dreamy to-night,' he said. 'I know now where Phil gets his quaint fancies from.'

'By the way, that reminds me'—

A white-faced nurse rushed to them, fluttered and tremulous. Master Phil was not in his room. He had risen and dressed himself, taken his apples and biscuits, and no one knew where he was. Inquiry among the hotel servants made them no wiser. An agonised search of the corridors and public rooms elicited no new fact. Soon the whole cliff was aroused. Even the sour-faced gentleman was eager for tidings, and was the first to hint that the police should be informed. Mrs Somers, livid with anxiety, discovered that the boy had taken with him a Union-jack, purchased for sixpence a few days earlier, and her mother's heart suggested a tangible possibility. Phil's references to the island, the question he addressed to his father during lunch, put a dreadful idea into her mind. Perhaps he had gone down to the harbour and endeavoured to climb into a boat. Poor lady! she had not paid heed to the ways of fishermen. Even yet she was far from guessing the terrible truth.

Her surmise put the searchers on the right track. A policeman started the pier loungers on an investigation, and it was quickly discovered that the coble *Endeavour*, No. 313 WY, was missing from her moorings. The men of experience scouted the idea that a boy aged seven—the child of a visitor—could have hauled the boat to the quay-side, slid down the ropes, and cast the coble loose.

'Why, ma own bairn couldn't ha' done it,' exclaimed the owner. Yet his own bairn was soundly thrashed on the following Tuesday for a successful effort.

Whatever the explanation, the *Endeavour* had vanished, and what was more, she must have drifted out to sea. The maritime population was rendered much more alert by this fact than by the disappearance of a youngster. The coble was worth over fifty pounds, and here was a frenzied stranger offering any money to those who found the boat, for Mrs Somers's theory now possessed her husband.

Within five minutes half-a-dozen craft were manned and had hoisted their brown sails before the favouring wind, whilst a steam-tug was casting off from the wharf behind the bridge in response to the fierce energy of her stokers.

Out into the night they went, until a growing gale forced the cobsles to run back for safety. They dropped in singly during the small hours, each with the same negative result. The town, cliffs, and sands had been scoured long since, and hope now centred in the efforts of the tug. At dawn she was sighted on the horizon, battling against heavy waves, but helped somewhat by the incoming tide. She drew near, and the chief officer of the Coastguard turned sympathetically to Major Somers, after a prolonged stare through a telescope.

'The coble has not been found, sir,' he said, 'nor have they any news, or they would have whistled long since.'

The unfortunate soldier waited until the steamer entered the harbour and answered the hail of a Coastguard-man; then he walked slowly and sadly to the hotel and put his arms around the sobbing woman he found there.

Phil was really surprised by the ease with which his adventure progressed. He was out of bed before his nurse quitted the hotel. He dressed himself quite carefully in his sailor-suit, secured his store of provisions, grasped his Union-jack and a toy sword, and waited a favourable opportunity to slip out of the hotel unseen, by way of the servants' door.

After that he had no difficulty whatever. The particular coble he selected for his enterprise was moored close to an unfrequented pier. At first it seemed that the heavy boat would never yield to the pull of his sturdy little arms; but it is in pulling that a child can exert its maximum strength, and at last the *Endeavour* began to creep close to the wall. It was ever so far beneath, and very dark down there; but the brave soul never faltered. He tied flag and sword to the white cord of his whistle, grasped both ropes, and essayed the descent. He learned immediately that the rough stones might be made to serve as steps with the support of the rope. Really this was so simple that nurse might do it, though she was so dreadfully afraid of sliding down banisters. The knot, too, that tied the rope in the boat to the cable stretched across the harbour could be unfastened as quickly as a shoelace. All you had to do was to pull the end, and—behold!—you were off.

The coble soon caught the pace of the tide, and drifted out into the fairway. Her mast was not lowered, and her sail lay all ready for hoisting. Her heavy oars rested along the thwarts, and a six-foot rudder-board was placed close to the stern. Phil neither knew the nature of this appliance nor could he ship it were he a

fisherman's son; but the sail and oars he quite understood. By hauling at a rope with all his might the heavy canvas began to rise, and the wind, getting beneath, helped the efforts of the youthful navigator.

By this time the coble was nearing the entrance to the harbour, and several people who saw the boat and noted the slow hoisting of the sail imagined that some fishermen were going out, though the observers were surprised, as it was a Saturday night.

Soon the *Endeavour* was travelling at a spanking pace. Try as he might, Phil could not get the sail higher than one-third of the way up the mast, and it bellied out in front like a flying jib. At last he fastened the rope to a seat, and tried to mend matters by hauling on another rope fastened to the bottom of the sail. But, in the absence of the rudder, this manœuvre only served to slew the boat round on to the port tack, and caused her to heel over considerably. After scaring himself somewhat, Phil decided to let the sail behave in its own way, and the coble promptly straightened herself before the wind. The child did not know that his attempt to control the heavy sheet probably saved his life. Right in the track of the speedy craft lay the Bell Buoy and a huge reef. His chance deflection of the course carried him safely past these obstacles; and now, indeed, he was bound direct for the 'island of Holland,' distant two hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies.

The *Endeavour* was, of course, a splendid sea-boat, roomy, deep, high forward, and well ballasted with heavy stones. The extraordinary manner in which her sail was set kept her straight before the wind, and also kept her nose well down. At two miles from the coast Phil looked back and saw the rows of lamps on the saloon, the small red lanterns that marked the two piers, and the two great eyes of the light-houses lower down the coast marking the headland round which the steamers turned. Suddenly these latter, being red like those on the piers, became white. Now, wasn't that funny? Of all the odd things a boy could see, this rapid change in colour of the big lamps was the oddest!

Then he heard a loud splash in front. It couldn't be the island! Perhaps it was a fish! Was he already among the cods and the crabs? Oh, this was fine! What a story he could tell to daddy when it was all over, and the British flag waved over the Boers! The splashes became regular and angry, for the *Endeavour* hit the rising sea viciously. Alongside the racing boat, driven forward now as no fisherman would have cared to drive her, white things jumped up quickly and vanished in the darkness. Once the coble dipped heavily, and a cloud of spray dashed over her, drenching the child to the skin. It was very cold. What a pity he had not brought his overcoat! Mother always told him to take an

overcoat if the weather threatened to be bad; but it was quite fine when he left the hotel.

How far was it to the island?

Four miles from land the *Endeavour* was exposed to the full force of wind and wave. Any ordinary boat would have needed bailing by this time; but the gallant coble was scarcely wetted throughout, so beautiful were her lines and so high her prow.

At last the whistling of the gale, and the crash with which the boat ploughed her way through opposition which the rig of her sail would not permit her to climb, awoke in the child an uneasy consciousness that things were not right. He looked shoreward again. The white lights of the headland were dimly visible through the spindrift snatched from the surface of the sea. All the other lights had vanished. Then there came to him from out the trembling darkness the demon of doubt; and with doubt came fuller remembrance. His daddy had said that a man always found the island 'when he was growed.' Phil was not growed yet. Perhaps little boys never found an island; and mammy must have missed him by this time. Could he ever get back to her? How should he control this leaping, quivering thing, darting so fast into the awful mystery of night and ocean that already the lamps on shore had passed from sight? But his was a brave little heart. With desperate fingers he strove to undo the knot which fastened the sail-rope to the seat. He failed. The spray and the stiff strain of the mast had welded the strands in a manner that would have defied a sailor. A knife alone could solve the difficulty.

'Oh Crif!' he cried when he realised that he was helpless.

Of death the child knew nothing. He understood quite clearly that his father had been engaged in a war in which men fought and were killed; but the words had no real meaning for him. When he slew a tin soldier with a wooden shell from a spring cannon, the stricken warrior was soon fit for duty again. But to be dead—to cease to be—was a possibility not within the cognisance of his busy existence. Nevertheless, with a new-born fear of the unknown in his heart, he recalled his mother's words: 'Whenever you are in sorrow or suffering, Phil, you must learn to pray. As you grow older, the more need you will have of God's help. You cannot begin too soon to ask for it.'

So now he sank on his knees, close to the seat to which he had been clinging, and his childish voice mingled with the rush of the wind and the clatter of the restless water. His repertoire was limited. It consisted solely of the Lord's Prayer, followed by a set formula: 'God bless daddy. God bless mammy. God bless me, their little boy.'

Then a fierce blast rushed madly upon the *Endeavour*, a wave rose up under her graceful bows, and the pressure of the gale combined with

the resistance of the sea to snap the iron ring of the pulley at the top of the mast. Away flew the sail over the fore-part of the boat. The yard dropped into the water and checked the coble's way as a powerful brake stops an engine. More than this, she instantly swept round before the wind, and for one dreadful moment Phil was in the very jaws of death. But the blind god refused to strike, and the *Endeavour* was not swamped as she lay broadside on. Then she turned her lofty prow to the pursuing giants; and Phil, to his thinking, was in worse case than ever, for clouds of spray spat at him, wetted him, and chilled him to the bone.

His prayer being ended, he felt that he deserved better of Providence, and, being of true British stock, decided to help himself somewhat. The present position of the big canvas sheet converted it into an awning spread over one-third of the splendidly built boat. With some skin-rubbings and nasty bumps, Phil managed to crawl forward until he was under this friendly shelter, and the sudden shutting off of the keen blast made him feel quite warm by contrast. With that, being in good heart, his faith in the nearness of the 'island' revived, and he tackled an apple and two biscuits.

Most happily, the wind decreased in force; but with the turn of the tide arrived a fresh peril. The two monsters were now snarling at each other, and each half-hour the waves grew higher. As if in derision of the inferior fiends who must obey his behests, the wind beheaded them, with the result that the *Endeavour*, suiting herself with admirable precision to each vagary of her adversaries, nevertheless shipped a quantity of water. It swished about in ever-increasing volume, reaching Phil's nook at each dip of the boat's nose, and making him miserably cold once more. The increasing rocking, too—or was it the apple?—brought on sickness. Then the poor little fellow broke down, and gurgled piteous appeals for his mother to come and help him.

The hours passed. Half-dead with fright, sickness, and exposure, and with some chance of being suffocated by the forward rush of the many gallons of water now aboard, the boy did not notice the gray light which rendered dimly visible the leaping stern of the *Endeavour*, nor the steely blue expanse of ocean which came into view when the cruel rush of water gave him a momentary breathing-space.

Then all at once the motion of the boat became markedly less. Even he, numb with misery, felt that this was so. A vague memory lit up his wearied eyes. Could this be the island at last? Something fell into the coble with a bang. He saw four queer-looking hooks, all turned outwards and fastened in the middle, with a rope attached to the iron shank. The hooks jumped up, and two of them gripped a seat. The *Endeavour* went bump, bump, bump with her

side; and, peeping out, Phil saw a great iron wall sticking up out of the water, and big round balls like knotted ropes bobbing up and down in the effort to keep the boat from striking the iron wall.

Good gracious, what a queer sort of island!

The boy was about to crawl stiffly out from beneath his shelter when another odd thing happened. A man—a big, oilskinned, bearded man—dropped into the boat from nowhere, and began to lash some stout tackle to the after-part. Was he a Boer? Phil crept out, and the man saw him.

'Well, I'm ——!' shouted the man.

Phil thought this was a very rude remark.

The man came towards him, and bent down to peer under the sail.

'Are there any more of you in there?' he roared; but Phil, who knew a great number of big men, realised that the voice was a kind one.

The boy tried to speak; but his tongue was swollen with salt and thirst, and he failed. All at once, too, he felt very tired and sleepy. The huge iron wall fell on top of him and the coble and the roaring sea, and crushed all things into a blank. He knew no more until he woke up in a nice little room, spotlessly white and clean, with several funny-looking clocks, and one quite extraordinary object right over his head—it was beautifully painted in black and red, and had points sticking out on all sides. On top of one of them was a crown, and all the others had letters, whilst the two hands moved at the same time, only much more quickly than those of a clock.

'Well, kid, are you better?' said somebody.

Phil looked at the speaker. His twenty-one days' experience of the P. & O. told him instantly that he was on board a ship, and that this was the captain.

'Right as a nail,' he replied. People always laughed when he said this, and the answer did not fail in its usual effect.

'Oh, are you? Then perhaps you can tell us where you came from. Were you alone on board that boat?'

Phil was conscious of a great soreness in his tongue.

'Why does my mouf hurt me so?' he inquired.

'That's nothing. Give him a drink of coffee, Simpson.'

Then the boy felt that another man, a steward, raised him in the bed and held a cup to his lips. He sucked in the contents like a sponge.

'Here!' cried the captain. 'Go easy, my young spark. Now, see if you can talk.'

By degrees the master of the steamship *Esther*, bound from Rotterdam to Hartlepool in ballast, heard the full, true, and particular account of the voyage of the *Endeavour*, which sailed from England the previous night, with a crew of one, the object of the crew being to plant the Union-jack on the island of Holland.

Most fortunately, the gallant coble herself was

at that moment safely housed on the deck of the *Esther*, and the 'crew,' when his clothes were dry, was outrageously petted by the entire ship's company.

A few minutes after a certain post-office on the Yorkshire coast opened for business on the Sunday evening, the following telegram was received, addressed to the Chief of Police:

'The cable *Endeavour*, No. 313, of your port, was picked up at 5.30 A.M. to-day, seventeen miles S.E. by E. of Whitby. Boy on board named Phil Somers, aged seven. Kindly communicate with parents. Boy quite uninjured. Will be well looked after until receipt of instructions. —WILLIAM ERSKINE, Master s.s. *Esther*, West Hartlepool Docks.'

Next day, when Phil was brought to the hotel by his father and mother, he was lionised to an extent that might have turned many an older head. But he had seen that in his mother's face which awed him; and once, when he caught her weeping, he burst out in passionate protest that he would never, never do such a thing again.

A week later the sour-faced man relaxing for a moment, handed him a huge box. Inside it was a most remarkable model of the *Endeavour*, and Phil promised his parents and the donor that any experiments made with the craft would be conducted under strict supervision.

'After all is said and done, Philip,' said Mrs Somers to her husband, 'you are to blame. You should not fill the child's head with such nonsense.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

VENTILATION.



R. T. GLOVER LYON, physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, has recently issued a pamphlet entitled *Ventilation for Crowded Places*; and as we have had an opportunity of seeing

the system in action, we are able to testify to its merits. The method may be thus briefly described: Air, warmed by electric radiators or by hot-water pipes, is forced into the room to be ventilated by means of a fan; but, instead of entering the apartment directly, which would give rise to draughts, the air is let in through perforated screens, the apertures of which are so arranged that where the pressure is greatest the openings are contracted. By the adoption of this device the air is evenly distributed throughout the room. At the other side of the apartment the vitiated air is drawn out by means of exhaust-fans, so that there is a continual circulation and constant change of atmosphere. The system is eminently adaptable for the use of hospital wards, where it is the practice to allot a certain number of cubic feet of space to each patient. It is obvious that if in such institutions an efficient system of ventilation were installed the number of patients could be trebled, or even quadrupled, to the very great benefit of suffering humanity.

THE OXYGENATOR.

This is an apparatus for the easy production of oxygen gas for medical purposes, metallurgists, users of the limelight, and others; and it has the merit of being portable and safe. In action the apparatus may be compared to a generator of acetylene gas, where calcium carbide is brought into contact with water. In the oxygenator, oxylith, which is a preparation of sodium peroxide in the form of solid cakes, is brought into contact with water, with the result that an abundance of pure oxygen

is evolved, which only requires filtration through cotton-wool to rob it of its moisture before it is ready for use. For years past compressed oxygen has been supplied in steel cylinders, and for large users of the gas no better system can be devised; but where only small quantities are wanted and the demand is intermittent, the oxygenator possesses advantages. Its use would also be profitable in places where communication with the oxygen works is difficult. The London agents are Messrs L. Gaumont & Co.

MARTINIQUE AND ST VINCENT.

Dr Tempest Anderson, one of the commissioners appointed by the Royal Society to go to the West Indies in order to study on the spot and report upon the recent terrible volcanic outbreaks there, has been lecturing in London, at the Camera Club, illustrating his remarks with a series of photographs taken under the most hazardous conditions. The outbreak at St Vincent had not ceased when the commissioners arrived there, so that many of the pictures showed the eruption in actual progress. As to St Pierre, Martinique, the pictures gave an awfully vivid idea of the terrible destruction wrought there, hardly a wall being left standing, and everything combustible being reduced to ashes. A hot blast of incandescent ash and mephitic vapour seems to have swept over the doomed city, and to have destroyed every living thing in a few seconds.

AN ELECTRIC PYROMETER.

A method has been recently described of gauging the heat of a furnace by comparing the light given by it with the light afforded by a small electric glow-lamp. The latter is mounted inside a tube which points towards the furnace, and by means of a lens the condition of the filament is easily seen. When the lamp is cold—that is, when no current is passing—the filament is seen as a black thread upon the glowing mass of incandescent fuel

beyond; but when the current is switched on it becomes invisible after a certain point of incandescence is attained. If more current be applied the filament will be seen to be brighter than the glow from the furnace, and is therefore apparent as a bright thread as compared with the darker glow of the furnace. The strength of current necessary to bring about these changes can be read upon a scale attached, and the furnace temperature can be deduced therefrom. The readings, however, are limited to a temperature between three and four thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

COLONIAL PRODUCE.

According to the *St James's Gazette*, a scheme has been formulated which aims at a wider distribution of Colonial produce in the British markets. It has long been felt that foreign countries have had an undue advantage in this respect; but now that, by scientific methods, provisions hitherto regarded as perishable can be stored for long periods without deterioration, it is felt that, with a better method of handling and distributing produce, trade with our Colonies can be largely increased. A company, to be known as the Imperial Food Supplies Association, is to be established, with a capital of half a million sterling; and depôts in connection with it will be erected in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, &c., and throughout Great Britain. The company will not supply Colonial produce direct, but will make use of existing agencies; and by arrangement with one of the principal railway companies, depôts will be built close to the lines, so as to save much of the handling of goods which is at present unavoidable. At the outset some thirty of these depôts will be established at the principal towns and cities, and advisory committees will be formed in provincial towns throughout Great Britain.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

The United States consul at Copenhagen states that, in consequence of the lack of natural marble in Denmark, many attempts have been made to produce an artificial substitute, but until recently without success. A master-builder at Copenhagen has now succeeded in producing a stone with such delicate transitions of colour and play of tints that it is difficult to distinguish it from the real article. The process of manufacture is said to be simple and easily learned, and the necessary plant is very cheap. The artificial marble can be produced in the form of slabs, columns, capitals, &c. A slab of half-inch thickness will cost about sevenpence per square foot.

FAST RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Since the day when George Stephenson stated that it would be possible to travel by railway at a speed of twenty miles an hour—a speed which would 'be bad for the cow' if it ventured on the metals—much progress has been made in railway engineering. The longest run now made without a stop is from London to Exeter, a hundred and ninety-

four miles, which is performed at a speed of fifty-four miles an hour; and the North-Western Railway runs a train between Euston and Stafford at over fifty-five miles an hour. These high speeds are beaten in France, where the Mediterranean special boat train between Paris and Calais pier has an average speed of over sixty miles an hour; but a stop is made at Amiens, the troughs for picking up water as the train flies along not being found on the French railways. Our Great Western Railway has now ordered a locomotive from France, and the result of its working will be watched with keen interest.

WATER-SUPPLY.

As a city grows in size there generally comes a time when an adequate supply of water becomes of pressing importance. This time came for London a good many years ago, and the question was seriously discussed whether or not the distant Welsh hills should be tapped for the necessary supply; but the Royal Commission appointed to deal with the matter decided that the Thames would be sufficient for many years to come if the surplus water which in the winter months floods the river-valley were stored in reservoirs to meet the demands of the summer. Works were therefore commenced, and are now nearly completed, at Staines near Windsor, with reservoirs covering the enormous space of four hundred and twenty-one acres. John Aird & Co., whose completion of the great dam on the Nile has recently brought their name into prominence, are the contractors. The Staines works—the largest of their kind in the world, and costing a million and a quarter sterling—comprise a huge pumping-station, with five pumps, each having an output of sixteen and a half million gallons in twenty-four hours. An aqueduct conveys the water from the river to the reservoirs, and the pumps are necessary to raise the water from the one to the other. The water so stored is distributed to three companies, who are each entitled to draw twelve million gallons per day, the supply being regulated automatically.

NEW TYPE OF SANATORIUM.

The open-air treatment of consumptives has led of late years to the establishment of numerous sanatoria in this country after the model of those in Switzerland and elsewhere. It is not always practicable to erect a stone or brick building for this service, both because of the cost entailed and the time necessarily expended in the erection of a solid structure. On the other hand, there is a natural prejudice against the use of buildings of a flimsy and temporary character, which are the reverse of comfortable to their unfortunate inmates. The Glasgow District Lunacy Board have recently opened a much-needed sanatorium at Woodilee near Lenzie, Scotland, which, it is stated, affords all the comforts associated with a stone-built house, although it is composed of wood and iron. It contains eighty-two beds, and was erected by Messrs Speirs & Co., Glasgow, in the short

space of sixteen weeks, the cost being one-third that of a stone building. The novel feature about it is the construction of the outer walls, which consist of galvanised corrugated iron resting on a layer of felt, behind which are air-locked chambers separating the felted iron from the woodwork or other material which forms the inner surface. This construction ensures an equable temperature and freedom from vermin; and it is sufficiently strong to remain in good condition for a period of half a century or more. This method of construction has met with the approval of the Local Government Board.

FOG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

A large proportion of the disasters at sea are due to fog, and any method by which the whereabouts of a vessel can be ascertained in thick weather must be regarded as a great boon. A system is now under trial at Fame Point, on the Gulf of St Lawrence, a place where fogs occur frequently. To understand the nature of the new fog-signal, let us suppose that at a certain place there are four powerful fog-horns, spread out fanwise, so that each points in a different direction. Each has its distinctive speech, so many blasts, long or short, sounding every minute or so. These sirens can be heard, under favourable conditions, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. An approaching ship, when it comes into the zone of sound, will hear all the sirens; but one will be much plainer than the other three, for the vessel will be within its particular arc of sound. In a short time, as the ship moves onward, it will come within the influence of the next siren, and so on. As the captain of the ship possesses the key to each set of signals, he soon notes which is the siren whose sound-waves are most distinctly audible; and, as he knows the exact direction in which it points, he can get a very good idea of the position of his ship.

WIRELESS TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHY.

It was a proud moment for Mr Marconi when he was able to send a message to King Edward VII. by his wireless method from Newfoundland, a distance of over two thousand miles. This remarkable achievement has had the natural result of lowering the value of submarine cable shares, for the uninitiated are apt to jump to the conclusion that the new method, on account of its cheapness, is bound to oust the old one. According to the views of experts this is not likely to be the case, and certainly not under present conditions. They hold that there is a want of reliability in the new system; that it is possible to 'tap' the messages sent, with the consequent loss of secrecy; that the rate of transmission is too slow for commercial purposes; and that, taken as a whole, the wireless method labours under inherent and inseparable disadvantages compared with cable telegraphy. It has been asserted by a representative of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company that it is a daily practice to send messages from the London Stock Exchange to

that of New York within one minute, and in that short space of time a hundred words can be transmitted. It was not an uncommon thing for a London stockbroker to be reading a message which had been handed in at the American office only ten minutes previously. It is for the Marconi company to show that they can send messages with this astonishing speed, and at the same time guarantee both accuracy and secrecy. In the opinion of one expert, the Marconi apparatus may be regarded as a valuable supplement to the methods in use, but not more. When all is said and done, every one must agree that the Marconi system is most useful for communication between moving ships and between ships and the shore. Circumstances might easily arise under which such a mode of communication would be of priceless value.

LOMBARD STREET SIGNS.

The time is not so very long past when the houses in London were not distinguished, as they are now, by numerals, but by signs; and it is common to find in books little more than a century old a notification that the volume was published 'at the sign of the Bible,' or 'the Angel,' or 'the Griffin,' and so on. During the preparations for decorating the City in honour of the recent Coronation, it was resolved to revive the old bankers' and goldsmiths' signs in that somewhat sombre but picturesque thoroughfare known as Lombard Street; and the happy idea was carried out in a most artistic manner, the old signs of 'Adam and Eve,' 'the Artichoke,' 'the Black Boy,' and the others, about two dozen altogether, being reproduced in brass and wrought-iron. Many persons have visited the City for the purpose of viewing these interesting revivals of a bygone day, and it was hoped that the old signs would become a permanent feature of the historic street; but the Corporation of the City are bound by certain by-laws and regulations, and in answer to the petition addressed to them for the retention of the signs, state that they are unable to grant the necessary permission. Unless, therefore, the regulations can be made so elastic as to cover these signs, which are in nobody's way, and do not impede the perspective of the street, these picturesque ornaments must disappear, to find a permanent home, possibly, on the walls of the Guildhall Museum of Antiquities.

TRAIN INDICATORS.

Mr David Wells, assistant telegraph superintendent at the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, has invented an improved electrical indicator, which the signalman can operate from his cabin, for notifying the particular platform at which an expected train will arrive. This is a boon to both the perplexed public and to the much-questioned officials. Train indicators should be established at every large terminus; but we only know of one where the system is carried out to any degree of perfection. This is at the Waterloo terminus of the London and South-Western Railway Company.

This indicator takes the form of a huge frame having three or four vertical compartments. A passenger arriving at the station has merely to glance at one of these upright columns, and he can ascertain that the next train starts at a given time from a certain platform, and that it is timed to stop at stations which are plainly specified. It is interesting to watch the working of this useful appliance. The official in charge inserts at the base of the instrument a numbered cardboard slip which represents a certain train. In this slip are perforations which correspond with the stations at which the train will stop. The turn of a handle causes the names of such stations, together with the starting-time and the number of the platform, to appear in white letters on a black ground in one of the vertical columns.

ENERGY RUNNING TO WASTE.

In one of Professor Hele-Shaw's Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution, dealing with the subject of 'Locomotion: Past, Present, and Future,' he showed how certain sources of power in nature were to a great extent untouched. The pictures he exhibited on the screen, illustrating the way in which the mighty Falls of Niagara had been harnessed to the service of man, were full of interest; and no doubt much surprise was excited at the statement that only one hundred thousand horse-power was at present utilised of the ten millions which were available. It would also be a revelation to many to learn that the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi were twice as high, and that the water which came over was twice the volume of that at Niagara. The lecturer gave the available horse-power of these falls as thirty-five millions—a vast amount of energy which was now, and had been for untold ages, running to waste. Some day these falls will be made to churn out vast volumes of electrical energy, enough to feed a network of railways which will cover a no longer 'dark' continent. It was most interesting to be reminded by the lecturer that in that very theatre in which he was speaking the great Faraday showed the initial experiments upon which present methods of converting motion into electricity are based.

A PIONEER IN MUNICIPAL LIBRARIES.

Mr Thomas Greenwood has published (through Scott, Greenwood, & Co., London) a *Life of Edward Edwards* (1812-86), the chief pioneer in the establishment of municipal libraries. Mr Greenwood has also presented the collection of volumes which he had used in the compilation, many of them bibliographical rarities, to the Manchester Free Library. The writer points out that the Public Libraries Acts of 1850 and subsequent years had their first inception, origin, and real authorship in the labours during 1847-49 of Edwards, and in his five or six examinations before parliamentary committees. William Ewart and Joseph Brotherton did the political part, while Edwards supplied the

facts. He was, as was quite fitting, appointed chief librarian of the first important Free Library, that of Manchester; and, although never endowed with over much of worldly goods, made a brave struggle for himself and those dependent upon him. 'Viewed as a man, he was not a success,' says his biographer; 'and his career is a striking example of how persistently a man may stand in the path of his own advancement. His efforts on behalf of libraries will bear fruit through countless years to come, and generations of readers unborn will have cause to bless his name.' Besides encyclopædia articles, reports, and pamphlets, he was the author of *Memoirs of Libraries, of Museums, and of Archives*. It seems almost a pity that such a man as Mr Carnegie, who has poured out his wealth without stint on behalf of Free Libraries, could not have come to the rescue of Edwards, who in his last days had but a bare subsistence from a small pension.

THE 'INDIAN LANDS': CANADA.

HAIL! foster-home of stern, unyielding races;
Hard won, hard held, still bearing
Upon thy post and lintel sombre traces
Of evil-faring.

Traces of deeds when through thy timbered border,
Where now no forest stands,
Rough strangers gave to bloodshed and disorder
The 'Indian Lands.'

Yet they were worthy even of thy resources,
Those pioneers undaunted—
Camping beside thy mighty watercourses,
With shadows haunted!—

Who now themselves are shades. Silent, unknowing,
They stir nor feet nor hands;
While, in their room, a younger race is sowing
The 'Indian Lands.'

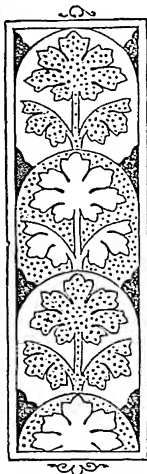
Bravely they strove with heat and cold and foemen
Where now contentment reigneth,
Where now are heard the songs of men and women
Whom love constraineth.

Past are the ancient feuds; but many waters
Quench not love's sacred brands;
Loyal to England are thy sons and daughters,
Far 'Indian Lands.'

ALFRED WOOD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MY dear Calderon, I am more than delighted to see you! It is just one of the triumphs of telepathy, for my spirit has been *en rapport* with yours ever since I made the discovery two days ago.'

'May I ask what discovery?'

Lady Evelyn laughed; and when she laughed she showed pretty dimples on both cheeks, and a perfect set of small square teeth by no means impaired by her admitted age of forty years.

The Earl of Calderon, who had taken his seat opposite to her, and was nursing his hat in an absent-minded way, thought her one of the pleasantest women of his acquaintance, and knew her to be the most loyal of his friends.

'What was the discovery of two days ago, my dear Lady Evelyn?' he asked again, with his habitual air of languid indifference.

'So far, it is a profound secret—that is, I should like to be able to keep it a secret till you have had your chances—or rejected them. But you won't do that, my dear! I had not an inkling she was coming, to town till I saw her riding in the Row, with the neatest of grooms behind her; so you may imagine my surprise. I don't know anything that could have given me more pleasure, for I was always fond of the girl. We talked over the rails for half-an-hour. Forgive me, Calderon, if I say that I knew you would be specially interested.'

The young man smiled faintly.

'I accept your assurances implicitly; but may I venture to ask again to whom they refer?'

Lady Evelyn made an expressive pause, and threw up her chin. Then she said, with deliberate emphasis: 'They refer to Lucia B. Potts. She is in town again for the season.'

Unquestionably, the composed features of her auditor quickened.

'She is not, then, under your roof, as before?'

'She is not, though it is natural that you should

suppose the contrary. You will own, Calderon, I did my duty by her last season, and if she were a success she owed it to my tact and perseverance. It is not every one who could have floated the daughter of a Chicago carcass-butcher.'

He winced involuntarily; but his companion rattled on unmoved.

'You will remember she kissed the dear Queen's hand—or was it the Princess? Anyway, I had no end of trouble about it.'

She glanced at him curiously, and added with a little warmth, 'You agree with me? She cost me many sleepless nights; but I thought you looked dissentient.'

'By no means. Your exertions were beyond praise; only, it occurred to me that they were perhaps a little lightened by the charming personality of the young lady herself.'

Lady Evelyn nodded acquiescence.

'I know,' she said, 'you always liked her, and that is why I have sent for you. I mean—laughing—that I should have sent for you had you not forestalled my intention.'

There was a little pause in the dialogue, which he broke, speaking with a certain reluctance.

'You have not told me if you found her as—as charming as ever.'

'Quite, only more so! She is prettier than ever, and has acquired an air. I was disgusted with her plans, and yet she won me over to them. My dear Calderon, it is *five* millions, not *two*, that girl has for her fortune. I have it on the best authority.'

The young man flushed a little—a very little.

'A girl like Lucia,' he said, 'would be well endowed if her face—or, we will say, her gifts and graces—were her only fortune. I won't pretend to misunderstand you, my dear friend; but the thing is—impossible. It would take half her fortune to build up our dilapidated House.'

'And if it would,' she ventured quickly, 'you have a splendid equivalent to offer. Why has she

come back to us if not to make a brilliant marriage? We all know the goal of an American girl's ambition. Besides, you are adding bay-leaves to the strawberry ones; your speech last night—every one is talking about it. I am told the Premier himself congratulated you.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'The credit is not mine, but Noel Erskine's. He has more brains in his little finger than I in my whole big body—poor Erskine!'

'There is not the slightest occasion in the world to pity the man,' she retorted sharply; 'he has the most generous patron in the world, who pushes his merits to his own disadvantage, and society at large is only too kind to him. You, my dear Calderon, are an athlete, and therefore think too much of his physical defects; but you lose sight of his equivalents. The head that is sunk between those shoulders of his is a very noble one, and there is a most insinuating quality in his voice. Mind you,' she continued eagerly, 'I would not trust Noel Erskine near any woman I wished to win.'

The peer slightly raised his eyebrows; it was a movement of which he was scarcely conscious.

'I confess, much as I think of Noel, it has never occurred to me that he might stand in my light as a rival,' he said; 'but if such a thing should happen, all I should ask for would be a fair fight and no favour.'

'On all lines you are worth twenty such! If Lucia Potts only knew you as I do, and you yourself were more amenable to your true interests—But there! I will not allow you to be unreasonable. You will remember I have lost no time in giving you the *mot d'ordre*.'

'I am fully sensible of your kindness.'

'But will you turn it to instant account?' she asked impatiently. 'No woman is to be won without wooing, and there will be plenty to woo. Round this pot of honey, my friend, the bees will swarm.'

Again the young man coloured.

'I cannot make up my mind,' he said; 'and even if I could, I am not sure that Lucia would think the bargain a fair one. She has inherited mercantile instincts, and I have it on your own authority that she has refused a Russian prince.'

'And what of that?' retorted Lady Evelyn contemptuously. 'No American girl would compare a Russian prince with a British peer; not to mention, as Lucia herself said, the fear that she might find the Tartar under the polished skin. You are at least a gentleman, my dear Calderon.'

'That would be *at most*,' smiling; 'and I sometimes doubt it, and never more so than when I am computing a woman's millions. But under whose roof is Miss Potts living now? It seems a little ungrateful. She could not have had a more indulgent chaperon.'

'Lucia has dispensed with chaperons! She is living under her own roof-tree—a spacious flat, splendidly appointed, in Victoria Street, with her own staff of servants, and carriages and horses out

at livery, on the most exorbitant terms. It is fortunate that there must be considerable staying power in five millions.'

Lord Calderon looked perplexed.

'But who, then, has managed her affairs?'

'It seems that she sent an agent before her from New York, fully instructed and financed. She tells me he has done his duty creditably.'

'And who is living with her? She must have a friend or companion of some sort.'

Lady Evelyn laughed. 'So I said to her, but she answered that she did not admit the necessity; and when I pleaded the resistless force of *les convenances* she shook her pretty head in derision. "*Les convenances* and I," she averred, "have never been on speaking terms. What is the use of being young, rich, and independent if you can't do as you like?" It is evident she means to do as she likes.'

'We can scarcely conceive of one with a better right.'

'Ah, my dear! but I have something to add to the story. I fancy she saw that I was vexed, for as I went downstairs she flew after me, put her arm about my shoulders, and whispered in her coaxing way, "I am not so bad as you think, dear Lady Evelyn. My kind old aunt Patience is good enough to be house-mate with me." I felt so relieved.'

The door-bell rang.

'One moment, Calderon, before the others come in.' She put her shapely hand on the young man's sleeve, and looked into his face with solemnity.

'I want you to consider,' she said, 'the dangers to which this girl will be exposed, and to save her from—herself. I have arranged to take Lucia on Saturday to the private view at Burlington House. May I depend on your meeting us there? More, will you call upon her in the interval?'

'The dangers to which she is exposed!' he repeated, smiling. 'I gather that you refer to the attacks of unscrupulous fortune-hunters, and I shall not fail to lay your counsel to heart.'

She shook her head at him; but at the same moment other visitors were announced, for Lady Evelyn was 'at home' that afternoon, and further confidences were impossible.

Calderon stayed a few minutes longer, during which he received more compliments about his last night's speech, and then he took his leave, walking home thoughtfully through the budding freshness of the Green Park to his house in Brook Street.

CHAPTER II.



WHEN Lady Evelyn's victoria drew up in the fine courtyard of Burlington House, her companion looked about her with sparkling animation.

'It is fit for a Royal residence,' she said, 'if it were only thoroughly cleaned up, swept, and garnished. Isn't it a shame to give it up to so many acres of daubed canvases?'

'Ah!' returned Lady Evelyn, laughing, 'I see that art is not a primitive instinct; but, take care! It's all right to poke a little fun at the Academy; but in the winter these same walls exhibit superb collections of the old masters—a privilege granted to the public by the generous owners of the pictures.'

'The old masters!' repeated Lucia pensively. 'I suppose I am outside the pale of salvation, for I have toiled through most of the picture-galleries of Europe, and I have never yet seen more than about half-a-dozen paintings that I should have liked to have for my very own—to live with day and night.'

'You should pray for more grace, my dear,' said Lady Evelyn lightly. 'Keep close, Lucia; it is more crowded than I expected. Never mind the catalogues; we shall have little chance of getting near the pictures to-day.'

When they had passed the turnstiles into the central hall Lucia recognised the truth of this. The palms and blossoming shrubs in the circular parterre were in their first beauty; but the space was already crowded with fashionable women, many of whom seemed, to the American girl, to emulate the flowers themselves in bloom and freshness. They were exchanging greetings with their friends, male and female (the former showing to advantage in morning-dress), in the high staccato voice which was at the moment the note of smart society. The last thing they seemed to remember was the pictures they had come to see.

'We must get inside,' whispered Lady Evelyn, after stopping at every step to recognise her acquaintances and to present her companion to the most influential. 'I want to make our way into Gallery III. for a glimpse of the President's great picture. The Earl of Calderon says it is superb; you must follow close, and not mind pushing.'

Lucia obeyed, her bright eyes taking in every point of the scene; she had missed this function in her first season. She knew that most of the women before her were distinguished either by rank, beauty, or intellect, and many of their costumes were so picturesque that it seemed to her as though they themselves had stepped out of some old canvas, with the priceless advantage of vital warmth and colour. As a matter of fact, she cared very little for the President's picture, and was perversely disposed to traverse Lord Calderon's judgment.

'Dear Lady Evelyn, there is room now to sit down for a few minutes,' she cried, pointing to a couch from which two ladies had just risen, 'and I do so want to stay here and look at the pretty frocks and faces. Besides, I see some one I know, only he can't get near.'

Lady Evelyn turned sharply to look at her, for there had been a curious vibration in the voice of the speaker; she saw flushed cheeks and eyes alight with eagerness.

'Who is it, my dear?' she demanded. 'Some one that you know and that I do not?'

'How can I say?' returned the girl impatiently.

'I never met him last year when staying with you, though I always hoped I might. I knew him in New York before poor papa died, and I must speak to him. I am so glad, so very glad!'

'Ah, a compatriot!' and Lady Evelyn raised her tortoise-shell double-eyeglasses and looked keenly in the direction in which Lucia was not only gazing and smiling, but waving her hands and beckoning with uncompromising friendliness.

The elder lady dropped her eyeglasses almost as though they had burned her fingers.

'Do you mean that little man with the big head and the high shoulders?' she asked. 'Did you know him in New York, Lucia?'

'It is a wonderful head!' returned the girl resentfully. 'You should have heard what Professor Wilkinson said about it, and no one who did not know could have believed it possible for any human being to be as good as he was to that miserable sick lad, Frank Jocelyn.'

'I think we will sit down, my dear, and wait till Mr Erskine manages to get near enough to speak to us. I had no idea you were friends, and I never heard of Frank Jocelyn. It is a little odd, isn't it? And may I suggest that you should not show quite so much anxiety?'

By this time the young man had made his way to their seat. Lady Evelyn beamed upon him with an affability which took Lucia rather by surprise, and held out a cordial hand.

'I find that I need not introduce you to Miss Potts,' she said graciously.

'I should rather guess not, unless Mr Erskine has forgotten me;' and the beautiful girl stood up, straightened her tall, svelty figure, and threw back her head defiantly.—'You *have* forgotten me, I see, and I am—disgusted. Three years, Mr Erskine, don't break down my memory!'

She sat down again with something very like tears of anger in her eyes.

The young man, who possessed, without controversy, a very fine head sunk between high shoulders and an undersized and insignificant figure, maintained his composure perfectly. He looked down upon her with a smile of unruffled equanimity.

'You are right,' he said; 'I was not sure it was you. My impression was that you were curiously like the young American lady who was so kind to poor Jocelyn, only that there was a difference.'

'What difference?' she demanded sharply.

Lady Evelyn laughed softly; but he answered with the same complete freedom from embarrassment: 'Just the difference between promise and fulfilment, when the one has outrun the other beyond even a grateful man's memory.'

Lucia frowned. 'The compliment is nicely turned; but, after all, it is only a cunning excuse for forgetfulness.' Then, turning quickly to Lady Evelyn, 'How strange that you and my old friend, Mr Erskine, should know one another!'

'No, my dear; the strangeness is on the other side. I know him through our mutual friend, the Earl of

Calderon.—Is he here, Mr Erskine? He arranged to meet us.'

'I am here to make his excuses. He was summoned by telegram this morning to his great-aunt, Mrs Moberly, who has had a seizure.'

Lady Evelyn's brows contracted. It seemed the very spite of Fate.

Lucia, however, brightened under the intelligence.

'In that case,' she said serenely, 'Mr Erskine can show me the President's picture instead of Lord Calderon. He has explained things to me before to-day. You will not mind, dear Lady Evelyn? You have so many friends here, and we will come back to you again.'

She rose, intimating that she was prepared to proceed to the investigation, and Lady Evelyn saw that there was nothing to be done but to smile acquiescence. All the same, she watched the retreating figures with considerable irritation.

'My dear Calderon is a fool,' she said to herself. 'He might have offered his apologies in person. An hour or two more or less don't count for much in these seizures. At all events, he need not have sent Erskine. The man has a tongue that could coax a bird off the bough, and when you look in his face you forget his figure. How unlucky that Lucia and he should know each other!'

The discontent was broken in upon by two of her friends: a certain distinguished artist and a critic perhaps still more distinguished. Each of these had recognised the beautiful American heiress of the previous season, and were full of complimentary speeches.

'She is prettier than ever,' said the one. 'The turn of her head as she walks and looks about her is bewitching, and we are all bewitched. I should like to paint her portrait.'

'I see,' said the other, 'that Calderon's secretary has got hold of her. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast.'

Lady Evelyn, who was the most loyal of partisans and a diplomatist by instinct, smiled benignly.

'Yes,' she assented generally, 'Lucia is more charming than ever, and Erskine is here for no other purpose than to bring a message from his patron. Do you know,' she added with an air of smiling candour, 'it is borne in upon my conscience to mention—lest any moth should flutter too near the candle—that our heiress has already thrown the handkerchief. It is a profound secret at present; but the engagement will certainly be announced before the end of the season.' She got up from her seat. 'Let us go and find her; Mr Erskine has taken her to see the President's picture. I am dying to see it too.'

She looked at critic and painter, who smiled and responded, and they all moved forward in the same direction.

The picture hung on the line in Gallery III., opposite to the door of entrance. At the moment there was a vacant space in front of it, and a sudden gleam of sunlight falling on the canvas brought out

in magical distinctness the beauty of design and colour.

'Ah,' cried Lady Evelyn, with a little gasp of sincere admiration, 'it is perfect!'

The critic slightly shrugged his shoulders.

'Yes,' he assented, 'it is perfect—too perfect for full perfection in art. Forgive the paradox.'

'Ah!' sighed Lady Evelyn again, with an accent of alert receptiveness, 'I think I understand; but I should like you to explain. Shall we go a little nearer?'

She had discovered Lucia and Erskine standing together on one side of the picture, engaged in earnest conversation; or rather that the man was speaking and the girl listening intently. This kind of thing was not to be allowed. She quickened her steps, remarking casually to her companions who followed her, 'Leighton's pictures can always bear to be seen at close quarters.'

The picture was 'The Garden of the Hesperides,' and Erskine was telling the legend to Lucia as Ovid and Hesiod tell it, and adding, even to theirs, a seductive charm of his own. Lucia's fascinated gaze was wandering between the picture and its exponent, and soft with receptive intelligence.

'Oh, how heavenly beautiful it all is!' she said in her extravagant way, addressing Lady Evelyn as she drew near, and holding out a hand of cordial recognition to her companions; 'it is quite too, too lovely!'

The critic bowed in smiling agreement.

'Your intuition is faultless,' he said. 'It is just as you say—too lovely.'

'What does he mean?' she asked, puckering her brows. 'Is he finding fault?' She had addressed Erskine.

'Mr Anstruther is a great authority,' he answered, 'a master in the discriminating art. I have no doubt he will be willing to tell us what he means.'

Again that gentleman slightly shrugged his shoulders.

'I mean,' he said, 'that the picture has not a flaw, and that Nature under all her forms is never flawless. Did you ever see a woman's face, however beautiful, that was absolutely perfect? You have not; there is always some line more or less out of drawing. Here there is not the divergence of a hair's-breadth from accurate symmetry. The colouring, you say, is exquisite; so it is, but it is the colour you see on the skin of a delicately ripened peach or the petal of a flower, not on human flesh. As for the pose and draping of the figures'—But here the critic was interrupted by an involuntary exclamation from Lady Evelyn.

'Dear friend,' she cried, 'if only a woman's clothes would hang like that!'

'There you are!' retorted Anstruther, smiling; but Lucia frowned and turned away in displeasure.

'Come away,' she whispered, putting her hand on Erskine's arm; 'I don't want to hear any more. He would see something to find fault with in the very angels of God.'

Lady Evelyn, who was watching them closely, could not catch the words; but she saw, to her satisfaction, that the young man did not respond to the invitation, and that he coloured a little under the touch of Lucia's friendly hand. She seized the opportunity to make good her own claim to Lucia's

companionship, in which she was even assisted by Erskine, who excused himself on the plea of important business, and took his departure; but not before he had pledged himself, under some pressure, to renew at his earliest leisure his intimate relations with his old friends in Victoria Street.

A MODERN PHARAOH.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.



NOW that the Suez Canal has become so familiar as a navigable waterway that one is ready to wonder why that trough in the desert was not cut out years before, and now that the great dam and barrage are ready to be opened and shut—structures designed for the conservation of the red flood-waters of the Nile, saving them from running to waste; hoarding them, so to speak, not only for the more regular irrigation and fertilisation of the portions of the land of Egypt so long under cultivation, but also to turn millions of acres from desert into smiling and rich crop-bearing soil—a few trustworthy notes regarding the personality and daily and domestic life of the present ruler of Egypt may be of interest.

That country is well known to have always been the fertile granary and greatly coveted prize of nations from the far-distant ages prior to the time of the comparatively civilised monarchs during whose dynasties arose the pyramids, the mysterious Sphinx, and the wondrous temples which are the admiration of traveller and student. Several pages would be needed to give the baldest chronicle of its vicissitudes: to tell of the Shepherd Kings, Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Greek and Roman and Turkish occupation, on and on through 'the corridors of time,' till the present day, when, after much political change, Egypt has been ruled over by viceroys of the Sultan, and viceroys have been nominated khedives. Finally the aid of the British army became necessary for the beating back of the blood-thirsty desert-hordes which were sweeping down, seizing the Soudan, and only pausing to take breath before passing on to occupy fertile, civilised Egypt, and forcing it back to barbarism.

All this is history. Suffice it to say that khedive succeeded khedive, the protection of England was deemed politically still necessary, and a young prince of nineteen, Abbâs Helmy II., the lineal descendant of Mohammed Ali, became ruler of the land where the Pharaohs once held sway.

This was ten years ago, and it is to this prince we refer. Though of Turkish (or Albanian) descent, he has been so influenced by his European education and intercourse that he early recognised the vast importance of his position, and how it rested with him whether he should prove the apathetic Eastern enemy of all modern ideas save those per-

taining to war, or take his stand as the pioneer of Egyptian civilisation and the progress of his great land. Abbâs II. has finally adopted the latter course, taking 'Advance' as his watchword; and the change that has taken place in the old land of the Pharaohs is almost startling. Of course, much is due to the British officials under whose auspices the involved finances of the country have been balanced, and European capital can be commanded for the opening out of the country; but such a ruler as Abbâs was needed before full confidence could be restored.

Imagine a fair-complexioned, European-countenanced gentleman, bright-eyed and beaming with intelligence, simply dressed in the popular white affected by almost every one in Egypt, European in everything except the Oriental *tarboush*, or fez, and ready to welcome his guests, notabilities, or political visitors, with a manner perfectly free from the stern hauteur so commonly affected by many of the great and those of less cultivation. He is ready to converse easily in several languages, and, while bright and affable, is able to show that he is fully aware of his power. In brief, it is the natural, highly educated, and thoughtful gentleman who speaks, one perfectly free from frivolity, grave beyond his years, and fully alive to the needs of his position and the great task that lies before him.

The visitor enters, if at Cairo, the Abdeen Palace, an edifice that suggests its having been built by a French or English architect, and passes through hall and vestibule, up staircases, and into reception-rooms that might be English, Parisian, or Viennese. Everything is European: the saloons lit up by electric chandeliers or chandeliers, the carpets and *portières* with quite the look of home; and while the visitor is noting the simplicity of the Khedive's study, with its electric bells and telephone, the portraits on the walls, and the handsomely furnished staircases, vestibules, and saloons, it is difficult to imagine that he is in the land of the Pharaohs. The homelike illusion is complete upon reaching either the state or the lesser and more used dining-room, with its table laid, the flowers and dessert down the centre, the cut-glass and plate glistening upon the white damask linen, and the carefully folded napkins arranged in front of the English-looking chairs.

One takes the various rooms as they open out, and with the feeling that this cannot be Cairo, for it is winter, and the heat is not great, the sun being

absent behind the clouds. There has been rain sufficient to make puddles here and there; thus showing that Egypt is altering physically as well as politically, since a great change is coming over the land, making the beautiful climate more beautiful still. Modern cultivation has worked wonders. Once upon a time rain rarely fell; but, as pretty well everywhere else, tree-planting has produced the usual effect of attracting moisture to condense and fall in drops as well as bedew the open, and so rain is now fairly frequent.

The interior of the Abdeen Palace, with its carpets and hangings, teaches those who view the various rooms that comfort is sought for as much as coolness. The latter is noticeable in the Khedive's bed-chamber, where simplicity reigns, and the appointments are all those of a pleasant country-house.

The bedroom naturally gives place to the bathroom, looking even cooler, with its marble floor, bath, and modern appliances for shower and douche. One looks in vain for the Turkish hammam and shampooing divans, and does not breathe the heated atmosphere of the stove. It is a modern bathroom, that is all; while the smoking-room—for the pipe that, according to olden custom, should follow the shampooing and accompany the cooling-down—is again of the pleasant, home-like kind. Divan, easy-chair, and couch are there, with the little tables familiar in one's club; but the eye looks in vain for the long, snaky water-pipe, with its glass or china receptacle for perfumed water, through which the smoke should pass, and sees neither of the other forms of pipe, not even the long, jasmine-stemmed, amber-mouthpieced tobacco-burner, with its shallow bowl of red clay. Cigars or Egyptian cigarettes are probably *de rigueur* here—for the guests. His Highness does not smoke, and, as a true follower of Islam, allows no alcoholic liquor to pass his lips.

The one peculiar feature of the grand ballroom is a trellised and curtained opening or window, of which more anon. Huge chandeliers are in abundance, pendent and as standards at the heads of the staircases and in each vestibule, the electric light being thoroughly installed. There are noble chambers, too, for the special gatherings of the native notables; while ample accommodation is provided for the reception of many guests, whether in attendance upon diplomatic missions from the various European states, or important visitors passing through Egypt, as well as for councils of state. All these apartments are furnished and decorated in Continental style. Of the antique Egyptian, made familiar in museums and in works upon this olden land, one sees nothing; even the handsome vases are modern.

As the visitor passes into the grand conservatory, with its fine globe-shaped lights, it seems like a work of supererogation to group finely grown palms under the protection of glass in a land like Egypt; but there they are giving an excellent though rather severe effect with their noble foliage and luxuriance.

To return to the fine ballroom with its trellised

and curtained opening. This brings the visitor back at once to the fact that he is in the East, in a Mohammedan land, where the female members of every great man's household are hidden from the stranger's gaze. The trellised opening 'gives,' to use the French expression, upon the harem; or, to speak more correctly, one of the saloons in that portion of the palace devoted to his Highness's domesticity 'gives' upon the ballroom. Through this shaded opening the female members of the Khedive's household, like our own caged ladies in the House of Commons, are privileged to be spectators of the festivities upon the occasions when a ball is given, and attended by the ambassadorial corps and other distinguished guests, accompanied by the ladies of their establishments.

The word harem seems out of character in such a Europeanised building as the Abdeen Palace; but it must be remembered that the ruler of Egypt is in all things a strict follower of the old religion of the East, though a knowledge of his daily life recalls the story related of a very important old official in the service of a former Sultan at Constantinople years ago. A highly cultivated nobleman of 'European tastes,' his family, and that of the British Minister were on very friendly terms. Hence it came about that the Ambassador's wife after dinner one day said to him, 'How is it, Pasha, that you have not followed the custom of your country and taken more than one wife?' 'Madam,' was the reply, 'my wife and I have always found the society and love of each other to suffice.' It is so here: the name harem is retained, and it is occupied at the Abdeen Palace by his Highness's one wife, to whom he is devotedly attached, and their six very charming little children, one of whom is his heir, Prince Mohammed Abdel Mouneim, a little boy of four.

There is a remarkable simplicity about the Khedive's life and tastes, and a regularity that is almost formal. In brief, it might be that of an English country gentleman with tendencies similar to our good old farmer-king, George III. He rises between five and six, retires with the greatest regularity between ten and eleven, and takes no midday siesta according to the fashion of the East. After morning prayer there is a slight collation, and at seven the carriage is ready for the Prince's regular morning drive: no perfunctory taking of the air, but a business-like inspection of the gardens and the land he cultivates, for in this direction his tastes greatly tend. This inspection lasts about an hour and a half, and upon his return to the palace the serious duties of the day commence in connection with matters concerning the Government, including the reception of such as have received permission for an audience. At midday, precisely after the French fashion, there is *déjeuner*, sometimes in company with the members of his suite, but as often in the privacy of the harem.

After breakfast, in the former case, the Khedive engages in conversation with his visitors or the

members of the Court for about an hour, and then repeats his morning visit, spending about a couple of hours over his gardening and agricultural pursuits. When distance renders the visit long, the rest of the day is thus occupied. Dinner is at seven or eight, according to the season; conversation with visitors or members of the Court ensues; and the evening is reserved for a long carriage drive with some chosen member of the Court through the more unfrequented portions of the neighbourhood.

The Khedive is much interested in stock-breeding, and, strange as it may sound in connection with the land of the pyramids, very successful as a prize-winner at agricultural exhibitions. However, he has other tastes as well, a love of mechanics making him a practical engineer who does not hesitate to take the engine-driver's place on one of his railway journeys, or to descend into the engine-room and control the motive-power on board his steam-yacht *Mahroussa* during one of his cruises.

Probably by way of example, and with foresight connected with the future of his country, Abbâs is fond of acquiring land, giving the preference to that which has lain uncultivated, so to speak turning the wilderness into the smiling plain; and to one of such proclivities it is natural that the opening out of the country by the new irrigation works must be a matter of the greatest interest. So, meanwhile, he is becoming a great landholder at a very moderate outlay of capital.

These, however, are but the lighter occupations of a busy life, for the Khedive is one who takes the keenest interest in the progress of his country and in European politics, loving travel, and timing his visits to his palaces at Alexandria and Cairo for the summer and winter sojourns, and fitting in these with visits to Constantinople, and a pretty regular stay in Europe—in France (Paris and the baths of Divonne), in Vienna, and in Buda-Pesth, one of the most attractive cities of all.

Egypt, with its mysteries of the past—its buried temples and tombs, each a very museum of history waiting to be opened and cleared of sand to display its pictured chronicles of priests, of conquest-loving kings who blazoned their monuments with records of the nations they slaughtered and the slaves and spoils they brought home, of queens like Hatesu, who left the records of her conquests in travel, in commerce, in agriculture, and other peaceful pursuits—has its secrets still hidden beneath the drifting sands. Happily the party of advance are welcome guests at the Court of Abbâs II.: the civil engineers, the modern agriculturists, all and every one of the inceptors of projects that help to make a land great. The traveller and historian, too, receive encouragement to help in revealing the buried past. Who can say now what the future of Egypt will be, fostered by the liberal government of a modern Pharaoh, whose spirit is in the progress now steadily on the way?

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XV.—DEATH BELOW GROUND.



NOW that he had light to work by, Alain determined to see what he could do towards the patching up of Cadoual's injuries. That the man was badly broken and suffering much pain was beyond question; but, knowing Cadoual and his upbringing, Alain was by no means certain that these things were quite as bad as they seemed from his expression of them. Alain's examination, however, gentle as he tried to make it, evoked such howls from the patient that more than once he stood back and inclined to leave him alone; but leaving him alone meant, at the very least, condemning him to crippledom for life—if he lived. As to this last, Alain could formulate no opinion. The broken leg and arm he strapped up tightly with strips torn from his own and Cadoual's clothes. The broken head—and it was terribly bruised—he washed and bound up with damp rags carried from the pool beyond the red organ-pipes, after he had squeezed a few drops of the water into his patient's mouth. All these things were fairly straightforward, and he accomplished them in spite of Cadoual's protest-

ing moans; but when he tried to tackle the disorganised body he had to confess himself at fault. The slightest examination showed damages which he did not know even how to set about curing. It was a bag of broken bones that lay there, and every touch evoked a scream of agony and a prayer for extinction.

'Kill me! kill me! I suffer!' moaned Cadoual again.

To Alain it seemed, indeed, that his case was hopeless, and that death would be better for him than life; but death was not for Alain to give. So he made him a couch of layers of fuel; it was decidedly high-flavoured, but softer to lie on than bare rock. He fed him with eggs and scraps of roasted pigeon. He carried him precarious drops of water from the pool in egg-shells and rags, at cost of much time and labour; for at first he had to light a flare each time he went, but by degrees his eyes and hands and feet grew cunning in the dark, and he learned to grope his way along the cavern-side to the pipes, and then along them to the opening.

It really seemed as though all he did for Cadoual

but served to increase his suffering. Whereas he had moaned before, now he cried aloud in his agony; and Alain came to fear that the food he took, while it quickened his vitality, quickened also his perception of pain. Yet he could not starve the man, nor did he know how to graduate his nourishment down to the point of keeping him in a semi-conscious state. So he continued to share his meals with him, and gave him water whenever he had time to go for it; and all the time, no matter what his hands were doing, his brain was busy on the two absorbing questions: how they got there; how they were to get out—and more especially the latter.

That there must be a way out was obvious since they were there; but the way itself was anything but obvious. Puzzling over it all, he came to the conclusion that since he came to himself up in the rock-doves' nest, that was the way he had got in. The sun was westering, the light in the roof would soon be at its best, and he climbed up again at once to see what he could make of it. But, even when the upper part of the outer cavern was glowing in all the fervour of the sun's last rays, he could make out nothing more in the little side-chamber than that the roof was high above his head and was full of dark shadows. There might, indeed, be openings; but, in any case, they were quite beyond his reach. In no little trepidation as to possible consequences, both to himself and his larder, he struck a match and held it aloft at arm's-length; but its feeble light showed him nothing more, and he did not repeat the experiment, for a spark falling on the tinder below would have brought about a catastrophe.

Alain gathered a fresh supply of eggs and flung down more fuel. The birds had not yet come in to roost, and he preferred to take them as they slept, lest the survivors should take fright and change their nesting-place.

He was thus thrown back, in his search for an outlet, on the cavern itself, and he promised himself that on the morrow he would try the dark archways of the great cave where the pillars were, and follow up tunnel after tunnel till he struck the right one.

Meanwhile he kept his spirits up by thinking how much worse things might have been with him. Barbe was back at the Light; that was the chief thing. Her fears for him, and her discomfort at his strange absence, would assuredly be great; but the joy of their meeting would wipe all that away. Therein, indeed, he had the advantage over her, since he knew she was safe and well, and she knew only that he had gone away promising to return, and had never come back; but she would never doubt him. Her heart would tell her that if he did not come it was because he could not. Then he had food and fire. He had Cadoual also, it is true, and from many points of view could very well have dispensed with him. As a companion he was the reverse of cheerful; as an outlet

for his active sympathies he was unconsciously of service. The child who takes care of a smaller child is bolder than if alone. Quite by himself in that awesome place, Alain's nerves might have got the better of him sooner than they did, for he lacked none of the superstitions of the Breton peasant and sailor; but with Cadoual's crying necessities to provide for he was too busy to think about such things a moment sooner than need be, and familiarity with his strange surroundings had time to breed in him a certain sense of security before the testing-time came.

His day's work had tired him. He made up the fire with a heap of damped punk, shared a dozen eggs with Cadoual, and, by way of payment for his trouble, smoked with vast enjoyment a couple of Cadoual's cigarettes. Then he lay down on a bed of the malodorous fuel which he had arranged for himself in an adjoining tunnel-way, out of direct reach of the sick man's ceaseless moanings, and fell asleep as quickly as if he had been in his own box-bed at Mère Pleuret's.

He woke in the morning to a sense of change. The cavern re-echoed with strange sounds, and he leaped up to see what was the matter. There were primary sounds of roaring, humming, buzzing, and mingled with them were the thunderous blows of a mighty hammer; and these were all repeated in a hundred different ways by every hollow and vibrant thing in all the vast apartment. In the first obscure moments of his wakening he wondered vaguely if the great red organ-pipes were pouring out infernal music; and across it all there drew, every now and again, a great, strange shuddering sob, as though the very earth itself were in travail.

He ran out to look at Cadoual. He was silent, either through fear or weakness. His eyes were closed, and his face seemed white and pinched in the dull glow of the fire. Alain flung on an armful of fuel and ran towards the front cave where his peep-hole was, and there the roaring was above his head and the flailing of the mighty hammer was under his feet—the solid rock shook with it.

He climbed to his perch, and a shaft of sweet salt-air beat against his face and filled him like wine. The lighthouse was a livid white streak against a gray-black sky, and he could see the foam flying over the lantern. The great Atlantic waves leaped at it, and then came racing for the cliffs and broke on them in thunder; the spray shot up like rockets past his outlook, whistling in at the slats of the window away up in the roof, a good hundred feet above him, and coming down upon him like rain. Every pendent slab or cone or tongue that could hum or buzz was humming and buzzing its loudest, and each one passed along the sounds with its own variations to the vibratory points of the inner cavern; and there the echoes picked them up and flung them

to and fro in a great mad medley of strident vociferation, the painful striving after utterance of the dumb rocks.

He understood all the rest—understood at all events what caused them; but that strange sound, which dominated all except the thunder of the waves on the rocks outside, drew him back into the inner cave, and across it among the pillars to the mouth of one of the dark openings. Then, like a cautious man, he went back for a light.

He could not stop to eat, though the deafening vibration of everything about him set his head spinning, and made him feel confused and weak and empty, and very small and feeble. He wanted nothing at the moment but to make certain of the meaning of that great, gurgling sob which shook the air of the inner cave as the great waves shook the walls outside; for, if it was what he thought it was, it might be the way that led to freedom and to Barbe.

With all the fuel he could carry—and though the smell of it nearly choked him, there was yet a friendly sense of familiarity in it—he made his way towards the sound. It came swelling up from one of the dark archways, and he went cautiously in. The hollow way sloped sharply downwards, and a great indrawing of its breath nearly carried him off his feet. Then a pause, and the sob came swelling out again and dazed him with its clamour. He felt along by the rough wall till there came a break in it, and he leaned up against the ragged corner till the roar and the *swoo-o-o-oh* bellowed out of the darkness in front of him. Then he ventured cautiously forward again, for he wanted to save every scrap of his fuel till he came to the sound itself.

He passed two more breaks in the wall—side-passages he took them to be, running into or across the one he was in—and the sound grew constantly louder. Then a faint light glowed in front, and he stumbled into a wider space, meeting the full breath of that wild roaring, and being drenched with a shower of spray—salt sea-spray, that came hurtling and hissing at him as if it had been waiting for him, and spattered on the rocks alongside like bullets. He dropped the useless fuel, and sat down where he was to watch and gather his wits.

Below him a great weltering body of water had just sunk almost out of sight down the incline. He heard it writhing and gurgling in the distance, and saw as through a mist the tortured white surface, through which a ghastly dark-green light seemed trying to penetrate. In a moment the irresistible force outside drove it up again, hissing and roaring with the agonies of its passage, till the whole place boiled high with curdled spume, and the spray lashed up to the roof, the tortured air rushing up the passages and carrying the sound of it into the great cavern. Then it sank away out of sight, the spray poured down from the roof, all the

sides of the chamber ran white with streaming lacy, and the air came rushing back out of the cavern.

He moved to one side and sat with his back against the dripping rock-wall. He had hoped to find the sea, and he had found it; but he feared it was not going to be of much use to him. Somewhere out there the great Atlantic rollers were driven in by the western gale; but until the sea calmed down he could not tell whether there was any possibility of his getting out by the way they came in. The free, wild rush and roar of it braced him, after the ponderous environment of the cavern, and he sat long enjoying it. It was the sea he loved, or a bit of it; and, even in the agony of its prison-house, it sang to him of wide horizons and the unvalled sweep of waters.

However, these things do not fill an empty stomach, and he got up at last and groped his way back along the sobbing passage to the great cavern, and the fire, and Cadoual. The fire had burnt low again, and when he flung on more fuel and looked at his patient, it seemed to him that he was in much the same case. So Alain hastened to serve him with a breakfast of raw eggs, and promised himself a more nourishing meal as soon as he could get up to the doves' chamber, since the storm would keep them all at home.

Cadoual's mouth opened mechanically to the taste of food, and as his heavy eyes, all strained and shot with blood, rested on Alain, he murmured, 'I suffer! I suffer! Kill me! kill me! Oh, *mon Dieu!* that I might die.'

'Don't be a fool, man! You know I can't kill you. Take another egg,' said Alain in a brusque voice.

'Kill me! kill me! I suffer!' moaned Cadoual, and never ceased to beg for death whenever Alain came near him.

All day long the storm howled and beat and sobbed, and all day long, with all-too-short intervals of stupor, Cadoual moaned his impossible prayer. Just at sundown a brief red gleam shot in through Alain's loophole, and the gale seemed to have slackened somewhat; but a glance at the western sky told him it was only a breathing-space, and that there was plenty more to come.

In the middle of the night Alain woke with a start and lay listening.

'Kervec! Kervec! Alain Kervec!'

It was Cadoual's voice calling him—calling him by the name he was not known by. He sprang up and went round to the dull glow of the fire. Cadoual was sitting up against the rock, a hideous sight. His eyes were starting out of his head. His teeth gritted in agony, and there was blood on his lips. His one available hand was clawing the rough rock-wall with a hideous rasping that made Alain's flesh creep.

'Well, then, what is it?' he asked.

'*Ah viù!*' snarled Cadoual through his teeth.

'I cannot stand it. . . . It stabs into my heart. . . . Death is too long. . . . Give me your knife—your knife!' and his hand reached out towards Alain with clawing fingers.

'Lie down, my friend, and wait the good God's pleasure,' said Alain soothingly. 'I will get you water.'

'The knife! I will die—since you will not kill me. . . . The pains of hell— *Voyons!* you are dead—I killed you—I threw you in here. . . . Do as much for me. Ha, ha! pretty Barbe—she is not for you—not for you—not for you. You are dead, and it was I that killed you.'

As Alain looked at him, and the wild eyes glared back into his own, it was borne in upon him that this was the truth—that it was by this man's doing that he was parted from Barbe, by this man's hand that he came there—there for all time perhaps, never to set eyes on Barbe again except through the narrow loophole of the rock. He took an angry

step towards Cadoual, and Cadoual's eyes blazed exultantly.

'Not for you—not for you. She was mine—mine—mine; and I killed you and dropped you in the hole. You fool—you'— Then he choked with blood, and the coughing seemed to rend him in pieces. He drew his leg up in agony and rolled over on the couch, and Alain thought he was dead. But he found him still breathing; and, picking up half-a-dozen egg-shells, he groped away to the pool for water.

Cadoual was lying quietly with his eyes closed when he got back. He went up to him and trickled some water into his mouth. Before he knew it, the knife at his belt was plucked from its sheath and plunged into his back. It was a badly aimed blow, and only caught him on the right shoulder-blade; but before he had recovered from the surprise of it, Cadoual had plunged the knife into his own throat.

BY THE WINTER SEA.

By W. E. CULE.



ORTHOWEN falls asleep in October, and slumbers on until she hears, through her dreams, the footfall of the first returning visitor in the early spring. During the winter months her sands remain unpeopled and her walks deserted. Behind the sandhills the unresting waters ebb and flow; but they come up to a voiceless shore and retire again unheeded. Their only spectator is some prowling cottager in search of fuel from the sea, or some plodding pedestrian who chooses the way across the sands to reach a neighbouring village. The thousands whom the summer brought have left no name upon the rocks, no footprint upon the sands.

The winter sea has its beauties; but they will appeal only to those who love Nature's every aspect. One who can breathe only in sunshine and companionship will find no pleasure there. When the tide rises before a westerly gale we have a spectacle of majesty and power; but the crested legions are riding on to possess a silent and desolated kingdom. On the steeper shore they break and fling themselves with music indeed; but it is a hoarse and solemn organ-music, full of sadness and regret. The boom of the breakers is loud and deep, but no one sits to watch and listen; the spray-clouds rise high and often, but they have no sheen and glitter. On this beach in August we gather rare treasures of shells and pebbles; but now we seek them in vain. It is seldom that we chance upon the fragment of alabaster worn to transparency or rock-ground into a thousand facets, and still more seldom that we discover a deposit of tiny spirals. The shells we find are shattered by ungentle usage;

the pebbles may be there, but they await the revealing touch of the sunlight.

The treasures that come are treasures of a sterner kind. After every tide we see figure after figure go down over the sandhills to the beach. Later we find their footprints along the high-water line, or see them clambering among the distant rocks. These are the wreckers of our better days. Presently one returns and then another, each bearing the prize of his alertness and experience: now a black and water-worn plank of many travels, now a shapeless log bolted with iron, the nameless remnant of some long-lost and nameless bark. The women go down to gather what the men have left: tiny blocks fresh and clean from some up-river workshop, or aged chips from the broad Atlantic, their surface as rounded and smooth as the pebbles on which they rest. All these find their fate alike in the cottagers' fires. Away down the shore stand the massive ruins of an old inn with an unsavoury history. It was called the 'Red House,' and it is said that its forgotten inmates swung false lights about their doors to draw unsuspecting sailors upon the rocks below. Modern wreckers pass the walls daily, and it may be supposed that the crumbling ruins return their glances with a certain contempt. Their hands are innocent of blood.

Wrecks are few in these days, for the coast is guarded by lights; but the story of the place is full of them, and their relics are many. In the bay of the bathers lie two skeleton vessels, now almost buried by the engulfing sands; and there is also the abandoned cargo of another. Her load was Portland cement in sacks, and it was thrown overboard in the centre of the bay where the ship

had grounded. When the waters receded the cargo was revealed, transformed into a lonely mound of artificial rock. It stands in the same spot to-day, telling its own story, and the curious visitor prods it idly with his cane or climbs the pile to read the names and numbers upon the petrified sacking. Up in the town is a still more striking memorial of winter seas and winds. It is a long row of ancient whitewashed cottages, all the woodwork in which, says the tradition, came from a great ship called the *Philadelphia*, lost on this coast in the undated past. Those who used the timbers in this way gave the ship's name to the street they built, perhaps in some spirit of subtle irony, perhaps in simple gratitude for a timely bargain.

The winter sea has no place for playthings, whether shells or ships. From our beach in summer we may watch all day the long procession of distant sails. Up to the east they pass one by one behind the headland; out to the west they fade into the golden highways of the setting sun. There is no end to the fleet of argosies that come up to the shelter of the ports or pass heavy laden to their coastwise destinations; but now the smaller craft are laid up in sheltered rivers, and have given the Channel-ways to hardier traders. The smoke of a solitary steamer breaks the sweep of the horizon; but sails are few, and these few are weighty merchantmen from distant zones, their canvas a dark and heavy mass above the sky-line. Oftener the mists lie spread upon the gray expanse, and the lighthouse on Borthowen Point stands like the last sentinel of our inhabited world. At night we count the signals that pierce the mist from Devon. Light answers light from coast to coast, but nothing seems to move or live between.

In these dark and quiet days a long ramble coastwards from Borthowen is a thing to be remembered. Away to the west is a wild gorse common. On its highest point stands the Rest, where convalescents from all the west-country gather strength for renewed toil from the ozone of a thousand leagues of open sea. Beyond the Rest, under the hill, stands a golf-club pavilion, gay in colours; and yet a mile farther rise the many chimneys of a gray old pile which has its place secure in the atlas of the novel-reader. It is known as the old house of Sker, and the coast before it has a hundred little coves where 'Fisherman Davy' might have found the white boat from across the water, with its romantic freight of babyhood. We read that it was on these ledges that the doomed

Santa Lucia struck, on the Sabbath of the great sandstorm; and we well remember how Black Evan of Sker called for his stalwart sons to leave their rabbit-hunting, and to hold the beach with him against the rival wreckers of Kenfig parish. But the storm had overtaken them, and it was from these sandhills that the men of Kenfig, digging silently, recovered their bodies before the father's eyes. The rocks and the sands are still the same, and smoke yet issues from the chimneys of the great house. Romance has taken it for her own, and the Maid of Sker is the heroine of much tradition, of several ballads, and of more novels than one; but the tenants to-day are good Welsh farmer-folk, who send their produce to the convalescents at the Rest, and keep a word of pleasant greeting for the inquiring pilgrim.

Passing the home of the Maid, we strike into a silence that seems all the deeper for the plaintive cries of the sea-birds. The sands are hard and dry, and our steps are soundless. Far to the left the incoming waters rule a long white line of murmuring foam into the hazy distance, and half a mile out at sea a single fishing-boat keeps pace with us. On the right slumber the black rocks, some of them in separate masses sand-encircled, like the tables of the sea-gods, some rising tier on tier to the banks behind, like sections of some great Colosseum of Nature. With every step the sense of awe deepens, until it becomes oppressive and overpowering. On the one side the lonely fishing-craft with the dingy sails becomes a silent and haunting shadow, more than fancy, yet less than sober fact; on the other side the dark and tremendous rocks seem peopled by invisible Presences who watch in solemn and gloomy displeasure the progress of the intruder. The murmur of the sea becomes a moan; the long white line advances; before us the sands appear to quiver where the mists fall upon them. There is a chill grayness in earth and sea and sky, and we feel a sudden longing to see a human face, to hear a human voice. So we turn back upon our foot-prints; but the eerie influences of that scene are with us long after we have joined a group of lagging golfers returning to their painted pavilion.

The poet who wrote of 'the rapture on the lonely shore' thought of some Mediterranean beach lying brilliant in sunshine. The singer of a later day tells of a last great battle in Lyonesse, where the doomed knights of the great Order fell one by one around their despairing king. It is a master's touch that places this consummate tragedy 'among the mountains by the winter sea.'



REMINISCENCES OF BATAVIA.

By R. A. DURAND.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.



IN the bright-blue Eastern seas, dotted with island spots of golden sand and greenery, away from the main lines of British commerce, away from the bustle and roar of British traffic, lies Batavia, the capital of warm, lazy, lovely, and altogether delightful Java.

To me, with the recollections of London in November, the cheerless Bay and the squalid magnificence of Naples, the filth of Port Said, and the intolerable heat and glare of Aden fresh in my memory, the place seemed a very Lotus-land of delight. The ship by which I was sailing to Torres Strait dropped anchor during the night off Tanjong Priok, the port of Batavia; and the rising sun disclosed a sight lovelier far than any I had hitherto witnessed. Palms and acacias crowded the shore right down to high-water mark; and strangely rigged fishing-boats lazied about the bay or put off to the ship laden with piles of bananas, pine-apples, mangoes, and strange fruits. The scent of the balmy off-shore breeze suggested flowers and fruit and sensuous idleness; in short, the tropics, not as one usually finds them, but as the untravelled Englishman imagines them in his dreams.

On the Batavia-Tanjong Priok Railway there are four classes by which one can travel. Travellers by the fourth class—mostly, of course, coolies—ride on the tops of the carriages. For the sake of the view, with some ship-companions, I patronised the fourth class, and we were rewarded by ten miles of lovely scenery between the port and the capital. The line runs between a broad canal and a dense green jungle. At intervals we caught glimpses of little wooden huts built on piles in shallow lagoons, in which swam happy families of ducks and naked amphibious brown children.

An hour's run brought us to Batavia. Imagine a town of giant dolls' houses built in Burmese and Javanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad clean streets, and thousands of grown-up dolls masquerading in Oriental fancy dress: the picture-books of one's childhood animated. That is Batavia. The absurdity of it all is that the masqueraders do not look a bit self-conscious in spite of their fantastic dress. The streets are paraded listlessly by gangs of blue-garbed convicts, who pick up cigar-ends, bits of paper, and fruit-peel. The cleanness of the streets is astonishing. A man in Batavia once threw a piece of banana-peel on the ground; and, looking back a moment afterwards, he felt reproached by the sight of that wretched piece of peel, the only blot on the immaculate cleanness of the streets. For a while his dignity fought with his sense of decency. Then he re-

turned, picked up the offending peel, and—feeling very foolish—carried it until he saw a convenient opportunity for disposing of it.

Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia: blue-gowned Javanese, wearing white pith helmets shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes and the billycock hats of Hampstead Heath, their pigtailed interwoven with blue silk; lean, tawny Malays, Hindus, Javanese, and effeminate-looking Cingalese jostle each other on the side-walks.

It is impossible for a casual observer to distinguish the sex of a Cingalee, as the men have delicate, refined features, are clean shaven, fasten their long hair behind their heads in woman-fashion, and wear skirts that sweep the ground.

The dress of the Javanese women merits a detailed description, as the Batavian Dutch ladies have adopted the native dress for morning wear. A long strip of native cloth, called a *sarong*, is wound round and round the body beneath the arm-pits, and reaches almost to the ankles; an abbreviated Eton jacket, called a *kopeia*, covers the shoulders; and out of doors ladies' slippers are worn on stockingless feet, and a paper parasol is carried.

The Batavian Dutch do not make their toilets, unless they go out of doors, until the afternoon, so that one may see men in pyjamas and women in the native dress lolling on the verandas or sitting down to meals at the hotels. The custom is a lazy but sensible one, considering the climate.

Rijst-tafel (lunch) is served at about half-past eleven. A long string of waiters offer a dozen varieties of meats and vegetables, such as fried eggs, curry, bacon, plantain, &c. This is all mixed with rice in a soup-plate, and over all, if you are not forewarned, you pour a nauseous gravy of coco-nut-oil. If you do so you probably send away your plate untouched, and sorrowfully turn your attention to boiled potatoes and dessert. Lunch being finished, all retire for a siesta, after which they array themselves in conventional evening-dress.

Even more terrible to the uncultivated palate is the 'delicious durian, with its intolerable odour,' a variety of the jack-fruit. Wallace, in his *Malay Archipelago*, says that this peculiar fruit has, amongst other incongruous flavours, a distinct taste of sherry, cream-cheese, and onion sauce. The flesh resembles that of the custard-apple in colour and consistency. In size it is sometimes eighteen inches in diameter. Wallace also declares that it is the most delicious of all fruits; but he admits that the smell is oppressive. Oppressive is a mild word to describe an odour of rotting vegetation so powerful that it will render uninhabitable any room into which the

fruit is brought. It is sometimes served in bowls and covered with wine, which helps in a great measure to deaden the smell.

A more harmless Javanese fruit is the pomelo, a variety of shaddock. It is exactly like an orange in shape, but many times larger. The Dutch eat it with Worcester sauce. It might, if my memory serves me, be eaten with cream, mustard, vinegar, cheese, or anything else that would give it a flavour.

Business houses open at sunrise and close at midday. European shops do not open till sunset. The evening is devoted by the white population to exercise and social intercourse.

The passing tourist will probably forgo his afternoon siesta for the sake of being cheated by the Chinese pedlars, who crowd the hotel verandas, and from whom he may buy Manchester cottons under the pleasing impression that he is procuring specimens of native cloth, and Malay knives from Sheffield, at fabulous prices. Goods can generally be bought for one-tenth the price asked by the hawker.

At four o'clock coffee is served. There are two sorts of coffee in the world—Batavian coffee and the other kind. Although the former has a repulsive-looking, greenish oil floating on its surface, it is as

superior to other kinds of coffee as fresh Scotch salmon is to the tinned article of commerce.

If Batavia is charming by day it is fairyland by night. The broad avenues are lit with electric light; and till midnight the lights of innumerable *gharris* flash up and down, and men and women in evening-dress stroll under the trees.

Assuredly no one who ever landed in Batavia would ever come away again were it not for a dreadful drawback—the impossibility of getting a decent bath. From the outside, the bathroom looks like a little storehouse daintily set amidst palm-trees in the middle of a courtyard. Inside it is a chilly, slimy dungeon, the floor a quarter of an inch deep in dirty water. In the centre of the room stands a long-necked jar, about four feet high, half-full of water. It is evidently intended that we should dip a sponge in it; and anything more unsatisfactory it would be impossible to imagine. In fruitless attempts to get into the jar one usually upsets it, bruises one's shins, and spills the water.

O Queen of the East Indies! land of light and colour without glare, warmth without heat, sensuous indolence and luscious fruit! if ever I hear that you possess a decent bathroom I will fly to you at once, and never, never leave you again.

THE APPIN MURDER IN FACT AND IN FICTION.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



THE famous Appin murder in the year 1752 has become even more famous because of its appearance in the romantic pages of Robert Louis Stevenson. *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, the two tales in the David Balfour series, hinge, as is known to all, upon the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, and the trial of James Stewart of Aucharn for that murder. Those were the disturbed days which followed after Glencoe and the bloody work of the Duke of Cumberland. Political feeling and, still more, clan feeling were strong in the Highlands; and the Government, which was represented there in fact and name by the Duke of Argyll, had resolved to secure peace and enforce fidelity among those dangerous country-people. James Stewart had taken part as a boy in the rising of 1715, and had been out in the Forty-five. He was therefore a marked partisan, a rebel, to whom, nevertheless, grace had been extended. On the other hand, Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, who was James Stewart's natural brother, and the head of that clan in those parts, had been attainted for rebellion, and his estates had been confiscated. Yet the Crown does not appear to have acted very harshly in regard to Ardshiel's property, for James Stewart was allowed to administer it for some years, and to collect money for the benefit of Charles's children. When it was at last decided to take stronger

measures in the disaffected district—that is to say, in the year 1749—Colin Campbell was made factor. He, however, so far from distrusting James Stewart, continued his services for the collection of the rents, and the two men appear to have been on terms of friendliness, despite the inherent hostility their several names might indicate.

In 1751 Campbell removed James Stewart from his possession of the farm of Glenduror, acting, as the Lord Advocate explained at the trial, in pursuance of instructions from the authorities that he was not to let land to any relations of the attainted owner. Furthermore, still in pursuance of instructions, according to the statements at the trial, Glenure gave notice to sundry other tenants to quit. These tenants had been installed by James Stewart, who seems to have taken up their case warmly, even making a journey to Edinburgh to plead their cause. It was suggested by Prestongrange, the Lord Advocate, that this action was due to Stewart's desire to retain his influence in the neighbourhood. This may have been, but it is not necessary to suppose more than that Stewart had the usual Highland loyalty to his clan. He did what he could for his brother's children, and he did what he could for the tenants. In either case he deserves credit.

Now, Alan Breck—or, as the records style him, Alan Breck Stewart—steps into the business. Breck was a distant cousin of James Stewart, and had been faithfully brought up by him. He had

enlisted in the army as a young man, and had fought for the king up to the battle of Preston; but, being taken prisoner by the rebels during that engagement, joined them, fought with them against his former comrades, and subsequently took service with the French king. Here is clearly a pretty careless soldier of fortune, much as Stevenson has painted him for us.

Breck returned surreptitiously from France, as he was wont to do, frequented his kinsman's house, and was a familiar figure in the countryside. This was a hotbed of Stewarts, and, though a rebel and a deserter, he was safe. Yet he had doubts of Campbell. Glenure was the first man in the district, and must have been aware of his presence and history. Breck was known to have suspected him of communicating with the military; and, as a matter of fact, although it was denied, Breck's arrest as a deserter was contemplated. In view of what happened later, this is important.

James Stewart, by taking legal action on behalf of the tenants, had caused some bother to the factor, who was compelled to go to Edinburgh. On the 12th of May 1752 he visited Fort-William on the same business, and in returning therefrom in the company of a lawyer, a sheriff's officer, and his servant, Mackenzie, to carry out the removal of the tenants, he was shot in the back between five and six on the afternoon of 14th May. The shot was fired from the fastness of Lettermore Wood, and so the murderer got away without being seen by any of the party.

Action was immediately taken by the Government, represented by the Duke of Argyll. A Campbell had been killed in the country of his hereditary enemies, and the vengeance customary to the Highlands must be exacted. The heavy hand descended. James Stewart was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and murder. Alan Breck had fled, and his flight increased the rumour in Appin that Alan was the real murderer. The Crown hesitated not to account him as the criminal, and judgment went against him by default. Those who have followed Stevenson's long and eventful history of the wanderings of Alan Breck through two volumes will be interested to learn that Breck disappears from recorded history within a few days of the murder. From the Heugh of Corrynakiegh, in which Alan and David Balfour met with exciting adventures, the real Breck struck across the moors into Perthshire, whence, after a short residence with his mother, he escaped to France. Of his subsequent movements nothing is known; but the trial which hanged James Stewart witnessed the outlawry of Alan, who was ordered 'to be put to the horn, and all his movable goods and gear to be escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use'—a sentence which cannot have affected the outlaw very greatly, seeing that the only property he had left was some old clothes already in the possession of the Crown.

James's trial, as accessory and accomplice, took

place from the 21st to the 25th of September, and was held at Inveraray, the capital of the Campbells. Here, then, in the home of the Campbells, with eleven out of the fifteen jurymen Campbells, in a court under the presidency of the chief of the Campbells, James Stewart of the Glens was, for the murder of a Campbell, tried, convicted, and hanged accordingly.

It will be seen that, as no one saw the murderer of Glenure, the only evidence which the Crown could produce was circumstantial. This was ingeniously sought. The Highlands were in a bad state, and an example must be made. Stevenson makes Prestongrange, the Lord Advocate, unburden himself frankly to the boy David, which is also ingenious, but a little startling. It will be remembered that David Balfour is supposed to have been talking with Glenure on the road when the shot was fired. He is represented as obtaining a sight of the murderer, 'a big man, in a black coat.' As Alan was a small man, Stevenson frankly takes sides here. The murder, according to the romance, had nothing to do with the Stewarts. It is darkly hinted that the Camerons were responsible, as was also openly alleged at the trial. Yet the tragedy had no horrors for Alan Breck, as is apparent in his conversation with the shocked David. David, however, was in a position to prove that Alan was not the murderer, and consequently that James was no party to it; but, again according to Stevenson, the Campbells were determined to get James, 'a man grown old in treason.' If they do not get vengeance 'there will be trouble with the Campbells,' says Prestongrange. 'That means disturbance in the Highlands, which are uneasy and very far from being disarmed.' This is a view of policy in matters of justice from which the plain man's soul revolts; but it was not impossible then, and—is it now? Would it be so wholly inconceivable in a time of unrest? At any rate, it is certain that the Crown pressed hard on the accused. He was, according to the complaint of his counsel, 'kept in the closest confinement. For the first six weeks no mortal was allowed access to him; after that, indeed, for some short time, admittance was given to his wife and one or two more; but any who could be thought proper persons to prepare defences for his trial were carefully denied access to him.' Not only so, but his house and repositories were ransacked, and his wife and sons were illegally examined, a practice abhorrent to law in these islands. In the face of these charges the Crown maintained silence, and so we must assume them true.

The prosecution had first to prove that Alan Breck was the murderer, and then to prove that James Stewart was in league with him. To accomplish this, Prestongrange and his colleagues had, first, to demonstrate hostility to Glenure on the part of the two Stewarts; secondly, to prove they were in collusion; thirdly, to show evidence of the act of murder. Something like sixty witnesses

were sworn and examined on behalf of the Crown. Evidence was given of wild talk by Alan Breck, and of loose talk by James; but most of the former was discounted by the fact of drink. John More Maccoll, a servant to James Stewart, deposed that his master once said that 'if Glenure went on in the way he did it was likely he would be Laird of Appin in a very short time; and that he knew once a set of commoners in Appin who would not allow Glenure to go on at such a rate.' In this not very formidable statement Prestongrange for the Crown professed to see incitement to murder. One Maclaren was produced who declared that James had wanted to challenge Glenure to fight; but on being cross-examined he confessed that Stewart was at the time 'much concerned with liquor.' There was also evidence given by another Maccoll that some two years before the murder Stewart had remarked that 'he would be willing to spend a shot on Glenure, though he went upon his knees to the window to fire it.' Yet another Maccoll was found to testify against Alan. The unanimity of the several Maccolls is surprising. This John Maccoll, according to his evidence, was invited to fetch 'the Red Fox's skin.' But he detracts from the value of his testimony by admitting that it was not until after the murder that he thought that Red Fox might mean Colin Campbell. Two more Maccolls, if you please, depose that Alan Breck said that 'the commoners of Appin were little worth when they did not take him [Glenure] out of the way before now.'

These attempts to prove the ill-will to Glenure are not wholly satisfactory, at least so far as James is concerned; and they only prove Alan to have been a swaggering, vain fellow, fond of talking at large. Evidence showed that Glenure and James Stewart were on fairly amiable terms; they drank together and visited each other's houses; and the former retained the latter to collect rents. If it was true, as Prestongrange stated, that Glenure's change of policy was dictated from headquarters, James Stewart would be the less likely to nourish a personal grudge. Moreover, he showed no sign of private resentment, although he certainly prepared to resist the eviction of the tenants by all legal means available. The case of the Crown, so far as it depends on bad blood between the men, obviously fails, despite the ingenuity of the prosecution and the eloquence of the Lord Advocate. Nor was a case made out for conspiracy, since it was not shown that the kinsmen had any talk together. Naturally, the prosecution relied on the flight of Breck from the scene of the murder, and in this connection brought witnesses to demonstrate the collusion of James. Here we have Maccolls again. Alan Breck, it was shown, took refuge in the Heugh of Corrynakeigh, and to him, in his hiding-place, James sent money and a change of clothes, so that he might effect his escape. The defence alleged that this was to enable Alan to escape in his capacity of a deserter. The murder would cause

the country to be searched, and Breck, as a deserter and a Stewart, might look for short shrift from the Campbells. With the insight of a master, Stevenson makes use of this very argument in Alan's mouth to induce David Balfour to fly. Indeed, whoever wishes to see the case for the Stewarts most rationally explained and set forth can do no better than refer to the chapter in *Kidnapped* entitled 'The House of Fear.' Stevenson does not use whitewash indiscriminately. 'Colin Roy is dead,' says Alan, 'and be thankful for that.' But James is in another mind. 'It's all very fine to blow and boast beforehand; but now it's done, Alan; and who's to bear the wyte of it? The accident fell out in Appin—mind ye that, Alan; it's Appin that must pay.' It is at James's suggestion that Alan hides, in the certainty that he will be taken for the deed. 'Man, man, man—man, Alan!' he cries, 'you and me have spoken like two fools.' So you will see that Stevenson's version, while crediting the Stewarts with innocence, does not spare them.

The fact of Alan Breck's flight was suspicious, yet the explanation of the defence was not unreasonable; and, so far as James was concerned, the circumstances actually speak in his favour. He himself obtained money to send to Breck, and to do this was obliged to send some distance to obtain it. Had the murder been deliberately planned, he would have been supplied in advance with so necessary a means of escape. Here, too, naturally arises the question as to what advantage James Stewart was to get by the murder. The death of Glenure merely meant the substitution of another factor, with whom, perhaps, he might not have got on so well. It would bring, as it did, a hornet's nest about the ears of Appin, and must harm rather than assist the cause he had at heart. Moreover, he was proceeding in a legal way to contest the factor's action in the Ardschiel estate. It was proved out of the mouth of one of the Crown witnesses that he showed great consternation on hearing of the murder. Donald Stewart, a witness for the prosecution, deposed that Alan Breck called at his house on the evening of the murder, and, while denying any knowledge of it, expressed his intention of leaving the kingdom, 'as he would be suspected of the murder, . . . and as he was a deserter formerly from the army.' This Donald Stewart carried to James a request for money from Breck. 'The panel asked why Alan Breck himself did not come for money if he wanted it? To which the deponent, to the best of his remembrance, replied that Alan told him he would be suspected for the murder, and was a deserter; to which the panel answered that he hoped in God Alan Breck was not guilty of the murder.' This looks very much like either innocence or great duplicity. There is no doubt that in the district Alan Breck was generally regarded as the author of the crime; but he denied it whenever charged.

The defence brought two witnesses, both Camerons,

to prove that a year before the event they were in Rannoch, and heard a man called Sergeant More Cameron declare that he would shoot Glenure if he met him, on account of his 'hard usage of the tenants of Ardshiel.' In his own declaration James Stewart stated that Alan had given him similar information; but unhappily there was no More Cameron to bear out these assertions. As I have said, it is this theory that Stevenson adopts.

On the evidence which was produced at the trial, James Stewart was not guilty; yet it did not take the eleven Campbells and the other four jurors long to make up their minds as to his guilt. Counsel for the defence, who were four in number, and carried out their duties very ably under handicap, were persistently anxious to show the Campbells that their good faith and honesty were not doubted. Sheriff Brown went so far as to point out that if the jury should acquit the panel it would bring no reflection upon themselves or their country! The fact was that no one for a moment expected a Campbell jury to bring in a verdict of 'Not guilty' or even of 'Not proven.' The counsel for the defence apologised for their presence on the score that all the well-known counsel had been bought up by the prosecution. This seems to have been the case; but it did not prevent the case for the defence from being ably managed. The four advocates appear in the pages of *Catriona*, which tell of the reception which David Balfour got in Inveraray after he had broken out of the Bass Rock; and an excellent and faithful picture it is of four various legal minds. Political influences, as well as considerations of the clan, demanded a conviction, and a conviction was obtained. James Stewart could not be incriminated unless Alan Breck were proved guilty as principal in the murder. This the prosecution admitted, yet never in the course of the trial was guilt brought home to Alan Breck. Consequently the case against James failed. Yet James was hanged.

Political considerations, I say, dictated this end, as was clear throughout the trial. The notorious Simon Fraser, in his speech for the prosecution, declared that the panel 'had the chief influence over the common people.' Prestongrange, in almost as frank a mood as when he addressed young David Balfour, explained his presence as principal prosecutor in Inveraray by his determination 'to convince the disaffected parts of the Highlands of Scotland that they must submit to this Government.' The Lord Justice-General, who was no other than the Duke of Argyll, and who presided over the court, delivered what was practically a political sermon. 'In the year 1715,' said his Grace in pronouncing sentence, 'there broke out a most unnatural and unprovoked rebellion . . . in which the part your clan acted is well known, so many being here present that were witnesses of their composing part of the rebel army which besieged this town. This I myself have reason to know.' After a graceful compliment to the 'Butcher,' as the victor of Glencoe was termed, the

head of justice in those parts' continued in a passage which has been turned to satire in Stevenson's pages: 'If you had been successful in that rebellion you had been now triumphant with your confederates, trampling upon the laws of your country, the liberties of your fellow-subjects, and on the Protestant religion. You might have been giving the law where you have now received the judgment of it; and we, who are this day your judges, might have been tried before one of your mock courts of judicature, and then you might have been satiated with the blood of any name or clan to which you had an aversion.' History should ring with that phrase: 'Mock courts of judicature.'

David Balfour, in whom, we must think, speaks Stevenson, says that 'James was as fairly murdered as though the Duke had got a fowling-piece and stalked him.' There was no evidence against James which should have imperilled the life of a dog; and the most that could be said against Alan Breck was that the crime was 'not proven.' When sentence was pronounced in that country of the Campbells, James Stewart made his first and last speech recorded during the trial. He submitted himself 'tamely' to his sentence, and forgave false witnesses; but 'I declare,' said he, 'before the great God and this auditory, that I had no previous knowledge of the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, and am as innocent of it as a child unborn. I am not afraid to die; but what grieves me is my character, that after-ages should think me capable of such a horrid and barbarous murder.' Well, this is an 'after-age.' Perhaps in that respect the fears of the condemned man were unnecessary.

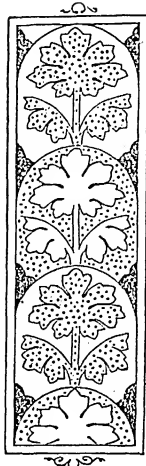
WILD-DUCK OVER!

SUNSET: and the cry of a rover,
The rush of a whistling wing;
Good-bye to you, wild-duck over,
Gone south till the waking spring!
Till the golden goddess has brought her
New life to the leafless trees,
You will rock on the open water
And dip to the ceaseless seas.

Twilight: and the crimson glory
Dies down in the wintry west,
Your path, like a half-told story,
Lies dim to a goal unguessed;
We follow your dark form fleeting
Straight-necked to the harbour-mouth,
Each stroke of those pinions beating,
And throb of that heart set south!

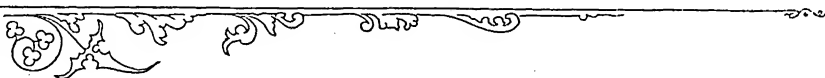
Nightfall: and I stand and ponder,
Grown restless and ill-content,
With a wish that I too might wander
The way that your swift wings went;
My heart is a wild-fowl rover,
My fate is a frosted mere;
Ah! good-night to you, wild-duck over;
Come back with the waking year.

WILL. H. OGILVIE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



MY FIRST SALMON.

WHEN one sees reports in the daily papers of the numerous fish taken in the Tweed and other rivers during the months of October and November, not only by gentlemen, but also by ladies, I confess I am a little diffident in submitting to the public an account of the run I had with my first salmon; but I am tempted to do so because I had fished, and fished unsuccessfully, for ten or a dozen years before my efforts were crowned with success. Not that I was a 'duffer' who did not know how to throw a line. I had been brought up near the junction of the Till with the Tweed, and had taken many a dish of good yellow trout out of these rivers, as well as from the Bowmont, one of the best trout-streams in north Northumberland. The Bowmont is now strictly preserved; but in my boyhood it was open to any one who wished to spend a day on its banks. In those days, however, the Bowmont was rather ungetatable, and perhaps there was no great need for preservation; but now it is easily accessible by the railway from Cornhill to Wooler and Alnwick, which runs for some miles along its banks.

Somehow as a boy, and even as a young man, I was quite content with a good day's trout-fishing, and it was not till after I had been settled for years in Edinburgh that I had my first try for a salmon. It was my old friend the 'Squire,' one of the best salmon-fishers on the Tweed, who offered me a day one autumn when I was spending a short holiday in the old neighbourhood. Well, I was tempted, and tried; and, having had a rise, I somehow became so fascinated with the thought of killing a twenty-pounder that I could not rest until my efforts met with success.

The reader will wonder how it was that so many years elapsed before I accomplished the feat if I was no duffer, as I have asserted? Well, I can only say that for several years luck was terribly against me, as I never got the water in trim. My friend used to shake his head and declare he never knew any one so unfortunate, and that he would have

wired to stop me from coming down, but knew it would be too late. Then it must be borne in mind that I did not live on the banks of the river, and therefore could not choose my day; also, I was a busy man, and only able to spare one day each autumn in attempting to achieve what to me really began to appear to be the unachievable.

All who know anything about the Tweed a few miles above Berwick will at once agree that you might as well try for a salmon in the Thames at London Bridge as try for one in the lower stretches of the Tweed when 'she's waxing,' as my friend's fisherman, speaking in Tweedonian dialect, frequently told me she was doing when I alighted from the early Edinburgh train. Well, what was I to do when such was the case? It was, as I say, no use; but hadn't I come all the way from Edinburgh for a day's fishing, and who could tell that there was really no chance? Very little, no doubt; but the ways of salmon are past finding out, and an odd fish might at any moment be tempted to take the fly. The result was that frequently the rod went up, the boat was got out, and I devoted four or five hours to throwing the fly across a visibly rising water, in the vain hope that that eccentric fish I was looking for would at last take on; but it never did, and I grew positively ashamed of repeating the same old story each time I got home to my expectant family in the evening. Sometimes the river rose so high in the night preceding 'my day' that I did not go even the length of putting up my rod, and my friend would say as he met me at the station, 'It's no use to-day. She's come down three feet, and won't fish till Monday. Can't you stay till then? You're sure to get him if you do.' But I couldn't, and sorrowfully recognised the fact that that salmon I had been trying for years to catch had yet another twelve months to disport himself in Tweed's silvery stream.

I well remember one year. My friend had promised to write if he could place a day at my disposal, but the season was getting on, and I had almost abandoned the thought when I received a

wire on the Friday afternoon: 'River in first-rate ply. Come to-morrow.' Full of hope, I hurried home, packed my traps, and started by the evening train. Alas! I had not got farther than Dunbar when I felt a rising west wind beating against the carriage windows, accompanied by rain; and when I got up next morning and looked on the river it was 'drumlíe and dark as it rolled on its way.'

Now I think I hear some of my readers say, 'Bother the fellow! Is he never going to tell us about that first salmon of his? But perhaps he has not caught it yet, and is still making those annual excursions in search of it.' Patience! patience! My story is no myth, I assure you. I have caught it; and if you read on I shall tell you all about it. I believe in the old saying that all things come to him who waits, and the day for which I was longing and upon which I had set my heart was coming too.

It was well on in November when I took the first train for Kelso, in response to a telegram received the day before, determined, if possible, to break the unlucky spell that seemed to dog me, so far as fishing was concerned. It proved a beautiful morning—too beautiful for salmon-fishing, I thought, whilst putting off the time until the train started from Kelso by sauntering on the Yetholm road—for the sun was shining brightly, and the turnip-leaves were glittering in its beams, as it had been frosty during the night. But if it was not an ideal fishing day, it was a morning to make glad the heart of man, and I felt buoyant and hopeful.

When my train arrived at the station at which I had to get out, I sprang to the platform, where I found my friend's fisherman waiting with the intelligence that the river was in trim, and that he had got rod, line, and boat ready. We therefore lost no time in proceeding to the water, where we found the boat safely moored in a little creek near the 'willow pool.' I stepped in without loss of time, selected the fly, got the rod in hand, and signified that I was ready.

The boat was pushed off, and Scott rowed slowly up to the top of the pool, when he gave the word, 'Now then, sir, begin.' I cast well across to the opposite bank, allowing the fly to float down till it was brought in a line with the stern of the boat. This was repeated over and over again, while the boat was allowed to float slowly down the stream, until the fly had covered, as it seemed, every foot of the water; but no fish showed itself. Then the fly was changed and the boat rowed to the pool a little higher up. Here the river makes a sudden bend from the west, and runs for about half a mile almost due north—a fine strong current caused by the sharp bend—capital water for working the fly in; and as the boat goes slowly down I have the feeling that it is floating over many a big fish.

Again the boat was slowly getting to the end of

the pool and I was beginning to feel just a bit despondent, for I had by this time been wielding the rod for an hour most assiduously, when suddenly I saw the water boil up where my fly was, and felt my line tighten. I did not strike sharply—at least I don't think I did—but strengthened the pull upon the line steadily, feeling as I did so as if the hook were being drawn into something soft and firm. I saw a fish had risen at my fly, but for a second or two I was not sure if my hook was fast in a fish or a log of wood. Then the fight began, and I shouted, 'Scott, I have him!' 'Ay, I see that, sir,' was Scott's laconic answer as he glanced carelessly at my bent rod. To him the hooking of a salmon was, and had been for years, nothing more than a daily occurrence; but not so with me. I was so excited that I could scarcely stand in the boat, and felt sure that the fish would prove victor in the struggle we were entering on. I had frequently dealt with trout running up to two pounds when fishing with one of Anderson's small 'Dunkeld' rods, which was no bad practice for learning how to handle a salmon when you had him safely hooked at the end of a strong line attached to an eighteen-foot rod. Still, it was my first heavy fish, and when the play began I fear I was trembling with excitement. As for my boatman, he viewed the scene with stoical indifference, and I could scarcely get him to offer a word of advice. He merely looked at the bent rod, telling me to keep it up, but to let the salmon take the line, as he was a good one. I worked away for some time, gradually getting accustomed to the situation, and liking it too, as the longer the fight lasted the more confident I began to feel. Not so the salmon. The longer he fought the more desperate he appeared to become, rushing now up the stream, and now down, with an occasional burst across. After each rush there was a slight pause, quickly followed by half-a-dozen violent tugs, making me tremble for the line, which I momentarily expected would snap in two.

Scott had paddled gently to the side, and advised me to get out, so that I stood on *terra firma* while he got out the landing-net. This looked like business; but I could not help thinking, with a shade of sadness, 'My man, it may not be required.' I was now becoming quite cool, however, and learning minute by minute how to handle a fish. One thing I could not understand, and that was a strange singing feeling which seemed to run all up the line and pass through my whole body. At first I thought my nerves had got the better of me; but the feeling still continued, and I asked Scott what it was. He answered, with a quiet laugh, 'That, sir? It's the heavy current on your taut line. I've often felt the same myself when playing a fish in this pool.' The explanation reassured me, as I was really beginning to be afraid I had got hold of something not very canny.

Fully ten minutes had passed, and the fish had never yet shown himself; but the day was bright

and sunny, which perhaps accounted for his keeping so long to the bottom of the pool, and no doubt we were distinctly visible to him all the time. At last I felt him yield to the heavy strain I had been keeping on him, and, to my joy, he appeared on the surface, rolling helplessly from side to side. The sight seemed at once to stir Scott into activity, and he stepped into the water, net in hand, saying, 'Now then, sir, reel up quick, and bring him in.' I did so, and Scott prepared to do his part by netting my prize. I brought the fish well up, and it seemed to me that the struggle was concluded; but, to my infinite horror, when he plunged the net under he missed, and only got the fish half in. For a second or two there was a lively struggle, which I thought was bound to terminate in favour of the fish; and my hopes, which a moment before were sky-high, dropped suddenly to zero. But not a bit of it. Suddenly I felt the line begin to go, and before I could realise the fact that he was still on he was nearly across the river. The rush was soon over, however, and I felt he was again amenable to persuasion, and ready to allow me to guide him in once more until he came within Scott's reach. Again he tried to net the fish, and again he missed it, and the salmon went off madly to the other side as before. Scott afterwards excused these two failures, and explained them by saying that the sun, which, as I have said, was very bright, was right in his eyes, or he would not have missed as he did. Well,

for the third time I brought the salmon within reach of the net, and this time he was safely secured and brought to the bank.

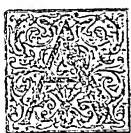
Never shall I forget the exultation of that moment, and the strong inclination I felt to relieve my feelings by giving vent to a whoop that would have startled the country for a mile around; but when I looked at Scott and saw how coolly he took it, I felt quite abashed, and suppressed my excitement. Nay, I even tried to look as unconcerned as he did; but I could not help saying, with just a little tinge of exultation in my voice, 'Well, Scott, he's a fine fish, and I'm glad to see him safely on the bank.'

When weighed, the salmon turned the scales at twenty-two pounds, and seemed in my eyes a perfect fish; but next day, when he lay on my kitchen-table for the inspection of my friends, I heard one remark, rather maliciously as I thought, and with a touch of envy, that it was just a little too red-looking for his taste. I thought it best to take no notice of the remark; but it rankled a bit, until I heard that he was colour-blind, poor fellow!

Well, there, I have given you a full account of the run I had with my first salmon; my second fish, a twenty-pounder, fell to my rod that same afternoon. The spell which had hung over me for years was broken, and I hope no malign fairy will weave another round my head.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONCERNING STRANGE MATTERS.



ALAIN CARBONEC'S further experiences in the great cave are so very strange that if you ask me if I believe them myself, I can only reply that I knew the man for many years; that he was transpa-

rently honest and straightforward; and that, often as I heard him discuss these matters, I never found him vary in the slightest detail from the account he first gave me. Further, I may state that I submitted his statement to a friend of mine, a very eminent professor of zoology, zoonomy, and zootomy, whose reply was a demand to be taken forthwith to that cavern.

'But,' I said, 'all I want to know is whether these things are possible, or if they are only the distorted imaginings of an overstrained brain.'

'Possible?' said the Professor with some warmth. 'My dear fellow, everything is possible. I know more about these things than any other man this side heaven at the present moment'—the Professor is not an Englishman, I may say—'and I would like to meet the man who is bold enough to put a limit to the possibilities of Nature. When can we start?'

I give you Alain's account of what befell him in

the great cave under Cap Réhel just as he gave it to me.

The wound Cadoual had given him as his final legacy was not dangerous, but extremely painful; and it was so situated that he was unable to treat it as he might have done if it had been in a more accessible place. The knife had ploughed along the right shoulder-blade and gone in somewhat more deeply at the base. He knew that it would shortly stiffen up, and that his arm would probably become too painful to use for a time. So with wise forethought he made his preparations for an off-spell.

With very great difficulty he climbed the slope to the doves' chamber, filled his bag with eggs, captured half-a-dozen plump little habitants, and scratched down fuel enough to last him many days. He accomplished the descent in safety, and conveyed his plunder by degrees to the tunnel-way; but the sight of Cadoual's body lying there, and the recollection of the thirst that had tortured him, decided him on making a change. So, in many slow and toilsome journeys, he carried everything he was likely to want through the break in the red organ-pipes, into the pillarless hall by the pool. He sought out a niche there, and formed camp by

starting a fire. Then he bathed his wound as well as he could in the pool, and strapped himself together in a rough way with long strips of his shirt, which was almost in rags from his scrambles up and down the slope. Cadoual had no further need for clothing, so Alain took his things to replenish his own depleted wardrobe.

As he anticipated, the storm burst again with redoubled fury, and for two days and nights the cavern was filled with the clamour of the labouring rocks. The great red organ-pipes, near which he lay, hummed each its own particular note, which rose and fell with the sobbing of the storm through the sea-cave, and the wild medley that filled the air set his brain throbbing till his head seemed like to burst.

More than once he groped his way to his loop-hole, in spite of bruises and wrenches to the wounded shoulder. The Light stood stark and lonely, the gallery had no occupant, and all he could see was the low, grey sky, and the wild waste of slate-grey waves racing furiously for the rocks. More than once he breasted and drifted with the rush of air through the funnel to the sink, and sat and watched the tumult down below, anxious now for calm weather so that he might see if perchance salvation lay that way.

When he passed the old camping-ground on the second day, on his way to his lookout, he stopped short and rubbed his eyes. Even in this short time his sight had tuned itself somewhat to the twilight of the cavern. But now surely his eyes had played him false, and he groped forward in amazement, and felt all round with his hands to make sure. But it was no trick of his eyes. Cadoual's body was gone, and he could see no sign of it anywhere about.

He leaned up against the rock, panting. The man was surely dead. He was cold and stiff the last time he saw him; but his body was no longer there. There was the couch he had lain on. There were the remains of the fire, and the egg-shells scattered about. No, there was no mistake; and Alain leaned there gazing with wide, startled eyes at the place where Cadoual ought to have been, but was not.

The superstitions of his race sprang up in him full blown, and flapped their wings about his brain till he grew sick with apprehension. Either Cadoual had come to life again, or the Evil One had come and taken him away. Since he was absolutely certain that Cadoual was dead, why—*nom-de-Dieu!*—it must be the devil; and Alain, with no practical belief in the efficacy of the charm, still crossed himself devoutly as the only possible protection from the powers of darkness.

When he got over the shock of it he went his way warily, lest the Evil One should be lying in wait for him too round some dark corner; and when he got back to his fire he piled the fuel high, and sat quaking by it for the rest of the day.

When he fell asleep at night he woke with a start

lest his fire should have gone out; though why fire should be any protection might have been beyond his powers of explanation.

Once when he woke thus in the middle of the night he got an impression of stealthy movement out in the darkness beyond, and it set him shivering. He lay clinging to his couch, and listened with every nerve that was in him. The storm had ceased; the rock-voices were dumb once more; the silence of death reigned through all the pillared aisles. When he cautiously fed his fire the flames set shadowy goblins flitting about behind the organ-pipes. It was a situation to try even nerves that had known no shocks.

Surely something moved out beyond there. He sweated cold terrors, and lay low, with bristling hair and creeping back. He dared not sleep, and the night passed slowly, full of vague fears.

When at last the far-away corner buttress stole silently out of the surrounding darkness and showed faintly against the glimmering twilight behind, he knew that it was day. He breathed a sigh of relief, for the day was not quite as the night, even in that dismal hole, and the night holds terrors when even the day holds no great joys.

He fed his fire and started off after a further supply of food and fuel. It was very dark in there, but by this time he could find his way in spite of that. He came to the cleft in the organ-pipes, and climbed through with wide side-glances for any suspicious flitter among the shadows. Instead of coming down on the rock, his bare foot lighted on something soft and clammy cold. His flesh retracted instinctively and he rolled over headlong. His hand touched the thing that lay there, and in a moment he was up and away among the pillars, gasping with horror, sick with fear. For the thing he had fallen over was Cadoual's body, or he was mad.

Instinct would have led him to his lair; but that awful thing lay between. He fled straight on as he rose from the ground, and never stopped nor cast a look behind till he had scaled the steep side-wall and lay in the doves' nest, with his heart going like a pump and his brain cracking with amazement and horror.

It could not be—and yet it was. He had felt it, and he knew. It was long before he found courage even to lift his head and peep fearfully into the cave below. As for going down—so crazy a thought never entered his head.

It took two full days and nights of close retirement, the absorption of many eggs—which fortunately served for drink as well as meat—and the absolute absence of the slightest sign or sound below, to string his jangled nerves to something like their usual level. Then, with infinite caution, and every sense on end with apprehension, he stole down, and crept foot by foot through the pillared hall. He had succeeded in half-convincing himself that his imagination had played him a scurvy trick. He had come to doubt the actual existence of the

thing he had felt. He had nerved himself to go and see.

Foot by foot he made his way, with many a cautious halt, prepared for instant flight at every step. He found that even two days' continuous stay in the lighter cavern had sufficed to affect in some degree the adjustment of his eyes to the dark. He strained them till they shot with sparks, but saw nothing. So he came at last to the gap in the screen, and there was nothing there, nor had he seen or heard any suspicious thing. He climbed quickly through and groped to his camp. He gathered a handful of his bedding and lit it, with a quick all-round glance as the flame leaped out. But there was nothing abnormal in sight. His couch, indeed, was scattered, and so were the thin white ashes of his fires; but the disturbances of the last night he passed there were sufficient to account for these things.

He had brought a supply of food with him, so he set to and plucked and cooked a pigeon. The smell of it was very grateful to him, and did more than anything else to dissipate the remnants of his fears.

By the time he had picked the last bone he was satisfied that the terrors of that other night had suggested to him things that were not, and he started eagerly for the sea-cave to see what it looked like in its ordinary condition, and whether there was any possibility of escape that way.

The water lapped musically on the rough sides of the basin, against which it had churned with such fury the last time he saw it. The whispers ran up into the roof and hummed there till it buzzed like a hive. The place was filled with the gentle murmurings, and with a strange wan light that came glimmering up from the water. It was a dim green light full of breaks and flutterings, and it came from the farther end of the pool. He crept down the incline to the edge of the water and sat down to consider it.

Away in front there, where the light was strongest, there must be an opening to the sea. But from the look of it the tunnel was very far down, and from the dimness of the light the arch must be a thick one. Could he get through by diving? It seemed more than doubtful. He had no means of judging the distance between the pool and the sea, and the attempt to find out might cost him his life.

When his eyes grew more accustomed to the shifting glimmer, he saw shadows gliding to and fro across the disc which he took to be the inner mouth of the tunnel; and presently he made out waving fronds and filaments of seaweed in such masses at times that the light was almost obscured.

He sat there the greater part of the day, dabbling his feet in the free sea-water, in hopes that the ebb-tide might bring the mouth of the tunnel nearer to him; but it never got close enough to give him any ideas concerning it worth risking his life upon.

He would have gone down into the water at once for a closer investigation; but the wound in his shoulder had opened with his late exertions, and healing lay in his remaining quiet.

He had counted so much on the sea-cave leading to freedom that the disappointment depressed him exceedingly. However, there were those other archways and cross-tunnels, and any one of them might be the one he wanted. So the following day he began a systematic search, and it kept him very fully occupied, which made for mental balance.

Of his labours in the transport of fuel for flares, of his precarious gropings in the dark, of all he saw down there of the stupendous works wrought by Nature and the untold ages, I have no space here to tell. I have heard him try to describe them, and at such times his blue eyes had a fixed and far-away look in them, words failed him, and the summing up of the whole was usually a quiet, reminiscent '*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*' which, while lacking in descriptive detail, told us more than many words. Descriptive detail, you see, was not Alain Carbonec's strong point. The things that actually happened to himself wrought themselves into his very soul, and could never be effaced; and, no matter how rough their telling, no man could hear them from his lips without feeling that he believed every word he spoke.

He searched in turn every opening out of the great cave, and found no hope in any of them, and his spirits sank very low. At the farther end, far away past the red organ-pipes, the cave opened through narrow tunnels into other caves, and these again into others; and so he might have wandered for days, but dared not, lest he should never get back.

In the farthest chamber he ever reached, where the pillars and curtains and tendrils of rock were all as green as the water in the sea-cave, and the silence was so crushing that he averred he could hear the rocks grinding, he came on an object that sent him home to his fire and tied him there for two days. In the farthest corner of that far cave he came on the body of a man, sunk down on its knees and sitting on its heels, chin on chest, hands in lap, in the attitude of utter despair and concomitant prayer. It was so coated with green stone, like everything else thereabouts, that it might easily have passed as one more stone among many. But something about it drew his attention, and he examined it carefully, even wasting a precious match on it and an extra flare, and he says it had been a man. It had doubtless been there for ages, from the times before those huge red organ-pipes grew together in the great cave. Alain viewed it with awe, and taking its moral to heart, went back quickly, and for days thereafter never strayed beyond the sight of his fire or the light of the outer cave.

IN THE ANCIENT COLONY.

By Rev. ROBERT WILSON, Ph.D., St John, New Brunswick.



N the 24th of June 1497, in the reign of Henry VII., John Cabot discovered a large island in the Atlantic, to which he gave the name of Terra Nova. He was not the first to visit this unique and picturesque region, for away back in the eleventh century Scandinavian explorers had fished in its waters and hunted in its forests; but as these early visitors made no permanent settlement and left no definite information concerning the island, the fact of its discovery was forgotten, and to the world at large it had remained an unknown land.

The wonderful stories told by Cabot and his fellow-voyagers of the abundance and excellence of the fish that swarmed around its coasts led many to go thither to share in the profits of the business; but no effort was made to found a colony until 5th August 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed at St John's, ran up the royal standard, and took possession in the name of his Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. In point of time, therefore, Terra Nova, or Newfoundland, is the oldest of Britain's dependencies, and hence the appropriateness of the designation, the Ancient Colony.

It is not our purpose to give the history of a region we have known so long and yet know so little about, or to dwell upon the difficulties with which its people had to grapple. Were it so, a tale would be unfolded not at all creditable to those who had the management of its affairs. Certain Englishmen, known as 'merchant adventurers,' having secured exceptional privileges, made the most of them in their own interests. The land was represented as hopelessly barren, the climate unendurable in winter; and settlement was discouraged, trade was restricted, and the island made a close preserve for the catching and curing of fish, or—as one quaintly expressed it—'a great ship moored on the Banks for the convenience of English fishermen.' But a brighter era has dawned. The outside world is becoming acquainted with the vast and varied resources of the island colony, and foreign capitalists are investing largely in its ores and woods. For a single iron-mine of limited area the sum of one million dollars has recently been paid; and, while the wealth in its waters is still enormous, its wealth in minerals and agricultural products is still greater. It is no longer spoken of as the place 'whaur sailors gang to fish for cod,' but as a land of unlimited possibilities, of rich and growing importance.

Mr Robert Gillespie Reid, railway contractor, and a native of Coupar Angus, Scotland, has played a large part in the modern development of Newfoundland. He contracted with the New-

foundland Government in 1898 to operate all trunk and branch lines in the island for fifty years, paying one million dollars for reversion of whole lines at the end of that period, and receiving additional land concessions amounting to about four and a half million acres, 'thus becoming one of the largest landed proprietors in the world.' Other contracts were the building of eight steamers for the traffic of the island, the purchasing and operating the dry dock of St John's, and an electric street railway. The coalfields came also largely into his hands. All his property was transferred to the Reid Newfoundland Company in 1901, of which Mr Reid is first president.

Of its ability to sustain a large population there can be no doubt, for in addition to its fisheries and mines there are thousands of acres of excellent land which await the advent of the intelligent husbandman. There are also extensive forests where the ring of the woodman's axe is still unheard, and which offer an inviting field to the lumber operator. On account of distance from the coast much of the wealth of soil and forest was practically valueless; but the facilities for trade and transportation now being afforded, and the founding of an excellent railway system, are bringing about some wonderful changes.

To the man seeking rest or recreation the Ancient Colony offers rare inducements. The coast scenery is grand, with a beautiful intermingling in many places of the softer scenes of the quiet glen or the wooded vale; while in the interior there are many places where reigns a quiet beauty and loveliness in glen or grassy mead seldom surpassed elsewhere. The lakes and rivers abound with trout, salmon, and wildfowl, and herds of the noble caribou roam through the forests and over the plains. Along the line of the railway is a veritable paradise for the sportsman with rod or gun, and for the artist with brush or camera the field is very inviting. The people are hospitable, and guides are available and reasonable in their charges; therefore the man seeking rest and recreation may find it here in any one of a thousand charming retreats, 'far from the busy haunts of men.'

The uneducated Newfoundlanders are peculiar in their speech, and in tone and accent suggest a foreign origin, although the great majority are really British. The letter 'd' is made to do service instead of 't,' the hard sound is given to 'o,' some of the people would rival the Englishman in the use of the superfluous 'h,' the ire of the North Briton would be aroused at the ignoring of the 'r,' while not infrequently the Celt would be surprised at being addressed in the roughest brogue of his country.

The religious needs of the people, with a few exceptions, are cared for by the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal, and the Methodist Churches, and the interest taken in religion is exceptionally earnest. As the system of denominational schools obtains, each denomination has its own Board of Education, provides for its own children, and receives State aid in proportion to the numbers in attendance. Religion and education are thus combined; and where the ministrations of the clergy are irregular, the teacher in many places acts as sub-pastor, and conducts service in their absence. Connected with some of these services strange stories are told; for, left to themselves, laymen in some of the out-districts manage matters in a wild way. The meetings are often continued until 'the wee sma' hour' is reached, when—with the weeping, shouting, singing, and sometimes swooning—scenes difficult to describe are presented. Such scenes, however, belong more to the past than to the present, and the young people of to-day are much amused when told of these extravagances. As a class these lay-preachers and teachers are intelligent, industrious, patriotic, and painstaking, and are preparing the rising generation to take advantage of the new era of commercial and industrial prosperity upon which the colony is just entering.

The work of the clergyman in the out-districts has always been difficult and often dangerous. As highways were unknown, boats had to be used wherever possible in passing from place to place; but sometimes the journey had to be made through the woods and on foot. In a new or uninhabited country it is no unusual experience to be lost in the forest, and sometimes these mishaps are of the saddest character. As I write these lines information has been received of the finding of the remains of a man who four years ago was lost in the wilds of New Brunswick. He had gone out with his son to shoot partridges; but they had become separated, and the man had failed to find his way to the clearings, had become bewildered, and died from weariness and hunger. Hundreds went out in search, and the country for miles around was scoured in all directions, but without avail. Such was the experience of the Rev. Thomas Boland, an Episcopalian clergyman, who similarly lost his way, and perished from cold and exhaustion. Only a few months ago the Rev. Mr Bell, a Methodist missionary, in seeking to reach a distant part of his parish, missed his way, and for several days wandered in the wilds without food or shelter; but fortunately he was rescued before it was too late. The spirit of the martyrs still lives, and the Ancient Colony has furnished some noble examples of Christian heroism.

The fisherman's life is one of constant peril. When the season arrives which calls him to engage in the business, he goes off in his schooner to the Grand Banks. These little vessels are often

enveloped in storm and fog and darkness till all reckoning is lost, and those who man them are indeed at their wits' end. They are exposed to the triple danger of collision with icebergs, of being run down by the swift ocean steamer, or of being swamped in the surging waters. Still more perilous is the work of the dory mates in their small and fragile-looking boats. Not infrequently these drift away beyond sight or sound of the schooners to which they belong, and if not picked up by some passing ship, are never heard of again. The outcome of all this is a tough, hardy, plucky, and resourceful mariner, capable of any amount of work, and able to do with the poorest appliances what many another would not do with the best. Here is a grand school for the training of seamen for His Majesty's navy, men whom no danger can daunt, whom no fatigue can exhaust.

Nearly every place outside of St John's is called an outport, and at the greater number of these places doctors are, like angels' visits; few and far between. Instead of crowding each other and competing for practice, they require a guarantee of a certain stipend before they consent to make the outport their home. By this arrangement a fair income is assured, and the poorest child in the district is entitled to medical attendance and care.

While a magistrate is always found at these outports, lawyers are even fewer than doctors, and the administration of justice is conducted in rather a novel manner. A vessel is chartered by the Government to visit such places as cannot be reached by rail, carrying judges, lawyers, and whoever and whatever else is required to constitute a court. The arrival of the vessel with her distinguished passengers is the event of the year, and is looked forward to or back upon as an occasion of special interest.

While the people know nothing as yet of the horseless carriage, they have long been familiar with the horseless town, for in not a few places that noble animal has been conspicuous by his absence; but with the general improvement that is so evident on all sides, the importance of the horse is being more and more recognised. This was illustrated quite recently in a very forcible manner by a boy in one of the public schools; for, while it indicated great lack of culture, it gave a good idea of the value of this animal. He had been requested to write an essay on 'The Horse,' and the following is a correct copy: 'the horse hales wood and in the winter her-rings. men got to put shows on the horse, fraid they would fall on slipry ice. horse plows. grown-horse eights hay and oats. you can ride on horses. horses sleep in stables by night. horses can run faster than oxen. horses got to hawl slays and carts. horses have young wons. there is differents of horses. there is wild horses and there is tame horses. horse is a very useful

animale. the horse is a very strong animile. there is wite horses and black horses and red horses and gray horses.'

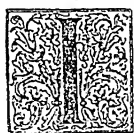
Passing over many other matters, a few words about St John's will be of interest. It is certainly a beautiful city, with one of the safest and most picturesque harbours in the world. It has many fine public buildings, and a number of the private residences indicate not only that the owners are wealthy, but also that they possess taste and refinement. Of the people a recent tourist speaks thus: 'The majority impress one by their sincere and earnest manner, and possess the dignity of well-occupied, fully rounded lives. After careful study one is more convinced than ever of the propitious influence a northern climate yields for the building of strong races. It is a remarkable fact that one finds little or no deformity or disease among the people of this city, exposed as they are to the elements and to a perilous life. One may walk the street from day to day and not come in contact with physical

degeneracy. Moral vices are also rare, bringing us to the conclusion that this city of churches strives to build up the physical being and the moral purposes, as well as to inculcate creed and denominational enthusiasm; watches over the purity of life as well as the organisation of Sunday-schools.'

One of the most important questions now agitating the minds of the Newfoundlanders is what is known as 'The French Shore Difficulty'—namely, the claim of France not only to catch and cure fish in that section of the island, but to so control matters as to deny a similar right to the natives. The readiest way to redress the wrong is in union with Canada, as Canada's voice would perhaps command greater attention than that of an isolated colony. Be that as it may, the Dominion needs Newfoundland and Newfoundland needs the Dominion; and the day is not far distant when the Ancient Colony will have become one of the provinces of the Britain of the West.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER III.



It is a very trying thing for a young man to be nailed to an old woman's sick-bed when he is neither a saint nor an expectant legatee; the position being aggravated when the young man is in love, or at least is disposed to play the rôle of lover.

Calderon's impatience was increased by a letter from Lady Evelyn telling him, as part of her social gossip, on what intimate terms the New York heiress appeared to be with his own secretary, Noel Erskine, who had turned out to be an old friend, and whose claims had been confirmed by the fact that he had managed to fish up Miss Patience Potts out of the Thames during a boating excursion to Cookham; the good lady by some curious maladroitness having succeeded in losing her balance and falling into deep water.

'Mr Erskine had his shoes and coat off in a twinkling,' wrote the lively lady, 'and held up the poor woman with one arm while he fought his way back to the bank with the other. We have heard some people speak of him as if he were a cripple; but he has the strength of Hercules in his arms. Lucia, who seems very fond of her aunt, was dissolved in gratitude, and they meet, I fancy, very often.'

After the receipt of this letter Lord Calderon secured an interview with Mrs Moberly's physician, with the result of obtaining an opinion that the present attack was not likely to prove fatal, and that quiet and isolation would best conduce to the patient's recovery.

'You will send me a wire in case of a relapse,'

suggested Calderon cheerfully. 'I would stay on till doomsday were it not that I am called to town on urgent private affairs.'

The physician smiled slightly. Which of the golden youths of the social empyrean has not urgent private affairs in that direction when flaming June reigns in the capital?

On his return he took up the season's routine with an assiduity quite new to him; for it was now his deliberate purpose to see as much of Lucia Potts as possible, and he was gratified to find her admitted to the best houses, and seeming quite assured of her position. Why, indeed, he asked himself anxiously, should it not be so? Apart from her beauty and her wealth, she had such an intelligent and widespread interest in things social and mental as to make her a delightful companion, added to a pretty gift of repartee. She showed neither shyness nor assurance, but a level self-possession equal to most occasions; while her deportment at table and in the ballroom alike was in irreproachable taste. In a word, Lucia would not disgrace the dignity of a peeress while enabling the impecunious peer to level up his broken fortunes to their once impressive proportions. It would be a marriage of equivalents, softened by a distinct prepossession.

As for any rivalry on the part of his secretary, as suggested by Lady Evelyn, Calderon had dismissed the notion with a smile of tolerant superiority. Erskine was always absorbed in his duties, his chief ambition being so to inoculate Calderon with his own views and enthusiasms as to make him an influential personality in the Upper Chamber;

what leisure he had was given to literary work of his own, journalistic and otherwise. He seemed to have a perverse disinclination for society, rejecting the opportunities offered. As a matter of precaution or diplomacy, Calderon had on one occasion mentioned the name of Lucia Potts in connection with her charm and social success, but without eliciting the slightest sign of personal feeling. Erskine acquiesced with cool indifference.

Encouraged by his manner, Calderon ventured a step farther. Men are apt to be more reticent than women in such matters. 'I think, Erskine, I have heard Miss Potts mention your name. She knew you in New York?'

The young man, who was writing, did not put down his pen, but glanced up carelessly.

'Yes, some four years ago. I was at the time tutor, or keeper rather, to that half-deranged lad, Frank Jocelyn, and circumstances led to Miss Potts's father showing both of us great kindness. He was a fine type of the American millionaire.'

'And you have renewed the acquaintance this season?'

'In a sense. Miss Potts was good enough to recognise me in the first instance at the Academy; and, in memory of old times, she invited me to a picnic on the Thames. We have scarcely met since.'

He waited a moment as if for any further inquiries, and then resumed his writing, quite aware that Calderon's eyes were studying his face. After a few minutes' silence he spoke again. 'I have reason to think,' he said, 'that both Miss Potts and her aunt were willing to be very kind to me; but, you see, our ways in life do not run parallel, and I had no claim whatever upon them beyond the memory of her father's good-will.'

'I thought you saved the old lady's life.'

'Absurd! I helped her out of a puddle, and that was all.'

Fortified by these disclaimers, Calderon resolved to press his suit at closer quarters. He was very polite to Miss Patience, as much from natural courtesy as from the knowledge that Lucia was keenly appreciative of attentions paid to her aunt.

It happened, a few days after his talk with Erskine, that he called at Victoria Street, ostensibly to bring that lady a society novel she had not succeeded in getting for herself, and found Lucia dressed for walking, and with the evident intention of going out alone. So favourable an opportunity was not to be neglected, and he asked if he might be allowed to accompany her.

An English girl might have hesitated; but to Lucia the proposal seemed perfectly natural.

'Certainly,' she cried cheerfully, 'if you don't mind going where I am going.'

'To the Park—to Bond Street?' he suggested. 'I am at your service.'

'Not a bit of it! I am bound for Westminster Abbey.' Then, in answer perhaps to his involuntarily lifted eyebrows, she added: 'When we chose this flat it was with the idea that we should be near the Abbey, and I could go to service every day. That was my dream in Fifth Avenue. Now, would you believe it, I have only been twice since we came. If we make haste we shall be in time for afternoon service.'

Lucia had never appeared more charming than on this occasion. As they walked together to the Abbey she was full of ardent talk about the associations of the locality, of which she was in fuller possession than the English peer; then her sincere devotion as she knelt at prayer, and her innocent rapture at the music as the matchless organ pealed forth and the choir-boys tossed the praises from side to side, appealed to his sense of the womanly and the befitting. Afterwards, when they made the tour of the Abbey, he was astonished at her erudition, not having duly considered the enthusiasm of an American girl for the splendid antiquities of the old country, helped by an intelligent study of photographs and illustrated papers.

When they returned to her flat—for Lord Calderon had eagerly accepted her invitation to afternoon tea—they found that Miss Potts was still absent on a shopping expedition, so that their *tête-à-tête* continued.

The circumstance caused one of them a little trepidation; but it was not Lucia. She had flung down her plumed hat on a chair, and was leaning against the window-frame in an attitude almost approaching dejection. It was a woman's mood doubtless; but it caused him a little surprise. She had, indeed, been less brightly talkative on their homeward way.

'You have a headache?' he asked solicitously. 'I ought not to have suffered you to work so hard in my behalf.'

'I never have a headache,' she answered gravely; 'but great churches always make me feel unhappy. They show one the end of everything—kingship and fame and money. I want some one to advise me what to do with my big fortune.'

The colour rushed into Calderon's face. The poise of her slim figure, the delicate oval of her face, the singular beauty of her eyes, which looked towards him with an almost pathetic wistfulness, stirred the young man's pulses.

'Could you help me?' she went on, with a vibration of sensibility in her voice. 'You, of course, are used to the management of great revenues, and—you have always been so kind to me.'

'No,' he said in a stifled voice, and stooping to pick up some petals which had fallen on the floor from the button-hole in his coat, 'I am the last in the world to advise you. The art of administering great revenues has long been lost in the Calderon family, Miss'—He paused a moment on her

name; it seemed an outrage on the charm and distinction of her bearing.

In a moment the girl had recovered her usual gaiety.

'Call me Lucia,' she interposed quickly. 'I am always Lucia to my friends; and the other name'—she laughed a little silvery laugh which yet had a note of defiance in it—'does not suit your lordship's lips.'

She swept him an ironical curtsey, and at the same moment Aunt Patience entered the room. Without controversy, the psychological moment had fled.

During the meal which followed, and which was of elaborate elegance, Lord Calderon devoted himself to the elder Miss Potts with a discretion that Lady Evelyn would have commended. She was a homely, intelligent woman, and he was the only visitor, so that the talk drifted by degrees into intimate topics. She talked of her brother, Lucia's father, of whom she was immensely proud, and gave some graphic particulars of the means by which he had raised himself from penury and obscurity to the honourable position of the largest exporter of American beef in Chicago, leaving five millions at his death to carry down his name to posterity. Calderon listened with a nervous interest, and made diplomatic replies to the effect that the business energy and resource of Americans were the admiration and almost the despair of his own countrymen; and all the time he watched Lucia to see if she winced under the recital, or detected want of cordiality in his own enthusiasm. But she was silent and distraught, and she even started a little when her aunt appealed to her for confirmation of some incident she was relating. Then, rising at once to the occasion, Lucia looked at Calderon with a smile.

'How polite you are,' she said, 'not to show a sign that auntie's talk bores you! It must all seem to you so far removed, so unthinkable and vulgar, you who look back and forward to generations of culture and dainty living. But, please understand, I am not ashamed of my father; I should be a pitiful wretch if I were! Don't fancy he was illiterate and vulgar because he had earned his knowledge and wisdom as he earned his millions, by his own brains, courage, and patience. Ah, how good he was to me! He gave me the best education in the States, and then sent me to Europe, though it almost broke his heart to part with me.' Her face had softened into tender reminiscence. 'Thank God!' she added, 'we had a few happy years together in New York after he had made his pile.'

Lord Calderon had bowed acquiescence to her words, and had looked sympathetic; but, in truth, the antecedents of Lucia Potts afflicted his soul. It was in vain he took himself to task for narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, and tried to take a more catholic view of humanity as such. It was not in him to do this; and should he

sue and win the fair girl before him, it would be in despite of racial instincts. It was something of a relief that at this point Aunt Patience was summoned from the room.

Meanwhile Lucia still harped on the same string. 'No one ever came into contact with my father,' she was saying, 'without getting a fillip towards good works; he was so 'cute—I mean so sagacious—and far-seeing, and with it all so tolerant and large-hearted. Whenever I find a man like him I shall be quite ready'—She stopped with a blush and a still more delightful smile as she met Calderon's amused glance.

'I see,' he said; 'in that case you will be half disposed to trust him with the administration of your big fortune?'

'Yes,' she answered without embarrassment, though her colour deepened, 'I confess that was what I was going to say; but I guess I shall have to wait a long time first. You see,' she continued, leaning a little forward in her earnestness, with her elbow on the table and her chin delicately poised in her rosy palm, 'I can afford to wait. I don't want money, for I have plenty of that, and I don't care for birth as birth alone. What I do want is a clear, strong brain that won't defer to my womanish cleverness, and a fair record—I mean a good life, free from mean actions or the nursing of base thoughts.' Her voice fell to a tender cadence.

Lord Calderon watched her with a curious mixture of feelings. It was all a little unconventional; but he had never thought her more engaging. Some might have suspected her of coquetry direct and unabashed; but he was neither fool nor egoist, and he perceived clearly that whatever idea was in her mind was remote from his own personality. The belief piqued him unquestionably; and there was a dreamy look in Lucia's eyes and a pathetic droop at the corners of her sweet lips that almost suggested the notion that her ideal had its objective. He felt a sensation akin to jealousy.

'After all,' he said a little dryly, 'your requirements are not extravagant. There are plenty of men of good intellect and clean lives who yet would want a good deal more to make a woman happy. They might have the temper of a fiend or a heart like a Stoic.'

'Oh, I had not filled in the details,' she cried. 'It was but a rough sketch; but you look disapproval, Lord Calderon, and Lady Evelyn has told me that your taste and judgment are unerring. Tell me honestly if I have said what I ought not to have said.'

'So far as my poor opinion goes, you have said nothing but what has done you honour; but before I go'—he had risen to take his departure—'may I be bold enough to add a few touches to your picture? We will grant the clear brain and the fair record; but over and above that must be a disinterestedness so proved and established as to defy question or

doubt, and a love so strong as to be able to endure the weight of your great inheritance.'

He held out his hand in adieu; but his face was pale and set. Lucia shrank back a little.

'Do not say that,' she said; 'do not say that! It hurts me dreadfully.' She spoke in a sort of urgent whisper.

'All the same, it will be wise to add these

trenchant lines to your marital sketch, Lucia—you have given me leave to call you so—and study it till—till we meet again.'

As the door closed upon him Lucia clasped her hands tightly together.

'If he is right—and I fear he is right—what shall I do?' she asked herself. 'How far may a woman dare and not be ashamed?'

'THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES.'

By J. E. WHITBY.



PROBABLY not even the most far-seeing person ever dreamed of a time when this apparently metaphorical proverb would become a word of sound advice in its most literal meaning. The expression 'living in glass houses' admirably represented the frail nature of a dwelling not to be recommended for those addicted to the unpleasant habit of casting stones at their neighbours' foibles; but that a day would ever come when a glass house, other than the Crystal Palace or some similar erection—nay, a glass home—would be a fact, would not have found credence some few years ago. Yet it is an accomplished reality; and while its inhabitant may be debarred from damaging his neighbour's property, he claims that his unusual dwelling has certain advantages which make it worth consideration.

Bricks made of glass for building purposes have been known for some time in England, Switzerland, and America. In the latter country the makers have greatly perfected the idea, and have contrived to mould and colour them; but, for various reasons, they have been hitherto only employed for interior additions to shops, work-rooms, or offices. A Dutchman, from Utrecht, living in Yokohama, has, however, completely carried out the notion of a glass house, and has constructed so remarkable a home that the description is extremely interesting. The house is about forty feet long by about twenty-one wide, and sixteen feet high. The glass employed is in the form of rough plates nearly three feet long, about two feet wide, and a foot thick. Each wall comprises, indeed, two walls, separated by the space of a foot, and filled with a very strong liquid solution of a sodium. The plates forming the walls are enclosed in cast-iron frames, and united laterally by nuts and screws in such a manner as to form rows of glass tiles ranged one above another. These are separated by felt and wood to the height of the roof. The ceiling is also formed of glass, the interstices being filled with india-rubber. Over these tiles is a layer of ashes, on which thin wood is laid that in its turn is covered with cement. The whole thus forms a most efficacious preventive of the loss of

interior heat, while not allowing the sun's rays to enter. A moment's consideration will show that this curious house has neither doors nor windows, while an absence of chinks or crevices, preventing the admission of air, forms equally a barrier to microbes, insects, or damp.

The necessary air is renewed by means of pipes placed vertically at some distance from the dwelling, and which communicate with other pipes opening into one of the lower chambers; but before reaching this it is filtered by passing through cages filled with cotton. It is then driven over a large plate of glass covered with glycerine, that acts as final catcher of any microbes that may have eluded the cotton. In the floors of the different rooms—also somewhat unusual, inasmuch as they consist of two layers of boards separated by a bed of sawdust—are gratings through which the highly purified air can be admitted at will. Outside, and at the level of the ceiling, the house is surrounded by a sort of glass pipe, which communicates with openings by which the contaminated air from within is driven out. The heat generated in this pipe—either by the sun or by an ingenious discharge of rain-water, or by the action of a stove in one of the lower rooms—sets up a draught, and the current of air is driven towards a chimney. By these ingenious arrangements the air is always pure, the temperature equable, and the expense for combustion reduced considerably. The saline solution enclosed between the two walls can be coloured so as to admit of a soft and agreeable light. The advantage of this solution is that during the daytime the heat generated by the sun warms the liquid instead of passing through the glass, and melts a greater quantity of the salt. During the night, the temperature being lower, there is a tendency to crystallisation on the part of the saturated solution—a tendency which manifests itself by a loss of heat. As the building is surrounded by a kind of shallow veranda closed by glass of the ordinary kind, the heat thus freed cannot escape from the building, and serves to raise the interior temperature.

The arrangement for entrance is no less ingeniously managed. Four plates of glass light an underground room, and it is by this apartment

the interior of the house is reached, the visitor passing through a corridor and rising to the level of the ground by an enclosed staircase. The doors of this corridor are so adjusted that only a minimum of air is allowed to enter. The many engineers who have seen this extraordinary building have declared that it contains all the conditions most necessary for an absolutely healthy manner of living, protecting as it does its inhabitants from a variable temperature, with the minimum of expense for warming. A curious

detail with regard to this glass house is that it is specially constructed to withstand earthquakes (of which it has already resisted three hundred shocks), the foundation pillars on which it rests revolving easily in excavated semicircular hollows. Whether the example in house-building of Dr Van der Heyden will be followed by others remains to be seen. Taken in connection with the proverb, the mere thought of it should certainly make us more inclined to respect the ideas and fancies of our neighbours.

A R E A C T I O N.

By J. J. BELL, Author of *Wee Macgregor*.

HALF-PAST nine, sir,' said Professor Bennett's housekeeper, opening the parlour door and depositing his coat and hat on the chair nearest it, as was her custom on five mornings out of the seven.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Professor, starting, and folding up the letter which he had been reading for the fourth or fifth time; 'is it so late, Mrs Leslie?' he said, with an almost guilty look. His breakfast lay before him cold and untasted, and his morning paper had not been opened.

Mrs Leslie wondered what was wrong, but merely remarked as she retired, 'You will need your coat and muffler to-day, sir. It is bitterly cold.'

'Thank you,' he returned as he rose from the table. Sitting down in an easy-chair by the fire-side, he kicked off his slippers and lifted his boots from the fender. 'Twenty years,' he muttered; 'twenty years since I saw her last, and—I'm still a fool!' He drew on his boots rather savagely and tugged impatiently at the laces. One of them snapped, and with sundry boyish grimaces he tied the ends in a clumsy knot. Presently he looked at his watch, then at his pipe-rack, shook his head ruefully, rose to his feet, gulped down a cup of cold tea, donned his coat and hat, and hurried from the house. He had to meet his junior chemistry class at ten o'clock.

Mrs Leslie, after the maid had removed the breakfast things, came into the parlour to do what she called a 'little tidying up.' The Professor's slippers were sprawling on the hearthrug, and she picked them up, placed one within the other, and laid them on a hassock at the side of the mantelpiece within reach of the easy-chair. The morning paper and several circulars and catalogues of second-hand books she transferred from the breakfast-table to a shelf also close to the easy-chair; after which she proceeded to dust the overmantel and the various objects thereon, and to put the furniture straight.

'Well!' she said suddenly to herself, 'if he hasn't gone off without his muffler!' With a sigh and a

head-shake she removed the article of comfort from the chair on which it was lying, and left the room. She retired to her own apartment, and sat down at a table covered with manuscripts in a villainous handwriting. Having selected a number of them, she laid a quire or two of ruled paper in front of her and took up a pen. During the last two years she had done a good deal of copying work for her employer, who had some old-fashioned objections to typewriters, and who somehow was glad of an excuse for paying his housekeeper a higher wage than she had originally bargained for.

Mrs Leslie was the widow of a doctor who had not lived long enough to make more than a bare living, and she had been left alone and practically penniless before she was thirty. Her relations were kindly disposed but poor; and as soon as possible she decided to take a situation. She was recommended to Professor Bennett, who at that time had an invalid sister living with him. The invalid took a fancy to the young widow, and begged her brother to engage her, which the Professor did, in spite of the chaff of some of his bachelor friends. Two years later Miss Bennett underwent an operation, and recovered health and strength; but, instead of insisting on superintending her brother's domestic affairs, she fell in love with an old and faithful admirer, and left the former to what she secretly considered an exceedingly happy fate. In a word, she felt that her brother could not do better than wed his housekeeper. It was well, however, that she never even hinted such a thing to the Professor. At forty-three he still cherished, somewhat dutifully perhaps, the memory of a woman who had cruelly fooled him when he was twenty years younger; and though after his sister's departure he began to realise that Mrs Leslie was both a clever and a pretty woman, the idea of trying to forget the past never occurred to him, and his life was almost entirely devoted to his scientific work. He received few visitors, and the disagreeable observations of 'kind friends' regarding his retaining such a 'young person' in the position of housekeeper did not reach his ears. But with Mrs Leslie it was different.

As she sat at the writing-table with the Professor's manuscripts before her and the first dip of ink drying on her pen, she told herself that she wished she had resigned her situation immediately after Miss Bennett's marriage. 'What a fool I am!' she thought. 'I've shilly-shallied for nearly a year; but I've made up my mind to tell him now. I don't suppose I'll ever get another house so nice and easy as this; but, heigh-ho! that has nothing to do with it. I wonder if he'll be annoyed at my leaving. I know he hates changes. And what on earth was the matter with him this morning? He never touched his breakfast, poor man! I must get him something more tempting than a steak for dinner.' And Mrs Leslie fell to considering a dainty dish to set before a scientist.

Meantime Professor Bennett was addressing his class of first-year medicals, light-hearted but heavy-soled young men, ever on the alert for an incident over which they might create a disturbance. As a rule the Professor had his audience well in hand, and provided them with little cause for riotous behaviour; but this morning he was obviously nervous, and he signalled his entrance into the lecture-room by dropping his roll-book. This very slight accident was hailed by the budding medicals with mingled murmurs of sympathy and expostulation. 'Dear, dear!' 'Tut, tut!' and other ejaculations came from the benches—principally the back ones; while several students raised their voices in mock protest, and called for 'Order!' The Professor kept his temper, though he found it harder to do so than usual, and went on to call the roll, after which he opened the business of the hour. Mercury was the subject of the lecture, and for about thirty minutes the class graciously pleased itself to be interested in the remarks and experiments which were delivered and shown without hesitation or hitch. Then the Professor, who was less interested in his work than usual, tripped in a very simple fashion.

'Another vividly coloured salt of mercury is the iodide—mercuric iodide. We may prepare it thus. Here we have a solution of mercuric chloride.' The Professor felt for and lifted a bottle, and poured a little of its colourless contents into a beaker of water, which he set on the bench in front of him. 'We now add a few drops of an iodide—let us take potassium iodide'—he held up another, a bottle of colourless liquid, and tilted it over the beaker. 'The mercuric iodide,' he continued, looking at his audience, 'is formed as a yellow precipitate which changes presently to brilliant scarlet.'

At this point several members of the class began to snigger and shuffle their feet.

'A yellow precipitate which quickly changes to a brilliant scarlet. You can see'—

The giggling and shuffling increased.

'Gentlemen!' said the Professor mildly.

The class was now in vocal and pedal convulsions.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the Professor sharply.

He glanced at the beaker. The liquid was clear as crystal. The class roared at the discomfiture.

'Gentlemen, I made a mistake; hence the reaction has not taken place. I took too much for granted,' he said, trying to smile, but feeling that his face was pale. 'One moment, please.' He was nervous and annoyed at his blunder.

But the class had lost its head and found its voice and feet. It was seldom such an opportunity occurred in the chemistry lecture-room.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the Professor, losing his temper.

The noise was redoubled.

'Gentlemen!'

Singing was added to the horrors of the disturbance.

'I withdraw the expression,' shouted the Professor. 'INFANTS!' And he walked swiftly from his desk and out of the lecture-room. He told his assistants in the laboratory that he was feeling unwell, and set out for home.

Mrs Leslie was surprised at his early return, and when she heard him shut his study door with a vicious crash she felt sure that something serious was the matter. She left her writing and went into the kitchen. Ten minutes later she knocked at the study door.

'Come in,' said Professor Bennett. He was sitting at his desk, and as his housekeeper entered he accidentally swept a sheet of paper to the floor. Where the sheet of paper had been Mrs Leslie saw the faded photograph of a girl and a soiled glove.

'I've put some soup in the parlour, sir,' she said, looking out of the window.

'I—I don't think I want anything, Mrs Leslie,' he stammered.

'You had so little breakfast, sir.'

'Well, well, I'll go into the parlour in a minute. It was very thoughtful of you, Mrs Leslie,' he added, feeling a trifle comforted.

His housekeeper withdrew. 'I meant to tell him about my leaving, but'—she began, and stopped with a sigh. 'I wonder if she's dead?' she thought presently. 'It was an old-fashioned photograph. Poor fellow!'

The Professor placed the glove and likeness in his breast-pocket, locked up his desk, and removed himself to the parlour. There he partook of the soup and a glass of sherry, which cheered him physically if not mentally. He filled and lit his pipe, and rang the bell. The maid answered it, and he requested her to ask Mrs Leslie to come to him. She appeared shortly, her hands full of papers.

'I haven't quite finished them,' she began.

'There's no hurry, Mrs Leslie, no hurry. I merely wished to thank you for the excellent soup. You evidently know what I require better than I do myself.'

The lady coloured slightly. 'You don't take much care of yourself, sir,' she murmured.

'H'm! Er—I was worried this morning, Mrs Leslie, and I'm sorry to say I had a scene with my class.' He knew not what possessed him to tell her that; but immediately he had done so he felt the confession had soothed the soreness of his spirit. 'I—I believe I lost my temper abominably,' he continued. 'The boys were certainly aggravating, but'— He paused and smiled in a shamed manner.

'I was sure you were not feeling quite yourself this morning, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, surprised, but not displeased, at receiving his confidence. 'When would you like lunch, sir?'

'Oh, I don't want any lunch now. But you might make dinner an hour earlier. I—I shall be out most of the afternoon,' he said, his clean-shaven face reddening.

'Very good, sir. And I shall have the copying finished by the evening. Is there anything else, sir?'

'No—yes! You might telephone to Mr Brand at the laboratory, and tell him I shall take the classes as usual to-morrow.'

'Very good, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, moving to the door.

'I wish you'—began the Professor. 'No; it's nothing, Mrs Leslie,' he added quickly.—'I wish she wouldn't call me "sir,"' he said to himself a moment later. 'It's so unfriendly. Perhaps I'm getting a little unconventional in my old age! But I don't know what I'd do without Mrs Leslie.' He relit his pipe and sighed.

Presently he put his hand in his breast-pocket and drew out the photograph, which had lain in his desk for twenty years, and also the letter which he had received that morning. On the back of the card was written 'Lily Warden,' the letter was signed 'Lily Beckenham.'

'I wonder what she wants me to help her in,' he muttered. 'I suppose she has changed a bit in twenty years. Her husband is dead, and she has a grown-up daughter. Well, well! Strange! I'm almost afraid to meet her again. I believe I was beginning to forget, and now—Bah! I'm a fool!'

At half-past three that afternoon Professor Bennett, in a condition of extreme nervousness, entered one of the private sitting-rooms on the second floor of the Queen's Hotel.

'Ah, Jim, is it really you?' said a faintly familiar voice.

A mist came before the man's eyes. He had not been called 'Jim' for twenty years, his sister preferring 'the more professorial James,' as she termed it.

'How—how do you do'— He was going to say 'Lily,' but the mist cleared from his sight, and he said stumbly, 'Mrs Beckenham?'

The lady giggled a little foolishly, and invited her visitor to be seated. The man's nervousness left him, and was succeeded by a great pity for the woman before him. Was this Lily—the Lily whose

fair memory had haunted and tormented him through the best years of his life? Was this his beloved—this fat, giggling, overdressed, over-jewelled creature? Oh, it was cruel!

She began to talk, and a commonplace conversation ensued. He listened to her account of herself listlessly, and answered her inquiries patiently; till at last he could bear it no longer.

'You wanted my advice on some matter, Mrs Beckenham?' he said gently.

'Oh yes, Jim; but that can wait,' she returned, with ponderous lightness.

In desperation he looked at his watch.

'It was about my daughter, Nora,' she said, noticing the action and thinking to detain him. 'She wishes to study medicine. I don't like the idea; but I thought I would consult you before making any decision.'

'Er—a *University Calendar* might help you better than I can; it gives pretty full details. I'll see that you get a copy, Mrs Beckenham.'

'Oh! thank you so much, Jim,' she said gushingly. 'But I hate reading about anything. Bring the *Calendar*, will you, and explain it? When will you come and dine with us? We shall be here all this week, and probably next week also.'

The Professor mumbled some wretched excuses about work which prevented him from deciding definitely at the moment; and it was finally arranged that he should write to her the following day and choose the evening which was convenient for himself.

'Poor Jim!' sighed Mrs Beckenham when she was alone, 'he is just as shy as ever.'

'What a fool I've been!' groaned the Professor as he left the hotel. But a moment later he laughed. 'By Jupiter! I'm glad she asked me to go and see her this afternoon. Poor thing!' he added softly.

He took a hansom home, and entered the house in high spirits. The first thing he did on reaching his study was to drop into the fire a letter, a photograph, and a soiled glove. 'Why didn't I do this twenty years ago?' he asked himself. He felt as if his heart had been swept and garnished.

'Something has happened,' thought Mrs Leslie when she met him crossing the hall to dinner; and she retired to her room smiling sadly.

The Professor appreciated the dainty meal, but wished—an uncommon desire for him—he had some one to talk to.

Later in the evening Mrs Leslie came to him in the study with his manuscript and her copy. She took her seat under the lamp at the writing-table and read over her day's work so that he might check any errors.

He lay back in his easy-chair enjoying a cigar, rather a rare form of tobacco for him to indulge in. 'What a pleasant voice she has, to be sure!' he reflected lazily; and presently he began to watch her as she read, failing to notice several nonsensical

blunders, due no doubt, in the first place, to his own bad writing.

'Have I made no mistakes this time?' asked Mrs Leslie in some surprise when she had completed her task.

'Eh?' said the Professor as if roused from a dream. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs Leslie. No; I think it is all quite correct; and I'm very much obliged to you.'

She laid down the papers, and rose. He wished she would not go.

'Sir,' said Mrs Leslie, and the word jarred the man disagreeably, 'I—I would like to speak to you about—about'—

'Yes, Mrs Leslie?' he said, wondering at her hesitation.

'I—I'm afraid I must leave you, sir.' It was hardly the speech she had prepared.

'Ah, you have something to do this evening. I'm sorry I've kept you reading so long. Don't let me detain you, Mrs Leslie.'

'But I mean—I mean leave you altogether,' she stammered; 'leave your house, sir.'

The cigar dropped from the Professor's fingers. 'Leave me—leave my house, Mrs Leslie?' he gasped.

Mrs Leslie could not speak at the moment; but she picked up the cigar, which she saw was burning the carpet, and laid it on an ash-tray at his elbow. 'I'm thinking of going to live in the country,' she said, moving back to her position by the writing-table.

'The country? Where?' inquired the Professor. 'I beg your pardon,' he added quickly. 'It's none of my business.' A dismal idea possessed him: Mrs Leslie was going to be married.

'I don't think the town suits me, sir,' said his housekeeper.

It struck him that he had never seen her looking so well. There was a fine colour in her cheeks. But he only said, 'I'm very sorry, Mrs Leslie.'

'I—I could wait till you get another housekeeper,' she remarked, ending an uncomfortable pause.

He looked up at her with a curiously wistful expression. 'Thank you,' he said slowly. 'My sister is coming to-morrow to remain for a week. Perhaps you will talk over the matter with her, Mrs Leslie.'

'Very good, sir.'

The Professor leapt to his feet. 'For any sake don't call me "sir,"' he cried, pale and trembling.

She started and stared at him in amazement, speechless. A dead silence came between them.

The man broke it. 'Forgive me, please. I—I don't know what's wrong with me.' Without a word she moved towards the door. He followed, and, opening it for her, gravely bowed as she left the room.

It was a long and miserable night for Professor Bennett. At five in the morning, unable to rest longer in his bed, he dressed and went down to the

study, where for nearly three hours he paced the floor. About eight Mrs Leslie, who never allowed the maid to enter the sanctum, opened the door, and was startled to find the room tenanted.

'I quarrelled with my sleep last night,' said the Professor, with a poor smile. 'How fresh and pretty she looked!'

'It is too cold here, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, who carried a newspaper and a bundle of sticks. 'Mary is cleaning the parlour this morning, and I was going to light the fire and lay your breakfast here.' She crossed the room, knelt down on the hearthrug, and began to rake out the ashes.

'I wish you wouldn't do that, Mrs Leslie,' he murmured after watching her for a few minutes. Perhaps she did not hear him; at any rate she paid no attention, and soon the flames were rising through the wood and coal. She rose to her feet with the ash-pan in her hands. He strode forward, and before she knew what he was about he had taken it from her and laid it on the floor.

'You must not do that,' he said passionately.

'Oh, sir!' she cried.

He writhed at the word. 'Sit down for a minute, please,' he pleaded. 'I want to speak to you, Mrs Leslie.'

Something compelled her to obey.

'You—you are leaving me for—for a house of your own, are you not?' he asked awkwardly. 'I—I should like to be allowed to—to furnish a part of it—if—if your future'—

'Oh, stop! It is a mistake.'

'A mistake? You mean you are going to be housekeeper to some one else?'

'Yes. I suppose so.'

'I thought you were going to be married, Mrs Leslie.'

'No, sir.'

The Professor walked the length of the room and returned to the fire. 'I must tell you,' he said desperately. And thereupon he poured forth, with a stammering tongue, the tale of his twenty-year-old love affair. 'You would never have guessed such a thing of me?' he said sadly, in conclusion.

'I knew it,' returned Mrs Leslie gently. She had forgotten he was her employer. 'At least I had an idea that you cared very much for somebody.'

'That I imagined I cared for somebody,' he muttered, reddening. He dropped into a chair beside her, and she made as if to rise. 'Mrs Leslie,' he said, 'don't go just yet. I've something else to tell you.'

'I must see about your breakfast, sir.'

'Deuce take the breakfast!'

'Oh!' But she could not repress a little smile.

The little smile was like a tonic to the Professor. He looked bravely at her. 'Let me tell you the

plain truth,' he whispered. 'I don't want you to leave me, Mrs Leslie, because—ah, because I can't do without you.'

There was no mistaking his meaning. She felt his eyes on her, but she could not meet them.

'My dear,' he went on, laying a hand on hers, 'could you think of—of caring for a stupid fellow like me?'

Her head drooped lower in silence.

'I—I think I must have loved you these last three years,' he continued bashfully, 'although I didn't realise it till last night. Can you believe that? I was thinking last night of what it would be to come into this house and not find you in it, and—and, my dear, I felt I—ah, no—I can't do without you.'

He waited in vain for her to speak.

'Is there no hope for me?' he sighed.

The longing in his voice told her more than his words could do. 'Are you quite, quite sure?' she whispered.

'Oh, you must believe me! Could I have told you my—my foolish story if I hadn't loved you—loved you enough to be entirely honest with you?'

'It's so strange,' she murmured.

'Even if you don't care for me, I would wish to marry you,' he cried.

'But—but I do!' she replied, giving in at last.

A knock at the door disturbed them.

'Goodness me!' said Mrs Leslie in confusion. 'It's Mary with the breakfast things. I'll take them from her. Let me go, sir—I mean, James.'

'No, my dear; just let Mary come in. I may as well tell her,' said the Professor recklessly.—'Come in, Mary!' he called, to Mrs Leslie's dismay.

The maid entered with a tray of dishes. 'Please, Mrs Leslie'—she began.

'Oh, just lay the table yourself, Mary,' said the Professor gaily. 'Lay it for two!'

'Oh, James!' whispered his lady-love in protest.

'Lay it for two. Mrs Leslie is—er—going to marry me, Mary.'

'Lor!' ejaculated Mary, and dropped the tray of dishes with a dismal crash.

'Never mind, Mary,' said the Professor calmly. 'You're a good girl. Get some more dishes, and I'll gather up the mess.'

Mrs Leslie sat down and laughed till she cried—cried with real tears, for it had been an exciting morning. This brought the Professor to his senses, and when breakfast was ready a comparatively staid but happy couple took their places at the table.

The Professor arrived at the lecture-room two minutes late, and found a concert of discords proceeding.

'Gentlemen,' he said, holding up his hand and

smiling pleasantly—'gentlemen, may I ask for another kind of harmony? I sincerely desire it, gentlemen.'

A round of cheers, and then silence. The Professor placed a beaker of water in front of him. He picked up a bottle from his bench and scrutinised the label. 'Mercuric chloride,' he said as he poured a few drops into the water. 'To obtain mercuric iodide,' he went on, 'I add potassium iodide,' and he picked up another bottle and examined the label. 'Now'—he tilted the bottle—'we see the mercuric iodide come down as a yellow precipitate which quickly changes to a brilliant scarlet.'

There was an expectant hush, and then the class began to applaud vigorously.

'Gentlemen,' said the Professor, 'the reaction has taken place, and a foolish mistake has been rectified.' He smiled softly as he turned over a page of his lecture-book.

IN VIOLET TIME.

A BUNCH of violets, dusk and sweet,
Bought in a busy London street,
And wet with April rain!
Back, back the waves of memory flow
To one dear haunt of long ago:
A blossom-scented lane.

And there, beneath a drooping tree,
With smiling lips, she waits for me—
The maid I love the best.
Her hair has caught the sunset-light;
She wears a gown of softest white,
With violets at her breast.

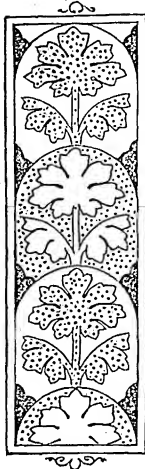
Again, through grassy paths we walk,
And talk as none but lovers talk,
While time unheeded flies.
The gold light fades, the sun is set,
'Twill soon be dark; and yet, and yet
There's sunshine in her eyes.

The moon climbs high above the thatch,
We hear a softly lifted latch,
A distant clock strikes nine!
Then, 'twixt the silver and the gray,
A bunch of violets finds its way
From her warm heart to mine.

Ah, love! your flowers died long ago.
Spring, summer, autumn—fell the snow
O'er countryside and town;
But often in my dreams I see
A little maid, who smiles at me,
With violets in her gown.

Fate willed that from those far-off days
Your feet should tread the quiet ways,
And mine the noisier street;
Yet when I hear a flower-girl's cry
'Tis for your sake I stop and buy
Her violets dusk and sweet.

E. MATHESON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART III.

IN continuing the tale of the old poacher, I shall relate an adventure that is always coupled in my mind with the raid on the fields above the woodland cottage. As I think of the adventure, many a trifling incident recurs to me over which, in years since my early friends, who taught me a little of their lore and craft, passed into the valley of death, I have often pondered in my vain efforts to unravel the tangled secrets surrounding the history of the moorland hermit.

During one of those rare hours of fellowship with Philip, when, throwing aside his customary reticence, he displayed a wonderful charm of disposition and an almost boyish gaiety of heart, we talked of my school-days. Something in the conversation reminded me of a big fight in which I had figured as a principal, and I described a certain 'throw,' the trick of which had been taught me by a relative who took a pride in the physical training whereby I gained such strength that, from being a delicate, loose-limbed weedling, I was at last enabled to hold my own, and more, against bigger boys who for some time had bullied me with malicious delight. That 'throw' was supposed to have been peculiar to one great public school for upwards of half a century; but, much to my surprise, Philip knew all about it, and in describing the 'hook' of heel and toe he used the identical terms which I had learned while my redoubtable relative enlarged on this summary method of dealing with an adversary, and incidentally caused me to measure my length on the floor. Philip said he had availed himself of the 'throw' only a few years before in a struggle with a gipsy.

On the day following this conversation with the old poacher I went salmon-fishing with Ianto, and questioned him closely, but failed to get any information confirming my half-formed belief that

Philip had been educated in a famous south-country school where my boyhood's mentor had been made familiar with this effective 'throw.' Ianto evaded my inquiries, and artfully introduced the story of the poacher and the gipsy.

One winter night Philip had been ferreting in the valley; but an impending change in the weather induced him to leave the big warrens unvisited, and to turn towards home at an unusually early hour. A thick, ink-black darkness enshrouded the fields, and a constant, weary rain descended through the cold gloom of the night, so that had not the poacher been familiar with every gate and cattle-path on the countryside he would certainly have lost his way. His weather-worn garments were soaked, and he himself was chilled to the bone.

As he neared the fringe of the moor a faint cry for help arrested his attention. Uncertain as to whence it came, he paused in the lee of the hedge-bank, and listened intently. The call was repeated; but the wind and the patter of the rain baffled his sense of hearing, and he continued on his way homewards. While he walked down the rugged road leading to a ferny hollow at the entrance to the moor, the cry was once more heard. The wind was blowing straight in his face; so, like a well-trained dog, the old man left the path and moved over the heather at right angles to the direction of the road. Presently the sound grew louder and more distinct; and, after stumbling over some reed tussocks and heather clumps, the searcher suddenly came to a gipsy's tent lying almost unseen amid the undulations of the waste.

Within the tent a woman's voice shrieked 'Help! Murder!' and with the shrill cries were mingled some low, threatening exclamations. As the old man listened the frantic cries gave place to wild entreaties; and, knowing a few words of Romany, he was enabled to learn that something was being said about a child. With every humane feeling thoroughly aroused, he wrenched asunder

the tent-flaps, then immediately leaped back, ready for action. A growling dog, followed instantly by his master, rushed out and bit savagely at Philip's leg; but a sharp, luckily aimed kick sent back the poor brute yelling and moaning. The gipsy closed with his unwelcome visitor, and hit out blindly. Though somewhat flustered, in the intense darkness, by the impetuosity of the attack, Philip guarded the blows as best he could, till, feeling for his assailant's foot, he suddenly got 'toe to heel'; then, with a quick twist of the ankle, he placed his right leg across that of the gipsy, and, leaning forward with all his strength, threw him to the ground. Enraged beyond control, the gipsy fought as if for life. But, notwithstanding his comparative youth, he had met his match; the old poacher's muscles were as hard as steel, and the trick taught him in schoolboy-days meant more in such a combat than any skill of fisticuffs. At length the battle was over; and the gipsy, stunned by a succession of falls, lay moaning on the ground; while the woman's piteous cries of misgiving and suffering, together with the wailing of a helpless infant and the howling of the terrified dog, seemed to make an inferno of the blustering night.

Trembling like a leaf from his unwonted exertions, Philip stood beside the tent, which rattled and flapped with every gust of wind. The whole situation, now that the climax had passed, was strange and sad, and even absurd; but it demanded additional action. Philip carried the gipsy into the tent, struck a match, and lighted a candle. The wan flame of the spluttering 'dip' revealed a picture of squalid misery. On a heap of rags lay a young woman, and at her side a baby scarcely a fortnight old. The woman was bruised and bleeding—the victim, doubtless, of the gipsy's brutality; but he, for a while at any rate, was incapable of further mischief. The woman, assured that Philip must be a friend, begged him to take her away—somewhere, anywhere, if only out of reach of her husband's vengeance, till she might recover strength sufficient for a journey to the tents of her own people on a distant waste. So out into the pitiless night they went—she with her deliverer's dripping coat enveloping her rags, and he, more than ever exposed to the storm, bearing the child closely wrapped in tattered oddments, kept together by the gipsy's coat.

Mother and child were soon hidden in the hay-loft of the nearest farm, and ministered to by the poacher, who brought them milk and bread, with every titbit that his frugal board supplied. Then, leaving them safe-sheltered in the fragrant hay, he turned homewards and sought his lonely bed. He was up again at dawn, and away to the farmstead to see the *guraig a te* (housewife). In her company he visited the loft; but the birds had flown, and eventually it was discovered that the woman, like a dog which licks the hand whirling the whip, had gone back with her child to the brown tent on the margin of the moor.

Some nights afterwards, when once more the wind and rain swept over the cheerless moorlands, Philip was reading at the table by his fireside. Happening to glance at the window, he saw, in the flickering candlelight, an evil face pressed against the pane. It vanished; for a moment a clenched fist took its place; then nothing was visible without but the gleaming raindrops on the faintly-illuminated glass.

Early in the afternoon of the day following the raid among the rabbits in the fields above the cottage, Philip—determined to net the meadows beyond the clover, and to capture some of the pheasants that nightly roosted in the copse—returned to the preserve. The weather promised to be fine and warm, with a full moon high in the heavens; so the poacher set leisurely about his accustomed preparations, knowing that the rabbits would probably be later than usual in coming out to feed. Contrary, perhaps, to general opinion, rabbits seldom, if ever, feed when the night is dark and windy, but as a rule at dusk or when the moon is bright. Hares, foxes, badgers, and the members of the weasel family roam abroad in the darkest nights, though they dislike to go far in strong wind or driving rain. Rabbits are creatures of the dusk and moonlight; at other times they hide in their burrows or among the grass-tufts, ferns, and brambles.

As the twilight deepened the keeper left his cottage, and with quick, swinging strides made off towards the outskirts of the estate. For an hour thereafter Philip was busily employed. As the rabbits were not numerous in the stubbles and grass-fields, his hauls were not particularly profitable; and so, having hidden his spoils in the furze-brake, he adjourned to the copse. He was creeping over the hedge, when suddenly the scream of a netted hare disturbed the stillness of the night. Resolved at all costs to ascertain the cause of the unwonted noise, the poacher, taking advantage of every shadow on his way, crept along the hedges towards the spot from which the sound appeared to have come. No sign of the presence of a human being was visible till he came to the gate of a stubble-field on the top of the hill. There, on the second bar, was a stone. A tiny bunch of fur floated over the moonlit grass, like thistle-down before a gentle breeze. The poacher knelt and closely examined a molehill near the gate. The mystery of the scream of the netted hare was solved. A wooden peg by the molehill, and the marks of an old, heelless, nailless boot on the fresh soil, afforded all the explanation that was needed. No keeper, no farm-labourer, had been there, but apparently some poor, badly clothed creature perchance in need of a mouthful of bread. To the skilled poacher the vagrant's methods seemed inartistic: that stone, that peg, that tell-tale footprint, should not have been left behind. Still, the old man's heart went out towards his clumsy rival with a sympathy born of well-remembered misery of want.

Returning to the grove, Philip lit a small dark-lantern which he had carried in his pocket. To the end of an ash-sapling cut from the hedgerow he fastened a rabbit-snare, binding it firmly, and in such a way that the noose was held in position by a notch—from which, however, it could be separated by the slightest strain. Passing quietly through the tangles beneath the trees, he marked each pheasant roosting within reach of the wire; and, dazzling the bird by the glare of the lantern, placed the noose around its neck, and jerked it from the branches. Then laying hold of its fluttering wings, he quickly killed the victim by a few sharp, silent blows on the head. The night's work over, the poacher carried his spoils to the furze-brake, where he laid them beside the rabbits he had already netted. Ten birds and eighteen conies rewarded his skill and daring. The poacher soon placed the whole of the capture in his mud-stained calico bags, having, however, first 'spread' the rabbits and smoothed the ruffled feathers of the beautiful birds. Then, taking up one of the bags and throwing it over his shoulder, he left his hiding-place.

Outside the thicket he paused by the hedgerow, not merely to reconnoitre, but also to enjoy the beauty of the night. Far overhead, across the trackless ocean of the indigo sky, floated the pale globe of the moon, its steely light outshining the glimmer of the stars. The shadows of the hedgerows and of the woodland trees were foreshortened on the grass. Over the old man's features stole a smile of mingled pride and pity, as he thought how little of the night's sweet wonder had entered into the life of his fellows; how the country-folk in the cottages of the valley were accustomed to regard the night with superstitious awe, and to think of the startling scream of the vixen, the mournful hoot of the owl, and the tremulous call of the hare—all familiar to him as the bleating of sheep or the lowing of cattle—as the unearthly lamentations of tormented souls. For him the night, with its moon and stars, its drifting cloud-puffs ever changing shape as they moved across the sky, its deep, calm shadows, and its silvery shimmer of moonlit dew, was far more beautiful than day. The grandeur of the midnight storm, its lightnings rending the blackness of the void and dropping to earth like twisted streaks of living fire, its thunders pealing and reverberating over the wide moorland wilderness like calls to judgment blared over the sleeping-place of long-forgotten dead, its hissing rain, its stinging hail, its scudding snow—day never brought with it wonders such as these. If demented spirits walked abroad at night, he had never seen them pass. The darkness held no terror for his soul.

Yet even as the poacher reasoned thus an unimagined terror of the night was creeping on him, slowly, surely, through the lonely wood. Hearing a slight rustle of parting twigs in the hedgerow, he turned to ascertain the cause. A dusky form rose quickly from the grass; two glittering eyes shone in the rays of the moon. With arm uplifted the

old man stood on guard, and at once thrust forward his foot in the trick of the old-time 'throw;' but as the unforeseen antagonist was hurled to the earth there came an answering gleam of steel. A ruthless knife descended, and the poacher's visions of the glorious night were blurred and blotted out. The gipsy, at last, had meted out revenge.

When Philip regained consciousness he was lying abed in the keeper's cottage. The whole parish knew the tale of the tragedy; the law, hot-footed, was on the track of the heelless, nailless boot. The pheasants and rabbits had been found in the thicket, near the spot where the wounded poacher had fallen, who, but for the nets coiled round his body, would surely have met his death.

A few days afterwards the genial and broad-minded squire came to the cottage and spent the afternoon with the sufferer. Gradually health and strength were recovered; the milk of human kindness, so long unknown to the moorland hermit, almost fully restored his body, and partially healed the long and grievous sickness of his mind. With the advent of summer Philip parted from his nurse, the keeper, and once more sought his lonely dwelling on the moor; but he never afterwards trespassed in pursuit of game on the squire's estate. Sometimes, however, he was seen following, in broad daylight, the shortest 'cut' across the fields in the direction of the keeper's cottage, that there he might pass a happy hour in discussion and advice. 'An old thief'—so runs the proverb—'makes the best jailer!'

When raiding a pheasant 'drive' the poacher nearly always resorted to the wire for the capture of the birds; but occasionally he half-stupefied them by the fumes of burning sulphur. The sulphur was placed in a tin canister fastened firmly to a long, straight wand, and was thrust beneath the branches on which the pheasant roosted. In two respects it was at least superior to the wire: under the influence of its overpowering fumes the birds fluttered more silently to the ground than when merely pulled from the branches, and it could sometimes be used with effect when the birds were beyond the easy reach of the noose. In the later years of his poaching career Philip seldom fired a shot, except as a ruse to attract a keeper to a certain place on the estate while he himself hurried off to some distant part in connection with which he had matured his plans. It is at all times difficult to locate the report of a gun among narrow valleys and rugged hills; the shot reverberates, deceiving the best-trained ear, especially when a strong wind, its currents changing their direction with every obstacle, blows over the countryside.

When the vigour of his early manhood existed only as an old man's treasured memory, the poacher was cautious to a fault, risking no danger that he could possibly avoid, and depending almost wholly for success on carefully laid schemes, sometimes, indeed, on days of watching and waiting for one supreme

and well-judged effort. October rarely failed to bring him a rich harvest; his spoils were on the market long before the great pheasant 'shoots' had commenced. He endeavoured to obtain the highest prices for the game, and his expeditions during the few days preceding September and October, when all the keepers in the neighbourhood watched for the slightest sign of his presence in field and woodland, were always the results of exact and

elaborate forethought. Often he was hidden close beside his enemies when they felt most confident that he was miles away; and often, while they watched the outskirts of the woodlands, alert to prevent his ingress to the covers, he was busily engaged in the heart of the copse, probably almost at the door of the keeper's lodge, filling his bags with pheasants which had been fed among the rhododendrons only a few short hours before.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL.



ACH day, as soon as he rose—some nights he got but little sleep, as you will see—Alain went first to his lookout for a sight of Barbe; and if he was in time and in luck he would see her come out on to the gallery, and stand gazing towards Cap Réhel. He knew that it was of him she was thinking; that it was for him she was looking, and doubtless praying.

Alain was not a religious man, and that perhaps was not his fault. At religion as taught by the priests he had scoffed with his fellows, and held the 'crows' in as small esteem as they did; but as his hopes and spirits sank he 'became very religious,' as I have heard him say in his simple way. 'I think I prayed most of the time, and came to do it at last without knowing, because I had very great fear.' The sight of Barbe started his prayers; for as soon as he saw her he cried, 'The good God have pity on us!' If he did not see her he prayed it just the same.

In spite of the conviction he had forced himself into that that unpleasant return of Cadoual's body was not a reality but the result of a general 'slackening of the ropes,' there remained with him a constant feeling of discomfort which he tried in vain to throw off. However hard he might work during the day, his rest at night was broken by dreams from which he awoke in shivering terrors, by sounds which ceased when he listened for them, by the feeling of proximity to some horror for which he could not account and of which he could not get rid. Fear clung to him even when he awoke; and, as he put it, 'I went with my chin over both shoulders.'

One night, after a better sleep than usual, Alain awoke in a cold sweat and found his fire nearly burned out. He was gathering a handful of his bedding to brighten it when a sound in the darkness froze him to the marrow, and he lay listening with his hand outstretched. 'It seemed to me that Death was creeping past me, and was very long of passing.' I give you his own words, for I cannot improve on them. He said the air smelt cold and damp, and he shook so that he slipped the hand nearest his mouth between his teeth to keep them from rattling, and it bore the marks for weeks. Out

there, in the dark, something went slowly past him—very slowly, almost without noise—and he lay biting his hand and shaking with fear.

He slept no more that night, and as soon as the outer cave glimmered with the dawn he got up to go and bid Barbe good-morning. As he drew near to the gap in the red organ-pipes all the accumulated terrors of the past gripped him by the back and wrung the life and reason nearly out of him; for, crossways against the opening, just above the lower unbroken cone, was Cadoual's body trying hard to get through. If it had come right side up, head in air and feet to earth, it could have passed through without difficulty. The sight of it suspended in the air and straining against the bars in that lop-sided fashion was too much for Alain. At first he was too stricken to move, and stood, with loose jaw and fixed eyes, looking at the awful sight. Then the hanging pipes against which the body strained snapped suddenly up above with a ringing crack, the pipes came down with a crash, and as the echoes bellowed out Cadoual's body came swiftly through about a yard from the ground, and Alain fell, and remembered nothing more.

When consciousness returned he was lying where he had fallen, and nothing had touched him. Then he crawled back to the fire and piled on fuel, and sat there all day, eating nothing, thinking nothing except that his mind had given way at last, which was fairly good proof that it had not. Only once did he get up, and that was to go and examine the red pipes, in a half-dazed, doubtful way, to see if they were really broken. There was no doubt about their being broken. He went back to the fire and tried to untie the knots in his brain; but the task was beyond him. At last he got up heavily and lighted a sheaf of fuel; then, swinging it before him to keep off the devil, he went through the opening in the pipes, and, with never a glance through his lookout, climbed the side-wall and lay down in the doves' chamber. He was quite sure now that his brain had gone, and not a little surprised that he felt so little different from what he had always done.

On the third day Alain slid down the slope and crept through the pillars to the sea-cave, determined

to make his way out through the tunnel, or die in the attempt. He stripped and plunged in, and the water braced him like a tonic. Then, noting exactly where he wanted to go, he clambered up the rock-wall and dived for the wavering disc below. Through his half-closed eyes, as he came opposite the light, he looked down the tunnel and saw the brighter gleam of the depths of sunlit water outside; but it seemed a great way off, and he doubted if any human lungs could outlast the passage. Furthermore, there seemed some obstruction in the tunnel between him and the outer light; but what it was he could not make out in the short time he could wait down there. He climbed up and sat blowing and coughing till his wind came back, and then plunged for the disc once more.

There *was* something in the passage, and the impression Alain got of it was of an immense red-cabbage rooted to the rock, with a base as wide as a table-top, and strange, shadowy arms which swung to and fro with the pulse of the water. He had never in his life seen anything like it, and there was something strangely menacing about it; but it never for one moment occurred to him that such a thing might be actively hostile.

Presently he dived again, and as he came opposite the tunnel some colder thing than the water lapped softly round his body. He took it for a frond of seaweed, and as he tore at it with his hands a slight shock went through his hand and his body. He felt himself being drawn gently towards the tunnel, and through his narrowed lids he saw a dozen of those strange, red bulbous arms stealing towards him. Another thin, slimy cord coiled softly round his legs, and thrilled him with prickling shocks. He kicked and tore in desperation, and, feeling the rock wall of the tunnel-mouth under his feet, doubled himself for one great effort, and shot up to the surface. He crawled to a ledge and lay there while the water ran out of him, and breath came slowly back, and he felt grateful for life, though he scarcely knew why.

He was still lying there when he heard a rustling of the pool below, a long-drawn rustle up the rocky slope which led to the great cave, and a sinuous monster whose length he could not determine, but which seemed to him endless, passed before his startled eyes. The light was very dim; the pool itself was brighter than the void above, since all the light there was came through it. The end of the monster was still in the tunnel leading from the sea when the front of it had passed out of sight up the passage leading to the great cave. It moved in long undulations, and the swiftness of its oncoming took it up the slope without a pause. Alain flattened himself to his ledge and tried not to breathe, lest it should turn and rend him. What it was he knew not, but he believed it was in very truth the devil, and he had not the slightest desire to follow it into the cave.

He lay on his ledge all night, naked and shivering, not daring to move a limb lest the monster

should be silently watching him. The pool below rose to its fullest and sank to its lowest, and the light faded out of it and left it all a black welter of gurgles and cluckings. He dared not close his eyes, but lay there watching and waiting. Once during the night the pool glowed sudden fire, which broke against the rocky walls till the place looked like a mighty cauldron, and he lay sick with fear lest the Thing should choose that time to return. The wan green light stole back into the pool at last, and he knew that it was morning. Outside, the Light was gleaming in the early sunshine, and Barbe would be in the gallery watching the coming of the day and thinking of him who came not in spite of all her prayers. Chilled to the marrow, he waited on his narrow ledge the return of the devil.

Since all things come to him who waits, that came at last for which Alain waited. He heard a sound of movement in the passage, and in the fluttering light he saw once more the body of George Cadoual. It came swiftly along, waist-high as before, head and feet drooping slightly to the ground, the monster holding it round the waist, with huge fat lips pouting above and below. He had no time to notice anything more before it glided into the pool, and went through the tunnel with a rush that sent the water splashing up the sides of the cave. Then Alain drew his cramped limbs together, grabbed his clothes, and fled to his chamber of refuge among the doves. He was in a strange state of mind, wrung with physical terror, yet to some extent mentally relieved. Cadoual was explained at all events. What this awful Thing might be he could not imagine. It seemed to belong to this world; but it was monstrous beyond belief, and he shook at thought of it. After dressing himself—for he was very cold—instinct sent his hand here and there in search of eggs and conveyed them to his mouth. Then he lay with his head overhanging the gulf, on the watch for the devil.

Let us get done with this. I am almost as sick of this loathly beast as Alain Carbonec was himself. He lay in the roost all day, and saw no sign of it; and that night, too, passed without disturbance. It was the afternoon of the next day before anything occurred to trouble him, and he declares that during these days and nights he never slept a wink—which, indeed, is likely enough.

Towards sunset he saw the monster coming, and from his eyrie gazed down upon it, fascinated with horror, and by no means sure of his own safety. It moved slowly along the level at the bottom of the slope, its front erected slightly, nosing curiously to and fro as it came. Head, as distinct from body, there seemed to be none. The body was about as thick as that of a man, and in length indeterminate, since it contracted and expanded in its progression with extraordinary suppleness. At times it seemed no thicker than the upper part of a man's leg, and then, as the bulk drew up for another

slow forward stretch, it swelled prodigiously and grew tense with the working of the mighty muscles inside, and the skin, smooth and swollen, gleamed iridescent. It was very terrible to look upon, quite apart from any powers of evil it might possess. In describing it Alain Carbonec used the word *ver-de-diable* (devil-worm), and that designation was doubtless accurate enough. Head, as I have said, there was apparently none. The Thing ended in front—to put it in Alain's own words—as it probably ended in the rear, in a simple rounding off of the body. The other end of it he could not see, and in fact he never did see the whole of the monster at once. It nosed about among the fuel which lay there, and presently he saw the blunt front-end of it press down among the rubbish, and then come up with a broken rock pinnacle which it circled round the middle with two great folds of its front skin like two pouting lips, as it had carried Cadoual's body; and then the great blunt snout, still brandishing its toy, came rambling vaguely up the slope. Alain watched its progress in mortal terror.

The sun shot in its long golden bar through the loophole; and as the beast swung its head slowly to and fro it passed through the bar of light. Then the monster dropped as if struck, and the rock

it carried went clattering down the slope, and for a time it lay still; but when the light died out it came nosing up the slope again.

Alain was sure it was after him, and his extremity sharpened his wits. It had ducked at the thrust of the light. It might be that it had eyes, though he could not see any. It might be that light was obnoxious to it. It might be that the fires he had kept up in the cave had been his salvation. The beast came on, as leisurely as if it knew he was there, and could not escape. It drew up the slope with easy undulations indicative of tremendous muscular power. It was coming. He frantically raked together an armful of nests, regardless of the complaints of the occupants. He held the bundle on the slope in front of him, drew out Cadoual's box of matches, lit one, and as the mass burst into flame he rolled it down on the menacing brown head below. The Thing dropped instantly, with the flames all about it. The scattered stuff below caught fire too, and Alain flung down more to help it as fast as he could gather and fling. The great worm writhed in silent agony, then, with a mighty heave, the head went sweeping back over the body, and it disappeared like a shadow into the great cave.

THE SCOTTISH ALDERSHOT, AND SOME OF ITS MEMORIES.



THE express traveller from Carlisle to Edinburgh by the Midland route is very unlikely to have noticed just before reaching Hawick, where the first stop is made after crossing the Border, two little country stations, one bare and bleak, looking up a long moorland valley to a curiously pointed hill; the other set in a cutting, between a plantation of fir-trees and a high bank of earth. Yet these two stations, Shankend and Stobs, bid fair to become, in the near future, places of some importance, for they form the doors, as it were, to the large tract of hilly country which has just been acquired by the Government as a military station and manœuvring-ground for the Scottish Army Corps.

The recent war in South Africa has taught us that our soldiers must be trained in other ways and by other methods than hitherto; that they must be ready to meet on equal terms enemies accustomed to mountainous country and skilled in hill-warfare. In order that they may gain the experience which will enable them to do this, it is necessary that they should have an opportunity of learning the practical work of their profession on ground very different from the sandy heath of Surrey or the smooth stretches of Salisbury Plain. With this purpose in view, no finer training-ground could be imagined than the tract of country which has just been purchased for their use.

Commencing with the estate of Stobs—the seat of the old Border family of Elliots, which lies in the valley of the Slitrig about four miles south of Hawick—as a base, and on which it is understood the permanent barracks and military works will be placed, the land acquired stretches out like a fan, to the extent of nearly thirty thousand acres, ever rising higher and higher until it reaches the spurs of the western range of the Cheviots. Roughly speaking, it is bounded on the east by the Midland Railway, on the west by the river Teviot, and on the south by the peaks on the skyline between Liddesdale and Ewes. Exclusive of the estate of Stobs, which belonged to Sir William Elliot, the greater part of the land has been purchased from the Duke of Buccleuch. Hitherto it had been held in large sheep-farms, carrying from one thousand to two thousand sheep, and is regarded as some of the finest pasture-land in Scotland. Its configuration is wild and rugged, with small burns or streams running down the narrow valleys, which lie between steep grassy hills from eighteen hundred to two thousand feet in height.

At present it is a lonely countryside, very sparsely populated, with only a shepherd's cottage dotted here and there on the hillside; and as you stand in one of its lonely glens, out of sight and sound of everything save the cry of the moorfowl, the ripple of the burn, or the sigh of the wind, it is hard to

picture in the mind's eye the change that must come when the solitude is invaded by infantry and cavalry, horse and field artillery, 4·7-inch guns, nine-mile ranges, and all the other military paraphernalia which rumour predicts will be poured into the district before another year is past.

If the change seems strange to us, what must it seem to the Mountain Spirit, introduced to us by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, if perchance he is sometimes up and awake on moonlight nights among the grassy peaks he claimed as his own, 'from Craikcross to Skelfhill Pen,' listening to fairy minstrelsy, and marking the elves treading their measures, if such delicious beings as elves may be supposed to have survived to our prosaic days? He must have found things quiet enough, this Mountain Spirit, during the last three centuries, for he was accustomed to more stirring times. Border raiders have passed away. England and Scotland are now one country, and the cows on one side of the Border look peacefully across to their neighbours on the other side, without fear of being driven hurriedly away o' nights by bands of lawless freebooters, by the light of burning homesteads, and followed by the shrieks of frightened women.

Although the Spirit may not know this, he can turn his thoughts back to the dim ages of the past, long before there was a Scott of Buccleuch or an Elliot of Stobs; when the same green hillsides and narrow valleys were a scene of fierce and continuous warfare; when the ancient Cymri, brothers of the Cymric tribes of Cornwall and Brittany, forsaken by the Romans, who had lived among them for so long a time, were hemmed in on all sides by savage foes, by the Picts, the Scots, and the Angles; and when under the leadership of the mystical Arthur they fought fiercely against their enemies, and succeeded in regaining the land which had been wrested from them between the walls of Antonine and Hadrian, where they preserved an independent existence for upwards of three hundred years.

The country still bears unmistakable traces of this troubled time. On every hillside, always within sight of one another, may be seen the remains of camps and forts, generally circular in form, surrounded by a ditch and earthen ramparts, whose height, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, shows us what their strength must have been when the Cymri of Strathclyde encamped behind them, and defied wild weather and wild beast and still wilder human foe. High up on the hillside a circle of Druidic stones may still be seen, possibly bearing witness to the faith of these old warriors before the new creed taught by Columba and Kentigern threw a softer light across the darkness of their lives. Here we can trace the Catrail or Picts' Work Ditch, which is supposed to have been made by the Picts to protect their territory from the Cymri, and which afterwards became the boundary of the new kingdom of the Angles. Here, too, on a slight

eminence overlooking the Dod burn, is the last of the known spots where a tumulus stood marking the grave of some old warrior. The cairn has disappeared; but the grave can still be seen where, in 1815, a cist was discovered which contained the skeleton of a man of gigantic size, along with a spear-head of flint and other relics. 'The Hero's Grave' it is called, and we may well imagine that the giant whose remains were laid here was indeed a man of mark among his fellows, although the circle of stately hills which have looked calmly down on his place of sepulture through all these years return us no answer when we would fain ask them what name he bore or what life of valour he brought to a close in the dreary, wind-swept morass lying round the base of Penchrise Pen.

As the centuries rolled on, the Picts and the Scots were gradually fused into one nation in the north; while in the south the Cymri of Strathclyde were gradually merged in the Angle population which was spreading over the whole of the Lowlands. David I. encouraged the immigration of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman settlers, and bestowed on them land along the banks of the Tweed and its tributaries. Each of these settlers built a house or tower for himself, and distributed his little piece of land among his own retainers or the natives whom he found living there before him, on condition that they would gather round his banner in time of war. So in course of time there arose those families or clans, the Scotts, the Elliots, the Kerrs, the Armstrongs, who in the sixteenth century made the hills and valleys of the Borderland ring once again with the clash of arms and the cry of battle. These families and their retainers lived in and around the peel-towers which may still be found scattered up and down the district. The peel, a solid square mass of masonry, with walls many feet in thickness, loopholed to serve the combined purposes of light, air, and defence, generally stood on some eminence from which the foe which threatened it could be seen approaching; and the huts of the retainers were clustered round its base. At the first signal of alarm, probably given by a bale-fire lit on the roof of some neighbouring peel, whose inhabitants were sooner able to see the danger that threatened, every one repaired to the tower. The cattle were driven into the basement, the women and children occupied the story directly above, while the men crowded round the loopholes or ascended to the roof, whence they could shoot at the approaching enemy.

In the reigns of David I. and his successors the 'lairds,' as the heads of these families were called, fought solely for the king; but as the stronger families waxed more powerful, they began to war against each other; or they would make common cause, and, heedless of the royal mandate issuing from the king in far-away Edinburgh, they would cross the Border in fierce marauding bands, and raid and harry, burning homesteads and driving

off sheep and cattle, and then return to their fastnesses to sit tight and keep watch for the approach of the English who, under Scrope or Dacre or Howard, would surely appear, sooner or later, to make reprisals. It was a fierce and lawless time; and whether it was as one band, under a chosen leader, or in separate bodies, raiding and counter-raiding, it was through the narrow glens and up the steep hillsides that lie between Teviotdale and Liddesdale that the armed men passed; and the Spirit of the Mountain must have looked down from his abode on Skelfhill Pen or Cauldcleuch on many a fight well-nigh as fierce and bloody as those battles which the ancient Cymri fought so desperately behind their earthen defences.

It was the entrance to these narrow valleys that the watchers on the roof of Branhholme or Allanhaugh Peel or Goldilands watched when the rumour went abroad that the English were coming to take vengeance for cattle driven off or houses burned down; and when the larder was bare, it was the entrance to the same valleys towards which the women looked for the return of their menfolk who had ridden off with laugh and jest to seek English beeves to replenish their store. Then, when the signal was sent round and the countryside was called to arms, and every laird, great or small, was expected to turn up to join in some deed of daring under the leadership of Elliot of Stobs or Wat of Harden or Auld Buccleuch himself, it was some wild spot on the summit of these hills that formed the trysting-place.

The Spirit must have seen it all, sitting high up in his hiding-place among the pens: seen on a murky November night the English captain of Bewcastle and his men creeping up through Hardhaughswire over into Teviotdale, and down the Borthwick Water, till he came to the old tower where Jamie Telfer lived at the 'fair Dodhead,' far from help, and where, in spite of tears and entreaties, the house was rifled and the cattle driven away. He must have seen, too—for a spirit has far sight—the stricken man leave his wailing wife and frightened children and make his way ten miles across country to Stobs Ha', from whose master, Gibbie Elliot—'Gibbie o' the gowden gartins'—he entreated help. Gibbie, however, declined to lend his aid until he received blackmail from Telfer; so the latter repaired over the hill to 'Auld Buccleuch' at Branhholme, between whom and Elliot of Stobs no love was lost. Here another kind of welcome awaited him. Buccleuch lost no time in sending notice round the countryside that every one was expected to help:

Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
With them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleuch, and Commonsides.

The company pursued and overtook the captain of Bewcastle with his ill-gotten gains, and after a bloody conflict the English were routed and the cattle recovered.

Then who does not know the story of Kinmont Willie, which spread the fame of the Laird of Buccleuch of that date far and wide? In contravention of Border law, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a renowned mosstrooper of great strength and stature, was chased and taken prisoner by the English on a day of truce as he was returning home, and carried in triumph to Carlisle Castle. Such a violation of Border law roused the wrath of Buccleuch, who wrote to Lord Scrope demanding the release of the prisoner; but receiving no satisfactory answer, he swore 'that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle quick or dead, with his own hand.' The threat was esteemed mere bravado, for the Castle stood in the midst of the town, and was strongly garrisoned and well fortified; but Buccleuch meant it. Choosing a dark night, he assembled two hundred of his bravest men at a trysting-place some ten miles from Carlisle; among them such leaders as Wat Scott of Harden, Wat Scott of Goldilands, Jock Elliot of the Copshaw, and four sons of the imprisoned man. They passed the river Esk, rode swiftly through the Graham's country, forded the river Eden (then in full flood), and dismounting, crept to the base of the Castle. Everything favoured them: the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain fell in torrents, and they placed the ladders which they had brought with them against the walls. To their rage and disappointment, these proved too short. Desperate men are not, however, easily daunted; they looked for, and found, a postern in the wall, and by undermining it they made a breach through which a dozen brave men, Buccleuch amongst them, entered the Castle, bound the watch, wrenched the postern from its hinges, and thus admitted their companions. In a wonderfully short time the band of mosstroopers had again recrossed the Eden and the Esk, and were riding merrily homewards, with Kinmont Willie in their midst.

We can picture it all in our mind: the bold reiver, taken by treachery, as it seemed to him, shut up behind the massive walls of Carlisle Castle, sentenced to be hanged, and with no hope of a rescue; for was not the Castle strongly garrisoned, as befitted the residence of the English warden? Then the hastily despatched messenger, sent by sympathisers as a last despairing hope, spurring his wild little mountain pony through the flooded river, and straight as the crow flies threading his way, over rough hillsides, through morasses, down the narrow valleys, right through the country where the proposed artillery ranges are to be, till he arrived breathless and spent at the door of Branhholm, where he told his tale. Then came the raising of the clans and the gathering at the trysting-place at Woodhouselee, the long ride in the dark, the breaking into the Castle, and the alarm of Lord Scrope and his garrison, who thought that the intruders numbered many more than they actually did; the rescue, and the triumphant passage of the

horsemen through the flooded Eden, with the recovered man in their midst, while Lord Scrope and his soldiers stood amazed at the daring of it all.

The Spirit could tell of one more company of riders, more pathetic in the light of future history than all the others, for the central figure was a woman and a queen. A woman! Nay, little more than a girl, young, slight, anxious, toiling up these rugged valleys on her white palfrey, on her way from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle to visit the Earl of Bothwell, who had been stricken nigh to death by one Jock Elliot o' the Park, a noted free-booter whom he had tried to capture, in the hope of doing away with one at least of the disturbers of the Border peace; but the result had been other than my lord of Bothwell anticipated, for Jock had escaped with nothing more serious than a dagger-cut in the thigh, and was safe at home singing his song of defiant victory:

I vanquished the Queen's Lieutenant,
And gaured his fierce troopers flee;
For my name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha daur meddle wi' me?—

while Bothwell lay in the Castle of Hermitage sorely wounded. It was not wise of the fair young Queen Mary to go and visit him, and she suffered for it in body as well as in mind. She was not physically strong, and a ride of fifty miles in one day—it is twenty-five miles from Jedburgh to Hermitage—over rough and broken ground, would be a trying enough task for a strong woman; and the ground was so rough that in one place, some few miles from Priestthaugh, her palfrey stuck fast in a morass, and the place bears her name, 'The Queen's Mire,' to this day. This exertion brought on a serious illness, to which she referred when in after-years she exclaimed passionately, 'Would God I had died at Jedburgh!' Alas! she lived on to die at Fotheringhay.

The long, deep valleys set in the grassy hills settled down to three centuries of quietness, and the Border peels were deserted and fell into ruins as the old forts of the Cymri had done before them, unnoticed save by that great Master of Romance, Sir Walter Scott, a descendant of Wat of Harden. Intent on gathering material for his wonderful tales and his *Border Minstrelsy*, he undertook, in 1792, the first of his seven well-known 'raids' into the then almost inaccessible district of Liddesdale, exploring every valley, visiting every peel, and gathering and storing up in his mind every legend, every ballad, every rare old Scotch word or expression even, to be reproduced later in one or other of his matchless stories. He visited Hermitage Castle, and also many of the farmhouses, and at one of these—Hyndlee—he met James Davidson, the owner of numerous Mustard and Pepper terriers, and the prototype of 'Dandie Dinmont.'

The Lairds of Branhholm, now Dukes of Buccleuch, have long since forsaken their tower, which is incorporated in a modern mansion-house; while

from the Elliots of Liddesdale have sprung the Earls of Minto as well as the House of Stobs.

It is somewhat difficult to trace the history of the Stobs branch of the Elliot family, as the old mansion-house was burned down in 1712, and all the family papers destroyed; but it is known that the family, beginning as Lairds of Redheugh and Larriston, ultimately acquired the estate of Stobs from Gawain Gladstones in 1583; that the second Laird of Stobs—he of the 'gowden gartins'—was in some way related to Auld Buccleuch; while his son Robert married Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of Lady Mary Douglas and Francis Lord of Bothwell, the selfsame man who came off so badly in his encounter with Jock Elliot o' the Park. The first baronet, Sir Gilbert, a noted soldier, was knighted, for his services during the Civil War, on Largo sands by Charles II. in 1651, as that monarch was returning from his coronation at Scone. The most distinguished member of the family, however, was George Augustus, Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar. To him the nation owes a debt of gratitude for preserving to the country the rocky fortress which forms the key to the Mediterranean. The eighth son of the third baronet, he was born in 1717, and entered the army in early life, seeing much service and always gaining honours. He commanded the forces in Ireland, and afterwards obtained the command of Gibraltar, which he succeeded in holding for us during the memorable siege of 1777–82. For this service he was created a peer; but the title became extinct on the death of his son in 1813.

In the neighbouring town of Hawick, too, these centuries have wrought a mighty change. Far back in the dim ages it was a place of some importance, as its Moat, that strange oval-shaped tumulus, shows, whether the green hillock was a Druidic place of worship, as some people hold, or the grave of some great chieftain. We read that already in the fourteenth century the little village—it could scarce be more—was turning its attention to the art of weaving; and William de Hawyk and his two companions, who then received a safe-conduct into England to 'traffic,' were but the forerunners of numberless other merchants who, by the introduction first of all of the manufacture of hosiery, and later on of 'tweels' or tweeds, have made the little Border town famous as the centre of the woollen industry. It is famous, too, for its Common Riding, that yearly festival dear to all old 'Teris,' held on a Friday and Saturday early in June, when the cornet for the year, supported by his followers, and carrying an historic old flag, rides the burgh marches, and then heads a mimic chevy-chase up the steep Loan, past the Moat, and along by the side of the Vertish Hill to a little farmhouse, where, after due refreshment of curds and whey, the old town slogan, 'Teribus, ye Teri Odin,' rings out. Then the story is sung of the raid which the youths of Hawick made in 1514, the year after fatal Flodden, when they stole out by night and routed a band of English soldiers who had crossed the Border and

lay sleeping peacefully within easy march of the town. They captured the enemy's flag, too, these intrepid youths, and carried it home in triumph, to be treasured as a trophy and carried, decked with flowers, round the town's boundaries on every succeeding Common-Riding morning as a memorial of their prowess.

The Spirit has mayhap grown tired of watching such modern developments, and has gone to sleep

under Skelfhill or Cauldclench, as Arthur has gone to sleep under the Eildons; but he will awake one of these days with a start, and wonder what new age of warfare has begun, when the roar of big guns shakes his resting-place, and Tommy on horse or on foot begins to march up the glens, and trench and skirmish and drill on the green hillsides which have been so long given up to the curlews, the lapwings, and the sheep.

E. W. G.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER IV.



LADY EVELYN was very uneasy. When she had last seen Calderon and questioned him as to the progress of his suit with the American heiress his answers had been discouraging; the only point of satisfaction was that he admitted he was now sufficiently in love with her to get over his financial scruples, if fairly assured of success. But that was precisely the point open to serious doubt.

She made up her mind—though a little dubious of her wisdom—to intervene personally in the matter. She chose an afternoon of soaking rain to call upon the Misses Potts in order to make sure of their being at home, but only succeeded in finding the elder lady.

'Lucia has gone to the National Portrait Gallery.'

'Alone?' asked Lady Evelyn; and, satisfied on this point, she prepared to utilise her opportunity.

With her light, dexterous touch she tried to elicit from Miss Patience the frequency of Lord Calderon's visits and rencounters with Lucia elsewhere, and the impression that the young peer had made upon each; insinuating little subtleties of expression as to his social distinction and admitted charm, and the high esteem in which he was held by the world at large.

'The world at large?' repeated the shrewd old lady. 'That means, I suppose, what you call "the upper ten"? Does that mean ten thousand or less? But I like his lordship very much; he is so pleasant and nicely behaved.'

'The woman that my friend Calderon marries,' returned Lady Evelyn with conviction, 'will be one of the most fortunate women in the world. I do not speak of the distinction of his position as one of the oldest peers in England, but because he possesses every quality to make life happy.'

Miss Patience smiled. 'With one exception: I have been told the late Earl and his father before him were terribly extravagant and wasteful, and that Lord Calderon himself is quite a poor man. Not that this need make much difference to our Lucia if she fancies him.'

Lady Evelyn bit her lip. The directness of the application made her wince; but at the moment

Lucia herself entered, bringing in with her a sense of freshness from the open air in the delicate bloom on her cheek and the light in her eyes.

'My dear Lady Evelyn, how nice to find you here!' and she embraced her with effusion.

Lady Evelyn looked at her critically.

'My dear,' she said, 'I suppose you know you are prettier than ever, and you have excellent taste in dress; but really you should not go about London alone.'

The girl laughed. 'I think it was for that reason I came to London, and I so enjoy finding out things for myself. I shall soon be qualified as a "strangers' guide." But this morning I was not alone. I went to the National Portrait Gallery—I love going there—and I met Mr Noel Erskine.'

To Lady Evelyn's irritated sense there was a note of defiance in her tones, and she so far forgot herself as to ask, 'By appointment, my dear?'

'No, not by appointment. It was one of the lucky turns which Fate so seldom plays us. If you think of all the sacred names that hang upon those walls, of their histories and their books, and then of Mr Erskine as their exponent, you may have some idea of how I have enjoyed myself.'

She had showed no resentment; but she was a trifle pale and there was, unquestionably, a spark of fire in her eyes.

'Yes,' returned Lady Evelyn, 'Mr Erskine has all the qualifications of a pedagogue; you know, possibly, that he was tutor and travelling companion to several undistinguished young men before he was fortunate enough to be engaged by Lord Calderon as his secretary.'

Lucia smiled and glanced at her aunt.

'We know that quite well. He was tutor and travelling companion to Mr Frank Jocelyn when we first made his acquaintance in New York. I will tell you how it happened. The hotel in which they were staying caught fire, and it was with an immense deal of difficulty that Mr Jocelyn was saved. Papa, who was one of the spectators, said he never would have been but for Mr Erskine's courage and resource. It was just one of those actions, dear Lady Evelyn, that deserve the Victoria Cross as much as any deed of gallantry on the field

of battle. After that papa and Mr Erskine made friends, and we saw a great deal of him and of Mr Jocelyn too.'

'My notion is,' interposed Miss Patience, 'that if the young man deserved the Victoria Cross for saving his pupil from being burnt to death, he deserved some order of merit that doesn't exist for his behaviour to him all along. That boy was half-mad and wholly wicked, and I have heard my brother say that if Mr Erskine had murdered him outright it would have been a case of justifiable homicide.'

'But he stopped short of that?' asked Lady Evelyn, with a rather sickly smile.

'Yes,' said Lucia, returning the smile, 'he stopped short of that. I rather think Mr Erskine has an inveterate habit of stopping short in things.'

After Lady Evelyn was gone, by no means elated at her success, Lucia sat down on the couch by her aunt, and, throwing her arm round the old lady's neck, kissed her with unusual fervour.

'You are always a darling,' she said, 'but you never were a greater darling than to-day. You gave the right man his due.'

'The right man! My dear, not that! Lady Evelyn has been here to tell me that the only right man for you to marry is the Earl of Calderon. It is becoming serious, Lucia. Your poor father would have liked the notion.'

'The Earl of Calderon has not asked me.'

'But he will. I don't need any fine lady to tell me that. He is only waiting to make sure of his answer; and—you have been very kind to him—a man like that does not like to risk being refused. I have found out all about him, dear. He has a big house in Brook Street—you wouldn't think so from the outside, but he only lives in a corner of it—and two or three grand places in the provinces and Scotland, either let to rich brewers or falling

into decay because he can't afford to keep them up. It is not his fault, people say; he has no vices at all, but his fathers before him seem to have had plenty. Your dollars would come in handy to put all that straight, and it would be nice to be Countess of Calderon.'

'Ah! you have been bought over by Lady Evelyn.'

'Not a bit of it! I heard all she had to say, but gave her not a ha'porth of encouragement. But I like the young man myself, and I like the idea, Lucia, of your going back for your honeymoon to Chicago and New York with what poetry books call "a coronet on your brow."'

Lucia laughed, but not very merrily.

'You see, you must marry some day,' the old lady continued; 'and it is not fair to the men to keep so many of them dangling about you in suspense. It is a nuisance for a girl to have so much money; it destroys confidence.'

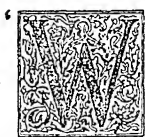
'If Lord Calderon should propose to marry me, Aunt Patience, it will be in spite of, not because of, my money; but I have not made up my mind. You know poor papa always said I was to choose to please myself; but—I have not chosen!' Then the girl got up with a somewhat affected gesture of weariness. 'I am getting tired of it all,' she said. 'You know we have two receptions to-night. I am afraid it will knock you up; but I have refused all invitations for to-morrow, and you will have a pleasant day at the Botanical Gardens with Lilian Shephard. You remember you promised to take her.'

'And you will not go?'

'No, darling; I have been there already too often, and I mean to have a long rest at home.' Whence it would appear that Truth still sleeps at the bottom of her well.

THE ROMANCE OF A RAINDROP.

By ARTHUR H. BELL.



WILL it rain to-day?' is probably the question most frequently asked regarding the weather; and as many circumstances combine to make the query very important, rain may be considered the most interesting phenomenon with which the meteorologist has to deal. Gardeners, engineers, farmers, and sanitary officials especially desire to know the amount of rain that falls in various localities during certain definite periods; and in order to supply this information the meteorologist has to determine to what depth any particular fall of rain would have covered the ground had none of the water run off, percolated through the soil, or evaporated. Thus, when it is said that the average rainfall during the year at a specified place is thirty-six

inches, all that the statement means is that if all the water had remained on the surface a lake three feet deep would have been formed.

Depth of rainfall is, of course, ascertained by means of a rain-gauge, which measures the amount of water precipitated from the atmosphere during certain definite periods—usually twenty-four hours. Sir Christopher Wren has the credit of constructing the first rain-gauge; but they have been made in various shapes and sizes since his time; and perhaps none of the instruments in the meteorologist's armoury is so familiar to the general public as the rain-gauge. The methods of using the instrument and the meaning of rainfall statistics are also thoroughly understood nowadays.

However, behind these statistics and the methods of obtaining them, there are questions

of great interest that obtrude themselves when we are watching the falling rain, and we desire to learn about the history of the raindrop—for example, Why is a raindrop round? How are raindrops formed? At what particular time does vapour become visible as mist? and What are the causes which change this mist into cloud and subsequently into rain? 'A great cause of the night,' said Corin, 'is the absence of the sun, and the property of rain is to wet;' and on hearing this piece of weather-wisdom Touchstone observed that his companion must be a natural philosopher. The majority of people probably find all their philosophy in respect of rainfall summed up in Corin's observation; but there are many additional circumstances of considerable interest.

The two prime causes of rain are, of course, the sun and the ocean; and, since these two factors do not appreciably vary from year to year, it follows that the annual rainfall on the earth as a whole, if it could be measured, would also be found to be invariable. It is obvious, however, that the rainfall at all places is not equal. In London, for instance, the average yearly rainfall is twenty-two inches; but on the Khasi Hills in India it is no less than six hundred inches. Similar contrasts are observable in other parts of the world, the differences being due to local geographical conditions. The rain which falls over the British Islands is, in the first place, drawn up from the Atlantic, and it is chiefly the south-west wind that carries the moisture-laden clouds against the sides of the hills and the mountains, and causes the atmosphere to distil in the form of rain the vapour it contains.

The starting-points in the history of rain are, therefore, heat and moisture. From the surface of land and water tiny globules or vesicles of moisture are continually rising into the atmosphere by the force of the sun's heat; and the warmer the air the greater the number of these globules of water the atmosphere is able to absorb. In this respect the atmosphere may be likened to a sponge, for it is from the moisture thus retained that the subsequent raindrops are formed. Most people are well acquainted with the very familiar phenomenon which is to be noticed when a glass of very cold water is brought into a warm room: the drops of moisture which form on the outside of the glass being among the commonest phenomena in what may be termed domestic meteorology. There is a similar transformation in the outside atmosphere; so that when the warm, moist currents of air flow against the sides of a cold mountain, or it may be against a body of cold air, there is a reduction in temperature, the atmosphere is squeezed like a sponge, and the particles of moisture are forced out of it. The particles then assume the form of cloud, fog, mist, rain, snow, and hail, as the case may be.

Now, as regards the globules of moisture, the most recent experiments and observations point to the conclusion that before the drops of vapour can form there must be a tiny nucleus of dust upon which the condensed water may settle. At the centre of every drop of vapour in a cloud there is probably a little core of dust; and without these little atoms there could be no rain. These atoms of dust are visible only under the strongest microscopes; and so extremely minute are they that in a cubic foot of saturated air it has been calculated that they number one thousand millions, their total weight being only three grains. As many of the clouds that float like huge bales of wool in the atmosphere are more than three miles in thickness, the myriads of dust-nuclei required to build up such vast stores of condensed moisture may well be considered incalculable. In a thick town-fog it is readily understood that particles of carbon and sulphur go to build up the misty fabric; but in a cloud other minute particles of matter are no less a necessity.

It is commonly considered that the particles of moisture within a cloud are quite motionless; and when looking at a huge cloud floating serenely in a summer sky it is difficult not to think of its constituent parts as being quite at rest. An ant-hill seen at a distance appears to be without internal motion; but a closer inspection quickly dispels the impression. Similarly, the apparently stationary cloud is all commotion and movement, the particles within it being always on the move, some going up and others down. The particles of moisture, moreover, being probably only about the four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, the resistance offered by the air to their movement is very slight; indeed, as soon as they are condensed they immediately begin to fall downwards, and were it not for the atoms of dust waiting to catch them the particles would at once fall to the ground. It is often asked why the vapour, if so readily condensed in the atmosphere, does not continually fall to the earth. The answer to this question, it will be seen, is that the moisture, instead of always pouring down on the earth, settles on the surface of the atoms of dust. Thus the first downward movement of the incipient raindrop is arrested by the dust-nuclei which swarm in all parts of the atmosphere; so that, instead of being destroyed as soon as it is formed, the particle of moisture is preserved and stored for future use. In realising the fact that a cloud is always in motion, the first step has been taken in discovering how a raindrop is formed.

It might be supposed that the raindrops would evaporate as quickly as they were condensed; but observation of the drops of moisture running down a window-pane and forming larger drops gives a good idea of what occurs in the clouds; as also does the fact that in a bottle

of soda-water the bubbles of air overtake one another and, colliding, make larger bubbles. One of the principal causes of the manufacture of a raindrop is to be found in the circumstance that there is a similar process of amalgamation at work in every part of the atmosphere. It often happens that a drop of moisture falls downward through a cloud for a distance of a mile or more; and although it may pass through strata of very warm air, thus running a great risk of being evaporated and destroyed, it has also many collisions, by which its bulk is considerably increased, and eventually becomes so heavy that its rate of progress is very much accelerated. Then, no longer able to float in the air, it plumps down to the earth as a full-grown raindrop.

In past times the formation of a raindrop was usually ascribed to the influence of electricity. Researches and investigations regarding atmospheric electricity do, indeed, reveal the fact that the vapour in various parts of the atmosphere is charged with different kinds of electricity; and this being so, it is obvious that the particles of moisture are individually of various electric potentials. Now, it is well known that objects bearing on their surfaces the same kind of electricity repel each other; and therefore some speculators in matters meteorological suggest that when one particle of moisture drifts near another there is mutual repulsion, which keeps them both suspended in mid-air. Discharges of electricity are, however, continually taking place from these tiny particles; and some authorities consider that at such times the drops of moisture, as their electric potential changes, are able to approach one another, and that in this way the raindrops grow and increase in number. The production of snow and hail has been similarly explained; and, since the latter phenomenon is so often accompanied by a thunderstorm, additional support is given to these electric theories. So little, however, is known concerning atmospheric electricity that considerable caution is necessary in considering theories of the supposed action of that mysterious agent. At present, in seeking for some explanation of a raindrop, it is safer to follow the simpler and less elaborate theory referred to in the previous paragraph.

There is also a theory that the particles of moisture in the atmosphere radiate heat, and so grow cold; and it is suggested that they then become in a condition to condense further supplies of aqueous vapour on their surfaces, and so the drops increase in size. This theory is very popular, but unfortunately there is a fatal objection to it. It is now well understood that whenever moisture is condensed on any surface latent heat is set free; therefore, if moisture settles on a watery particle the only result is to raise its temperature, so that the moisture evaporates as soon as it is condensed, and in this way the raindrop would stand but a very poor chance indeed of growing in size. The theory is attractive; but

recent researches in respect of atmospheric dust and the simpler method of growth produced by collision of the drops of moisture one with another have caused it to be gradually abandoned.

Mention has been made of the fact that particles of moisture as soon as they are formed commence to fall slowly downwards. If this is so, it may possibly be asked how it is that clouds, which are but a collection of these particles of moisture, rise to great heights. The highest of all clouds is the cirrus, which has often been seen floating several miles above the tops of the highest mountains. It is probable, moreover, that in these cold, serene heights of the atmosphere the drops of moisture are frozen into the form of icy crystals, and it is a matter for surprise that they remain suspended in the rarefied air. How they could have risen to such enormous heights is still more mysterious. A solution of a good deal of the mystery is found when we consider the cumulus clouds, which look like huge bales of wool or gigantic rocks. Rising from all parts of the surface of the earth there are strong currents of hot air, and so great is the force of these rising convectional currents that they travel upwards many miles. It will be seen, therefore, that if this current of air happens to be a moist as well as a warm one, the particles of vapour will be carried upwards too. Moreover, it has been found by experiment that as air expands it grows colder; therefore, when the column of air reaches a height of about a mile above the surface of the earth, where the atmospheric pressure is very much reduced, it at once expands. In doing so it is quickly reduced in temperature, and the particles of invisible aqueous vapour immediately condense and become visible in the form of a cloud; and thus the particles of moisture are carried to those great heights at which they are seen to be floating. These clouds, indeed, are but the visible top or capital of a rising column of warm, moist air; to compare great things with small, they very much resemble a rocket which bursts into fire when it arrives at a certain point in its upward career.

When the particles of moisture are thus rendered visible, a further change in temperature sends them journeying upwards into still higher regions of the atmosphere. Most people during hot weather have cooled the contents of their water-bottle by wrapping a damp cloth round it; and they are aware that they obtained cool water because the evaporation of moisture from the cloth had carried off heat with it. Conversely, if moisture condenses it sets free a certain amount of heat, which is commonly described as having been latent. When, therefore, the particles of moisture in a cloud condense, an enormous amount of latent heat is set free, and it is this liberated heat that serves to carry the drops of moisture to higher levels, since the warmer the air becomes the more it will rise. As the formation of one gallon of rain is calculated to give out sufficient heat to melt a block

of ice seventy-five pounds in weight, some idea may be formed of the amount of heat that is set free when a huge cloud bursts or condenses into being. Therefore, in investigating some of the causes which carry the drops of moisture to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the rising currents of air and latent heat must be reckoned as important factors.

When the raindrops arrive at these great heights they are in a position very similar to that of a ball dancing at the top of a rising column of water, for at any diminution in the force buoying them up they will begin to fall; and thus the raindrops commence their real downward journey. Supposing it were possible for an observer to occupy a position immediately below a cloud, and close enough to see all that was taking place, he would notice raindrops of all sizes leaping from the under-side of the cloud and plunging toward the earth.

The simplest experiment to get some idea concerning the variation in raindrops is to expose an ordinary slate for a few minutes during a shower of rain, and it will be seen by the different-shaped blotches on the slate that, although the raindrops have all made a similar journey, they have nevertheless contrived to acquire an individuality during their downward passage. That the raindrops are round admits of a very simple explanation. They are this shape owing to the action of capillarity, which in the case of the raindrop acts equally in all directions. When a stone is dropped into water the circles made on the surface are perfectly round, owing to the fact that the force producing them moves equally in all directions, and the raindrops are spherical owing to a similar unrestrained action.

In many parts of the world the very curious phenomenon of coloured rain sometimes occurs, and in many instances it is due to very simple causes. In some cases the colouring matter is found to be nothing but the pollen-dust shaken out of the flowers on certain trees at such times as a strong wind happened to be blowing over them. Fir-trees and cypress-trees, when grouped together in large forests, at certain seasons of the year give off enormous quantities of pollen, and this vegetable dust is often carried many miles through the atmosphere by the wind, and frequently

falls to earth during a shower of rain. The microscope clearly reveals the origin of such coloured rain, which has on more than one occasion puzzled and mystified the inexperienced. Pollen is therefore very largely responsible for the reports sent from different parts of the world of golden, black, and red rain. Fish and insects also descend to earth during showers of rain; but since it is probable that these and other unwonted visitors to the atmosphere were originally drawn up into the air during the passage across the country of a whirling storm, with powerful ascending currents of air, there is no need to look for any far-fetched explanation of what, after all, is a very simple occurrence.

The history of a raindrop, then, has some very romantic and interesting episodes connected with it; but, wonderful as are the incidents in what is really a very remarkable career, it is not until the raindrops fall on the earth that the full purport of the work they do is wholly realised. Contemplated by itself, a raindrop seems a very insignificant thing; but when the drops combine in a heavy downpour of rain the result is truly wonderful. The information that one inch of rain has fallen over a certain area is not very impressive; the amount does not seem very great. A fall of one inch of rain means, however, that no less than one hundred tons of water have fallen on each acre of surface, or no less than sixty thousand tons on each square mile. Instead of expressing the amount of water in tons, it may be thus stated in gallons, taking the Thames basin as a convenient area for reference: a rainfall of three inches over that area means that one hundred and sixty thousand million gallons of water have been precipitated from the atmosphere. At times, too, when the rainfall is still heavier, rivers overflow their banks and floods occur, and still further evidence is then forthcoming of the power and the might of the raindrops working towards one common end. Sooner or later the raindrop, whether it runs off the surface of the earth in a river or in a disastrous flood, finds its way, under the influence of evaporation, back into the atmosphere, and is then ready to start on another journey, which, like all its predecessors, will be full of incident from start to finish.

PIONEERS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



AMONGST the now almost forgotten pioneers of photography in Scotland were Sir David Brewster, Dr John Adamson of St Andrews, and his younger brother Robert Adamson. Between 1843 and 1849 Robert Adamson was associated with D. O. Hill, the well-known artist, in the production of a fine

series of calotypes, including portraits of men eminent in every department of life, landscapes, old buildings, and architectural subjects. Hundreds of these calotypes, and also their negatives, are still in existence. The art of producing the warm brown tint of the calotypes, however, seems to have fallen into desuetude. The examples still extant have stood the test of the past sixty years

remarkably well. According to the late J. M. Gray, Curator of the National Portrait Gallery, the finer of the calotypes resemble nothing so much as powerful mezzotints printed in warm-coloured ink. 'There is,' he says further, 'the same broad and effective distribution of light, the same care for composition and suppression of irrelevant details, and that pleasant dead surface—delicate in the light portions, and rich and bloomy in the shadows—which is obtained in such engravings.' Besides the work of a Calotype Club, the late Dean Montgomery and Dr Thomas Keith both practised the art. The earliest collection of calotypes appears to be that of Mrs Tulloch, St Andrews, afterwards described. Mrs D. O. Hill has also a considerable collection of the prints done by her husband, who also gave a collection to the library of the Royal Scottish Academy. The largest and most representative collection, however, is the property of Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street, Edinburgh, who purchased the negatives of D. O. Hill's calotypes; and he has also a series of representative prints, executed by that artist, assisted by Robert Adamson, at his studio, Calton Hill Stairs, Edinburgh. The best and most generally interesting of these pictures, reproduced with wonderful success from the old negatives, have been selected by Mr Elliot for publication, under the title of *Calotype Portraits*, by D. O. Hill and R. Adamson. Biographical notices from the pen of J. M. Gray and other writers, with a brief account of the methods of photography, will be appended.

In the latest word on the history of photography, Mr A. Horsley Hinton says of D. O. Hill's calotypes that, guided by an artistic knowledge and taste, and unfettered by photographic convention, he produced portraits which for genuine pictorial quality have perhaps never been surpassed, if some allowances be made for the necessary imperfections of the 'talbotype.' Hugh Miller acknowledged that there was a truth, breadth, and power about them to be found only in the highest walks of art, and not often even in these. Stanfield said: 'They are most wonderful; and I would rather have a set of them than the finest Rembrandts I ever saw.' According to Brewster, however, the rough grain of the paper prevented justice from being done to the delicate lines and shades of the human countenance. There are two fine portraits of John Gibson Lockhart in this collection, and deservedly, as to him we owe, no doubt, the equally fine portraits of his friend John Wilson, 'Christopher North,' one of which was copied for the frontispiece of his Memoir. We can fix the date very nearly, as Lockhart wrote to Wilson from London, 28th March 1844, as follows: 'Showed me a lot of Edinburgh daguerreotypes [calotypes]—the Candlishes, &c.; that of Sir D. Brewster is by far the best specimen of the art I had ever seen. It is so good that I should take it very kind if you would sit to the man whom Brewster

patronises, for me. This art is about to revolutionise book illustration entirely.' The portraits of Wilson show the massiveness of the old man eloquent, who, although his wife had died several years before, still wears 'weepers' on his coat-cuffs, and did so till the day of his death. Hugh Miller, whose portrait figures amongst the rest, in an article on the invention in the *Witness*, also said, like Lockhart, that it would furnish 'a new mode of design for the purposes of the engraver, especially for all the illustrations of books;' but neither of them could forecast how very universal process-engraving would become. In this interesting series we find portraits of Sir John Gladstone, Robert Chambers, Dr Chalmers, Guthrie, Rintoul of the *Spectator*, G. M. Kemp at the building of the Scott Monument, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Robert Carruthers, Lord Cockburn at his favourite seat of Bonaly, James Nasmyth of steam-hammer fame, John Murray the publisher and his wife; also Lady Eastlake and Mrs Jameson the art historian.

It may be asked, wherein does a calotype differ from a modern photograph? Calotype—Greek, *kalos*, beautiful; *typos*, impression—was the name given in 1840 by Mr Fox Talbot to the method (invented by him quite independently of the very different method devised about the same date by Daguerre in France) of photographing by the action of light on nitrate of silver. He patented the process in 1841. In this process Talbot produced his negative by preparing paper on the surface with iodide of silver, subsequently washing it over with a mixture of nitrate of silver, with gallic and acetic acids, and then exposing it in the camera to the object he wished to copy. The invisible image or picture thus obtained was developed by aceto-nitrate of silver and gallic acid. The paper negative was then rendered translucent with wax, and used in the production of *positive* prints. The introduction of the collodion process by Mr Scott Archer was a step in advance. Then came the gelatine dry plates, suggested in 1871 by the Rev. R. L. Maddox, and improved by C. Bennett in 1878.

When Mr Fox Talbot communicated his discovery by letter to Sir David Brewster, the scientist was the guest of Lord Kinnaird at Rossie Priory, Perthshire. Brewster constructed an apparatus for Lord Kinnaird, and the first experiment resulted in a blurred and hazy outline of an old lady who had been kept sitting for twenty minutes in full sunlight. Fascinated by the work, Brewster persevered; the work improved, and he induced Dr John Adamson, St Andrews, to take up the art, who next induced his younger brother, Robert Adamson, to learn it. We fear Sir David Brewster has received less than his due credit in this connection. Dr Robert Graham, who was at Rossie Priory when the first experiments were made, has said: 'Sir David was our teacher. He alone, in those early days, knew any-

thing of the process or of its philosophy, and a most patient and painstaking teacher he was, showing us how the different parts of the manipulation were to be performed, and taking his full share of all the dirty and disagreeable work.' When D. O. Hill decided to paint his great Free Church picture, 'Signing the Deed of Demission' (1843), he required to introduce about five hundred portraits into his canvas. On the recommendation of Sir David Brewster, Hill interested himself in the photographic experiments then being made by Robert Adamson, and he determined to utilise this new art as an aid to portraiture. Robert Adamson joined Hill in Edinburgh, at the artist's invitation, and hundreds of calotypes thus taken are still in existence. Hill attended to the grouping of the sitters, the attitudes, and light and shade, while Adamson manipulated the camera and chemicals. Hugh Miller said that he had placed the head of Dr Chalmers, so produced, beside one of the most powerful prints of him then extant, and found from the contrast that the latter was a mere approximation. Every artist did not share this opinion. In an article on 'Robert Chambers's Commonplace Book,' by the Editor, in *Chambers's Journal* for November 1901 (vol. iv. p. 737), is a letter from Mr B. W. Crombie, an Edinburgh miniature painter, dated 12th March 1845, in which the following passage occurs: 'I am glad Sir David [Brewster] has no objection to sit, and it remains for me to decide whether I shall wait till he comes to Edinburgh in May or wait on him at St Andrews. As to the calotypes he mentions, I don't believe they would be of much service to me in a profile likeness, unless it was to familiarise me with the character.'

The first calotype portrait taken in Scotland was produced in May 1840. This negative was taken, as we have seen, by Mr Talbot's process, and was obtained by following his directions, and using a temporary camera-obscura made with a common small lens or burning-glass an inch and a half in diameter. The portrait is that of a lady, and is still in existence in the very valuable collection belonging to Mrs Tulloch, whose father, Dr Adamson, as we have said, was Sir David's colleague in the earlier experiments.

It may interest golfers to hear that many of these earlier studies were done in Allan Robertson's back-green at St Andrews, now covered by Mason's Hotel; and not the least interesting of Mrs Tulloch's fascinating collection deals with the famous old golfers, singly and in groups; and many studies of the famous St Andrews ruins are still wonderfully fresh and clear. The collection, numbering over three hundred, embraces many a name still held in honour and affection. Running roughly, by date, down the series, we find: in 1842, Sir Hugh Playfair (the good genius of St Andrews and its Provost to all time) and Mr Holcroft, Sir George Campbell and another, Professor Tennent, Professor Ferrier,

Haig of Seggie (another Provost still held in honour), Dr George Cooke, and M. Messieux, a French-Swiss teacher, medallist of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1825 and 1827, and one of the mightiest swipers of story. It is on record that at St Andrews Messieux drove a teed ball from the Hole o' Cross green, coming home, right into the Hell Bunker, a distance of about three hundred and eighty yards, the wind and ground being described as favourable. There are also Clanranald, Robert Chambers, Sir David Brewster, Professor Alexander, Principal Haldane, golf groups of well-known faces (Colonel Maitland Dougall and others), Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, Dr Argyll Robertson, golf group with Allan Robertson and Mr Robert Chambers (junior) second from right, Mrs Tennant of The Glen, Campbell of Saddell and family, Sir Robert Christison, Dr Keith, Dr John Brown (*Rab*), Professor Alexander, P. P. Alexander, Sir Lambert Playfair (Consul at Algiers), George Glennie (club in hand), D. O. Hill, Miss Davidson of Tulloch, Wolfe Murray (with flute), Hodge (schoolmaster), Campbell of Schiehallion, group of Edinburgh doctors (Dr Simson, Glenfinlas Street, in centre), several groups of Edinburgh doctors of varying interest, Dr Priestley (London), Professor Syme, Charles Kingsley, Professor Stokes, and J. A. Froude. Altogether, the series forms a most interesting portrait gallery, and has been cherished with loving care.

Possibly one of the earliest volumes illustrated by photography is *The Pencil of Nature*, by W. Fox Talbot, published by Longmans in 1844. It is a handsome quarto volume, with twenty-four plates, views in Oxford, books in a library, lace, leaves, and flowers, and Laycock Abbey, Wiltshire, the residence of Talbot. There is a copy of this scarce volume in the University Library, Edinburgh.

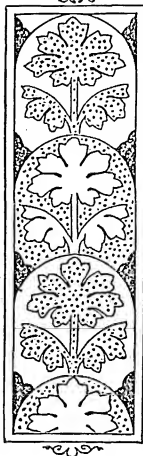
An article on 'Photography' in the *North British Review* (1847), evidently by Sir David Brewster, mentions that Adamson and Hill published some large volumes of 'talbotypes' at the price of forty pounds and fifty pounds each. The Signet Library, Edinburgh, has on its shelves one of these volumes, entitled '*A Series of Calotype Views of St Andrews*, published by D. O. Hill and R. Adamson at their Calotype Studio, Calton Stairs, Edinburgh, 1846.' We have travelled some distance in book production since then; but these early pictures are still prized for their power and truthfulness.

A SONG OF SACRIFICE.

I MAY not tell you of the love I cherish;
You may not tell me all your lips would say.
We meet in crowds, our riven hearts safeguarding
Their burning love beneath a mask of clay.

For you are his, and not a look shall sully
The lily fragrance of your pure white soul.
If love were all! But no. Love could not pay you,
Full tale and sterling measure, what it stole.

WILLIAM THORP.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE BLOCH MUSEUM OF PEACE AND WAR.

By G. GALE THOMAS.

JEAN DE BLOCH, founder of the museum at Lucerne, was no mere idealist, but a practical student of social science dealing with military preparation and the consequences of war simply on their economic side.

The peace-movement, until his time, had found its chief basis in appeals to the humanity and sympathy of mankind. De Bloch broke new ground. To show that a war between great Powers under modern conditions could lead to no decisive result, and must mean commercial suicide, with internal revolution to follow, and that in very self-preservation nations must find some other way of settling their differences, was the keynote of the new gospel of peace which he preached; and to the continuance of that work the unique museum on the banks of the Swiss Lake of the Four Cantons is dedicated.

To enable us to test the value of his work, a brief review of his previous training and accomplishments is necessary. Jean Gottlieb Bloch was born of Jewish parents at Radom, in Russian Poland, in 1836. His early life was passed in very poor circumstances; but, with the commercial aptitude of his race, he soon began to make his mark, taking advantage of every opportunity of completing his education by the study of languages and an educational course in Berlin. Being employed at first as a bank-clerk at Warsaw, he became later on a bookkeeper in the service of Count Hotynski, and showed such ability that he was specially recommended to the notice of the authorities in St Petersburg, where, at the age of twenty-four, he obtained the contract for building the St Petersburg Railway, and realised a fortune from the transaction.

He returned to the home of his childhood in Warsaw, and founded a banking-house, which he conducted with equal skill and success. Receiving from time to time various contracts for railway-building, he carried them out in such a satisfactory manner that the administration of the whole net of railways from the Baltic to the Black Sea was entrusted to his charge. Then he entered other

branches of industry besides railways and banking. He became one of the principal men in the sugar and timber trades and the exploitation of forests, while he took a great practical interest in agriculture. Thus he became the leading figure in the commercial world of Warsaw, and at the age of forty-seven was created a noble by the Czar. His works on railway administration and economic questions were numerous and exhaustive, constituting a veritable encyclopædia of information.

This, therefore, was no dreamer, but a business man of the highest ability, accustomed to deal with the facts of life on a severely practical basis; a man whose soundness of judgment had been evidenced by the success of all his undertakings. He set out with no theory to prove. The views by which he will be always remembered were forced upon him gradually when he sought them not; and it is a sufficient evidence of the practical nature of his researches that the inception of the new crusade came to him as the result of actual war preparations in which he had to take part. As pointed out by M. Frédéric Passy, the veteran peace advocate, it was while occupying himself with the interests of the town where his business lay, and in making preparations for military provisioning and transport, that it was borne in upon Jean de Bloch how greatly the conditions of war had changed in modern times. His local patriotism made him, to quote Jules Simon's saying, a patriot of humanity; and his experience as a financier enabled him to appreciate the terrible effect of the enormous military expenditure under which the nations were groaning.

It fell to his lot to take a large part in the preliminary preparations for the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and he began to consider what would happen if his own town of Warsaw should be besieged as Paris had been but a few years earlier. In making these practical calculations of the arrangements necessary, he found himself face to face with certain questions, and he was forced to the conclusion that no sufficient preparations could be made to provide against the dangers from with-

out and within. He realised that the state of Warsaw was only a type of that of other cities, and that the economic disturbances created by a siege, without taking other considerations into account, would be fatal. The stoppage of business, the desertion of factories and fields, the interruption of communications, and the suppression of means of transport would involve famine, sickness, and misery. In view of the tremendously increased power of engines of destruction, the corresponding increase of expense, the call to arms of the whole able-bodied population, and the difficulty of feeding such an enormous number of people—without reserving everything for them—he foresaw a mass of suffering, of requisitions, and imposts which would put the whole of Europe under the régime of a state of siege.

This was the commencement, and henceforth, year after year, Jean de Bloch pursued his inquiries; and, banker that he was, he set himself to draw up the balance-sheet of war and peace, giving ten years to the work. The results were given to the world in a number of volumes, and may be briefly stated in the following conclusions:

'War in the future between two great European Powers, in view of the numerical force of armies, and all that has been accomplished in recent years in perfecting the engines of war, would be of very long duration.

'The economic conditions created by this state of affairs, and the actual expenses of war, would, in a very short time, render its continuation impossible.

'Long before one of the two belligerents could obtain any decisive advantage, the Powers in combat would be exhausted, and this would result in revolution and ruin in the countries engaged.

'Therefore, in the future, war can no longer serve as a means of settling international differences.'

This was not the thesis of a partisan seeking to find a means for the condemnation of war; it was the declaration of a scientist announcing the discovery of an existing, yet hitherto unrecognised, law. To quote the words of the talented Baroness Von Suttner, De Bloch was no more an apostle of peace than Newton was an apostle of the law of gravitation or Darwin an apostle of the evolution of species. He was a seeker and a *savant* in the domain of social science.

De Bloch's work attracted the attention of the young Czar, and made such an impression on him that, after discussing the subject with the author, he summoned the famous conference at the Hague, which marked an important stage in the progress of the world. Although, from the nature of the case, no appeal to its good offices was permitted by this country in the case of the South African war, the court has nevertheless been the means of settling peacefully a number of minor disputes; and one of the latest examples of its practical utility is afforded by the Behring Sea seal-fishery dispute between the United States and Russia, which has been submitted to its arbitration by consent of both parties.

By his will M. de Bloch, who died in January 1902, left a sum of five thousand pounds to found a museum which should continue his work by a plain demonstration, in a series of object-lessons, of the evident facts of the science of ancient and modern weapons and military preparation, their powers of destruction, and the financial and industrial cost of war.

The front of the building, with its old towers of medieval form, faces the lake beside the Lucerne railway station. Within, all carefully noted in order with their respective dates, are weapons of all ages, from the ancient Roman catapult to the modern product of Krupp's factory. An enormous skeleton of a horse which has been made a target for shots has each breakage of the bones numbered, with a table below to show readily what wounds have been made by certain rifles with different bullets at varying distances. A collection of human bones near by shows similar devastating results, all tabulated with the same relentless scientific accuracy. Above it hang life-size outlines of a man's body divided with lines into varying sections. In the outline dealing with wounds from infantry projectiles, the region of mortal wounds is indicated as including the head above the eyes, a broad line down through the centre of the face, neck, and chest widening out from the waist to the abdomen. The region of severe wounds not necessarily mortal is that of the bones of the arms and legs. In the case of wounds from shrapnel, the zone of mortal wounds is extended across the chest, while it includes a wider channel down the centre of the legs.

Dozens of interesting and instructive diagrams illustrating different features of the development of warfare, and the nature of the military, economic, and financial questions involved, cover the walls, affording food for weeks of careful study. One representing the respective proportions of the populations of the different countries occupied in agriculture shows the extent to which the people would suffer in the event of war. The agriculturist, having the means of life near at hand and under control, would, of course, be the lightest sufferer; while the other classes of the community would feel the heavier weight of the burden. In this light the diagram showing the descending proportion of agriculturists to the total population—from the case of Russia, which heads the list, down through Austria, Germany, and France to England—affords food for thought to Englishmen.

Various galleries are consecrated to different periods of history, with plans of notable battles, from the time of Hannibal's fights at Cannæ and Trasimene to the engagements of the Transvaal war. On tables are spread great plaster-reliefs of battles like those of Plevna and Wörth, and the visitor can mount a staircase to a gallery beside them to obtain a bird's-eye view.

In the grounds are models of soldiers' tents and bivouacs, actual railway lines showing the methods

of destruction by wiring on to the side a small tin of explosive; entrenchments and different kinds of bridges, from the simply constructed single plank footbridge on X supports to the substantial bridge for the crossing of artillery. A representation of the natural entrenchments of the Boers in their actual size is also an interesting feature.

One of the most notable exhibits of the museum is a collection of dioramas representing a number of typical and instructive scenes in modern warfare. The visitor looks out from a large covered gallery, as it were from a window, on to the scene of the imaginary battlefields. The most striking representation is 'The Evening after the Battle,' by Zeno Dimmer. The foreground, with its abandoned rifles and knapsacks, is bounded by a narrow river, beyond which the field of carnage can be seen under the lurid red of the evening light. In the air is a flock of carrion-crows descending on their prey. Here, on the edge of a stream, a wounded soldier is feebly battling, with one hand held before his head, against the attack of one of the birds. Around

a dismantled gun-carriage near by lies a heap of corpses, and on the silent gun itself the birds have perched to rest from the ghastly feast. A horse lies dead, with his legs in the air; while near at hand an uninjured charger is smelling sadly at the body of the master who will never call him more. Men lie here and there on the plain in strange, unnatural positions. One wounded soldier, with haggard face, can be seen trying vainly to rise from beneath the corpse of a dead comrade. And now from the side come the human hyænas, intent on their nefarious work of robbing the dead. A man appears, carrying a sack of booty over his shoulder, followed by a woman holding under her arm two valuable swords and bearing her share of ill-gotten gains; while near by a companion is stripping the clothes from a corpse in search for valuables and ready to despatch with his dagger any wounded man who may happen to be in his way.

This is War! War stripped of its false glory and glamour; War in its reality and portrayed in a form which appeals to the heart of every beholder.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ONE RETURNS.



WHEN Barbe came out into the gallery in the early dawn one morning her eye fell at once on something floating in the Pot. So familiar was she with all her surroundings that no smallest thing out of the common could escape her notice. She stood gazing at that white thing circling slowly round and round in the broken water, now gliding quietly, now jerking abruptly and spinning and darting, the sport of the waves. It was too far away to see with any exactness; but she knew it was a body, and her heart beat slow, and a sick fear came over her at the thought that it might be Alain come back to her in this way, even as he had come the first time. She went slowly down the ladder to her father, who had just turned in.

'There is a man in the Pot,' she said abruptly.

'*Eh bien!*' said Pierre, 'let him stop there.'

'But'—and she stopped short. To hint at the possibility of it being Alain Carbonec was not the way to enlist Pierre's sympathies.

'I want no more men out of the Pot.'

Barbe flushed at the implication. 'It might be—one of them,' she said hesitatingly.

'You'd better go and see;' and Pierre lurched over with his face to the wall as an intimation that the interview was ended.

Yes, truly, she would go and see. The very worst could be no worse than she had come to believe, and if that was Alain's body washing about in the Pot, she would be more content to have him resting quietly in the ground. So she slowly let down the boat from its beams, securing one rope

while she slacked the other, till it dipped and rode. Then she threw in her casting-rope, made after a pattern all her own—a long, thin line raying at the end into four short rope-arms, each weighted with a ball of lead—a combination of lasso and bolas which Barbe had found extremely useful. Many a prize had she fished out of the Pot with it, and not a few bodies. There were certain positions, however, which she could not reach even with this long arm, and in these the flotsam would swing round and round for days, till the hidden forces sucked it down and in due time delivered it on Plenevec beach.

Barbe pulled to the inner lip of the Pot, for the tide was nearly at the flood. Then she stood up to watch for the bobbing white thing to come round to her. It was dawdling playfully round the pool, now darting forward as though endowed with sudden intention, then wandering off on a side-issue, then twisted suddenly backward on some hidden coil of the water; and Barbe stood gently working her oars and gazing at it with the face of a mother eagle. Suddenly the straining of her face relaxed. Some sudden upheaval of the water had turned the body completely over so that now it lay face downwards, and she saw that it had black hair, and her heart was glad. At all events it was not the body of Alain Carbonec. She waited till it came round to her side of the Pot, then stood and flung her line, missed twice, and the third time captured it and held it anchored against the slow flow of the current. She had to wait till the tide was at its highest before she could draw the body gently in at the end of her line. She bent over it, not without emotion, in spite of the practice she had had. A

drowned man always made her heart ache; but now the rebound from her fears, and the renewed possibilities of hope, faint though the hope might be, made her almost indifferent to this stranger. So she bent and looped the line round the flaccid feet and turned her boat towards Plenevec.

'*Tiens!*' said one of the loungers among the boats on the beach as Barbe drew into sight, 'it is La Carcassone who arrives.'

'The old man must be ill,' said another, 'or maybe she wants news of Alain, and the old curmudgeon won't speak.'

'If he told all he knew'—said a third. '*Par Dieu!* it is a wise man that can hold his tongue.'

'Or a guilty one.'

'That's so.'

'*Tschut!*' from an ampler-minded one. 'Unless you make out that he killed them both you have no right to say so. If it had been only one, and that one Alain Carbonec, I'd say yes with you; but why the old hunks should kill them both I cannot see. More likely one of them has killed the other on account of this girl, and then bolted.'

'If that's so, I bet you it wasn't Alain did the killing.'

'It wasn't like him if he did, anyway. *Voyons!* here comes M. Gaudriol.'

Then they caught a glimpse of what Barbe had in tow, and moved down in a body to meet her.

'What hast thou there, little one?' cried Gaudriol when she came within hail.

But Barbe pulled steadily ashore before she answered, and then she said simply, 'A body out of the Pot.'

Gaudriol's official heart began to beat more quickly, for the chances were, since there had been no wreck, that light was come at last on the mystery that had been troubling them all. It could not be Alain's body, or Barbe would not have answered him so quietly. If Cadoual's—then—truly, yes, his fears would be no less for Alain, but they would be of a different sort.

'*Voyons!*' he said softly, lest his voice should tell his fears. 'Let us see.'

They drew the body carefully ashore, and all crowded round, and then fell back as it was turned over, for it was a very ghastly sight. Bruised and broken, with a stab in the throat, and every evidence of brutal maltreatment, no more crying witness to a horrible crime ever took the stand than that silent figure lying on the shingle.

'*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*' murmured the Sergeant. 'It is he—Cadoual.'

'He has been murdered,' said one.

'Smashed all to pieces,' said another.

'It is brutality beyond belief;' and they talked among themselves and looked askance at Barbe.

'Did you know who it was, *ma fille?*' asked Gaudriol.

'No,' she said. 'I saw him from the gallery. But my—M. Carcassone would not go—the by-

standers growled meaningly—'so I went myself, and drew him out with the line. I feared it might be Alain.'

Gaudriol would almost have preferred that it had been Alain; but then there is a vast difference between liking and love.

Half the village was gathered round the body, when the crowd was suddenly parted by Madame Cadoual, who came down on it and through it like a black fury. Her face was very white against her coarse black hair, which had broken loose in her passage; her eyes were ablaze with passion.

'They say'—she began at sight of M. Gaudriol, and then she saw the body on the stones, and she went quickly to it and fell on her knees beside it. 'George! my son, my son! Dost thou come back to me like this? Tell me, then, who has done this to thee?' and she bent her ear to the sodden, white lips. 'It is that cursed old murderer at the Light,' she cried, springing up with a scream which sent the crowd flying back from her. 'Oh! but his head shall fall for this, and that wretched girl who tempted thee across there! They shall pay for this. Life for life, and blood for blood! And may their souls'—And she proceeded to curse them with all the vehemence of her outraged motherhood, and Barbe shivered and went pale.

'*Tiens!* it is she!' cried the tigress, as some instinct told her that the stranger girl with the uncoiffed hair and the beautiful face, though it was pale and sad enough just now, must be the girl from the Light, the girl who had stolen her son's heart from her, and she launched herself at Barbe.

Gaudriol had foreseen it, and stepped between them just in time. He took the excited woman by the shoulders and held her, while she struggled fiercely, and her working mouth volleyed curses past him.

'Be quiet!' he said, shaking her. 'You don't know what you are saying. The girl has nothing to do with it.'

'Blood for blood!' shrieked the mother. 'Their lives for his, and everlasting torment for their souls!'

'Take her home,' said Gaudriol to the bystanders. 'She is going out of her mind. And carry him'—with a nod towards the body—'home too.—For you, *ma fille*, I will take you back to the Light.—Jan Godey, we will take your boat and tow the other;' and in two minutes they were under way.

At sight of them going Madame Cadoual broke from her guardians, came rushing down the shingle, dashed into the water, and hurled curses after them with voice and hands and eyes and every fibre of her being.

'Don't look at her,' said Gaudriol to Barbe. 'She is mad.'

He was very silent after that, preparing traps for Pierre, till they bumped against the iron ladder.

'He will be sleeping,' said Barbe as she joined Gaudriol in the doorway.

'*Bien!*' said he, as once before; 'I like them sleeping.' Once more he laid his hand on the sleeping man's shoulder in hopes of trapping the guilt in his eyes as he woke.

'*Comment donc?*' cried Pierre, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. 'You again, M. Gaudriol? I thought?'—

'George Cadoual has come home, *mon beau*,' said the Sergeant.

'Ah!' snorted Pierre, 'then you are satisfied I didn't kill that one at all events.'

'Unfortunately he is dead.'

'How—dead—and come home? What do you mean?' and the old man stiffened suddenly.

'He has been killed—brutally killed. Every bone in his body is broken, and his throat cut.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' and he gazed back at Gaudriol defiantly and yet visibly wondering. 'And how did he come back, then?'

'Your daughter brought him. He was in the Pot.'

'*Tiens!* I remember. She asked me to go, but I wanted no more men out of the Pot.' He was silent for a moment, turning the news over in his mind. Then he looked up at Gaudriol, and asked suddenly, 'And the other?'

'There is no news of him,' said the Sergeant, with a shake of the head.

'*Voyons, donc!*' said Pierre musingly, after more thought.—'Go away, Barbe. I must speak with M. Gaudriol.'

'No, I shall not go. You are going to speak against Alain,' said Barbe, with her face very pale and her fists tightly clenched.

'*Et bien*, it is all one!'—Then to the Sergeant, 'You think I have had a finger in all this, M. Gaudriol; but you are wrong. I know nothing about it except this: George Cadoual went away to Plougastel. He discovered there that Alain Carbonec was in reality Alain Kervec, son of that man I killed here for his sins eighteen years ago.' He spoke

steadily, but the cords stood out in his forehead. 'Now, if Alain learned that it was Cadoual who told me that—why, *voyez-vous*, that may explain some things.'

Gaudriol feared it might; but he was not going to let Pierre see it.

'And you told Alain it was Cadoual who gave you that information when he came back that day—was it not so?' he asked quietly.

'I did not see him, so I could not tell him. How many more times must I tell you that?' exclaimed Pierre, with a touch of anger, and then brought himself to with a round turn and relapsed into sulky silence.

Gaudriol was satisfied in his own mind, from what he had seen, that Pierre had nothing to do with Cadoual's death. He turned and left the room, followed by Barbe. The mystery was beyond him, and he was full of angry perplexity. Now that a body had turned up, and beyond all doubt a body that pointed to murder, something had got to be done; but what he did not know. If it had been Alain's body, now, he would have arrested Pierre on the spot; but he could see no adequate reason why Pierre should have killed Cadoual, unless, indeed, he had gone out of his mind and killed for the sake of killing, or for the purpose of keeping Barbe free.

'You do not doubt Alain, monsieur?' asked Barbe piteously as they stood at the top of the iron ladder. 'Alain could not do any such thing.'

'I will not believe it, my child,' he said kindly. 'At present I cannot understand it. We must hope for the best.' But there was not very much hope in him as Jan Godey's boat swung back to Plenevec. He feared greatly for Alain, and now his fear was not that he was dead.

Thereafter Barbe spent much time in the gallery, and watched the Pot as a starving eagle eyes the plains.

(To be continued.)

FARM LIFE IN NATAL.

MUCH has been written lately about South Africa as a field for immigration both for males and females; but a few details of farm life in Natal may interest many readers.

Two very useful articles appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, which are well worth reading. The first, 'Emigration of Gentlewomen,' was by A. M. Brice (April 1901); the second, 'Female Emigration to South Africa' (January 1902), by the Hon. Lady Hely Hutchison. The latter, I think, takes rather a gloomy view of things, at least as regards Natal.

Life on the Natal veldt has a distinct charm. The climate is very good, and, as a rule, the surroundings are picturesque. There is no intense

cold or long, dark mornings; and fuel is usually plentiful, and costs little or nothing.

Houses are mostly built of stone, there being plenty on most farms. The roof is covered with corrugated iron, and is generally made with a projecting slope to form a veranda, a most useful adjunct, which quite takes the place of an extra room. Owing to strong winds, houses are only built of one story; and the veranda, carried all round, and covered with vines, looks very cool and cosy. In hot weather the veranda is a nice place for receiving visitors, taking tea, and indulging in a smoke.

As a rule the kitchen is detached from the house, the cooking being done by Kaffirs or coolies, superintended by the mistress or daughters of the house. Colonial women have the great advantage of being

brought up to thoroughly understand all household duties such as cooking, baking, making of butter and preserves; also washing, ironing, and dress-making. It is no uncommon thing to have hot rolls for breakfast, baked by a daughter of the house.

It is most essential that girls intending to go to South Africa should learn all the house duties here mentioned. Although Kaffirs and coolies make good cooks, they need looking after, and always do better when their mistress understands this department. Young Kaffir girls make good nurses, are fond of children, and are very useful for taking them out in perambulators or for a walk, and amusing them, thus leaving the mothers free to see after the house-work. Some of these girls sew not badly, and they are always happy and contented.

Coloured servants do not sleep in the house; but their huts are as near it as is convenient. The cooks are generally males; but when a girl is employed for house-work or as nurse, she often sleeps on the kitchen floor, with two old sacks for a bed.

At sunrise the cook comes to the kitchen and lights the fire, his first duty being to boil the kettle for tea or coffee. When made, it is partaken of by the men of the house in the veranda, and is also served to other inmates who may wish it in their bedrooms.

Milking is the first work to be done; for even if the milk is not sent to the nearest town, or butter made for sale, a few cows are milked for home supply. A Kaffir boy starts off before sunrise and brings in the cows, the calves having been shut up overnight in an enclosure adjoining the milking-shed or yard. After milking, the cows are sucked dry by the calves, then they are turned out; in some cases they are milked again in the evening. By the time milking is over every one is stirring, and work goes on as follows:

Where a dairy is kept, it has to be attended to first, as it entails a good deal of work. Then once or twice a week bread has to be baked, and this is best done early for the sake of coolness. Breakfast is then prepared, the house swept out, beds made, &c. Eight o'clock is the usual hour for breakfast, as by that time all outdoor farm-work has been set agoing. Most farms have an orchard, where apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, &c. are grown; and, as the fruit season is short, large quantities of the fruit are preserved in bottles with syrup, which is easier than making ordinary jams.

About eleven o'clock it is the custom to have a cup of tea, with cake or biscuit, served on the veranda, which makes a very nice break in a hot forenoon. Eleven is also a favourite hour for visitors to arrive who have come any considerable distance, thus escaping the heat of the day, and also giving time to prepare dinner, which is generally served at one o'clock. After this meal the cool side of the veranda is sought for a chat and smoke. About four o'clock tea is served, and the visitors depart, unless they have a long journey, when they stay overnight. Supper is served shortly after sundown.

Washing is mostly done by Kaffirs, and ironing and doing-up by members of the household.

It will be seen from all this that there is plenty of household work; but in a well-ordered house there is spare time for riding, driving, tennis, &c.; and at the close of hot days the summer evenings spent in the veranda chatting and looking at the stars or the moonlit landscape are very enjoyable.

In the veldt at some seasons there are many wild-flowers, and in the spruits lots of pretty creepers and ferns, which come in useful for house decoration, in addition to flowers from the garden. Vegetables are easily grown with a little care. Tomatoes do well, as also the common potato; and the sweet potato is much used and very nourishing. Mealies form a staple article of food, the meal making a good porridge, eaten with milk and sugar. The mealie when green makes a nice dish; boiled in the cob and eaten with butter and salt it tastes like green peas. Beef is sometimes difficult to get, and on a farm where I stayed it was brought by a Kaffir once a week a distance of fifteen miles. In summer mutton is mostly used, the sheep being often reared on the farm. Poultry do well when looked after, and repay the cost of their keep.

On nearly all farms you hear the sound of the sewing-machine; and a knowledge of cutting-out and dress-making will be found a great acquisition. A medicine-chest is almost indispensable in a place where doctors are a long way off; also some idea how to treat ordinary ailments, burns, sprains, cuts, &c.

For boys and young men a knowledge of rough carpentry and how to construct farm-implements and machinery is necessary, as natives are quite useless at that kind of work, being much better at breaking than mending.

The Kaffir or Zulu language is not very difficult to pick up; there is more than one good grammar, and some useful phrase-books. For any one likely to make some stay in the country, the time and trouble taken to acquire the language are well spent, as servants can be managed and directed much better when their language is understood. The so-called 'kitchen Kaffir,' a horrible mixture of English and bad Kaffir, should be avoided. Coolies are very quick in picking up Kaffir, and soon speak it fairly well. If, as is often the case, you are near Dutch or German neighbours, you will find that if they have not learned English they can speak Kaffir. More than once I have heard men of these nationalities conversing together in Kaffir.

Farm-work is much diversified, according to the size of the farm, as the holdings vary from one thousand to six thousand acres. This may seem a large acreage; but there is always a lot of waste land. Maize or mealies is the chief crop, and pays very well; but near large towns or railway communication potatoes and forage crops are grown. Barley has been tried, but without much success as yet. In some districts wattle-trees are grown in large numbers for the bark, which is exported for

tanning purposes, as mentioned in the article on 'Natal Wattle-Bark' in this *Journal*, vol. iii. p. 607.

For ordinary farm-work Kaffir labour is the best, as the natives understand the working and management of oxen better than coolies. Kaffirs can generally be hired for about one pound per month, and boys at from five to ten shillings, with their food, which consists of three feeds of mealie porridge a day. These may seem small wages; but for an ordinary plough, with, say, eight oxen, three Kaffirs are required: one to hold the plough, one to walk alongside driving with a long whip, and a small boy in front leading the oxen.

Kaffir labour is not always easy to get, as the natives prefer to go up-country to the mines, where higher wages can be earned for the purchase of cattle, and with these they buy a wife from the chief of some kraal. In former times a girl would cost as much as twenty beasts; but now they are often sold for two. A bargain is sometimes struck after this fashion: a Kaffir comes and asks if you have any cows for sale. If you have, he fixes on one, and agrees to work so many months for it. As he generally chooses one in calf, at the end of his term he gets the cow and calf, and goes off to buy his girl.

Ploughing begins in September, and goes on till the end of November, for the mealie crop. The hot and wet season lasts from November till the end of March. The rest of the year is dry and cool, being mild near the coast, but getting sometimes quite cold and frosty farther inland.

June, July, and August, being the slack months on most farms, are the usual times for taking a holiday at the coast north of Durban, as the climate is then mild and dry. Sometimes a small house is hired by the month, or the old-fashioned plan is adopted of trekking down in a wagon and camping out; and quite an enjoyable time is spent in bathing, fishing, and shooting.

On some farms fairly good shooting can be got. There are at least four different kinds of partridge, besides guinea-fowl and occasionally a buck; but the season lasts only from May till August. The best way is to have a good pony accustomed to the gun and a couple of good pointer dogs, as much ground has to be gone over, which as a rule is steep and rocky.

Horses are fairly cheap in Natal, although the late war has caused prices to go up; but it is not a healthy country for them. They must always be stabled at night. In many districts oats are grown and cut green for forage, and when suitable the veldt-grass is cut and makes good hay. These, with crushed or soaked mealies, make up the horses' food.

The conveyance most used is like the American 'spider,' but rather heavier built, with a pole for two horses, the roads being too steep and the distances too long for a single horse. In the dry winter season the roads are pretty good; but they get very bad and slippery in the wet season. Except in or near towns, horses are seldom shod, and do very well if the hoofs are pared and otherwise attended to regularly.

There is a post-office in every district, where letters and papers can be got by sending for them; and if the distance is too far to send every day, the English mail is always sent for when due. Before the war letters for Natal were landed at Capetown, and came overland, *via* Johannesburg; but now they are landed at Durban.

Warm clothing is wanted in winter, and should be brought out from home; but light articles for summer wear can be purchased in South Africa quite as cheaply as in Britain.

The cost of living is higher just now than usual; but many can save for a trip home to the old country.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER V.



ORD CALDERON in his turn was very uneasy. He was now quite sure that he was in love with Lucia Potts, but not at all sure of his having found favour in her sight.

Her behaviour at their last meeting was suggestive—suggestive of her interest in some one else. Could it, through any of the ironies of fate, be his secretary? Lady Evelyn was always harping on that string.

Without deciding what he should do or say, he sauntered one morning into the library, where he knew he was fairly certain to find Erskine at work. The young man was at his usual post at the writing-table, with a pile of blue-books before him; but Calderon observed that he did not appear to have commenced work, and that his attitude as he

entered had been one of profound cogitation. Of course he might have been revolving the knotty points involved in the rectification of the Indian frontier, a subject on which he was working hard to interest his patron in view of an imminent debate, or he might equally have been absorbed in personal affairs.

Erskine looked up quickly as the door opened and Calderon advanced; but that meant little. Erskine was always so confoundedly self-possessed.

'Are you at leisure for half-an-hour?' he asked. 'I should like you to look through this rough sketch of what appears to me the situation. The debate is fixed for to-morrow, I think.' He drew one of the blue-books towards him, extracted a closely written sheet, opened the inkstand and took up a pen.

Calderon smiled. He was standing on the opposite side of the table, with his hands resting lightly upon it—he had beautiful hands, of which he was only reasonably vain—and his eyes fixed on the face of the other. Unquestionably it was a beautiful face, not of the Anglo-Saxon nor of the Greek god type, but rather of that of classic Rome: the chin, lips, and nose finely moulded, conveying the character of command, confirmed by the broad and level brows and the veiled expression of the eyes, somewhat deeply set in their clear-cut orbits. The pity was that this majestic head was sunk between the man's shoulders; but Calderon's mood was to discount his disadvantages, while the modulation of his voice as he asked his secretarial question chafed Calderon's nerves by its delightful quality.

'I am not in a mood for work,' Calderon replied abruptly. 'Are you?'

Erskine raised his eyebrows. 'I am scarcely in a position to consult moods,' he said; 'but I hope nothing disagreeable has happened.'

Calderon hesitated. 'What sort of unpleasantness are you afraid of?' he asked, with a short laugh. 'You are in all my secrets, Noel. No, I have not yet received notice of any fresh foreclosure. Nor have I been rejected by our American heiress: that contingency is in the future.'

The carefully planned words had their effect. Erskine's brows contracted with an involuntary movement, and the lines of his mouth hardened a little. Some sheets of manuscript had fallen on the floor, and he stooped to pick them up, arranging books and papers as if preparatory to beginning work.

Calderon's hand was laid on his arm.

'Just two words, Noel,' he said in a suppressed voice, 'as from one honest man to another. Do you know of any reason why I should not ask Lucia Potts to—to mend my broken fortunes?'

'Every reason that an honourable man holds sacred, if that were your motive, Calderon; but—I know you better.'

'You are right. I love her as well as if our positions were reversed, and I were King Cophetua and she the Beggar Maid. Then I am to understand that you do not forbid the banns—I mean that I have your good wishes for their publication?'

The speaker's face was radiant; it seemed to him that his path was being cleared of difficulties, and that the perfect day was breaking. He met Erskine's grave acquiescence with an affectionate smile.

'I own to you, Noel, I am full of misgiving. You have known her longer than I: are my chances good?'

'Not long enough,' was the answer, 'to presume to give an opinion. I know her to be good as gold, without a selfish or ignoble thought, and wise enough to discriminate the ring of true metal. She will know that you are to be trusted.'

Calderon laughed a little uneasily. 'My dear fellow, I want a vast deal more than her good opinion.' He looked thoughtful. 'Suspense is the

very devil,' he said. 'I must know my fate. I will see her to-day.'

Erskine made a sudden exclamation; for a moment he was off guard.

'Not to-day. I met Miss Potts yesterday by chance in the National Portrait Gallery, and she happened to mention that—that she was going out of town to-day.'

'And you did not mention it!' with a vague recurrence to his allayed suspiciousness.

'My dear Calderon'—and Erskine looked up at him with his delightful smile—'the incident was less to me than it would have been to you; it is fortunate that I have recalled it. But it would be lost labour to call at Victoria Street to-day.' He dipped his pen in the ink and opened the pages of the blue-book. 'What do you say,' he added, 'to waiting till after you have gained another triumph? The debate comes on to-morrow, and we have worked hard at the subject. An hour or two more in the morning—I know that she has her ambitions.'

Calderon reflected. 'Perhaps you are right; if not before it would not be after, for either failure or success would spoil me for speech-making, so I will pray for patience, and you shall coach me to the top of your bent. You were always a good fellow, Noel.' He smiled, nodded, and went out.

For full five minutes after his departure—and that will be found, if tested, a long period—Noel Erskine sat as motionless as if turned to stone. By one of those movements which prove the action and reaction of body and mind, he had closed his eyes as a man may do in some extremity of anguish; but such was not his case. It was rather to concentrate the inward vision. His condition was that of mental tension rather than of mental distress; he had long made up his mind what he should do under certain conditions, and he was now arranging details. He had promised Lucia, under pressure that he could not resist, to pay her a visit that afternoon, and Lord Calderon, whose bias he had long suspected, had confided to him his love and his hopes. This brought matters to a crisis.

'It was like his generous good-nature to take me into his confidence,' he thought to himself. 'Or could he suspect? But no, that would be next to impossible.'

Then he rose and took a turn or two in the room. Perhaps, after all, unsuspected difficulties—a girl's generosity or a man's weakness—might complicate the situation. As he walked to and fro he caught sight of his figure in a mirror, and stopped a moment in contemplation. Then he smiled, not bitterly, but as in the spirit of acquiescence, and went back to his work at the table.

'I think I can trust myself,' he said inwardly; 'but I shall be glad when the pinch is over.'

It was about four o'clock when Erskine arrived in Victoria Street, and he found his hostess, as he had expected, alone. She was standing at the open window, watching attentively the scene below, as he

entered, and she beckoned him to her side with a smiling friendliness.

'Is not that charming?' she asked, pointing downwards.

He looked into the street as desired, a little puzzled as to the object indicated.

'There! there!' cried Lucia impatiently. 'I own we have nothing like that in New York or Chicago; they are never so adorably fresh.' She leaned a little beyond the window to follow the objects of her admiration out of sight.

What she had seen was this: a nurse walking on the pavement below was leading a child by each hand, and being evidently in a pleasant humour, was amusing herself and them by swinging her arms forward so as to bring them almost face to face. Then, with a quick movement, she drew them back again before the rosy, laughing mites had time to snatch the kiss their pouting lips attempted; a little rill of silvery laughter bearing witness to their defeat.

Lucia withdrew from the window, raising her hands above her head to adjust her slightly disordered hair. The attitude is one of the most graceful a beautiful woman can assume. She wore a white gown of elaborate simplicity, made of some shimmering, diaphanous stuff flecked with rose-colour. The idea occurred to Erskine that it might have been woven out of a sunset cloud, and that till now he had done imperfect justice to her loveliness. Her eyes were soft with sensibility.

'How I love little children!' she said softly; 'and those looked like baby angels with all their feathers freshly preened! They were in white from head to shoe-sole.'

The charm of the speaker was so influential as to fix the young man's reluctant gaze; in spite of his stoicism his eyes softened, and a faint glow passed over his face. He pulled himself together with a quick sense of compunction, and diverted the conversation by solicitous inquiries as to the health of Miss Patience, as one concerned by her absence.

Lucia smiled with perfect self-command. She would have been hurt had she not detected the look of the moment before, and which had caused her heart to leap within her.

'Aunt is not yet returned from the Botanical Gardens,' she said sweetly; 'but we will not wait for her. Everything is ready'—indicating the dainty arrangements for the afternoon function—'and I am dying for a cup of tea.'

She approached the table, and opening a curious little ivory caddy, elaborately carved, measured the desired quantity of the fragrant herb into the teapot, pouring upon it the boiling water from a minute kettle on a tripod that had been sending forth jets of steam during the last few moments.

The detail seems trivial; but to Erskine the accessories were full of significance. The tea equipage was of silver-gilt, and bore the monogram of a fallen imperial house; it was of admirable workmanship, and he knew that it had been

exhibited at Christie's some time before, and that the price must have been fabulous. Also, he saw that the tiny kettle, with its spirit-lamp and stand, had been ingeniously wrought into correspondence with it.

'Sit down, Mr Erskine, and look friendly,' said Lucia; 'you used to love tea in the old New York days, and this is excellent, for it has been sent to me from Russia by a friend. Also, in those days you did not disdain our American cakes and confections, and you will find that I have not forgotten which you liked best.'

'Ah!' he answered, 'those were my salad days, and I have learnt discretion since; but I should be puzzled to understand why you are so kind to me did I not know that you distribute your sunshine with divine impartiality. I suppose, Miss Potts, that is one of the privileges of great and beneficent people.'

She looked at him with reproachful eyes.

'Why do you mock me?' she asked. 'I know quite well that no one could be farther removed from your idea of greatness than I; and as for beneficence—I am willing enough for that, but I want some one to show me the right way. I am overweighted by heaps of money that I don't know how to spend.'

In answer he glanced at the goldsmith's trophies before them and smiled. Lucia's colour rose.

'I have a right to be extravagant if a thing pleases me,' she said resentfully.

'Every right; the idea only occurred to me that you were solving the question of expenditure without assistance.'

'That is precisely what I have been doing, and shall no doubt go on doing unless some one or other will point out a better way. You could, I know, if—if you would take the trouble. I used to think it was enough for any one to want help for you to be willing to help them.'

There was a vibration of sensibility in her voice which, added to the sweetness of her temper, appealed to him; but without conflict there is no victory.

'The only idea that occurs to me,' he made answer, 'is that you should follow your compatriot's noble example and build houses for the London poor; or, better still, cleanse some of the New York slums, and erect your residential blocks there. God knows, there is need enough for such benefactions both in the one city and the other.'

'Oh,' she cried impatiently, 'that is not my idea at all! Such deeds in stone are nothing but petrifications, and never bring you close to the warm human heart. Life isn't long enough to wait for their results. I want to see my harvest ripen and gather the sheaves myself.'

'That is natural,' he said; 'though you will admit that what ripens soonest is of the least value. Then go to the hospitals, Miss Potts, or to Dr Barnardo, or even to the Salvation Army, and tell them that your hands and heart are overflowing.'

They will help you to get rid of even such a fortune as yours.'

Lucia did not answer at once. She was leaning a little forward in her earnestness, with her eyes searching the face of the speaker, and with a spark of indignant fire in their depths; then, suddenly, an involuntary suffusion quenched the fire.

'Yours are "counsels of perfection,"' she answered below her breath; 'and what I looked for, what I wanted, was something so different. The world thinks I am a very lucky girl, and one well able to look after myself and choose my own path in life; instead of which I feel like a child lost on a pathless moor, who turns to all the points of the compass to find the road that leads to his home, and—fails to find it!'

She pushed back her chair and walked to the window.

The young man bit his lip and was silent; he scarcely owned to himself that his spirit was sore and bitter. He thought he saw—Heaven knows if he were mistaken!—the path of duty straight before him, and he was not given to heed the thorns that mostly lie in that direction. But, glancing in the direction of the window, he detected a droop of the girl's head and a twitch of the shapely shoulders eloquent of wounded feelings.

It was an instinct of his nature to relieve trouble.

'I was never in the old times so much your friend as I am to-day,' he said, 'and I have no stronger desire than to pay back to you the kindness I received then from your dear father and yourself—if only it were possible.'

'And why is it not possible?'

She had turned quickly, and faced him with a subdued but passionate energy. 'You know the world where I am ignorant, and are strong where I—where all women are weak. I am used to you; I understand and trust you amongst all this crowd of strangers; but you stand far off. Although you say you are willing to be my friend, you turn your back upon my outstretched hand.'

He put her earnestness on one side with a smiling protest.

'Try me,' he said, 'if ever the time comes when you want a friend; but that time is not yet. I am your pledged knight, but without any chance of distinguishing myself, for you have no foes to fight.'

'Ah, that is where you make the mistake! I am standing at the parting of the ways. There is nothing vainglorious or unwomanly in telling you what you know—that I am besieged by lovers. There is peril in the situation. Don't you think so? It is so difficult for a girl to see beneath the surface, and I may be betrayed by my ignorance, by my vanity, even by my good-nature, to make a wrong choice. That means the shipwreck of one's life. There is no tragedy equal to an unhappy marriage.'

She spoke in a low tone without embarrassment, though she was very pale; the strength of her purpose gave her courage.

'All that is true,' he said evasively; 'but I am still at a loss to see how I can help you.'

'I will tell you more, and then'—She bent her head on her hand a moment as if to reflect, then raised it with a gesture like one who defies an unworthy weakness. 'There is one amongst them who has never spoken, though I believe he would speak if I were poor or he rich; he has all the qualities that make a man noble and satisfy a woman's heart; and there is another, kind and gracious, with a title in his gift, who holds back also because my millions are heaped up between us. If'—and her voice fell to a whisper, while a sudden wave of crimson passed over her bowed face and neck—'if I did not love the one I would accept the other with a glad heart; but, loving him, what am I to do?'

For a moment or two silence fell between them. Lucia's heart beat so passionately that she was almost afraid its pulsations could be heard, while every trace of colour faded from her cheeks. She felt it was the crisis of her life, that on the turn of this die she had staked her womanhood.

Meanwhile Erskine sat and made no sign; then, quickened to action by the supreme urgency of the situation, he looked up and met Lucia's eyes full of pathetic appeal. He took the little hand that was hanging by her side and put it to his lips with a reverence due from a subject to his queen.

'I should be less than a man,' he said, 'to pretend to misunderstand you; and, whatever happens in the time to come, Lucia, you have crowned my poor life with honour. But, dear, you do not know yourself, and still less do you know me. Four years ago in New York certain fortuitous circumstances happened which led you to think me something of a hero. I am nothing of the kind, and the idea had no root except in a young girl's generous fancy. Since we met here you have been just as sweet and kind as in the old days, because it is part of your nature to be loyal to your friends, and all the more so if they seem to be of little account to others. It is a child's fidelity and a woman's compassion that warms your heart to me.'

'And suppose,' she asked softly, 'that I convince you to the contrary?'

'You will never convince me,' was his answer; 'the thing is incongruous and impossible. I repeat, you are nursing an illusion, or led astray by a woman's passion for self-sacrifice.'

'That means that—you do not care for me? I have humbled myself as no woman should, and—you will not take what I offer?'

'You are right. I will not take what you offer; but it is because I care for you too much. But yours has been not an act of humility, but simply one of condescension as when the greater stoops to the lesser.' He paused, then added, 'The inequality between us is not to be bridged over. I do not mean only the inequality of wealth, but of primary and even of physical conditions, so that it seems almost an impertinence for a man like me to say that I shall never marry; still, that is my unalter-

able resolution. But it will always comfort me to remember that a sweet woman like you did not find me too repellent for friendship.' He took her hand. 'You will be my friend still?'

She sighed; but he thought he perceived, and he was watching her narrowly, that the first intensity of feeling was already subsiding, and that his view of the situation would be justified even more surely than he had expected.

'Yes,' she said a little bitterly; 'I will not let go your friendship, for I may still stand in need of advice, and you have shown me to-day more than ever that I can trust your disinterestedness.'

He passed by the implication. 'May I venture, then, on a word of warning even before you have given me leave? Don't fall into the lamentable mistake of fancying that no man or woman is true because you happen to be a great heiress, for that will take all the savour out of life. I am no more to be trusted because I am a poor man under authority than the rich man who'— He stopped short.

Lucia had recovered her composure. A woman's pride, still more a woman's pique, are potent factors to that result; and the complete self-control of the man was a challenge not to be resisted.

'Go on,' she said; 'do not spare me. What other suggestion were you about to make as to what I should or should not avoid?'

'I will not give it; the man of whom I thought can plead his own cause, and it would be an imperitance in me to justify him.'

A little smile parted the girl's lips.

'And perhaps the subject is a little previous, and your recommendation a trifle distasteful; but what

interests me most is your description of yourself—"a poor man under authority." I thought a great man's secretary was almost as important as the great man himself, especially when he happened to be as well born as his master.'

'That is not my case,' he returned gravely; 'but the great man I serve is worth serving. He is true as steel'—

There was the sound of carriage-wheels stopping before the door.

'My aunt at last,' said Lucia; then she suddenly clasped her hands. 'You will forget what has passed to-day as if it had never been? Forgive me, Noel Erskine!'

'As if it had never been,' he repeated.

He bowed over her extended hand and took his leave, declining the cordial invitation given him by Miss Patience Potts, whom he met in the hall, to return upstairs with her and stay to dinner.

It occurred to the observant old lady that evening that her niece was unusually thoughtful, and she asked her, with the uncompromising directness of kinship, if anything were preying on her mind.

Lucia looked up with a smile.

'Yes,' she said—'the necessity of making it up; but I think I have done it.'

She came forward, and sitting down on the stool at her aunt's feet, leaned her head back caressingly on her lap.

'I want you to comfort me by telling me that you are sure I am going to do the right thing, for when Lord Calderon asks me to marry him I have finally decided to accept the offer.'

THE END.

A CHAT ABOUT GOLF.

One only thought can enter every head:
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages
Men of all sizes, tempers, rank, and ages.
The root—the *primum mobile*—of all,
The epidemic of the club and ball;
The work by day, the source of dreams by night,
The never-failing fountain of delight.



THE reader will be disappointed if he expects to get hints in this article on how to play the fascinating game. The novice cannot do better than consult some of the books written thereon by professionals and amateurs, and, in addition, go to some secluded green, 'far from the madding crowd,' take lessons from a competent professional, and try to adopt a good style; remembering, too, that golf is played with the head as well as the hands. The result of last year's amateur championship goes far to show what hope there is for men who take up the game in mature years.

Innumerable tales are told about golf and golfers; but one of the latest may be interesting. A man was heard to ask at a book-shop for Low's *Memoir of Freddy Tait*. The assistant said they were sold out, but would *The History of John Ball*, by Morris, do?

A well-known golfer and Member of Parliament said lately in a speech, 'The essence of golf is the friendliness, the geniality, and the hospitality connected with it.' How true this is! Golf might well pose as a rival to Christian Science; it brings about a feeling of peace and goodwill towards men, and creates what last year's Gifford Lecturer, Professor W. James, would call a religion of health-mindedness, and that is really the *summum bonum* of life. Then, as a cure to the ills that flesh is supposed to be heir to, there is no better panacea. Even Mark Twain and Mrs Eddy would admit that instead of a course of, say, Beecham's, Carter's, or Williams's pills, a veterinary dose in the form of balls—let it be Silvertown or Haskell make—would be a vast improvement to the bodily state. As for the spiritual, one cannot be so sure, if we are to place any credence in what the late William Black, referring to the 'royal and ancient game,' says in a letter to a friend: 'Has it been introduced to America? It is a noble pastime, though rather conducive to profane swearing. It is making rapid headway in England; becoming a popular craze, indeed.' This was written in 1891. What strides

the game has made since then, both at home and abroad! Well, one may occasionally hear ancient mythological phrases issuing from bunkers and such-like places; but it is the exception, not the rule, and the blame cannot be entirely laid on golf. If, when at Musselburgh near Edinburgh, you are unfortunate enough to get into a classical spot like 'Pandy,' or worse—for at St Andrews a lower region is found—there is some excuse for the use of classic language suitable to the occasion and surroundings.

There is no better physical exercise for old and young, and many elderly men testify to its prolonging their days, which leads one to think that golf is well termed ancient, and that some of the Old Testament patriarchs must have enjoyed a game on the quiet among the sand-dunes of the desert; and, although no fossil balls have been found, we have at least one biblical report of a man lying dead after a bad lie.

According to the records of an English club, we find that some seventeen years ago golf was first started there under the heading of a Quoits and Golf Club—we presume they did not play quoits on the putting-greens. Clubs were provided for the general use of members, and a stable was rented for storage of these appliances. Handicaps actually ranged up to eighty, and at one meeting a motion was passed that no allowance exceed fifty strokes. Think of that, O ye duffers! That club now possesses a fine pavilion and a large membership; and the handicap limit is eighteen.

In some parts of the British Isles, however, golf is still a fairly savage game. Last season the writer purchased a fortnightly ticket for a golf-course, on which was printed, 'A few sets of iron clubs to be lent free.' The only saving clause to this was the intimation on the tee-boxes, 'Please replace all divots.' A story goes there that a player asked his caddie where his ball was, and when informed it was in the hole, called for his mashie. Report telleth not the result; but we feel inclined to quote *Hudibras*, slightly varied:

Alas, what perils do environ
The man who meddles with an iron!

Taylor, in his recent and most interesting book on golf, dreads the want of space in the future as likely to curtail the playing of golf; but there need be no fear of that so long as more rent can be got for ground for golfing than for farming purposes. Many landlords who have let land for links also derive increased revenue thereby because of the demand for the adjoining land as building-sites.

There is truth in what Taylor says in regard to golf being likely to prove the salvation of Ireland. There is suitable ground in abundance, and the climatic conditions are such as to render the greens more adaptable to the game than those in any other part of the world. We hope ere long to see the open and amateur championships played there in turn, as would only be fair to the golfing brethren of Ould Ireland. Then, not only would the country benefit from the spread of the game, but Irish

Members of Parliament, whom a recent writer in the *Fortnightly* describes as 'impossible,' would, under the genial influence of the sport, be rendered 'possible' and develop a more friendly feeling for the 'Bogey Man' of whom *Punch* spoke, in the old days:

An Irish Secretary known to fame,
Golfour, lynx-eyed, pursues his favourite game.

We trust that the new Lord-Lieutenant, who is also a keen golfer, will do much to increase its popularity in the Emerald Isle.

There seems to be no doubt now that the new rubber-cored ball will oust the old 'gutta'; it is only a question of time and price. Competent men say that the Haskell ball can be produced and sold for one-and-six at a profit, so we may expect soon to see a good rubber-cored ball on the market at a shilling. One advantage of this ball that seems to have been overlooked is that when any one happens to get struck the effect is not nearly so severe as with the solid 'gutta.' It will also enable the golfer to rival the angler with his fish-stories. Already we have the tale of a Haskell driven off the line going in at the door of a house, upstairs, out of a window, and then being found lying well for next stroke. But, joking apart, although it may make some strokes easier, you can top, funk, and miss just the same, so that it does not alter the glorious uncertainty of the game, which is one of its chief charms.

The large increase of late years in the popularity of golf points to its being a strong lever to the millennium; and no doubt had Sir Thomas More been a golfer the game would have had its place in his programme, and a golf-course would have been found on the coast of his utopian island. There is something about golf that acts as a kind of freemasonry and a strong link to the bond of common brotherhood all over the world. In many places a bundle of golf-clubs will be found ample introduction—better than the proverbial letter; and not a few lasting friendships are made thereby, to say nothing of the many matrimonial matches evolved through meetings on the golf-links.

Many a 'knickerbockered swiper,' as Kipling might call him, has died bravely doing his duty in our recent war. Scotland's finest golfer went, to return no more. 'Oh, what a wealth of memory in that one word Tait!'

Going into the regions of 'what might have been:' had Thomas Carlyle, in addition to taking unto himself a wife from East Lothian, wedded himself to golf on some of its classic links, would the dyspeptic tone have tinged his life and writings? We trow not. Had Schopenhauer only been a golfer, where would his pessimism have been? A recent article in a contemporary magazine infers that we are losing ground to Germany by wasting the hours from four-thirty till dark at golf; but we say, better golf for health than beer and bowls for wealth. Who can tell how many political problems are solved by our golfing Members of Parliament on the links, in addition to

fresh vigour and health stored up on the breezy downs to help them through an arduous session?

From a commercial standpoint golf attains a high position. Many seaside and inland resorts owe most of their prosperity to the game. To quote from the *Scotsman* on Dornoch light railway: 'Though much of the land in the neighbourhood is rich, yet the prosperity of Dornoch nowadays depends on the links; and so long as people require such recreation as can be got from them, and in the salt-water, with its sandy, shelving shore, so long will Dornoch continue to be prosperous.' Railways and hotels—in fact, trade all round—directly and indirectly benefit largely from golf. In Scotland, being a national game, it is played to a fairly large extent by artisans, working-men, &c., and it would be well if steps were taken in England and Ireland to popularise it among those classes. This might be an excellent way to get fresh recruits for the

professional ranks, for as a rule a better stamp of man could be got than from the caddie class, who are in many places overpaid, especially in Scotland, and are spoilt and lazy.

Ere long our American and Colonial cousins will be sending golf-teams to this country, as Australia does in cricket. Thus golf will found another bond of union to the English-speaking race. We question very much if any other game does such an amount of unmixed good. To quote Robert Burns with slight alteration:

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
The game of golf o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall golfers be for a' that.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.



HE transplanting of large trees is such a difficult matter under ordinary conditions that it is seldom attempted, and we have constantly the mortification of seeing noble trees ruthlessly cut down if they happen to be in the way of building operations. But by employing the method invented by Mr J. A. Wilkins, as described in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, the work is wonderfully simplified, and, what is more, it can be carried out in the summer-time when the tree is in full foliage. The first operation is to thoroughly soften the ground round about the roots by means of water. Then, upon a measured circular line round the foot of the tree, curved shovels are driven into the earth in such a way that their points meet beneath the centre of the root. These shovels are now firmly bound together by cross-bars to a steel platform surrounding the tree, and the entire mass—the tree now resting in a kind of steel basket formed by the shovels—is raised from the ground, and removed to any spot previously dug out for its reception. When the root has been lowered into the new cavity, the earth is filled in and trampled round about the 'basket,' and finally, when all is firm, the curved shovels which form the basket are withdrawn from the earth.

TABLE CRICKET.

Just as lawn tennis has invaded the dinner-table under the name of 'ping-pong,' the game of cricket is now on the point of throwing off its usual outdoor aspect, and is to become a solace to enthusiasts upon the domestic mahogany. Many attempts have been made to thus transplant the national game; but all seem to have failed until Dr W. G. Grace

attempted to solve the difficulties. An exhibition was recently given in London, in which the veteran cricketer took part, which had for its object the presentment of cricket as a game for the table. A spring and slide is used by the bowler to aid him in hitting the wicket, and it is said that by use of these devices a competent player can vary his pace and length with considerable accuracy. Small nets are placed in the usual positions occupied by fielders in the outdoor game, and if the ball lodges therein the batsman is 'out.' The score of each stroke is determined by posts placed around the field of play.

SOLID OIL-COLOURS.

When it was first announced that M. Raffaelli had attempted to revolutionise the art of oil-painting by the introduction of sticks of paint in lieu of the collapsible tubes which have so long been employed, using these sticks as crayons and discontinuing the use of brushes, we expressed a doubt whether such a sweeping change would commend itself to artists generally. We are now able to quote the opinion of a well-known artist and art critic, Mr Harry Quilter, who is not a stranger to the readers of this *Journal*. Writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, he tells of his experiences with the new colours, and we will do our best to impartially condense his remarks. Although it is said that no medium is necessary in dealing with solid colours, turpentine is recommended for the purpose of blending the tints, and such blending must be done with a brush. Although, it is said, no palette is required, a very spacious box must be carried by the landscape artist to hold his seventy sticks of colour. Every colour-stick has to be examined and shaped to a point before use, and the colour must be blended on the canvas by the finger or brush. Although a great variety of colour-sticks is made, far more will be required by

an artist; with a few tubes, on the other hand, he can compound twenty thousand tints if he wants them. The new colours are not so brilliant as the old, and they are very slow in drying. Much more time would be lost in searching for a particular stick among a number than would be occupied in compounding the tint required in the old way—on the palette. The cost of the colours is about five pounds for a moderate number of sticks—far more than the outlay for tubes. The greatest objection to the proposed change of procedure comes last. Supposing the advantages claimed for the new method to be well founded, 'every painter in the world will have to relearn his business and remodel his practice.'

FUEL BY PIPE.

It is not only for the use of steam-vessels that liquid fuel is now in request. It is used to such an extent in the oil-bearing regions of America, in both factories and private houses, that a scheme is on foot to supply it to both by means of pipes, in the same way that water and gas are at present carried to consumers. According to report, says *Cassier's Magazine*, an offer has been made for a certain city waterwork with a view to closing it for water purposes and re-opening it for the oil business. A reservoir, holding twenty million gallons, will be turned into an oil-tank; and from this the mains will carry oil at a minimum cost to consumers, the amount used being checked by meter. The oil will be pumped into the reservoir, but will find its way by gravity to various points in the city. We presume that the inhabitants of the city, the locality of which is not stated, have found a new source of water-supply, for otherwise it would seem more feasible to build new works for oil distribution and leave the waterwork untouched.

RAILWAY-CARRIAGE DOORS.

Of recent years the convenient practice has been established of placing a handle on the inside of railway-carriage doors so that they can be easily opened without the necessity of letting down the glass window; but this is not an unmixed blessing to travellers, and several accidents have occurred through the facility with which a door can thus be opened. Only a few weeks ago a passenger in a corridor-carriage stepped out into the open air and was killed, the poor fellow forgetting that the corridor was on the other side of the vehicle. A useful note of caution was struck by Professor Oliver Lodge in a letter to the *Times*. He pointed out that of the two doors of a carriage in rapid motion one is safe and the other dangerous. The door on the left with the hinge forward can be opened with impunity; but the door on the right, with the latch forward, directly it is opened is laid hold of by a hurricane of wind, and the opener is in grave danger of being pulled out upon the line. 'If,' he writes, 'the door is six feet by three, and if the wind exerts an average pressure of twenty

pounds to the square foot, the force on the open door is three hundredweight.'

FIRE PREVENTION.

In connection with the Fire Exhibition which will open in July at Earl's Court, London, there is to be formed a Fire Prevention Congress, with the Duke of Cambridge as president. The primary objects of this international congress are to discuss the practice of building construction and the application of building materials; to consider the equipment of buildings in relation to the application of electric power and electric light; to discuss the various legislative enactments in force with regard to buildings, workshops, theatres, &c., respecting means of escape in case of fire; to consider the subject of insurance against fire; and to discuss the systems in force in different countries, &c. The congress will sit for the week commencing Monday, 6th July; and all particulars concerning it may be obtained of the Secretary of the British Fire Prevention Committee, 1 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

BRICKLAYING-MACHINE.

Machinery has been applied to most processes which were formerly carried out by hand-labour; but the art of bricklaying has hitherto remained one of those handicrafts with which inventors have not meddled. The trowel and mortar-board are used as they have been for thousands of years in the laying of bricks; but now a great change is indicated in the production of a brick-laying-machine, the invention of Mr J. H. Knight, of Farnham, which is the outcome of many years' experimental work. This machine will, with the help of two men and a boy to feed it, lay from four to six hundred bricks per hour; in other words, it will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers. The machine as at present made is suited for all straightforward bricklaying, such as the building of factories, cottages, and walls generally; and, as considerable pressure is applied to each brick, the mortar is compressed, and forced into the interstices of the baked clay in a more thorough way than is possible by hand.

EGG PRESERVATION.

Last December we published in these columns a method of preserving eggs by steeping them in a solution of sodic silicate (water-glass), and the number of letters which we subsequently received asking for more detailed information testified to the wide interest taken in the subject. Some have complained that the system, although effectual, causes the egg to crack open during boiling; and a correspondent of the *Standard* points out that this accident, doubtless due to the expansion of the air by heat, may be obviated by piercing the egg-shell with three or four pinholes. The same correspondent states his conviction that the water-glass method of preservation is a great success, and he estimates that no fewer than eight million eggs

were preserved in this manner during the past year. He, however, does not state the means whereby he arrives at this estimate.

BURST BOILERS.

It is very difficult to kill a popular error, and even in these days of compulsory education we find mistakes repeated again and again about common things. Sir Frederick Bramwell has recently, in a letter to the *Times*, done his best to dispose of one of these hardy annuals. He points to a recent instance in which it was reported of a sinking steam-tug that 'as the ship went down the boiler blew up,' and rightly remarks that the statement has become 'common form' in describing such disasters. He then goes on to show that access of cold water to the outside of a boiler would result in a decrease, not an increase, of pressure. What probably happens is that the water, getting into the fire-boxes, which contain several hundredweight of incandescent fuel, at once produces clouds of atmospheric steam; while at the same time, perhaps, the boiler is wrenched away from its supports by the heeling over of the vessel, and the steam-pipes become detached at some of their joints, thus adding to the cloud of vapour. That a boiler can burst under such conditions is, in the opinion of this eminent engineer, impossible.

NEW TURBINE STEAMER.

The new steamer which is in course of construction by Messrs Denny Brothers for service between Newhaven and Dieppe will be propelled by Parson's steam turbines. Steam will be generated by four tubular boilers at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds. The vessel will have two funnels and two masts, and will be fitted with a promenade-deck, smoking-saloon, and every other convenience to add to the comfort of the passengers. The length of the new vessel is two hundred and eighty-two feet, with a beam of thirty-four feet.

WIRELESS MESSAGES ON RAILWAYS.

The time seems to be not far distant when the traveller by land or sea will never be out of touch with his friends. We have already seen what triumphs Marconi has achieved in telegraphing from ship to ship or from ship to land. The same wireless system has recently been tried on the Grand Trunk Railway of America, where a train moving at fifty miles an hour was kept in constant communication with a station some miles distant. This success indicates yet another method of providing for the safety of the travelling public. The apparatus employed was comparatively simple. Of course a vertical wire from the top of the carriages would have been impossible, so that the receiving apparatus had to be arranged horizontally. The coherer used consisted of the usual tube containing nickel and silvery particles; but it could not be set to its maximum sensitiveness because displacement by the vibration of the train had to be taken into considera-

tion. Despite this difficulty, the signals received were clear enough to be readily understood. It is not difficult to call to mind certain railway disasters in the past which might have been averted had this method of communication with a moving train been available at the time.

THE WHALE-FISHERY.

Mr Thomas Southwell, in commenting upon a paragraph which recently appeared in these columns, 'Modern Whaling,' has kindly furnished us with several interesting particulars of the industry. He points out that the 'right' whale, although getting scarce, is still found in Davis Strait, that the value of the whalebone has risen to the enormous sum of two thousand five hundred pounds per ton, and that the same method of capture is employed as that which has been in vogue for many centuries. It is a timid animal, and pursuit with a steamer would quickly frighten it away, for the vibration of a screw propeller would become audible to it at a great distance. The 'fin' whale, on the other hand, is bold and possessed of much curiosity, and is far too dangerous to attack from open boats. It could only be effectively killed by means of the explosive missile described in our paragraph. This industry was initiated by Captain Svend Foyn in 1865, and has since attained considerable magnitude. The whalebone of this species is short and brittle, and the quantity of blubber is not so great as that yielded by the 'right' whale. Our correspondent mentions that a great increase of seals is reported on the north coast of Finnmarken, and partly to this cause is attributed the failure of the winter fishing in those regions. Official investigations on the subject are now being made.

'DIAMOND IN THE SKY.'

An interesting piece of news lately came from America regarding a meteorite which had been found at Arizona. In the centre of this 'sky-stone' was discovered a veritable diamond, as perfect in form as any afforded by the famous Kimberley mine. This diamond, it is said, has been placed in the Museum of Natural History at New York. Sir Edwin Arnold has made this discovery the text of one of those instructive and entertaining articles which we have all learnt to look for from his facile pen. In that article he remarks upon the usual constituents of meteorites, and adds: 'But never, to my knowledge, was a diamond reported.' If an actual diamond has never been found in one of these visitants from space, something very nearly approaching it was discovered in a stone which fell in September 1866 in south-eastern Russia, and a report of the matter was sent at the time to the French Academy of Sciences. Carbon was found as carbonado, or black diamond, the hardest material known, which is now extensively employed for drilling rocks previous to blasting, and for similar purposes. The occurrence of the more highly prized translucent variety of carbon in a meteorite is,

therefore, not quite such an extraordinary event as some would suppose.

AUTOMATIC SIGNALLING.

Another advance in railway working is indicated by a new method of signalling which has recently been successfully tried on the Great Central Railway. It is known as the 'Miller system,' and the principal advantages claimed for it are that the signals are not hidden by foggy weather, that they are automatic in action, and that they are immediately under the eye of the driver on the engine itself. We cannot here describe without diagrams the working parts of this noteworthy invention; but we can explain what it does. Immediately before the eyes of the engine-driver are two small electric lamps, the one red and the other white. So long as two sections of the line ahead are clear, the white light shows; but if there be an obstruction in front of the train on these sections the white light goes out and the red one shines. For ordinary straightforward running the 'Miller system' seems to be admirable, and there is no doubt that in doing away with semaphores, signal-cabins, and men, a great saving would be effected. But at junctions and other places where constant shunting operations are carried on it could hardly supersede present arrangements.

TOBACCO INHALING IN INDIA.

In connection with our article, 'Confessions of a Cigarette-Smoker,' in the January *Chambers*, an old Anglo-Indian sends this extract from *A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas*, a travel-book published by Hurst & Blackett in 1860: 'On reaching a little rivulet, at the foot of the steep hill we had come down, I halted to rest a little, and the men had a smoke out of a rather primitive pipe. With a small stick they made a hole in the ground some inches deep, widening it a little at the top. A span from this they made another, slanting to the bottom of the first. Into the former they dropped a small ball of grass rolled up, and over it the tobacco. Putting their closed hand over the orifice of the other, they inhaled the smoke through it. What various methods are pursued in imbibing the narcotic weed! This I found to be universal in the hills when no hookah was at hand; but generally a small hollow reed, to serve as a pipe-stem, is inserted in an upright position in the mouth of the slanting hole. If the ground will not admit of a pipe of this kind being made, a leaf from the nearest tree is rolled up like a sugar-paper, the little ball of grass and the tobacco dropped in, and the smoke inhaled through one side of the closed hand, the leaf being held in the other. This method never seemed to give the amount of satisfaction a pipe in the ground or the hookah did; and, on inquiring the reason, I was told the smoke came out very hot. The hillmen smoke something like the Spaniards, seldom taking more than a single whiff at a time, so that one pipe of tobacco serves half-a-dozen smokers. After a few pre-

liminary draws, one hearty pull is taken, the smoke being inhaled through the lungs, and the pipe is then passed to the next individual. During my travels I several times remarked this manner of smoking to have an extraordinary effect, and the first time I was somewhat alarmed for the consequences. A man after taking a hearty pull at his hookah was seized with a violent trembling, as if in a paralytic fit, and gradually sank to the ground, totally devoid of consciousness, while his face and muscles seemed to denote a state of intense suffering. This lasted several seconds—in some cases it continued several minutes—when he slowly recovered, to be soundly rated by his companions. He had been too greedy, and had taken too much smoke into his lungs, which, if the tobacco is at all strong, has always this effect; and I was told of one man who, while sitting by the fire, and unfortunately alone, fell into it while in this state of insensibility after smoking, and before he recovered sufficiently to get out was burnt so badly that he died shortly from the effects. Wilson, who often smokes in the *pahári* fashion, told me he had once or twice unwittingly taken too hard a pull, and described the sensation. At first a numbness is felt in the hands and fingers, the breathing is suspended, a feeling of sinking and giddiness comes on, which, if sufficient smoke has been inhaled, subsides into perfect insensibility. On recovering, an icy chill and creeping of the flesh is felt throughout the frame, and it is several minutes before perfect consciousness and use of all the faculties is restored.'

SONG.

THE summer may be splendid,
The autumn richly grand;
But youth in them is ended,
And age is near at hand.

And so I'm for the season
When promises grow thick,
When hope requires no reason,
And all sweet things are quick.

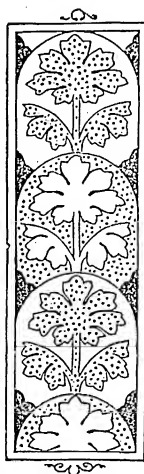
Give me from March till Maytime,
When fearless joys unfold;
Give me the flush ere daytime,
The gleam before the gold.

For April, even after
The heaviest of years,
Delights me with her laughter
And wins me with her tears.

J. J. BELL.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE NINTH WAVE.

By MARK STRANGE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



JANE STRONG was no typical heroine of romance: she was forty, and she was plain. Her father she had never remembered. Her mother, a saddened, prematurely aged woman, had died twenty years before, leaving Jane an income sufficient for her needs, if economically managed, and commending her to the care of Martha Crane, a servant who had proved herself faithful and devoted to both mother and daughter since her childhood. When Death's pale wings overshadowed the mother, and the dark valley was opening before her, Martha had solemnly promised to watch over Miss Jane, and never to leave her. This promise she had rigidly kept; and now, when, at forty years of age, the silver threads were multiplying in Jane's brown hair, Jane herself was almost as a child under the devoted but somewhat stern rule of her henchwoman.

Far from crowded city or noisy railway, where the broad waves of the Atlantic lapped against the steep cliffs or lashed them in impotent fury, Jane's little cottage, which nestled in a sheltered nook, screened by an arm of jutting crag from the full force of the gale, acted as a trap for any unwary sunbeams which passed, and, liking the look of the little garden and its owner's kind and peaceful face, took up their abode among her carnations and marigolds, kissing the wayward nasturtiums that clambered in insolent splendour over the old-fashioned trellised porch.

Born and bred as she had been in this out-of-the-way little fishing village—with no nearer neighbours than the few primitive shopkeepers in the steep High Street, and little society beyond that of the rector's and doctor's families—there was not much in Jane Strong's surroundings conducive to romance; and yet Jane *was* romantic. Though Love had never come her way, she was ever on the watch for him. She had seen his arrows strike the hearts of the brown-skinned, barefooted fisher-lasses; she had

noticed the village maiden's rosy blush and down-cast eye as the strapping young sailor, dressed in his Sunday best, escorted his chosen one past the cottage gate on holidays. She knew, and watched with sympathetic interest, the devious paths by which the lads sought to gain the good opinion of the favoured lasses; and yet, though her own heart yearned for Love, though her home was ready for him, and decorated, metaphorically, with a triumphal arch of 'Welcome,' Love never came to Jane Strong. True that Martha loved her mistress; but with a half-grudging and half-repressed adoration, a fierce overbearingness, and an inordinate jealousy. True that Trip, the half-bred dachshund—whom Jane had rescued from the ignominious fate which often attends mongrel puppies in early youth at the hands of the groom at the great house a mile away—idolised her, and gazed into her face with kindly red-brown eyes which told her that she was the acme of all womanly perfection. Still Jane was not satisfied. Deep down in her nature was the longing to feel that there was *some one* whose one thought was of her, whose heart beat in harmony with her own, and was filled with her image.

Often, when the waves beat upon the cliffs and the wind howled and shook the windows of the cottage in maddened fury, Jane would lie awake at night listening, counting the breakers as they roared in with rhythmical monotony—the ninth seeming with strange persistence to outstrip and overlap its fellows—and fancy that a lover was borne towards her on the bosom of that wild ocean. She would imagine the anguish of watching, the ecstasy of rejoicing, as his ship neared the land, and picture her glad welcome to him, and hear, above the raging of the storm, the magic words 'My darling' whispered in her ear.

Thus the waking dream would pass, and she would blush in the darkness, and angrily tell herself that she was a silly old maid who had never had a lover, and never would; and try to turn her

thoughts to old Mrs Sands, who was dying, and to whom she must take beef-tea on the morrow; or to her forthcoming Sunday-school lesson and the vicar's last sermon.

Jane was a truly religious woman, with that simple and child-like faith which carries conviction much farther than the ablest of controversy or argument; that faith which manifests itself in a life spent for the good of others, and a heart, 'at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise;' but she was a very shy one. Almost too humble-minded, she would visit the poor and destitute, tend the sick with gentle hand, cheer and help them to health and cleanliness, and yet not feel herself competent to speak much on religious topics. Feeling herself unworthy and a sinner, she did not feel justified in preaching to those who might be, she considered, less in need of grace than herself. Yet when Polly Matthews lay dying, with her week-old infant beside her, weary of her short life of sorrow, it was Jane Strong's hand that grasped that of the dying girl with firm and encouraging clasp; it was Jane's voice that softly whispered in the penitent's ear the One Name that could alone bring comfort and salvation; but none knew of these things save Jane herself and the girl who carried the words with her to her grave.

The big house was seldom occupied; but lately the widowed proprietor had occasionally run down to it for a breath of the sea-breezes. Jane had never spoken to her, and knew very little about her; but she had seen the smart carriage and prancing grays flash through the little High Street, with the gaily dressed owner surrounded by kindred spirits, and leaving in its track an indefinable sense of luxury, wealth, and laughter; and Jane would go home and ponder for a while on the contrast between her simple, unsophisticated life and that of this woman, who appeared in a meteoric flash, dazzling the eyes of the country-folk, and vanished again as suddenly from an uncongenial sphere.

Jane had sounded Martha occasionally about the widow, but did not press her questions, as she had had occasion to reprove her henchwoman for gossiping. Martha's replies had been uncompromising and abstruse, and adorned by the sniff which Jane had learnt to look upon as a danger-signal. '*Widow*, indeed! It was just as well to call herself a widow. There was them as could tell strange things if they would. Rich? Ay, the wicked flourished like a green bay-tree, and honest folk might starve;' and with these ambiguous remarks the worthy hand-maiden had shut her mouth with a decided snap, determined, as a just revenge for former lectures, to keep her most fascinating tit-bits of information to herself. Jane's kindly nature was too full of that charity which 'believeth all things' to pay much heed to village tattling. The owner of the great house might be gay and worldly, and might not conform in all respects with her ideas of propriety; but as for more than that—well, it was no business of hers; and who was she that she should

judge her fellows? Then she would call Trip to accompany her on some errand of mercy, which he did with a marked sense of disapproval at the wanton waste of good beef-tea upon thankless cottagers!

Then there came a day—one to be remembered while Jane lived—when the sky was overcast with a sable pall; when the sea was of an angry, leaden gray, heaving viciously with evil intent, and Jane stood upon the cliff watching the fishing-smacks making for the nearest port, and the fisher-folk drawing up their boats on the shore and taking their nets up to the village for repairs till the coming storm should have spent itself.

The gulls screamed with uncanny shrillness as they hovered close to her feet, floating unconcernedly over the head of the indignant Trip, who danced along the grassy edge, with large ears flapping, and barked impotent threats for their destruction! Later, the storm broke and raged, and the villagers prayed for those at sea. By night it had increased tenfold, and the lightning flashed along the foam-beaten cliffs, and lit up with vivid distinctness the pale, startled faces of Jane and Martha as they sat together for company in the cottage parlour. Suddenly another sound was heard above the fury of the storm, and Martha started to her feet, and threw back the shutters of the window that faced the sea. 'Lord save us, Miss Jane,' she cried, 'it's a ship's gun!' Jane was at her side in a moment, just as the sound of distress was repeated, and an answering signal resounded from the little coast-guard station.

'Heaven help them, Martha!' she cried. 'They must be making for B——, and the storm is driving them in upon the rocks.'

For a few minutes the two women stood spell-bound at the window, straining their eyes into the darkness. Meanwhile lights began to move down the rocky path that led from the coastguard station to the beach below, now appearing, now flickering out of sight, and ever and anon an orange-coloured rocket would shoot upwards from the distressed ship and then melt into the darkness.

Then Jane spoke. 'We must go down to the beach. Get some brandy,' she said as she went into the hall and put on a mackintosh cloak.

Martha's voice rose in protest, visions of pneumonia and bronchitis arising with alarming distinctness; but Jane's 'There may be women and children on board—there is work for us to do,' and a light of determination in her eyes, quelled the servant's torrent of remonstrance, and she succumbed with a mumbled soliloquy about 'women only being in the way,' and followed her mistress.

After stopping for a moment to induce Trip to allow himself to be shut into the parlour, which took persuasion, as he had very strong ideas about incarceration, they went out together into the storm. Struggling slowly against the wind, that threatened every moment to carry them off their feet, and bending down against the drenching rain, they made their way down the steep path which wound

irregularly to the beach, the noise of the waves crashing against the rocks becoming more and more deafening in their ears.

A wild scene of confusion reigned on the shore: dark figures moving to and fro, lights flashing, and now and then a brilliant rocket darting into the air, herald of the life-saving rope which might gain the doomed ship ere the lifeboat could reach her. Sometimes a sturdy figure would emerge from the seething foam, and, assisted by willing hands, support a dripping, helpless burden in its strong arms, and bear it into safety. Jane and Martha found plenty of work to do, the woman's quick wit and gentle touch helping to relieve the injured and comfort the terrified.

Backwards and forwards sped the brave little lifeboat, bearing back in each journey its cargo of well-nigh perishing humanity, who were conveyed up to the coastguard station, there to receive temporary attendance and shelter till they could make their way to the nearest seaport town.

The boat had done its last journey, and the wrecked ship was settling down fast, hardly visible now among the breakers that rejoiced over it in cruel glee. Jane and Martha, wearied out by their exertions, were turning homewards with dripping garments and thankful hearts, accompanied by the village doctor, when a crested wave, more furious than the preceding ones, rose, curled over in an abyss of blackness, and rushed up the beach almost to their feet. A cry rose from the lingerers on the shore, and a couple of lads, assisted by Dr Vance, seized upon something that was borne in upon the beach, and dragged it out of reach of the retiring wave just in time to prevent it from being sucked back into the yawning chasm. A man, or the semblance of one, crushed, bruised, and apparently lifeless, lay at Jane's feet, with white, ghastly face upturned to the gleam of the fisherman's lantern.

Dr Vance was on his knees in a moment beside the still, helpless form, and for some time Jane's anxious query remained unanswered. Presently he said, 'There's a little life left in him still, if we can keep it; but he has been shockingly knocked about, poor fellow;' and on a stretcher being prepared and the injured man laid gently on it, he added, 'He requires extreme care and good nursing, Miss Strong. I doubt if he will live if he only gets the makeshift hospital work at the coast-guard station. I think the only chance is to take him to your house, at any rate till he is able to be moved without danger. Will you take him in?'

Jane nodded her consent without hesitation, and slowly and painfully the little *cortège* made its way up the cliff to where the lights of the cottage gleamed above them. Once it was reached, it did not take long for Jane and Martha to make preparations, and soon the sufferer was laid in Jane's own little room, in the bed she had slept in since childhood. Jane stood outside the door, while Dr Vance examined the injuries, and directed Martha in the short, brusque manner that disguised but did

not conceal his kindness of heart. Jane began to wonder if she had done right, and trembled at the sense of the responsibility she had brought on herself. She had had no time to consult Martha, and had on impulse given her consent to the importation and installation of a stranger—a man—she, an unmarried woman! It was scandalously opposed to all her preconceived notions of propriety, and she rather dreaded Martha's severe censure. Yet how could she help it? It would have been inhuman to refuse. Dr Vance had said it was a case of life and death. *He* had not thought of the proprieties; but then he was a homely, family man, and he couldn't understand. Oh dear! how she wished she knew what was best to do!

As she stood wringing her hands in her perplexity of mind, the door opened and the doctor came out. 'I think he will do,' he said reassuringly. 'Good nursing may pull him through; but he won't be able to move for a good while yet. Both legs are broken, and the head much cut; but he is safe from concussion of the brain, which I feared at first. He has recovered consciousness, and is dropping off to sleep under the opiate.'

The tears started to Jane's eyes. 'Oh, poor fellow!' she exclaimed, 'we *must* pull him through. Martha is a splendid nurse, and I will do my best; between us all we may be able to save him.'

Dr Vance looked at her benignly. 'You are a good woman, Jane Strong,' he said shortly.

Jane blushed. 'Nonsense, doctor,' she answered hurriedly. 'Any one would have felt it their duty, I suppose,' she added rather hesitatingly. 'It will mean a good long time, won't it?'

'Weeks,' he replied, 'or possibly months; and he may be a cripple for life. I shall be back in the morning, and in the meantime, if he awakes, don't let him talk. Martha has her directions. Keep him quiet at all costs.'

As he was putting on his greatcoat Jane laid her hand on his arm. 'I suppose it is all right,' she said slowly. 'Martha and I being alone, you know'—She stopped, growing rather red, and fearing he would think her a fool.

He laughed. 'If the good Samaritan had been a woman, Jane,' he said, 'I doubt if the good action would have been less highly commended, even had she been minus the chaperonage of an elderly handmaid! There are not many evil tongues in the village; and, if your conscience disturbs you, you can shift the blame on to my shoulders.' Then he went out laughing.

When, half-an-hour later, Martha joined her, with the information that the patient was still sleeping quietly, Jane put out a feeler. 'Dr Vance doesn't think it matters, Martha, our having a strange man in the house—we two alone, you know'—

Martha responded with a snort as she slapped down the pillows of Jane's temporary bed in the tiny apartment hitherto ambiguously termed 'the box-room,' which was to be for the present her sleeping-chamber. 'We're neither of us so young or

so good-looking, Miss Jane, that folks need fash themselves about us.'

Jane relapsed into silence, feeling snubbed, but somewhat comforted by the assurance of Martha's approval.

Before she retired to rest Jane crept softly into the room—where Martha, in an arm-chair, mounted guard over her patient—and gazed timidly into the face of the sleeper by the dim light of her shaded candle. It was not the face of a young man, rather of one whose first youth was left a good way behind on life's road: a strong, rugged face, seamed with lines older than those of suffering and pain which his injuries had brought. Marred by the blows of the cruel waves, disfigured by plasters and bandages, it was yet an attractive face, and the face of a gentleman, of one who was determined and self-reliant; with a touch of sternness in the firmly cut lips and chin, and a hint of nobility in the broad brow, now criss-crossed with many an ugly scar. The hair receding from the temples was sprinkled with gray; the short brown moustache also was tinged with silver streaks; and as Jane watched half-fearfully the long dark lashes which quivered slightly under the gleam of her candle, she wondered what was the colour of the eyes that dwelt in the deep-set hollows under

the shaggy brows, and tried to imagine what past sorrows had so plainly set their seal upon the sleeping face.

As Jane moved gently from the room Martha put a packet into her hand. 'Dr Vance said I was to give it to you,' she whispered, and went back to her seat.

Jane took it in silence, and when she reached her room examined it by the light of the fire. A leather letter-case with the initials 'J. R.' stamped on it, some bank-notes and loose gold, a gold hunter-watch, with a chain and gold locket attached, all folded in a silk pocket-handkerchief. Mechanically Jane turned the latter round between her fingers, examining first one corner, then another; on the fourth she came upon the name, written in full in ink, 'John Roscoe.' She put the things into a drawer, and locked it; but as she retired to bed the name rang in her head with strange persistence; and as she fell asleep all sorts of curious, half-waking dreams were woven round the shipwrecked stranger, the idea recurring again and again that the ninth wave had brought John Roscoe, and that by some mysterious means his life and hers were to be inextricably mixed, for good or ill. Then she called herself a fool, and slept.

HOW WORKING-WOMEN EXIST.

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER.



MARIE CORELLI, in her book *The Murder of Delicia*, has an introductory note in which she says: 'There are countless cases among the hard-working millions, whom we elect to call the "lower classes," where the wife, working from six in the morning till ten at night, has to see her hard earnings snatched from her by her "better" half and spent at the public-house in strong drink, despite the fact that there is no food at home; and that innocent little children are starving. These instances are so frequent that they have almost ceased to awaken our interest, much less our sympathy.'

This picture of the life of a working-woman, though it is so true, has, of course, been thought by many to be overdrawn and too highly coloured. Very well, then, take the words of a man, practical to his finger-tips, and who was reared among working-people: 'Poor Mrs John Smith!' says Robert Blatchford in his well-known book *Merrie England*, 'her life is one long slavery. Cooking, cleaning, managing, mending, washing clothes, waiting on husband and children, her work is never done; and, amid it all, she suffers the pains and anxieties of child-bearing and the suckling of children. There are no servants and few workers so hard-wrought and so ill-paid as the wife of a British artisan. What are her hours of labour, my trades-union friend? What pleasure has she, what rest,

what prospect?' In these words of Mr Blatchford's are shown a true picture of the lives of working-women.

It should be noticed, however, that the 'poor Mrs John Smith' referred to is represented as being the wife of an artisan, not of an ordinary labourer. Most of us estimate things by comparison; and among the working-classes the woman who marries a man of the rank of artisan—that is, a skilled workman, with his twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-three, or thirty-six shillings per week—is very lucky compared with the woman whose husband is a member of the great army of unskilled labourers. The earnings of those unfortunates who are called unskilled workmen do not get beyond twenty-four shillings per week, and very often only reach the level of a pound or even eighteen shillings per week. If the life of Mrs John Smith with her mechanic—painter, joiner, plumber, or mason—is slavery, what is the life of a woman who is compelled to help her husband to bring in the living by going out to work, besides attending to household duties? The fact is, the life of a woman thus situated is often nothing more nor less than one continual round of drudgery. The early marriages, still sadly too common among working-people, make life very hard for the woman. Fancy a girl of seventeen or eighteen taking on herself the solemn duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood,

in company with a lad of twenty who possesses the hazy idea that 'love in a cottage' is the one needful thing for success in this world. Naturally, the girl-wife has never known what it is to be a free, careless, healthy young woman. She only remembers herself as a girl, and then as a weary, toil-worn woman, the mother of unruly children, and very much given to wondering, in a vague sort of way, whether it will ever be her lot to sit with folded hands and watch other people work. If those who consider the colouring of the picture too sombre to be realistic, that the hardships are overstated, will but take the trouble to investigate the life of a typical working-woman, and try to comprehend the fact that this kind of life is lived by tens of thousands of women to-day, perhaps they will be nearer realising the truth of the saying that fact is stranger than fiction.

To come from mere generalities to particulars. Just imagine that a young fellow elects to get married on a pound a week. There is the rent, coal, food, clothes, payment for furniture, and generally a sum is claimed as pocket-money by the husband; and all this is to come out of the weekly sovereign or less. The most careful housewife would hardly be able to make both ends meet on such an allowance; therefore, under these circumstances, the only remedy is for the wife to go out to work, and bring in a regular weekly wage like the husband. If the wife happens to have been a weaver or a factory-worker before her marriage, so much the better for her; she can at once begin her old routine by returning to her work. If she has been a general servant, factory-work does not come so easily or pleasantly to her, and then she either takes in children to nurse, goes out charing, or washes clothes for others. When a wife is thus compelled to go out to work, the various household duties have to be done when she returns home at night. As regards meals, breakfast and dinner are carried to the factory or workshop in baskets or tin boxes. Tea is the only meal at home; and it is a matter of small surprise to find that tasty dishes are often fancied for the one comfortable meal of the day. After tea there is washing or baking, mending or cleaning, and any amount of trifling duties to fit in between these necessary operations. If the husband is a fairly decent sort of man, he does help with the rougher kind of work, such as black-leading the grate, fetching coals in, or cleaning windows—more particularly just after the wedding; and, of course, the husband who is worthy of the name continues to help as long as his wife is compelled to go out to work. However, it is much to be feared that the majority of husbands very seldom think that their wives need any help with household duties, even when they have been working all day. As a rule, the husband's programme for the evening is very simple. He returns home from his work, gets his tea, washes himself, and then goes off to a public-house or his club, or

else takes a long walk with a friend, leaving the unfortunate wife to battle with the work as best she can.

'Yes,' I fancy I hear some fair critic say, 'no doubt it is all very true; but then the wives of working-men are used to this kind of life, and so do not mind it.' Used to it! Of course they are used to it, as eels are said to be used to skinning; but it is extremely doubtful whether either wives or eels get so used to the process as not to feel it. George Eliot has said: 'A woman, let her be as good as she may, has to put up with the life her husband makes for her.' How true a quotation! Do men realise it? What a world of misery they have the power to make for their wives by carelessness, neglect, unreasonable whims, bad temper, and continual fault-finding! An anecdote told some time ago well illustrates the manner in which some working-men treat their wives. A lady had called to see a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and who, it was reported, had behaved very badly to his wife. Asked by the lady if her husband had always been unkind to her, the woman burst into tears and sobbed out: 'No, indeed; he was kind enough sometimes. Only last week my man took me out shopping, and when we were climbing the hill coming home he looked back and said, "Come on, old draggel-tail." The answer, though not without its humorous side, was terribly pathetic, as showing the poor woman's only idea of the kindness received from her husband.

However, to get back again to the original subject. When the young people are beginning to feel settled in the married state, children generally arrive on the scene; and, long before the furniture has been paid off, sickness comes, the wife is compelled to stay at home, and the usual result of increased debt follows. When the little ones are about a month old they are put out to nurse. Should there happen to be no neighbour who makes a practice of nursing young children, they are sent farther afield. The poor little mites are taken from their warm beds every morning before six o'clock, summer and winter alike. They are then led or carried through the streets in all kinds of weather, and often only half-awake. Being mainly brought up away from home, it is only natural that the children do not display any remarkable signs of affection, fear, or respect for their parents. The mother is much too tired and worn out to trouble herself about exacting obedience; and after a while, when the children begin to show strong wills of their own, she soon gives up the unequal fight, and lets them 'gang their ain gait,' apparently careless as to where it may lead them. The years go on, as years have a knack of doing, and the children grow into youths and maidens. Of training in the true sense of the word they have had little or none. They have been literally knocked about from pillar to post: put out to nurse when they were young, sent to school and factory as soon as the required age was reached, and generally

allowed to look after themselves, and follow their own inclinations, whether for good or ill. The girls may fall into trouble or they may not; it mostly depends on the kind of associates they are thrown amongst. The boys may turn into gamblers or drunkards or into respectable citizens; their careers, like those of their sisters, depend largely on their surroundings. Some people whom I have met profess to feel very shocked at the working-classes being so bad as they are; but to those who, like myself, have always lived amongst them, the greater wonder is that they are as good as they are. Of course the custom of early marriages is a very hard one on the parents, more particularly on the mother. Just as her family is reaching the age when some benefit might reasonably be expected from them, they in their turn get married, and start life on their own account. So it goes on, generation after generation.

We women have been taught from time immemorial that the making or marring of the married state depends entirely on us. However, it is refreshing to find that men do not all endorse this theory. Lord Tennyson in *Locksley Hall* says, 'As the husband is, the wife is,' thus placing the responsibility, by way of a change, on the husband's shoulders; and the common opinion held by a large number of men in this the twentieth century, that if there were better wives there would be better husbands, can very properly be reversed. It is, one would suppose, quite within the range of possibility that if there were better husbands there might in time be better wives. Surely the experiment is worthy of a trial—at least from a mere woman's point of view.

Another practice that has a tendency to try the patience of working-men's wives is this: it seems a general rule among the married men to keep for their own use a fixed sum out of their wages every week, whether they are working full time or not. In doing this they never consider the possible wants of wives or families; and when a man insists on keeping a portion of his weekly earnings for the sole purpose of self-indulgence he should not be surprised if his long-suffering wife does occasionally fail to possess her soul in patience when she finds it more than usually difficult, perhaps impossible, to make both ends meet.

There is not, probably, quite that amount of brutality displayed by working-men towards their wives that there was, say, fifty years ago; but the newspapers still frequently record cases of inhuman cruelty to wives and children; and surely the ordinary hardships of a working-man's wife are enough without the additional burden of wanton cruelty.

The wives of the men who are continually agitating for an eight hours' day would be only too glad if some kind friend would get them a fourteen hours' day, for at present their working day is nearer sixteen hours than eight, with but few holidays to break the monotony.

Then, in working-class circles, when anything unpleasant has to be done, the duty is invariably imposed upon the wife. Is the rent due, and money scarce? The wife must tell the landlord, and appease his wrath. Should the weekly or monthly payment for the furniture be discontinued for a time through stress of circumstances, the wife must go and explain matters, and beg for grace. If credit has been obtained at the grocer's or draper's, and the debt cannot be paid off, the wife must take the reproaches.

When the holidays come round, and it is a question of a day's trip to the seaside or into the country, who has to stand aside? Not the husband. Besides, what pleasure can a woman possibly have in going away from home with three or more young children dragging at her? The remedy is as bad, or worse, than the disease.

So the poor woman goes on year after year, until she comes to regard even her confinements as a welcome break in the monotony of her life, and as the only chance of a few weeks' rest. Of course there are to be found women of grit and spirit, those with plenty of bounce and push in their nature, who will insist on going to places of amusement in company with their husbands; but even then the home and children must suffer; for, however capable a woman may be, she cannot do two things at once. To observing, thinking people, it causes no surprise when they find that working-women are given to gossip and scandal. Human nature will have relaxation of some kind, and the shortcomings of gossiping and slandering are not confined to the ranks of working-women. Neither is it surprising to find a certain amount of immorality amongst working-women; the wonder is that there is not more. It speaks volumes for the integrity of the wives of working-men that, in spite of the absence of all those things which are supposed to make life worth living, they should still plod on day after day, month after month, year after year, trying to do their duty as well as they know how. Many a fine lady could learn some useful lessons from the wives of working-men.

Popular novelists of to-day are fond of portraying ladies who seem to plunge into vice from sheer idleness. At the other end of the scale are women who yield to various temptations mainly through the hardships of their lot. Ladies who spend their lives in pleasure and frivolity, who have never done a day's real hard work, cannot possibly imagine life as it is lived by the wives of working-men. They can see the vices, the vulgarity, the drudgery, the sordidness, quickly enough; but they cannot understand how such a life can be made beautiful, in the truest sense of the word, by self-sacrifice, honesty of purpose, and a devotion to duty. When facts are being continually brought to light in regard to the narrow groove in which the majority of working-women are compelled to move—the absence of refinement, appreciation, love,

congenial work, and pleasant surroundings—when we take all that into consideration, the charges of selfishness and indifference which are so readily thrown at working-women by their more fortunate sisters fall harmless to the ground. What energy or time have these women to trouble their brains about such things as religion, politics, education, hygiene? It taxes all their energies to the very utmost to be able to perform their daily tasks.

Of course, it would not be fair to give the impression that in the lives of working-women there are no gleams of sunshine, but only sorrow and shade. The truth is, the gleams of sunshine are few and fitful, while the mist and rain, the drudgery and weary monotony, are almost continuous. It is told of a certain lady who had experienced a goodly share of this world's storm and stress, that on being asked by a friend what her idea of heaven was, she replied, 'I always

think of heaven as being a place where I can sit still and do nothing.' Most likely the majority of toil-worn women in this workaday world of ours will be able to sincerely echo the same sentiment. Unlike ladies in general, however, when working-women get 'run down' or 'out of tone,' they have not the advantage of being ordered away to the seaside or to the Continent for change of air and scene; they are just obliged to go on as usual.

Some months ago Mr John Burns, in a speech before an audience of working-men, declared that he would not be the wife of a working-man for one hundred pounds a week. How much or how little of that growing evil, the 'hooliganism' of our large towns, can be traced to the overworked, underfed, intellectually-starved women-workers is an interesting problem, the solving of which is heartily commended to those who profess to believe in the 'betterment of society.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XIX.—A BID FOR LIFE.



WO whole days Alain roosted among the doves and watched for the re-appearance of the enemy. Then, as there had been no slightest sign of him during all that time, he crept cautiously down and ventured into

the great cave, carrying with him an armful of dry nests and a match ready to fire them at a moment's notice. His flesh crinkled at the thought of the horrible Thing, and he went wide-eyed and stopped every few steps to listen; but the silence lay heavy, and struck him with a new feeling of oppression after the multitudinous murmurings and family squabbles of the chambered doves.

With one eye on the arch that led down to the water cave, and in momentary fear of seeing that awful black snout issue from it, he made a cursory inspection of the nearer parts of the cave, and saw nothing to excite his fears. He got a drink at the pool and clambered up to his lookout, but saw no sign of Barbe. Then he went up into his nest again, and slept that night in spite of the overpowering smell and the restless flutterings of his bedfellows.

Next morning he was at the lookout by dawn, and was cheered by the sight of Barbe in the gallery. He saw her quit it suddenly, and presently she came to the doorway, lowered the boat, and rowed away as though she were coming to fetch him. She had gone after Cadoual's body in the Pot; but he could not follow her so far. She did not return, and he went on about his business.

Bit by bit during the next three days he satisfied himself that he was the only occupant of the cave, and at last gained confidence enough to relight his fire. By way of protection he collected an immense

pile of fuel and lay each night behind it. He had so far kept clear of the sea cave. His experiences there were still too fresh in his memory, and the possibility of meeting that terrible Thing face to face in the narrow passage held him back.

Then courage grew with immunity. By way of occupation while he lay in hiding, he had fashioned some fish-hooks out of pigeons' breast-bones, with no very definite intention of using them, indeed, but because he could not lie absolutely still and do nothing. Bones were the only things he could employ his knife on, and fish-hooks suggested themselves most naturally to him. He thought now of the fish in the pool, and determined to add some to his limited faring. Hooks he had; line he made by unroving some of Cadoual's jersey and twisting it into a thin, tight cord. He took some scraps of pigeon-flesh for bait, and an armful of fuel for protection, and went cautiously down the passage to the sea.

Nothing disturbed him on the road, and he was soon sitting in the dim green glimmer, baiting his hooks and wondering why the cave seemed darker than usual when the sun, he knew, was shining brightly outside. He cast a couple of lines, and sat with one in each hand waiting for the twitch that should tell him the bait had been swallowed. The twitch came instantly almost, and he smelt broiled fish and his mouth watered. In five minutes he had fish enough for a couple of days: allice weighing two to three pounds—a fish somewhat akin to the shad.

As he sat watching the slant of his lines in the glimmering water he became aware of something down below which had not been there before, a

darker band of shadow which ran nearly the length of the pool. It seemed to stream out of the tunnel that led to the sea, and swung gently to and fro. He peered and pondered over this for a long time, but could make nothing of it in the shifting light. He thought about it while he broiled his fish and dallied over the novel enjoyment of it, and all the time kept a watchful eye on that dark archway that led to the sea; and out of his much thinking an idea evolved itself sometime in the night, and as soon as he had bidden Barbe good-morning he hastened back to the sea cave to put his idea to the test.

For a long time he sat and watched the dark, waving shadow; and then, as it grew in consistency with the growing light and showed no signs of moving, he screwed himself to the point of going down to see if it was what he thought it might be. With a vivid recollection of the unpleasantness of his last dip in the pool, he would have preferred some other way of satisfying his curiosity; but there was no other way, so he slowly peeled, and at last went in with a plunge, but well away from the tunnel and those clammy, long-reaching arms which had embraced him before.

His groping hands sliddered along the shadow, and sent colder chills up his spine than the water of the pool could produce. So far his idea was correct. The waving shadow was the body of the monster that had terrified him so. It swung to the ceaseless movement of the pool. It had not moved since first he saw it. It was evidently dead; and, in spite of his creeping spine and polluted fingers, he felt suddenly more his old self again.

Once he was assured that the Thing was dead, the desire to know how it died followed naturally. By degrees he ventured nearer and nearer to the tunnel out of which the long dark body projected, and so at last saw a very strange sight through his glimmering lids. The great sinuous body was held firmly in the middle by the enfolding of those transparent red arms which had almost drawn him into the tunnel the first day he went into the water. Myriads of them seemed clasped round the long dark body, and so tightly was it gripped and such a mass of flabby tentacles had gathered over it that the victim seemed to be embedded in the centre of its destroyer. One or two of the diaphanous arms waved above the thick red mass below, like the lookouts on the watch, and to the startled investigator of this strange sea-tragedy it was amazing that things so apparently wanting in solidity should have been able to accomplish so much. But the monster was dead, and his life was freed from its terrors, and he walked back into the great cave with a spring in his step and his thoughts already busy with other matters.

Now that the monster was dead and he could go without fear, his mind set itself strenuously to the work of getting out of prison. Outlet on the ground floor, so to speak, he did not believe existed, and he had given up all hope of finding. Apparently the

only other man who had penetrated into the cave had died in hopeless despair with his face to the blank wall of that far inner chamber. He doubted if it would be possible for him to get out himself without assistance from the outside, and his brain wearied itself with impossible plans for attracting attention to his plight. The only communication he could hold with the world was through that narrow slit which gave him daily sight of Barbe, a sight for which he never ceased to thank God, though he did it unconsciously and not in words. He had not so far been able to approach even the inner opening of that slit by reason of the arching of the cavern wall thereabouts; he had been able to look through it only at a distance and from the opposite slope. The other window through which the sun shot his last rays each night was high above his head, sixty or seventy metres at least he reckoned—say nearly two hundred feet—and below it also the granite walls fell away, so that nothing but a fly could have crawled up them. Even if he reached the inner end of his lookout shaft, the problem of communication would still confront him. But, like a wise man, he tackled the business nearest to his hand, and let his brains go puzzling after the rest. Meanwhile he was grateful for life and the releasing of his soul from the terrors that had made it weaker than water. He had food in abundance, and the inexpressible comfort of fire; and above all he had the daily sight of Barbe to kindle his courage and keep him from despair.

To build a platform twenty feet high up to the cleft was Alain's first task. That involved labour but no great difficulties. The great red organ-pipes furnished his platform and the first steps back to life and Barbe. He sacrificed them ruthlessly. For days the great cave clanged with the echoes of their fall. More than once they came near breaking his head as he pulled and ran. Then, learning by experience, he made a rope of twisted garments, his own and Cadoual's; and by attaching this to the mighty pendicles and hauling from a distance he managed to secure them without danger to his life.

More than once, when lying by his fire, he had heard a solemn *plunk, plunk*, in the pool behind the pipes. He had said to himself that there were fish there, and promised himself some. Through the crash of the first pillar he heard a sudden swish of falling rain behind him, and turned in time to see the firelit surface of the pool thrashed with a storm of drops from above, which the noise had shaken down. It was many days before the same thing happened again, and the *plunk, plunk*, also ceased. Nevertheless, having conceived a quite understandable dislike for fish from the sea cave, he set his lines in the pool, and succeeded in catching some little creatures, almost transparent and so strangely shaped that he was not quite sure whether they were fish at all. He cooked them, however, and found them first-rate eating, and after that he took them regularly.

It took a week's hard labour to break and carry

into the outer cave as many organ-pipes as he thought he would need, and another full week to pile them crosswise like a child's castle of bricks, and to wedge them securely with broken pieces, so that he could run up and down without fear of a general collapse. Then at the end of a fortnight he was peering through the hole with his head in the inner side of it, and Barbe seemed somewhat nearer to him than she had been before.

He had been close upon five weeks in the cave, though he had lost any exact account of the time, and only now were the first steps accomplished towards his liberation. The further problem of signalling through his hole had to be solved, and he knew all the difficulties. The face of the cliff looked seaward, and not once in a year did any of the Plenevec men frequent it, for they took neither the birds nor their eggs. Anything he pushed through the hole might lie unseen on the rocks below for all time, if it did not fall into the sea and

get washed away, or into some ledge to become a nest for the clustering sea-fowl; and how thickly they swarmed on the face of the cliff the constant eclipse of his lookout showed. They were thicker than bees in a hive—kittiwakes, guillemots, and great croaking cormorants—and how to get a message through them was now the great puzzle of his life. He could not make a flag of his clothes and push it through, because he had no pole, nor anything remotely resembling one. At last, after days and nights of anxious deliberation, he hit on an idea which seemed to offer possibilities. He wanted a rope long enough to hang down the face of the cliff, with something at the end to attract attention, and, if he could manage it, some message explaining his position. But he had not so much as a piece of string in his possession, and if he tore up every rag he had it would not be enough. He thought it all out, and prepared first his message and its accompanying indicator.

SOME MILITARY DUTIES.



MOST people probably have some such idea as this about the duties of an officer in the army: that he drills and commands his men, and when the time comes leads them into battle; and that everything in peacetime is somehow or other arranged for in camp or barracks without the officer having to trouble himself much about it. However, it is just the 'somehow or other' which the individual officer has often to do with. He may suddenly be called upon in time of peace and in our own country to undertake some piece of organisation and arrangement involving a great deal of business which has to do with money-matters and close connection with civilian authorities; and unless the officer carries out these duties in the most careful manner he may find himself a pecuniary sufferer.

This was just my experience last June, when the whole country was getting ready for the expected Coronation. I was at the time attached to one of those provisional battalions which were formed during the war, and were made up of drafts of different regiments, and officered by those who held commissions in the militia or volunteers, or had formerly been officers in the regulars. The composition of the battalion concerned me much in the work before me, for I had to bear it in mind when I was making my arrangements; as, of course, a battalion representing different regiments lacks homogeneity, and there is always a danger of friction and jealousy.

It is time, however, that I go on to explain the actual work which I had in hand. I was ordered by my colonel to select twenty men, and with these men to go to London and make preparation for quartering the battalion during the time that it

would be there for the purpose of taking part in the military lining of the streets. I do not mean that I had actually to go and look for lodgings for five hundred men. The preliminary work both as regards lodging and food had been done for me; but yet there was plenty left for me to do.

There had been assigned to us for quarters one of the School Board buildings situated in a poor part of the city a little way south of London Bridge. It was not difficult to convey my men from the regimental headquarters and barracks in the seaport town in which we were quartered, and easy enough to march my little squad through the streets of South London, as I had taken the precaution of looking at the map the evening before to find out exactly where my School Board building was situated and the most direct route thereto from the railway terminus.

On arriving I found the building in the charge of a barrack-master—that is, a sergeant who had been told off to this duty by the authorities of the London military district. There was also waiting for me, or within easy reach, the caretaker who represented the London School Board. It was well that I thus had a military non-commissioned officer and an official civilian under me. Food, drink, and such necessities as cooking-ovens, coal, blankets, straw for bedding, and so on had been sent in and piled up in the school-yard by a party of the Army Service Corps. No further preparations for the reception of five hundred men had been made. To carry out what was still further necessary was my work. The children had, of course, been given holidays for the time we were to occupy the school; but though nominally absent, they were by no means literally so, as we found to our cost.

All my readers know, I suppose, what sort of a

building is usually erected by the London School Board: a great square block, several stories in height, standing in a yard surrounded by a high wall. This was the place, with staircases and passages innumerable, which I had to convert into barracks for the time.

The first thing to do was to turn out the children who had found their way into the yard; and then, leaving my men in the yard—instead of taking them in, as most people would suppose—to go into the school alone with the caretaker. From floor to floor, up staircases and along passages, we went; and I took as careful notes of the condition of the rooms as though I had been a surveyor of dilapidations. I noted down every broken pane of glass, every door without handle or bolt, every hole, or loose or broken board or step in staircase, passage, or room. I set down every place where plaster had been knocked from the wall, every ceiling that had been cracked. I called the attention of the caretaker to all these faults, and finally got him to sign the whole list. It is obvious that if I had not done this the School Board authorities might have considered that any damage done in their buildings had been done by my men, and by my men alone, and might have required us, in fact, to put the whole into a thorough state of repair, or rather pay for the cost of doing so. I had now protected my battalion against any claim that might be made, except for damages actually done during our occupation.

Then at last I let my men enter the building and set them to work to clear out the rooms. A London School Board building, as I observed, is intricate; and along the passages and down the staircases and out into the yard had every stick of furniture—benches and desks, blackboards and tables—to be carried. The rooms were now empty and swept, but they were not garnished.

My next work required some little thought and calculation. I had to estimate the number of men each room would hold, and also to bear in mind that it was unwise to mix the men of different regiments together. My work of housing was thus far more difficult than it would have been if all the men had always been comrades in arms. I also had to select such rooms as I considered best fitted for officers' quarters.

When I had chalked upon the door of each room the number of men to be accommodated there, and the name of their corps, it was comparatively easy to have the proper amount of straw taken in, together with the requisite number of blankets. Then followed some work in the yard which led to rather an amusing episode.

Cooking-stoves had to be set up; and in order to prevent all disputes I took care that the names of the corps for whose use each was intended should be marked on it. I also had all the stores sorted out in a similar manner. I was resolved that there should be no quarrels in my happy family if I could possibly prevent it.

Now I must describe an unexpected encounter with an outside force. The children had moved out of the yard at my order somewhat unwillingly, for they were curious to see everything that was going on in their school. The doors were bolted against outsiders; but the boys soon found a way by which they might worry us and to a certain extent hinder us in our work. They climbed on to the top of the wall round the school-yard; and when we were engaged in our work in the yard the wall was well crowded. For some reason the boys seemed to look upon us as intruders; perhaps some of the men had ejected them a trifle roughly when they had lingered on and got themselves into our way. At any rate, there they sat on the wall jeering and passing many uncomplimentary remarks on the red-coats. The London gamin is usually skilful in the matter of pointed remarks; but after a time, finding that their words were not much attended to, they resorted to acts. The alleys around were apparently ransacked for missiles; and stones, brickbats, bits of wood and coal, and even dead cats were showered upon us at intervals. Now this was more than any self-respecting soldier could stand, and I had some difficulty in restraining my men and keeping them to their work.

'Steady, men,' I said, 'and I will clear those youngsters off for good in a couple of minutes.'

I had noticed in one corner of the yard a water-cock, and now asked the caretaker whether he had a hose for cleaning the yard. Fortunately he had one, and produced it; fortunately also it had attached to it a small nozzle capable of throwing a jet of water with considerable force. I had the hose fitted to the water-pipe, and put the nozzle into the hands of one of my most active men, directing him to squirt the water about the yard as though for cleaning purposes. I also gave him some further private instructions. I whispered to the other men to go on with their work as though nothing further were going to occur. The boys looked down upon us in full force; they passed certain strictures on our proceedings. Wasn't their school good enough for such toffs as us without being cleaned down? and we should make it a deal dirtier than we found it.

I bided my time, and waited until by a hasty glance behind me I could see that the wall was well lined. Then I touched my man on the shoulder. He had his cue, and he suddenly faced right about, raised the nozzle of the hose, and swept the top of the wall from end to end. The effect was instantaneous. Most of the boys, I fancy, tumbled off backwards, heels over head. We occasionally received a few reminders of our enemies in the shape of articles of diverse sorts thrown over the wall; but the hose was always ready for action, and the boys never returned to their perch again. Moreover, they cheered us heartily when we finally marched away out of the school-yard gates.

That march came much sooner than we had expected. My men had worked well, and all was in order, and as a reward I had given them leave out

in small parties at a time. Then came like a thunderclap the news of the illness of the King and the postponement of the Coronation. This was soon followed by orders from my colonel to withdraw my men and return with them at once.

'Well, simple enough,' the civilian would probably answer. 'It only meant marching your men to the station and taking the train.' But what about all the goods in the school, and the condition of the school itself? I could not march off and thus leave everything to the tender mercies of our friends the boys. Getting rid of the responsibilities of the stores was a matter of ordinary military routine. I could hand these over to the barrack-master, and take his receipt for them; but with the school itself it was different. The arrangement with the School Board had been that we should hand it back to them as we found it, or pay for damages. While I was deliberating what I should do, a staff-officer fortunately appeared on the scene. He had been sent round to see what arrangements were being made for the vacating of schools and other buildings by the military. I jumped into a hansom with him, and hurried off to headquarters. I did not leave the latter until I had a guarantee written and signed that they would be responsible for the school from that date.

However, even then my work was not all over in the matter of arrangements if I wished to protect myself thoroughly. I returned to my post and got hold of the caretaker. Again I went over the whole of the buildings with him. Happily my men, working under my personal supervision, had

been careful, and no damage had been done. The caretaker was therefore willing to sign a declaration that I had handed over the buildings in the condition in which I had taken them. It will be remembered that I had already protected myself against any claim for existing dilapidations. It was well for me that I took all these precautions as matters afterwards turned out.

At last our short occupancy of the school had come to an end. My men packed up their own kits, and I marched them off to the station; but no arrangements had been made for them there, nor had the railway officials received any instructions regarding them. The money difficulty presented itself again here, and I had to offer my own cheque for our fares; but I knew that this payment would certainly be allowed. Then at last I got the stationmaster to have a special carriage attached to the last down-express, and I reported myself to my colonel that night.

A day or two later my chief sent for me and held up an official War Office communication. 'Look here,' he said, 'what did your men do with that school? Here is a claim of nearly three pounds for damages, sent in by the School Board.'

I pulled out of my pocket the declaration signed by the caretaker, and replied, 'There, colonel, we are scot-free in this business. If the fatigue-party sent in to put the school to rights after we had gone knocked it about instead, those who sent them must settle matters with the School Board.'

So you see a soldier has to be a man of business as well as a fighting man.

SOME ASPECTS OF FARMING.



IN many ways farming is a pleasant occupation. There is an independence and sociability about it—a sense of proprietorship in the crops growing from braird to maturity; in the breeding-pens, from calf and lamb to steer and wedder; in the feeding-boxes, from gaunt frames to glossy hides and evenly laid flesh. All these things go to render the life and way of a farmer attractive, and largely account for the eager longing of men of all trades and professions to be agriculturists.

Is it in reality so very attractive and remunerative? A closer acquaintance with the actual requirements which go to make the successful farmer may tend in a great measure to dispel the glamour.

Let us suppose a skilled farmer is fortunate enough to secure a lease of a strong-land farm of three hundred acres, fifty acres of it under pasture grass, and the remaining two hundred and fifty acres under regular cultivation. He enters into possession at the separation of the crop—that is, immediately after the last crop of the preceding lease has been removed, which in ordinary seasons is about

the second week of October. His first thought is, 'What capital shall I require?'

If he be a man of means, and intends doing everything to the best advantage, he will have nothing but young, seasoned, clean-legged, sound horses; of these he will need five pairs, which will cost him on an average one hundred and ten pounds per pair, or five hundred and fifty pounds. He will need, besides, an extra beast to do all sorts of odds and ends, which he will get for thirty-five pounds. His half-bred driving-horse will cost him forty pounds; and he will likely invest in a couple of colts in spring, costing seventy pounds. His stud will thus cost him, say, seven hundred pounds.

He will need on an average eighty head of cattle per annum, for which he will allow one thousand pounds. Of these he will place forty good bullocks on his fifty acres of grass, costing him fifteen pounds apiece. Feeding-stuffs will cost (after deducting one-third off the price for increase in manurial value) two pounds per head. His first six months' bill for these will not be less than one hundred pounds.

Implements will next be taken into consideration. If he be a wise man he will buy no half-worn carts, but will have them all new, and will himself see them being built and before the putty and paint go on. He may pick up rollers, grubbers, harrows, and such-like at displensing sales at about half-price, and find them suitable enough; but he will have the latest improvements in self-binders, and will tolerate nothing but the keenest-going and sweetest of mowing-machines. His implements, including a sufficiency of stack-bosses and props, will cost him five hundred pounds.

If, in terms of his lease, he be saddled with an antiquated engine, the boiler half-eaten with rust, and the fire always needing to be lit the previous evening, and with an equally ancient thrashing-mill, he will be desirous of selling them at whatever they will bring, and will replace them by either a portable or semi-portable locomotive by a good maker, which will cost one hundred and eighty pounds. Also, he will put in a high-speed thrasher, with all the dressing-gear, which, along with a grist-mill, will cost him another one hundred and eighty pounds. As a labour-saving machine, he may also provide a straw-carrier for carrying the straw from the thrashing-mill to and along the straw-lofts and barn, and 'dropping the straw where required. This costs about five shillings per foot. His implement bill will amount to about nine hundred pounds.

His harness he will have new from the saddler at the cost of over a hundred pounds.

In spring he will make three-eighths of his farm in beans and green crop, or, say, ninety-five acres; and his manure, including artificials, will cost him four pounds ten shillings per acre, or four hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

If he has had the good luck to get his farm at a reasonable rent—say, five hundred pounds—so much the better.

His wages bill, including all extra work, will not be less than six hundred and fifty pounds.

The amounts will be: for horses, seven hundred pounds; cattle, one thousand pounds; implements, nine hundred pounds; harness, one hundred pounds; manure, four hundred and twenty-seven pounds; rent, five hundred pounds; wages, six hundred and fifty pounds; feeding-stuffs, one hundred and fifty pounds; house expenses and contingencies, three hundred pounds—amounting in all to four thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

This does not perhaps exhaust the first year's outlay, as he may have had to take over the turnips at valuation and buy a considerable part of the crop. Thirty-five acres of average turnips would cost him about four hundred pounds.

In order, then, to be master of the situation, and to be able to buy in the cheapest market and wait for a good turn, he will require a capital of five thousand pounds. No doubt a farm of this size could be stocked for much less; and a born farmer would—by buying half-worn horses and tackle, investing

in small-priced cattle, using little or no feeding-stuffs, and practising other economies—be able to do with little more than one-half; but then he would have to lay his account to face a much larger yearly bill for tear and wear in horse-flesh, in all working tools, and would in many other ways be badly handicapped.

Supposing, then, that our farmer enters on his lease, which will be for twelve, fourteen, or nineteen years, with two mutual breaks, with a capital of five thousand pounds, what return does he expect to get for his capital and labour? Much will depend, first of all, on the state of fertility in which he gets his farm, then on the state of drainage, and his proximity to a large town. If he has got a farm previously well farmed, fairly clean, and with the drains in good working order, he ought to be able with ordinary seasons to get 10 per cent., or five hundred pounds. This would not be an extravagant profit; but there are many contingencies that tend to reduce it. A maker of cloth, yarn, or twine can tell to a nicety what these articles cost to produce; but no farmer can tell the cost of producing his quarter of grain, his hundredweight of beef, or his pound of mutton, because of the ever-changing nature of the factors that go to produce them. A manufacturer may be able to hold his goods till a suitable price offers; but not so a farmer. True, he may store his grain; but it depreciates from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. per annum, and loses its freshness. His hay also may be kept over, but at increasing loss of weight. All his other goods are perishable; his cattle and sheep must be marketed when fat; his potatoes must be sold before they sprout. He has sunless seasons and kittle harvests to reckon with; he does not know whether his wheat will turn out plump and golden or shrivelled and tawny, whether his barley will be mellow or bleached, his oats full or husky. Influenza colds may render his horses useless for work, anthrax attack his cattle, and disease his potatoes; his turnips may be stringy and his fodder tainted. These and many other contingencies are quite unforeseen, and make farming more haphazardous and less of a science, and render profits uncertain.

There are two classes of farmers. The gentleman-farmer keeps his carriage, and does not soil his fingers with manual labour, but leaves the working of the farm to his grieve. He does the marketing himself, and employs his ample leisure in the varied sports of the seasons. There is also the working farmer. Life with him is sterner. Late at night and early in the morning he will ponder over each day's work. He will be the earliest astir; his wife will be impatient at having to rise to such an early breakfast! To his grieve he will give his orders for the day, and will himself see that all go smartly to their several duties. In the dark winter mornings, with his lantern lit, he will be through all his stock; and woe betide the cattleman if anything be slipshod or neglected, if any food be thrown into dirty troughs or amongst litter. Having satisfied

himself that everything is as he would wish it, he is back to his fireside in time to glance over the morning paper, read his letters, and see his children away to school.

In the crisp, spring morning air he will be out to see if his beasts are thriving and his furrows ready for the seed; and when the tender blade is appearing, and the dark-green stems of his potatoes are forcing their way through the ground, peeping up timidly as if uncertain of the reception they will have, he is on the alert, and will presently send a charge of No. 5 among the crows doing their level best to get at the barley-pickle and dig up the potato-seed.

In summer's drought he will be on his knees examining the turnip-seeds, to see if they have sprouted and died or are still dormant and waiting the advent of sap to send up their tender stems and two tiny blades; and roaming over his pastures in dread of a scarcity of food for his bullocks.

With the advent of harvest our farmer will be more anxious still. He has engaged plenty of extra hands, he thinks, to cope with the fast-ripening grain. He will send the whirring self-binders round the best standing fields, the manual reapers into the twisted corn, and will reserve a good scythesman for the 'lying beds'—the patches laid flat by excess of manure or stress of weather.

Every passing cloud causes him to knit his brows; a rainy day gives him deep concern; a week's bad weather conveys dismal forebodings of damaged grain and lowered prices. On the other hand, the clear sky and the steady westland breeze make his heart light and his way clear. Nobody knows as he does of 'the joy that is according to harvest;' of the keenness of his pleasure as field after field is cleared of its goodly rows of thickly planted stooks; as the stackyard, so empty only a few days ago, assumes substantial proportions and overflows into adjacent fields. When at last the year is crowned with its goodness, and our farmer can write in his diary, 'All under thack and rape,' he counts with thankful heart and contented spirit that his acres will yield a full average crop of good quality, for which he will obtain full market rates.

However, his year's labour does not end there. Harvest being over, he must prepare to lift his potato-crop, and incurs the wrath of impotent School Boards by taking away the school children to gather for him. He must also proceed at once to plough and sow with wheat the land which lately grew beans; he must cart out the bulk of his summer manure in order that his courts may be ready for the cattle to be fattened for the early market. Immediately after the judges in local club or county competition have inspected his turnip crop and awarded him first prize for that extra heavy section he so dearly loves to show to friends and neighbours—or, better still, the challenge cup for the best-managed crop—our farmer considers which of the various varieties he has experimented with is likeliest to succumb to the effects of frost, and at once

sets about having them stored. He is not at all particular about the kind of labourer he employs for this work; he will try the last-patented lifting-machine among the Swedish turnips with long necks; he will send his own workers to pull the yellows, and will employ tramps off the roads for the other varieties. One thing he is determined about: he will not grow a goodly though expensive crop and allow them to be destroyed by frost. His energy and foresight are rewarded. After a severe winter and alternating frosts and freshes in early spring, when his neighbours' crops have been damaged, the dairymen in town clamour for sound roots; then, having command of the market, he can name his own price.

Being a man of principle, he, whilst busy with his proper work on the six days of the week, is not idle on the seventh. His minister can depend on seeing him and his family regularly in their places at church, and if he does not administer the Shorter Catechism to his family with the same strictness he himself experienced, he sees that they do not neglect their religious duties.

A regular attender at markets, he will exchange jokes with those he meets; but has an eye all the time to business, and knows a bargain when he sees it. He keeps in touch with all his neighbours, and learns where there is a good horse or a bunch of thriving cattle to be picked up. Our farmer is hospitable too; and when evening comes he likes to have a few choice spirits round his table, and enjoys a quiet rubber at whist, and it may be a tumbler of toddy. He likes also to take an occasional afternoon and have a drive round. He always sees something worth knowing, he says; and he lands at some pleasant house for tea and a cosy chat.

With the keen winter's frost comes the desire for curling. In the excitement of the game everything else is forgotten as he repeats the old saying, 'When there's curling ado it maun be done.' Though he may be fond of shooting, the curb imposed by the provisions of the Ground Game Act allows him only to shoot hares and rabbits, and prevents him from asking a friend to join him; but being a wise man, and not wishing to spoil his proprietor's sport (who is good to him and gives him liberally of his game), he refrains altogether.

Whilst he has many pleasant moments, our farmer has his cares and anxieties, often too deep to be seen on the surface. While past experience is of the utmost value, there are times when even that will not serve, and the brain has to be on the rack to meet new exigencies. The strong-land farmer knows that one of the most difficult tasks he has is to wait with patience in broken weather till the ground is in a fit state to work; for if he goes on it too soon his crop may be spoiled for the season.

Epidemics are more common among horses than among cattle, and few farms escape an occasional visit of influenza cold. Horses are most liable to

it, either in autumn or spring when their coats are being cast. This is just the season when they are most needed; and the disease often leaves bad effects behind. The carelessness of servants causes much trouble; the farmer comes across broken tools, damaged fences, and blemishes on horses all caused by that ubiquitous person 'nobody.'

The changeable state of the weather causes the greatest anxiety; he cannot cope with it. To-day may be quiet, but a hurricane rises suddenly in the night, and our farmer lies wide awake. The violence of the gale causes his house to vibrate, and the protecting clumps of trees outside rock and groan as the full force of the wind strikes them. His thoughts turn to that row of stacks standing

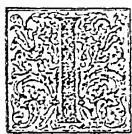
solitarily. He looks out, but it is pitch-dark; his fears get the better of him, and he rises and goes out, only to find himself powerless against the wild blast and the driving rain. He turns in; and with morning-light comes the assurance that his builders and thatchers had done their work well, and only a few handfuls of the thatch had been ruffled.

There are many other causes for anxiety all incidental to the calling of the farmer. Still, he is ever ready to hope for the best; and though he may not dream of making a fortune, he and his partner in life are able to secure for their family the best of air, healthy exercise, and a good education, all of which go to lay a first-rate foundation for their future well-being.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

Much dearer be the things that come through hard distress.



It is not a pleasant surmise, but it is a safe one, that were fifty average persons asked to name the chief distresses of human life, lack of money would appear in at least forty of the lists, be placed second in thirty, and first in twenty. The fifty spoken or written lists, that is; for could we but get at the fifty mental reservations, this particular form of adversity would in all probability make a still better appearance.

Yet the uses of this so-called adversity are so manifest, so open and on the surface, that they should need no setting forth. Let any one of us, man or woman, but especially man, take a hasty retrospect of his life. If he be not altogether a fool, but have just that bare modicum of common-sense with which most of us have to be content, and which enables us to get through the world without any very conspicuous disaster, then let him own that a certain lack of money is rarely anything but a blessing. Has he fallen, swiftly or slowly, from affluence to poverty—the swift descent is usually the sharper lesson and the more quickly learned—it is needless to point out the wholesome surprise that awaits him as he learns how many former possessions once thought necessities were not so in reality—were not even pleasant luxuries, but mere burdensome excrescences which he carried laboriously through existence.

A sudden increase in a man's income, whether on a scale large or small, is always dangerous to happiness, and generally fatal. If, on the other hand, fortune be kindly slow and judicious in the measure with which she bids 'riches increase' upon us, giving perhaps now and then—but seldom—a sudden, unlooked-for shower, a gentle freshet or 'spate,' we may hope, if we only keep our heads, to get some pleasure from her turning of

the wheel; though we shall still do well to write off a large percentage from our expectations. Not one of the least of the advantages we shall derive from this her wholesome method of treatment is that we shall come purse in hand to the world's stall of wares with the faculty of selection more or less active and awake in us, instead of leaving it behind us, smothered and slumbering under the stifling weight of profusion.

It is a trite thing to say: but let us imagine for a moment a mistake in the shuffling, an error in the adjustment, rather, of ages and income—only a slight error, just one move out of place. The little fellow at school, proud of being at last out of the hands of his sisters' governess, whose existence or intimate connection with his own existence he would so carefully conceal: imagine him with the income, the sovereign 'tips,' the almost fabulous weekly dole of shilling or half-crown, possessed by the sixth-form boy with the gold ring—in his drawer—and the moustache which is invisible perhaps to the naked eye of a sceptical world, but seen by faith and encouraged by ever-tending fingers. Picture, too, him of the moustache and the ring: had he the wealth of his five years' senior, who is launched into business or profession; who knows something at least of the world of men, even if it is only just to know that it is something very different from the world of school.

And so on, and so on. It is not necessary to pursue the idea to the end. I myself—I have been trying to keep back the too intrusive first person singular, and now it has rushed in with double force, for drive out nature with a pitchfork and we know what will happen—I have had cause at each stage of a not unhappy life to congratulate myself on shortness of funds *at a previous stage*. At seven-and-twenty I saw clearly that with money in my pocket at twenty I

should have come a most disastrous 'cropper;' I also saw how wisely I could use the money then! At five-and-thirty I perceived that there had been still one or two little things unlearned at the last stage, and that I should not even then have got 'best value for money.' Now I can look back on five-and-thirty from one, two—no matter how many of these seven-mile stages—and it really seems to me that I have reached a post-house where any moderate fortune that might come into my hands would be dispensed with benefit to myself and society. The simile involves a reversing of the natural order of things: on a muddy country road no stretch of macadam either before or behind us looks quite so bad as what we are tramping over at the present moment; on life's road we see the mud and stones of the past—not, thank Heaven! of the future—while ankle-deep in mud and slush as we stand to take our backward survey.

This lane of gossip is leading in a direction not of my intending. I had no notion of providing serious reading; but the quill will not be driven for ever—it sometimes leads. Let me instance a comparatively minor matter in which some of us have reason to be thankful for the power of selection taught us by necessity.

Very many people love books—no, we will not go so far as that, but many people are 'fond of reading'—who never saw the inside of a second-hand bookseller's list; still less thought of looking therein for hours of amusement and instruction. 'Classical quotation,' said Johnson, 'is the parole of literary men all over the world;' so to a certain faithful remnant is the study of book-lists. If, for instance, you see a man amuse himself from London to Crewe with a couple of second-hand lists, now smiling graciously as an editorial comment finds acceptance, now with a sudden frown at a glaring inaccuracy—and there are such in the best of lists—or gazing absently from the window as he endeavours to recall some line or date that has slipped from memory's grasp; his pencil making ever and anon two totally distinct marks—the bold, decisive 'dash' that will catch the eye as the pages are run through, which means 'must have;' the modest, almost caressing little 'tick' that means not only 'should very much like,' but, alas! also says 'cannot afford,'—when, I say, we see all this, we may generally presume that the man with the selective pencil knows a good deal more about books than any other passenger between the 'Webb's system' engine and the guard's van could tell him.

It is many a year since I saw the inside of my first second-hand catalogue. It came a 'single spy,' I forget whence or how; but be that as it may, battalions have followed it. A lady who has a word, and never one too many, for everything that I do sometimes rouses herself when more than three arrive by the same post, and has

lately gone so far as to hint at a bonfire of some of the earlier numbers. I must see to it—not to the bonfire, but to bestowing them elsewhere. I have a rooted dislike to the burning or destruction in any way of printed matter, always excepting newspapers. A daily paper takes me ten minutes to read, and all but some half-column need rarely have been printed.

I shudder to think of what I should have perpetrated had I possessed the needful 'money in my purse' when first the compilations of the late Mr Quaritch and of other of his Metropolitan brethren rose into my firmament; to be followed in time by lists from here, there, and everywhere: from Edinburgh, that Paradise of bookish associations; from Exeter, where low-browed bookshops hold many a treasure.

Shade of the man—Dr Yarnold, I think—who amassed a collection of considerable value by a daily inspection of the stalls on the Paris *quais*, yet was never known to pay more than four sous for a volume; shades of him and his like, what should I not have bought? A first edition! What is a first edition to the working reader? An *édition de luxe*, only fit for millionaires—unhappy people whom some one has persuaded that it is their duty to possess a taste for books, and who wriggle out of the awkward scrape as best they can by discharging that duty by deputy. The deputy is naturally far the happier man of the two, for he gets all the excitement of the chase: the view-halloo, when a side-wind brings him scent of some rare volume lying hidden in an unexpected corner, or when it breaks upon the world catalogued for some great sale; full-cry, as the present possessor tightens his grasp on the treasure, or bold rivals are known to be preparing for competition at the auction; till the moment when the *morte* is sounded by the fall of the hammer or the payment of deposit. All the excitement of pursuit is for the agent, not for the man of millions.

For my part, there is a sense in which many catalogues are a check upon, rather than an incentive to, the buying of books. The Wise Man might well have said, 'In reading many lists there is no end;' and the frequent shock of finding a book offered in one list at a materially lower price than that at which I selected it from a previous one ten days before has a restraining tendency which is exceedingly healthy for the purse, and has a not unwholesome effect on the growth and general development of the library. For book-shelves, like children and other young animals, should not grow too fast in lineal measurement, and exercise is as useful to the contents of the former as to the limbs of the latter. A library totally idle and inactive is a distressing spectacle; some books and some bodily organs should of course be in more active service than others, but all should work. There may be books on the shelves whose duty it is to provide information

and advice only at very rare intervals. I do not speak now of libraries whose shelves hold little else but first and priceless editions; though such volumes, I have heard, are not infrequently given an airing, if only to arouse the envy of jealous admirers who have them not, and who 'smile and smile' and long to be villains bold enough to steal. But in what I have called a working library, were there any book that stood silent and unopened in its place from year's end to year's end I should begin to doubt either the book's utility or the owner's true title to possess it.

The question, however, of turning a book off one's shelves because it has proved a bad investment is a delicate one for the book-lover. Books are not *things*, not goods and chattels; one almost feels that a book loves its owner; and if once that is admitted as possible, we have no more right to part with a book, save under the stress of direst necessity, than we have a right, for greed of money, convenience, or other cause, to banish from our side and send among strangers the dog that has once thoroughly learnt to love us. Even an irreclaimably bad book is irresponsible, having been made by an evil author, just as the incurably vicious dog has been so made by evil treatment. Therefore, for their own sakes, and the public welfare, banishment is not for them; no, the flames for the book in which there is no good thing, and the kindly bullet to the brain of the dangerous dog; perhaps in the happy hunting-grounds the ghost-dogs fight bloodless battles with unimpaired gusto, and there are no troublesome 'humans' to misunderstand and quarrel with.

But, though bookworms may be loath to admit it, there are more things in the world than the selection and formation of libraries. There is, for instance, a pursuit that has been, and ever will be, infinitely more popular—the selection of life's partner and the formation of a home; and that partner is a volume which we must read, and also be read by, daily, whether we like it and approve the contents or no. Johnson very wisely condemned the folly of resolving not to marry a pretty woman, and gave his reasons with his usual emphasis and good sense. Let us once make sure of the excellence of the contents and then there is no need to shun a handsome binding, which, whether it holds within its covers a volume of choice and high thoughts or a noble woman, full likewise of grace and wisdom, will be a joy for ever to look at with honest eyes and touch lovingly with clean and reverent hands.

A wise old man, now with God, was fond of telling his friends that there was nothing better for young people than a 'good pressure upon the shoulders.' His early days had been spent on a farm, a place that should be the happiest of homes and training-places for children; and his simile,

which he was wont to deliver with expressive action of his hands, was drawn from his observation of the steadying effect of heavy collars when placed on the shoulders of young colts. A very good illustration I take it to be, though I have reasons for being prejudiced in its favour. How many a youth has had his life wrecked, or so near wrecked as never to be very seaworthy afterwards, only for want of a collar on his shoulders and a fair weight at the far end of the traces.

Women worth marrying are worth waiting for, and can themselves afford to wait; this may be a hard saying, but the exceptions to its truth are few. Mr Ruskin's advice to a young man 'about to marry' was, not the celebrated monosyllable of *Punch*, but the next thing to it—namely, to court the girl for seven years. One-tenth of one's possible life, when perhaps four-tenths have already gone by, is a somewhat severe apprenticeship; but anything rather than the hasty unions into which young men unburdened with work and overburdened with money throw themselves. Unsuccessful marriages sink the victims in morasses or ground them on shallows. The traveller whom the morass engulfs disappears from all sight of happiness, from all chance of success. The boat upon the shallows preserves, perhaps, an appearance of all being right; but though she may have grounded so gently and lightly as to spring no leak, close observers see that there is at the least no more progress—for from the shallow of a *mésalliance* of any description there is but rare escape. Lack of money has kept the gate firmly locked to many a one who would else have gone, like Mrs Poyser's Molly, 'headlongs to ruin.'

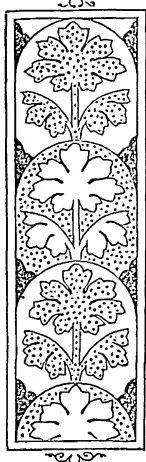
Some will think that undue emphasis has here been laid on the lack of money as an adversity. It is a sordid adversity, without doubt; but it has produced some bright virtues, and this must be my excuse. This paper has already lingered beyond its welcome; therefore but two lines more:

Who has not known ill-fortune never knew
Himself, or his own virtue.

SONNET.

FAR stretching outward—league on league of gray,
Still water—lies the sea. The lone night-bird
Has fled; and, in the dawn's young hours, unstirred
By aught of life, deep silence holds its sway.
In the far eastern sky a faint light streams,
And ever slowly deepens, till, anon,
The darkness and the shadows all have gone;
And, o'er the sleeping world, its rosy beams,
Yet once again, the morning sun doth pour.
Soon the lone creatures of the forest wake,
Birds, with their glad song, the silence break,
The seas put on their laughing gleam once more;
And, waking up in wonder, 'neath the spell,
The drowsy flower lifts up its drooping bell.

MARY CHRISTIE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART III.

IT was through Mr and Mrs W. H. Wills that my mother came to know Wilkie Collins, the Dickens family, and others who were at that time distinguished in London literary circles. Mrs Wills was, as I have stated, the sister of Robert Chambers, and her husband thus became to us, as to our parents, 'Uncle Harry'—the most popular uncle certainly that even a boyish imagination could have conceived. His close association with Charles Dickens, first in the *Daily News*, afterwards in *Household Words* from 1850 to 1859, and finally in *All the Year Round*, is a matter of literary history. The original agreement for the publication of *Household Words* is now in the possession of my aunt, Lady Priestley. It was made between Charles Dickens, William Bradbury, F. M. Evans, W. H. Wills, and John Forster; assigns to each of them a certain fractional share in the profits of the venture; and appoints Dickens to be editor and Wills to be sub-editor of the publication. In more modern parlance he would, I think, be styled assistant-editor. What is certain is that a very great part of the most laborious work of the editorial office was done by my uncle, for Charles Dickens was very busily occupied with his novel-writing and his public readings, and was necessarily compelled to leave a great deal to his assistant. It is equally true, however, that Dickens was no *roi fainéant*; indeed, it was not in his nature to be that. He kept all the literary threads of *Household Words* well in his hands. His correspondence with my uncle, which is now in Lady Priestley's hands, shows with what a high sense of responsibility and what anxious care he discharged his editorial duties. No promising manuscript escaped him; he took infinite trouble to arrange the chief features of each issue so that the public interest might be maintained. Article after article he wrote himself; others he collaborated in, and throughout the

periodical his guiding mind made itself manifest. These letters form a profoundly interesting record of a long association in literature and friendship.

Amongst the contributors to *Household Words*, and afterwards to *All the Year Round*, was Wilkie Collins. His first great novel, *The Woman in White*, appeared in the pages of the latter publication, and the following note* written to my uncle, shows where and under what circumstances he hit upon the admirable title:

'CHURCH HILL COTTAGE, BROADSTAIRS,
Aug. 15th, 1859.

'MY DEAR WILLS,—I send enclosed (and registered—for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number. Please let me have duplicate proofs as soon as possible, for I want to see something in connection with the story which is not a mass of confusion. It is an awfully long number—between 8 and 9 pages; but I *must* stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan't drop a number when I begin, if I can help it.

'I have hit on a new title, in the course of a night-walk to the North Foreland, which seems to me weird and striking:

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

'My love to Dickens. How does he do? When will he write? Have you a house to let? I am at mortal enmity with my London landlord, and am resolved to leave him. Where I am to go next "God, He knows." Ta-ta. W. C.'

It must be admitted that the North Foreland sent a happy inspiration.

The next letter gives an amusing insight into the methods of a story-writer, and the trials that came upon him in the course of his task. Wilkie Collins

* This letter, as well as the two following ones, have been lent to me by Lady Priestley. I may repeat that all Wilkie Collins's letters to be printed here are published by permission of Mr A. P. Watt, his literary executor.

at the time was writing *No Name* for *All the Year Round*:

‘THE FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS,
September 14th, 1862.

‘MY DEAR WILLS,—Do you, or does Mrs Wills, or does any kindly Scot to whom you can at once apply without trouble, know anything of the neighbourhood of Dumfries? My story will take me there next week. I am a total stranger to the locality, and I have no time to go and look for myself.

‘I don’t want any elaborate description. I only want answers to these questions:

‘Is the neighbourhood of Dumfries—say for five miles round—hilly or flat? Barren and heathy, or cultivated and fairly stocked with trees? Is it pretty scenery or not? Is it like any neighbourhood of any English town? Is it sprinkled with villages? Or is it lonely? Are there any pretty cottages on the banks of the Nith in which I could put a married couple, anxious to escape observation, in their honeymoon? If so, what is the name of any village which would be near the said cottage? If the Nith won’t do, the cottage can be put anywhere—north, south, east, or west—as long as it is a few miles from Dumfries. Am I right in supposing Dumfries to be a thriving manufacturing town? And if so, what does it manufacture? Lastly, is there any mortal book which you could send me by book-post, and from which I could crib the local knowledge which I want?

‘Meditate, I beseech you, on these questions—and forgive *No Name* for worrying you as well as me.

‘If the worst comes to the worst, I must write from pure imagination; and won’t the letters come pouring in *then* to correct my mistakes! There is nothing the British reader enjoys so much as catching his author in the wrong.

‘Where is Dickens? Will he be at Gadshill this week, and at the office on Wednesday? If this is so, I will send him up my second volume to read. I hear gladly from Beard, who has been staying here, that Georgina is better.

‘I have been taking a holiday, and am hard at work again. If you see Reade, tell him to be of good cheer. I shan’t have done before the end of the year—perhaps not before the end of January. They seem to like the story, and be d—d to them. The women write me letters begging for more each week. I wish they may get it!

‘Will you come here and *tell* me about Dumfries? One of my servants was kicked out yesterday, and the other is going to-morrow; but if you don’t mind waiting on yourself, I’ll black your boots.—Ever yours,
W. C.’

The average novel-reader will learn from this letter one or two things that must surprise him. In the first place, the author, instead of being, as is commonly supposed, the planner and controller of the destinies of his story, is himself its unwilling

but helpless slave. Wilkie Collins obviously did not desire to take his honeymoon couple to Dumfries. The place was a sealed book to him. He knew nothing of its manufactures (tweeds and hosiery, by the way), its scenery or its surroundings; nothing except that it stood on the river Nith. In spite of this complete ignorance of the locality, he was forced by characters and circumstances over which he had manifestly no control to take his masters to Dumfries, and not only to take them there, but to pretend that he had known the place from his cradle. In this pathetic extremity he applied to Mr Wills, who, it may be believed, managed to give him a good deliverance. A reference to the novel, however, shows that even if Mr Wills supplied the various details asked for, Wilkie Collins made but little use of them. In the first chapter of the fifth ‘scene’ of *No Name*, Noel and Magdalen Vanstone are found spending their honeymoon at ‘Baliol Cottage, Dumfries.’ To be strictly accurate, I should say that Noel is living there, for Magdalen has just left him. The only description given of the neighbourhood is contained in the following passage: ‘The prospect from the window overlooked the course of the Nith at a bend of the river a few miles above Dumfries. Here and there through wintry gaps in the wooded bank broad tracts of the level cultivated valley met the eye. Boats passed on the river, and carts plodded along the high-road on their way to Dumfries. The view, noted in Scotland for its bright and peaceful charm, was presented at the best which its wintry aspect could assume.’

Finally, it may be noted in Wilkie’s letter that he seemed to look upon the public who devoured his book and called for more rather with anger than with affection. They were his hard taskmasters, with their confounded liking for his story, and it was they who were driving him along this thorny and untrodden road to Dumfries. It was a humorous inversion of sentiment, and I am sure it did not last long, for no writer had at the bottom of his heart a more genuine regard for those who read his books, and whose servant, in a sense, he was proud to be, than Wilkie Collins.

In any case, whatever may have been Wilkie’s troubles while his story was still on the stocks, he must have felt many a thrill of pleasure when *No Name* appeared in book-form. Here is his account of its reception:

‘12 HARLEY STREET, W.,
Decr. 31st, 1862.

‘MY DEAR WILLS,—I have this day sent you (to Regent’s Park Terrace) a copy of *No Name*. We published to-day—an edition of four *thousand* copies. At five this afternoon only four *hundred* were left. This is a good rattling sale to begin with.

‘I heard at the office to-day that you had kindly put everything in proper train with Mr Bernard, and that nothing was wanted but the last act. Perhaps the end of the story staggers my worthy collaborator? Or perhaps the festivities of the

season are a little in his way? I have promised Emden at the Olympic a first look at the Drama as soon as it is done. The sage Low recommends our sending a copy to the British Museum, as a solemn act of publication. What do you think?

'My liver still torments me, and the fiend rheumatism gnaws at my right knee.—Ever yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.

'P.S.—I had just hobbled out, unluckily, when you called.'

The next letter is to my father (my mother and the family being then *en pension* in Shanklin), and shows Wilkie in a new light as an intending yachtsman:

'12 HARLEY STREET, W.,
August 6th, 1860.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—Delighted to hear you are coming! The only hitch in the programme is that I can't go to Shanklin this week—as I am already engaged to Gadshill. But you will give me another chance?—and we will discuss the question of time on Thursday. The autumn is "all before us when to choose, and Providence our guide" (Milton). I suppose you don't feel inclined to take a cruise off the west coast of Ireland on the 15th of September? I and two other British tars propose to plough the main for a fortnight or so, on that occasion, in a Welsh boat of our own hiring.—Ever yours,

'W. C.'

In the summer of 1862 my father had to go to America on business. The civil war was then raging, and the cause of the North seemed to many Englishmen to be a hopeless one. My father never wavered in his strong sympathy for the Northern side, and his conviction that it must ultimately prove triumphant. Most of his friends, however, held a contrary opinion, Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens amongst them. Both these distinguished men at a later period came to know Americans well, and to like the people, as all who know them well must like them. In the early sixties, however, they shared the beliefs then prevalent amongst a large section of Englishmen with regard to Americans and their destinies. When my father was about to start on his voyage Wilkie Collins wrote to him the following letter:

'THE FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS,
July 28th, 1862.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—Here is a line to wish you most heartily a safe voyage out and a prosperous return. I need not tell you, I am sure, how sorry I am to miss the chance of having you here—and how glad I should be to hear, even at the eleventh hour, that the American voyage was put off—for Mrs Lehmann's sake as well as for yours and for mine. But I suppose there is no hope of this.

'The one chance for that miserable country on the other side of the Atlantic is, that those two blatant impostors, Lincoln and McClellan, will fail to get the 300,000 new men they ask for. If I thought it would be the least use, I would go down

on both my knees, and pray with all my might for the total failure of the new enlistment scheme. But the devil being the ruling power in American affairs, and I not being (as I venture to hope) on particularly good terms with him, it seems hopeless on this occasion to put any trust in the efficacy of fervent aspirations and cramped knees.

'All I do most seriously and earnestly hope is that you will come back with all personal anxieties in the American direction set at rest. We will then drink confusion together to your customers for light steel and my customers for light reading. I have hundreds of American correspondents, but no friends there. If you want anything special in the literary way, tell Harper of New York you are a friend of mine, and he will be gladly of service to you. So would Fields (of the firm of Ticknor and Fields), Boston.

'Good-bye, my dear fellow, and once more may you have the best of voyages out and the speediest of voyages back again.—Ever yours most truly,

WILKIE COLLINS.

'Pray thank Mrs Lehmann for two additions to your letter. I am not a good correspondent generally; but if she will write to me in those long evenings, I promise to write back. We are in nearly the same situations—she is shut up with her boys, and I am shut up with my books.'

Amongst my father's memoranda in the notebook from which I have previously made extracts, I find this one relating to Charles Dickens: 'He was fond of Americans, but had then no faith in the nation. When I returned from America in the spring of 1863, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate victory of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination.' Here is a letter* my father received from Dickens at that time:

'GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, Twenty-eighth June 1863.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—On Thursday the 4th of June [July], at 7, I shall have much pleasure in dining at Westbourne Terrace. (My Ascot horse being sure to win; I have no need even to go down to see him run for the cup.)

'Although you have so lately been in America, and although I know what a raging mad topsyturvy state of things obtains there, I can *not* believe that the conscription will do otherwise than fail, and wreck the War. I feel convinced, indeed, that the War will be shattered by want of Northern soldiers.—Ever faithfully, C. D.

'Of course, the more they brag the more I don't believe them.'

To leave these old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago, and to end in a simpler strain, I

* For permission to publish this letter, and all the other letters from Charles Dickens which I shall quote in the course of these articles, I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law and the surviving editor of his collected letters.

quote a letter to my mother from Wilkie Collins on the subject of sulphur baths:

'NUELLEN'S HOTEL, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,
April 29th, 1863.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—Under any circumstances I should have written to tell you all my news, and to ask for all your news in return. But a letter from my brother telling me that you too have been ill, puts the pen at once into my hands. I gather from what Charley says that you are now better; but I want to hear about you and yours from yourself, and I am selfishly anxious for as long an answer as you can send, as soon as you can write it. There is the state of my mind expressed with the most unflinching candour!

'As for me, I am all over sulphur, inside and out; and if ever a man felt fit for the infernal regions already, I (in respect to the sulphurous part of the Satanic climate) am that man. The invalid custom here is to rise at seven in the morning, to go out and drink the water hot from the spring, and to be entertained between the gulps with a band of music on an empty stomach. You who know me will acquit me of sanctioning by my presence any such uncomfortable proceeding as this. I have an excellent carrier. I send him to the spring with a stoppered bottle, and I drink my water horizontally in bed. It was nasty enough at first; but I have got used to it already. The next curative proceeding discloses me, towards the afternoon, in a private stone-pit, up to my middle in the hot sulphur spring; more of the hot water is pouring down on me from a pipe in the ceiling; a worthy German stands by my side, directing the water in a continuous shower on all my weak points with one hand and shampooing me with the other. We exchange cheerful remarks in French (English being all Greek to him and German all Hebrew to me); and, oh, don't we massacre the language of our lively neighbours! In mistakes of *gender*, I am

well ahead of the German—it being an old habit of mine, out of my love and respect for the fair sex, to make all French words about the gender of which I feel uncertain, feminine words. But in other respects my German friend is far beyond me. This great creature has made an entirely new discovery in the science of language—he does without verbs. "*Trop fort? Bon pour vous fort—trop chaud? Bon pour vous chaud. Promenade aujourd'hui? Aha! aha! bon pour vous promenade. Encore la jambe—encore le dos—frottement, ah, oui, oui, frottement excellent pour vous. Repos bon pour vous—à votre service, monsieur—bon jour!*" What an excellent method! Do think of it for your boys—I would practise it myself if I had my time to begin over again. The results of all these sulphurous proceedings—to return to them for the last time, before I get to the end of my letter—are decidedly encouraging in my case. So far I can't wear my boots yet, but I can hobble about with my stick much more freely than I could when I left London; and my general health is benefiting greatly by the change. As for the rest of my life here, it is passed idly enough. The hotel provides me with a delightful open carriage to drive out in, contains a cellar of the best hock and Moselle wines I ever tasted, and possesses a Parisian cook who encourages my natural gluttony by a continuous succession of *entrées* which are to be eaten but not described. My books have made me many friends here, who supply me with reading and make me presents of excellent cigars. So, upon the whole, I get on well enough; and as long as the Baths do me good, so long I shall remain at Aix-la-Chapelle.

'There is a nice egotistical letter! But what else can you expect from a sick man? Write me another egotistical letter in return, telling me about yourself and Lehmann, and Lehmann's time for coming home, and the boys—and believe me, ever most truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIX.—*continued.*



HE message Alain scratched or painted on a square piece of Cadoual's shirt by means of pigeons' quills and pigeons' blood. That was easy, though it took some time. It told where he was, and suggested relief by the letting down of a man from the cliff-top to the upper window of the cave, then a rope let down inside, and he would be free. This he made up carefully into a small packet, weighted with a piece of rock, and tied with strips from his blue cotton blouse. Then he took the cotton blouse and ripped at it till the back alone was left, forming a flag roughly three feet long by two feet broad. The message he tied to one corner of the flag and laid it in the shaft of the lookout ready for the

rope, and then proceeded to make the rope—surely as odd a rope as ever was made.

The only things the cave afforded in unlimited quantity, besides water and air, were rock-doves. His rope, therefore, was to be made of rock-doves. He nipped their soft necks and brought the plump little bodies down into the cave a score at a time. He prepared from the remains of his blue cottons a large quantity of strips to tie them with, and proceeded to attach the upper end of his flag, at the bottom of which was the message, to the neck of the first dove's body. Its feet he tied to the neck of the next one, and so on, till out of his twenty doves he had a rope something like a kite's tail nearly fifteen feet long. The rest was only a matter of continuance. When the rope of rock-doves was

thirty feet long he arranged the procession carefully on the ledge of his lookout, and slowly and cautiously, and only after several failures—for the rock-doves were soft, and would persist in doubling up into a heap—he succeeded in pushing the message through the hole in the face of the cliff. It knocked over a matronly little guillemot which was roosting there, and she flew back with a surprised grunt, and sat upon it under the impression that she had laid an unusually fine specimen of an egg.

His great fear was that, after all, his work would be useless by reason of the clouds of sea-birds preventing his flag from being seen. He strung a blue pennant at the end of every twenty birds, and laid a stone on the floor to keep tally; and when there were ten stones on the floor, and two hundred rock-doves had been worked into the rope, he stopped and anchored it to his platform, as it had been anchored in sections every night.

This work, and the possibility of something resulting from it, kept him in cheerful spirits. His greatest deprivation was that he could barely catch sight of Barbe now, because the hole was always three-quarters filled by the body of a rock-dove; for the joinings of his rope must not scrape the rock lest they should chafe through, and a rock-dove stands more chafing than does a cotton rag.

The blue flag and the packet of hope jerked foot by foot down the rough side of the cliff, and swung gently to and fro at the end of their curious rope, scaring even the oldest inhabitants into momentary anger. Then the packet and the flag descended gently into a pocket of the rock where the cormorants dwelt apart by reason of their nasty habits and abominable smell. A particularly filthy old dame, whose dark plumage was absolutely rusty with age, lighted on it, occupied it, and held it against all comers. She croaked out such horrible curses when any one came near her that all the rest sat at a respectful distance with their wings uplifted in amazement, as if struck with sudden paralysis, while the old lady nearly burst herself trying to lay an egg in this beautiful new nest; and when she turned round and saw the packet she mistook that for the egg, just as the guillemot had done. She sat on it conscientiously for many days, and made her mate—he was her fifth, and considerably younger than herself—bring her fish while he was still ravenously hungry himself, which put him into a very bad temper. He was always hungry, and so was she; and at last he got tired of it, and they had words, and I believe it led to a separation. As she could not hatch out Alain's packet, her husband made remarks about it, as a hungry cormorant will, and she was too self-willed to leave it; and for anything I know she is sitting on it yet, and still hoping that something may come of it.

For some days the rope of dead birds swung gently to and fro against the face of the cliff, and some of the blue pennants fluttered in the wind. But they were invisible a quarter of a mile away,

even when the birds were not there; and it was a rare minute when that happened.

Then the skua-gulls discovered that dead rock-pigeon, slightly 'high,' was a very dainty dish; and, the news spreading, they soon made an end of that forlorn hope, and even came skirling round the hole for more, so adding insult to injury. When Alain hauled in the slack of his odorous rope which lay in the lookout cleft, he found only one clean-picked skeleton and the head of another tied to its legs, and he knew that his first attempt was a failure. This depressed him not a little, and he racked his brains as to what to try next.

He had scrambled up to the top of his platform one evening to see the sun go down behind the Light, and was still sitting looking wistfully out when the lantern shot forth its first beam with a suddenness that made him start, although he had been waiting for it. Perhaps it was the thought that came with it that made him start. The lantern winked cheerfully at him; why should not he wink back at the lantern? It would be a very small wink certainly; but the watchers in the Light might see even a very small light against the unusual background of black cliff, where they would never see his signals in the daytime.

This idea filled him to bursting-point. That first night he could not bring himself to calm and proper consideration of it; but he thought and thought and thought, and before morning he thought he saw his way. The problem was to burn a flare, large enough to stand a chance of attracting attention, through a hole no bigger than one's fist, and situated fifteen feet away at the end of a narrowing funnel. The blaze must be as good as it was possible to make it; moreover, it must be to some extent continuous, and not a simple flash in the pan, and it must go on night after night till it was observed. All these considerations, which seemed impossible to compass with the materials at his disposal, exercised his wits to the utmost.

It took some days of hard thinking and futile experiment before his difficulties were surmounted, and he saw his way. Fuel he had in plenty, but of a loose and scrappy character, altogether too short for his purpose unless he could manipulate it. If he only had oil! He set to work to get it. The pool in the sea cave had any number of fish, and some of these held a fair quantity of oil just under the skin. Since his discovery of the dead monster there he had not cared to eat any fish from that pool; but now he set to work and fished for his life, and caught close on fifty the first day. There were some mullet among them, and he found he got more oil out of them than out of any of the others. He let them all lie for a day, and then squeezed them between two stones in a slight hollow on the ground near his platform and under an overhanging rock, where the drip from the roof could not get to them.

His fifty fish yielded him oil enough in his little pan to stir with the point of his finger, and another

fifty were maturing on the rock alongside. As oil it was poor stuff enough; but when he dropped some on his fire it sputtered and flared, and there was no doubt about its burning in the way he intended to use it. He now flung down from aloft a great quantity of fuel, and carefully picked out of it all the most combustible portions and laid them on one side. Out of the refuse, which consisted chiefly of dried bird-droppings and short twigs and grasses, he made a small experimental cake, kneading it up with oil, and flattening it out on the rock with his hands. Then, sprinkling a roll of the longer stuff with oil, he rolled it up inside the cake like a long sausage, bound it carefully with tiny strips torn from Cadoual's clothes, and set it by the fire to dry, while he went on with his fishing and grinding and the tearing of garments into strips.

When the roll was dry he lighted it, and watched it burn with a bright crackling flare that fulfilled all his hopes and made his heart beat high. If he could make enough torches like that to push through the hole when lighted, it seemed to him impossible that so unusual a sight should fail to attract attention sooner or later. His only fear was lest the superstitions of the countryside should set the light down to spirits, and cause the Head to be avoided even more than it was now. If Barbe saw it he believed she would understand, or at all events would be so exercised in her mind that she would not rest till she found out what it meant; for she had known Cap Réhel all her life, and he was quite sure Cap Réhel had never before winked back at the Light. Every day he saw her come out on to the gallery and stand looking wistfully at the Head, as though she knew it held him prisoner, and prayed it to release him; and he counted on Barbe more than on all the rest.

He worked harder now than he had ever worked before, for the wage he worked for was his life. The pool of oil grew deeper each day. The sea cave swarmed with fish, for he flung all the pounded remains back into it, and the uncaught lived in clover till their own time came. Then when they had yielded their precious oil they in their turn went to feed their comrades.

As soon as he had enough oil to make a proper start he set to work on his torches. Each one was two feet long, for their frailty permitted of no more, and the end of each he narrowed so that it fitted into the hollowed top of the next one, like the joints of a fishing-rod. Each as it burned out was intended to light the next, and so to keep up an unbroken flare so long as he continued to fit torch to torch and push them through the hole.

Beyond the time he needed for eating and sleeping and watching for Barbe, he did nothing but fish, grind oil, and make torches; and he made and

dried about ten a day, and stacked them in a dry archway ready for use. By the time his stock of torches had grown to close on one hundred and fifty he had been, as nearly as he could calculate, two months in the cavern—though, indeed, it seemed to him little short of two years—and he decided to make the grand experiment.

It was with a jumping heart that he carried up a score of the frail things to the top of his platform, for if this attempt failed he had nothing to fall back upon. Barbe, he knew, took first watch as a rule, from lighting up till twelve. One hour, therefore, after he saw the first flash of the lantern he would light his first torch, and go on burning them till the twenty were finished. If Barbe came out into the gallery any time within that hour, and looked towards the dark headland, she would hardly fail to see the unaccustomed spark upon it. He told himself very many times that it might not be the first night that she would see it, nor the second, nor the third; but surely in time it would catch her eye and set her wondering. In the meantime, as he had only torches for seven nights, he went on with his work steadily, and no minute of his time was wasted.

He was at the lookout at sundown, and his heart was gladdened with the sight of Barbe standing in the gallery and gazing earnestly at Cap Réhel, as she always did. He was tempted to light up at once; but prudence told him that the red sun-rays on the whitened cliff would hide any flare he could make, and that he must wait till all was dark.

She went inside as the sun dipped, and presently the lantern shot forth its first beams, and he sat watching it. The vivid reds and golds faded slowly in the west, till sea and sky became the colour of dead ashes and mingled into one, and the light blazed bravely against its sombre background. He thought he could see Barbe moving to and fro in front of the light, and he gazed and gazed with his heart in his eyes, as though by the very intentness of his looking and the yearning that was in him he would draw her eyes towards him. Then at last, with a hand that shook with the thought of all that depended on it, he lighted his first torch at the fire, pushed it blazing merrily along the ledge towards the hole, fitted the butt into the head of the next one, and that into the next, and the next, till the flare passed out of his sight and he heard it crackling outside.

A wild shriek of dismay went up from the birds just settling down to roost in the nooks and crannies of the cliff, and it was music to his ears, since it told him that his torch was burning. They screamed and wheeled, attracted yet fearful, and the mingling of their screams with the crackling of his torch filled his soul with hope.

PLAGUE-STONES.

By WILLIAM ANDREWS.



THE story of the Great Plague of London is familiar to all readers of history, and has been dealt with by many writers of fiction. Defoe has given us a most vivid picture of the times and of the terrible pestilence that cast such a gloom over the city. Even the bypaths of history supply much suggestive matter; while hidden away in church-wardens' and other old accounts are many items that remind us of those days. Here, for example, are two entries from the parish accounts of St Mary Woolnoth, London:

'1593-4. Item, for setting a crosse upon one Allen's doore in the sicknesse time...iijd.

Item, paid for setting two red crosses upon Anthony Sound his dore...iiijd.'

Many such charges might be reproduced. The crosses were about a foot in length. It has been suggested by some students of the past that the origin of the practice of marking the doors of infected houses with red crosses was the injunction given by Moses at the Passover. However, the crosses served the important purpose for which they were intended—namely, as a caution against entering such houses.

In various parts of England the plague-stones are silent reminders of the time when epidemics laid low so many inhabitants both in town and country. It is only to the more important of these memorials, however, that we will direct attention. The two to which we will first refer are specially interesting on account of the inscriptions attached to them.

We learn from the parish registers and other ancient records of Derby that the old Midland town has several times suffered severely from visitations of the plague. A stone in the Derby Arboretum bears the following inscription, which includes an extract from the pen of William Hutton, the famous local historian of Birmingham and Derby, and author of other valuable volumes:

'HEADLESS CROSS OR MARKET STONE.—This stone formed part of the ancient Cross at the upper end of Friar Gate, and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market stone during the visitation of the plague, 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his *History of Derby*:

"1665.—Derby was again visited by the plague at the same time in which London fell under the severe calamity. The town was forsaken; the farmers declined the market-place; and grass grew upon that spot which had furnished the supports of life. To prevent a famine, the inhabitants erected at the top of Nuns' Green, one or two hundred yards from the buildings, now Friar Gate, what bore the name of Headless Cross, consisting

of about four quadrangular steps, five feet high. I knew it in perfection. Hither the market people, having their mouth primed with tobacco as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property and at a greater from the town's people, with whom they were to traffic. The buyer was not suffered to touch any of the articles before purchase; when the agreement was finished he took the goods, and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar, set for that purpose."

The mention of tobacco in the foregoing inscription is a curiosity, showing that the weed was then regarded as a very efficacious preventive. There is a curious entry in Thomas Hearne's *Diary*, 1720-21, bearing on this popular belief, under date of 21st January: 'I have been told that in the last great plague in London none that kept tobacconists' shops had the plague. It is certain that smocking was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that even children were obliged to smock. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was, that year, when the plague raged, a schoolboy at Eton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smock in the school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smocking.'

The plague raged at Eyam, in Derbyshire; and from 6th September 1665 to 11th October 1666 no fewer than two hundred and seventy-seven died out of a population of three hundred and fifty persons—a higher death-rate than in London. There are many touching memorials of these dark days in the annals of the village, and history has recorded the heroic deeds of the inhabitants who remained within their own village to prevent the spreading of the epidemic.

Winchester suffered much from the plague of 1666. On the Downs near the city are numerous curiously shaped mounds, which are said to cover the pits into which the dead were cast. When the pestilence raged a primitive kind of quarantine was practised. The country-folk supplied food, which was placed on a stone outside the city, and in exchange the citizens placed money in a bowl of water. The old plague-stone still remains built into the base of a monument, which bears an inscription as follows:

'This monument is erected by the Society of Natives on the very spot of ground from which the markets were removed, and whose basis is the very stone on which exchanges were made whilst the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence, in the year sixteen hundred sixty-six. The Society of Natives was founded on the 26th

of August 1669, for the relief of the widows and orphans of their fellow-citizens who died of the great plague.'

Much misery was also caused by the plague at Alford, Lincolnshire. From 22nd July 1630, when the first death was recorded, to the end of February 1631, when the death-rate was normal, one hundred and thirty-two deaths were registered out of a population not exceeding one thousand. The parish registers record many severe losses; but that of Thomas Bradder's family is the heaviest. In 1630, on the 24th of July were buried two of his daughters, the father followed next day, and three sons were interred on 29th July and 3rd and 4th August respectively—in all six deaths within the space of twelve days. The vicar, who had to perform the last rites over the dead, also lost his daughter Rebecca Scottreth. It must also be noted that the plague occurred at Alford thirty-five years before the Great Plague of London; but the proportion of the death-rate is nearly the same. The population of London at the time of the plague was estimated at four hundred and sixty thousand, and the deaths numbered sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six.

Beneath a spreading tree in the grounds of Tothby House, near Alford, Lincolnshire, is a plague-stone. About two hundred and seventy-five years ago the inhabitants of Spilsby and the surrounding villages day after day toiled up to the top of Miles Cross Hill, which overlooks the wide marsh-country, with Alford lying just at the foot. At the top they left food, &c., for the poor sufferers, and took in return money deposited in vessels containing water or other liquid placed on the plague-stone. Then the people of Alford came up the other side of the hill for their supplies. Thus the two parties kept well apart. Traces of several plague-stones exist in the North of England. There were two at Penrith, and one still remains. In 1789 James Clarke published his *Survey of the Lakes*, which gives the following account of the ancient relics: 'Nearly half-way between Eamont Bridge and Penrith stands a house called from its situation Half-way House, but formerly Mill or Meal Cross, from the following circumstance: During the dreadful plague which visited this country in the year 1598, and almost depopulated Penrith (no less than two thousand two hundred and sixty in the town falling victims to the merciless disease), the millers and villagers refused to bring their commodities into the town to market for fear of infection. The inhabitants, therefore, were under the necessity of meeting them here and performing a kind of quarantine before they were allowed to buy anything. This was said to be almost at the option of the country-

people. It is, however, certain that no man was allowed to touch the money made use of on these occasions, it being put into a vessel of water, whence they had a method of taking it without touching it with their fingers. For this purpose they erected a cross, which remains to this day. For greater convenience they erected a cross at the town's head, and built shambles, &c. The place still retains the name of Cross Green. They erected a third cross near the Carlisle road, a little above the second, where black cattle, sheep, hogs, and goats were sold, and yet retains the name of Nolt Fair, and continues to be the market for cattle.' When the road was widened and improved in 1834 the ancient water-trough was found, and subsequently removed to its present position at Penrith.

Another north-country stone is situated in the remote hamlet of Armboth, located above the great reservoir which supplies Manchester with water. It marks the place where business was conducted when the plague visited the district. After the epidemic ceased the folk of the fells and dales still repaired to the spot to dispose of their webs and yarn, and it is still known as the Welstones.

Robert Surtees, F.S.A., in his *History of Durham*, says that on the private road near Ravensworth there is a cross, a plain shaft and pedestal. The common tradition is that when Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the reign of Elizabeth, was infected with the plague, the country-people left their provisions at this place. Mr Surtees, in a footnote, observes that the statement may be true without impeaching the higher antiquity of the cross; in fact, almost every considerable village probably had its cross, where the traveller might be reminded of his religious duties; and crosses were also placed on hills, in vales, and desert wildernesses.

Three times tell an ave-bead,
And thrice a paternoster say,
Then kiss with me the holy rood;
So shall we safely wend our way.

The town and even the whole county of Nottingham suffered much at different periods from visitations of the plague. In 1558 East Retford—or, as it was anciently called, Retford-in-the-Clay—suffered terribly. A memorial of this epidemic appears in the front of the Town Hall; it is known as the Broad Stone. The procedure there was the same as at the plague-stone in the Friar Gate at Derby, which we have described above.

In reading these notes on the more important of the old plague-stones in England, we may well feel thankful that we live in a time when improved sanitation and medical science enable us to keep the dreaded pestilence at bay.

THE NINTH WAVE.

PART II.



O John Roscoe became an inmate of Jane Strong's little home; and as consciousness and strength returned, and his pain became less severe, the intimacy between him and his gentle hostess rapidly increased and ripened into friendship. Jane's shyness had so much diminished by the end of the first week or so that she could sit and read to him while Martha was off duty, or sing old-fashioned songs and hymns in a soft, plaintive voice, untrained yet full of sweetness. She found him to be intelligent and cultivated, well read, and well up in many lands and languages; and as his strength improved he seemed not only willing to talk, but to enjoy drawing out her simple nature. As regarded his personal affairs, he was a sealed book. Jane, in her innate good taste, forbore from anything like curiosity; but Dr Vance was scarcely so delicate, yet all his questions were met by a blank wall of reserve, and the worthy man soon found himself at a deadlock. John admitted that there was no one in the world to be communicated with save his banker on the subject of his illness, and stated that if Jane would of her charity grant him an asylum till he had regained the use of his legs, he would take himself off her hands, with a grateful heart, and trouble her no more. At which Jane blushed, and murmured a word of protest; wondering, meanwhile, at the strange sinking of her heart, so new to her, a sharp pain mixed with an indefinable sense of dawning joy.

Trip had adopted John at once, and would lie beside him contentedly, and gaze into his face with eyes full of benign affection—affection entirely apart from any weakness for invalid food. Chiefly through the medium of Trip, Martha was also won over to the visitor's side; and the nursing, undertaken at first under a stern sense of duty, soon became a labour of love. John knew the way to her heart by judicious commendation of her cooking, and was a past-master in the art of cajolery; and Jane would often marvel at the unwonted relaxation of Martha's hard features when John playfully dubbed her a 'good lass' and chaffed her about imaginary lovers!

Good Dr Vance was proud of his case, and boasted cheerily that he would 'set John on his legs again in a week or two;' a prophecy which made Jane turn cold with that sudden anguish, now beginning to be recognised and accounted for, in her inmost heart. He would get well and strong; he would go away; she would see no more that half-quizzical, half-affectionate gleam in the eyes she now had learnt were gray and bright and searching. He would vanish out of her life, and she— Oh, how empty that life would be without him! Yet not so long ago she had been happily busy with her

poor folk, and content with her simple pleasures. Why this change? Why should the coming of a mere stranger, whose name she had never before heard, and of whom she knew nothing, so powerfully affect her? It seemed as if, in the never-ceasing plash of the sea, she heard her answer. The wave—that fancied ninth wave of her dreams—bore it to her, as it had borne to her on its bosom the love that she had craved for with an incoherent longing; a love that, once come, had taken possession of her whole heart by storm.

She would go and look at her own face in the mirror, as she put a flower in the bodice of her quiet dress, and loosened the soft strands of hair that divided and rippled back from her white, smooth forehead—little touches of vanity usually so foreign to her, who had hitherto been so careless of aught in her appearance save neatness. 'What was there,' she would ask herself bitterly, 'that he could fancy or admire?' A thin face, too sharp for any beauty of outline; no charm of soft chin or rosy bloom; no piquancy about a nose of everyday-utility proportions. A slight figure, more angular than willowy, without any delicious curves of youth or grace; nothing but a pair of kind, hazel eyes, a gentle sensitive mouth with a sympathetic droop at the corners, soft crinkling hair in which more than one silver thread had come, and a delicate hand and foot. She would turn from the mirror in disgust. No, she was cut out for an old maid; she must live out her life as she had begun it. If the supreme happiness of love were denied her, God help her to make her life of use to others, and to keep her little secret locked in her own breast, guarded and cherished in its joy and its pain!

Yet there were moments when, returning from visiting her schools or cottage folk, she would see a bright gleam of welcome in John Roscoe's eye; and the words, 'At last! I thought you were never coming!' would cause a sudden leap of gladness in her heart.

At other times, if she brought him flowers, his hand would touch hers, and the thought that it intentionally lingered would bring the hot blood surging to her face. Once, when she was sitting in the gathering twilight singing her old lullabies to him as he lay on the sofa, and he had said, 'I wish you could stay and sing to me for ever,' her self-riveted armour had fallen from her, and a tear fell unperceived in the darkness, while she silently raised a supplication for strength to gird herself more resolutely.

As time went on John was able to lie all day by the window, gazing out over the sea that had so nearly wrought his destruction. His cuts and bruises had healed quickly, and under Dr Vance's skilful treatment his bones had started in a healthy healing

process. He had become a well-known figure to the villagers; and the children would often pause on their way from school to peep in and smile shyly at 'Miss Jane's gentleman,' who had a smile and a kindly word for each of them, much to the indignation of Trip, who considered John to be a joint-stock property between himself and Jane, and resented outside interference accordingly! The Rectory people and Dr Vance's kindly wife and numerous progeny, with the schoolmaster and the better-class townfolk, all fell under the fascination of John's personality, and were made welcome by Jane, who strove her best to relieve the monotony of his days. So the little cottage by the cliffs was more frequented than ever before, and calls were made upon Martha for afternoon teas which entirely upset that worthy's preconceived ideas, she having always maintained that 'tea' should be a sustaining meal at the canonised hour of six o'clock, partaken of by those who possessed too large a modicum of common-sense to indulge in the more elaborate and indigestible 'late dinner.'

One day when, with Dr Vance's arm, John had made his way slowly to his accustomed place on the sofa, Jane thought he seemed distraught and silent, and guessed, with love-quickenened intuition, that he had something on his mind. He had been gazing, as was his wont, out to the sea, now still and innocent and blue with the sapphire calmness of early spring. Suddenly he turned to her. 'I shall soon be well enough to walk,' he said, 'and I must take myself off, and leave you free of your troublesome guest.' He smiled as he spoke; but Jane's ear detected an underlying note of bitterness.

'I suppose you must,' she answered dully, aware of the banality of her reply, and yet finding conventional words of regret beyond her power.

'Yes,' he continued. 'I have a quest to follow—a thankless quest maybe, and yet a duty that calls, and must be obeyed. Heaven knows,' he cried passionately, 'I don't want to go—to leave this little paradise of rest and peace and happiness, to leave you'—— He paused, and then, dropping his voice to the cadence which Jane knew and loved, yet dreaded, 'Shall you miss me, Jane?' he asked softly.

Something rose in Jane's throat, and the smarting tears welled up in her eyes. For the moment the idea of his going caused her a pang so keen that the mention of her Christian name passed unnoticed. Summoning all her fortitude, calling to aid all her little old-fashioned tenets of maidenly reserve, she answered in a level voice, 'We shall all miss you, Mr Roscoe; but we hope you won't quite forget us.'

Prim little cut-and-dried speech, while her poor bruised heart inwardly cried, 'John, John, my love! stay with me.' Another small victory in the battle that was raging with daily-increasing fierceness in her bosom.

'Forget you!' he exclaimed, and seemed about to say more; but he checked himself, and turned almost brusquely towards the sea.

Jane slipped softly from the room.

Dr Vance hired a bath-chair from the nearest town, and John's first drive in it was the occasion of tremendous excitement for both patient and nurses; but more especially for Trip, who was first in the chair, and, having comfortably ensconced himself, positively refused to be lured to earth by any known arts of persuasion!

Very pleasant were the little expeditions along the top of the cliffs, where the short turf made a path smooth enough for the chair, and the salt breezes brought back the healthy tan to John's pale cheeks. Together he and Jane watched the brown-sailed boats, the bare-legged children, and the whirling sea-birds. Together they talked of books, of shells and flowers, and Jane gathered the sea-pinks and saxifrage, and listened to his tales of the shipwreck and the horrors of the storm, which had all passed like an evil dream.

All the familiar objects of Jane's life seemed to take on a new charm, the sea a new beauty, the sunsets a fresh glory, when reflected in the looks of the man she loved; and the hours passed all too quickly away.

Then a day came when the sun sulked behind a veil of cloud, and a heavy, determined rain made it impossible to take the invalid out. Jane went to the Rectory on some parish business, and returning, brought with her some books for John to while away the long afternoon. She entered the sitting-room very softly, and her light footstep did not disturb John, who had dropped asleep on the sofa. Trip was nestled up close to him, and as his mistress approached greeted her with a yawn of welcome, stretching himself, and beating the sofa with his heavy tail. John did not awake, however, and the dog, after a prolonged stretch, jumped heavily to the ground, sweeping as he did so John's watch, which had been lying on a chair beside him, to the floor.

John stirred, but did not open his eyes, and Jane stepped hurriedly forward to pick up the watch, fearing that damage might have been done. The watch-glass was intact; but as she lifted the watch she noticed that the locket attached to the chain had opened in the fall, and now it lay in her hand disclosing the contents. On one side she saw the miniature of a young girl of not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, a very lovely girl-child, with innocent, appealing, azure eyes and a wealth of golden hair. Under the portrait was engraved the name 'Alice' and a date. As her glance unconsciously fell on the opposite side of the open locket, Jane gave an involuntary cry of distress, for the face of the second miniature was smashed to atoms! A trace of golden hair, coiled in shining braids, a suggestion of full white bust and throat, the same engraved 'Alice' underneath; but the features were gone, crushed out of all recognition! As she gazed in dismay at the ruin wrought, as she supposed by Trip, she suddenly became aware that Roscoe was awake, and was watching her intently.

'Oh,' she cried, in anxious confusion, 'indeed I did not open it! It opened when it fell, and that dreadful little dog has broken the picture.'

'No, no,' he answered reassuringly, 'I know you didn't, and you must absolve the dog from all blame; it was smashed long before he ever touched it. Sit down by me, and I will tell you the story of the locket and of my life. I owe it to you, and have long intended to tell you, yet somehow I have put it off.'

He paused; and Jane, half-relieved, and yet oppressed by a sense of impending evil, sank into an arm-chair near him to listen.

'You have seen the complete picture in the locket,' he began half-hesitatingly; 'what do you think of it?'

'It is very beautiful,' answered Jane heartily.

'Yes,' he continued, 'very lovely, very young, very frail. Alice Maitland was little more than a child, innocent and happy, when that was painted. She was my promised wife, though I was old enough to be her father.'

Jane nodded her attention, but did not speak; she was struggling against a sudden bitter hatred of this young blooming face, so unlike her own, the face that had won the love she longed for.

Roscoe went on: 'She deceived me, and I by chance discovered her long course of deception only a couple of weeks before the day fixed for our marriage. The second portrait had just been painted for me at the time; you will see that the date it bears is three years after that of the first one. I was stern and harsh with her; I made no allowances for her youth, her inexperience, and the fatal temptations of her beauty. She implored forgiveness; and I—God forgive me! I refused it. That night she went away with the man who had supplanted me.'

He stopped, and Jane, with eyes full of pitying tears, murmured 'Poor thing! poor child!'

'Yes,' Roscoe continued, 'poor child! It was she who needed pity, not I; but my mind was only full of my own wounded pride, my own mad fury at being duped. It was then that I crushed the fair, false face of the portrait to atoms, and determined to banish the memory of Alice Maitland from my heart, save as the child I had once known in her innocence. For years I wandered about the world, hating every woman on account of the one who had so dragged my self-esteem in the dust, and yet ever haunted by a stinging, reproaching conscience. Had I not been as much to blame as the unfortunate girl herself? Ought I to have tied down her sunny youth to my middle age? Had I not, by my harshness, been possibly the means of driving her to that last fatal step, when a word of pardon might have saved her? These thoughts began to recur with ceaseless persistency as I wandered from city to city, and saw the miserable wantons that prowl the streets at night, sunk deep in an abyss of sin and want and degradation. I saw again the lovely face, now marred by poverty

and crime, and the horrible idea rang in my brain, "Is Alice as one of these? Have I driven her to a life like theirs?"'

A tear fell on the hand that supported Jane's chin, but she made no sound.

'Not long ago,' Roscoe went on, 'I heard by chance that her quondam lover had deserted her; and then, in a flash, my duty was made plain to me. If I had been instrumental in her downfall, mine must be the hand held out to reclaim her. I had not heard if she was poor, or where she was living; but I determined to seek her. I pictured her in want and loneliness, maybe in sickness and misery, burdened with the weight of sin and disgrace, perchance contemplating a self-sought death. The finger of duty pointed out my path to me; the voice of humanity whispered, "She may be penitent and humble; go, seek her, and save her before she sinks lower into the mire." I knew that, unless a hand were stretched out to help her, her life could have but one ending, and I decided that should I find her, repentant in dust and ashes for the past, I would protect her, and, under the shadow of the name which she had once flouted, shield her from scorn and shame.

'I started for England, not knowing for certain where to bend my steps, only assuming from rumour that I should find her whom I sought in London. My ship was overtaken by the storm, and wrecked on this coast; and chance or fate brought me here.'

A pause, and Jane asked in a low voice, 'You loved her still?'

He laughed bitterly. 'Loved her? No. My love had not outlived my wounded vanity. No; duty alone bound me—duty and charity and remorse. Love was for me a thing apart, a thing to mock and scoff at, to disbelieve in—until lately.'

Jane's heart stopped, as she gripped the arms of her chair and set her teeth firmly to meet the coming anguish.

Roscoe hesitated for a moment, and then poured out his words passionately, the floodgates, so long pent up, now broken down under the stress of his emotion. 'Until lately! when I have been taught the reality of the love I so often scoffed at—taught it by one who, in her gentle purity and perfect unselfishness, has shown me what a good woman is: a truly happy Christian, whose every word and action breathes of peace and rest and sunshine; such a woman as my long-dead mother would have loved, and the one woman whom, out of all the world, I want for my wife! Oh, Jane, Jane! I am in a great strait. Dare I close my ears to the voice of duty? Can I bear to forgo my love? Help me, for my heart is torn in two!'

Slowly the raindrops chased each other down the window. Jane had risen, and was watching them in a dazed, stupid manner, counting them mechanically as they ran down and merged into a little bubbling reservoir at the bottom of the pane. One, two, racing down; now three comes, faster, faster—he will surely catch up the others! No; he stops

for a moment, and then takes a zigzag course towards the goal. Jane knew that she must speak—that ere that raindrop had caught up its fellows she must say the words that would sever her for ever from the man she loved. Must she? Would it not be easy to argue, 'This woman has chosen her own path; do not let her drag your manhood down to her level. Remember what is due to yourself. You are not really to blame; it is foolishness, quixotism, hypersensitiveness. Let her go, and remain free and uncontaminated. You are not responsible for the actions of every erring sister!'

Quick as lightning the thoughts flashed through her brain, only as quickly to vanish. The momentary temptation passed like a cloud over the face of the sun, and Jane's true nature shone out again in the soft radiance of its unselfish purity. She turned to face him, and answered him resolutely, without a quiver in her voice, 'You must go. It is the voice of God that calls you. Go, seek Alice, thinking of her only as the misguided child you first knew. Forget the rest.' Then, as though she feared, in her self-abnegation, that she had not made her argument strong enough, she cried, 'She may be thinking of you now, as the one soul to whom she could turn in her misery; she may be longing to ask you for help, yet dreading a refusal. Deserted and friendless, now in her humiliation you may find a true penitent, and may bring her back from evil ways into God's sunlight! Go, and God speed you!'

He watched her as she spoke, hands clasped, eyes shining with eagerness of persuasion, her own agony forgotten in her ardent desire for another's welfare. Was she, then, indifferent to him? he wondered. Could she argue and plead so vehemently for the death-blow to her own happiness if she really cared for him? At all costs he *must* know whether her feeling for him was merely one of interested friendship, or whether his love was returned. Could she, in that steady voice, bid him, urge him to go forth to seek another woman if she cared for him herself? Was such utter self-sacrifice compatible with weak human nature?

He spoke. 'You are right,' he said. 'It was a foregone conclusion what you would say, and I will abide by your decision. Dr Vance says I may travel now, by slow stages, so I will start as soon as possible. But, tell me, Jane, before I go, if it had been otherwise—if I had been free, unhampered by this responsibility, and had come to ask you to be my wife—could you ever have cared for me?' He leant over towards her and raised her face to his.

Her eyes met his now, directly and without confusion. 'I think I have loved you,' she said simply, 'since the day that the sea cast you up on the shore at my feet.'

So the day of John Roscoe's departure was fixed; and Jane—though suffering in secret what only she and One other knew, and the faithful Martha guessed—kept up a brave front outwardly. Bright

and merry though she was during the few short walks that now remained to them, no one would have dreamed of the hidden anguish that was eating out her heart. John was now able to walk leaning on two sticks, and they could go beyond the cliffs, and along part of the high-road that led through the village towards the great house without much difficulty.

Nearer and nearer the day of parting came, until one bright morning in May the word 'to-morrow' rang in Jane's brain with maddening echo, as she and John walked together under the pine-trees, which were now covered with their young, delicate green. The birds sang merrily, the distant sea was sapphire blue and dancing in the sunlight, and all nature breathed of content. Only in the two hearts were darkness and gloom, each striving to keep from the other the semblance of suffering, yet knowing only too well that the keen watcher could read between the lines of each other's forced conversation, and see the half-hidden tear rise so quickly in the eyes where love dwelt—love crushed by so huge an effort, watching for a loophole of escape from the stern weight that pressed it down.

They had been leaning over the low wall, gazing down across the wooded slopes to the cliffs below them, and were turning towards home along the winding road, John slowly, leaning upon his sticks, Jane adapting her pace to his, and conversing spasmodically, with assumed cheerfulness, when the sound of wheels behind them made her turn her head. She saw in the distance a dogcart coming rapidly towards them, increasing its speed as the road undulated gently downwards, and she touched John's arm and drew him away from the middle of the unkerbed road, closer to the boundary wall, till the vehicle should pass. Fast and recklessly it gained upon them, and as it dashed past, driven by a rash and careless hand, the wheel almost grazed John in its wild course, making him start aside as quickly as he was able. He gave a quick glance upward at the driver of the trap as it whirled by, splashing him and Jane with specks of mud on its way, and for one instant his eyes met those of the laughing face above him.

A woman, still in the prime of youth, handsome, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, wrapped in rich furs; a face beautiful, and yet not lovable; with a hard, cruel mouth, sinister even while smiling, and the restless brilliancy of eye born of continual craving for excitement. Beside her sat an effeminate-looking man, who smiled indulgently as she lashed her high-stepping horse to greater speed, and made some cynical remark about 'cripples,' which was borne back on the breeze to John's ears as he started almost from beneath the wheels: a fitting companion to the woman who, self-reliant and self-satisfied, wealthy and admired, and conscious to the full of her riches and admiration, needed no helpmate better than this mere poor echo of her own vices. A hard and heartless woman, dead to all gentleness and sympathy, living only for pleasure and the gratification of her own desires, utterly regard-

less of pain or suffering in others, and thoughtless for their welfare.

She flashed by and was gone. Jane's kind eyes betrayed a spark of unwonted anger, as John, leaning on the wall for support, looked after the vanishing trap in silence. Suddenly he turned to her, and her anger evaporated as she saw his face deadly pale, with startled eyes. 'Oh, you are hurt!' she cried in distress. You have walked too far, and the shock has done you harm!' and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm.

'No, no,' he answered almost brusquely. 'I'm all right. Tell me, Jane,' he added, gripping her arm almost roughly, 'who is she?'

Jane, surprised, told him the little she knew of the owner of the great house, suppressing what she could of the doubtful reports in which the village folk rejoiced; and finally added, 'I believe she is to be married soon to the gentleman who was with her. Her last husband was a very old man, and left her all his money. They say she was married before; or—or'—— She hesitated, and suddenly perceiving a strange expression on Roscoe's face, she stopped.

A change had indeed come over him; the bewilderment had disappeared, and first a look of relief, then of ecstasy, had replaced it. He sat down on the edge of the low moss-grown wall, laying his sticks beside him, and took both Jane's hands in his own as she stood facing him, half-puzzled at the excitement that betrayed itself in his voice as he spoke. 'Do you know who she is?' he questioned, watching her closely for the first signs of dawning realisation of the truth. 'You do not see, neither do I, any resemblance to the fair child in my locket; but had the other been intact you would recognise that cruel mouth, those hard blue eyes. Jane, that woman in her luxury and laughter, her wealth and wantonness, is the woman whom I was to go out into the world to seek, homeless, humble, and peni-

tent; that woman for whose sake, at the call of duty, I was to tear out my very soul, and break the faithful heart of her whom I worship. Does Alice need me, think you, my stern judge? Does the finger of duty still point that way, or is my accusing conscience to be at rest at last?'

Jane could not answer. After the first gleam of knowledge of the truth she had drawn one hand from John's grasp, and put it over her eyes, as if they were dazzled by the vision of her own happiness; but now he seized the hand again, and drew it down.

'Jane, my darling,' he said, 'Providence brought us this way; Providence brought that woman face to face with me, to show me that I was absolved from my self-imposed vow. I would have done my duty, yes, to the bitter end, though it had cost my life's happiness, and yours; but now I have been shown that Alice does not need me, has no dependence on my pity, or claim upon my honour—and I am free—free to take into my arms the woman who does need me, the woman I love—if she will come to them!'

Thus love came at last to Jane Strong—a love deeper and fuller than any her maiden dreams had pictured, a love long waited for, but none the less precious, only mellowed by the pain that had gone before it.

That evening, while she and Roscoe leant together over the sill of the window as twilight fell, and the first star twinkled out of the deepening azure sky, she whispered to him, caressing the hand that clasped her own, 'Listen, John, to the waves lapping on the shore. Count them. The next will be the ninth, a little bigger, a little noisier; it has been a cruel wave, and yet I shall always love it, for I fancy that it brought you to me.'

And then darkness fell, and silence reigned, and heart beat against heart, too full for words.

SCENT DISTILLATION.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE.



IF we set aside musk and civet, which are of animal origin, the materials of perfumery consist mainly of essential oils, which are extracted from the flowers, fruits, leaves, and wood of plants. The standard scent-plants are the rose, rose-geranium, citrus, lavender, thyme, rosemary, orris or iris root, bitter almond, violet, cassie or opoponax, tuberose, jasmine, and to some extent such plants as anise, caraway, fennel, dill, and coriander.

The commercial importance of these plants will be understood if we place the products obtained from them in their order of importance. According to their value per unit, the chief materials used in general perfumery come in the following order: Jasmine oil, neroli or orange-flower oil, oil

of attar of roses, cedrate or citron oil, aniseed oil, bergamot oil, orange oil, bitter-almond oil, oil of limes, caraway oil, oil of lavender, oil of thyme or organum, lemon oil, fennel oil, rosemary or anthos oil, and orris or iris root. Of these, the oils of bergamot, citron, lemon, limes, and orange are obtained from the rind of the respective fruits.

Before considering any of the scent-plants it will be advisable to briefly describe, or rather indicate in a general way, the several methods commonly employed in extracting their essential oils, so that any reference to method of extraction which we may have need to make may be understood. First, then, to be mentioned are the mechanical means; the results are obtained in many ways. One process, for instance, is that of

expression, the material being put into a press and subjected to heavy pressure. Another process is to rub the fruit in a metal cup lined with spikes (*écuelle à piquer*), which lacerates the oil-vessels in the rind; the oil thus obtained collecting into a hollow handle, out of which it is at length poured off. Another method consists in squeezing in the hand with the fingers sections of peel turned inside-out, and taking up the oil with a sponge. All forms of mechanical means, we may note, are practicable mainly in treating the rinds of fruits which are considerable in bulk and contain oil in comparatively large quantities. The second mode is that of distillation; and it is a process available for a large number of the scent-plants. The necessary parts of a still do not need description, we imagine; only, we must note that finer apparatus than the common still, and greater care, are demanded when the oil to be distilled is worth twenty shillings an ounce than when it is not worth that sum per pound. The third method is that of maceration, in which flowers are immersed in melted grease—that is, purified lard or tallow, also the fat of deer—fresh flowers being added ten to fifteen times at intervals of twelve to forty-eight hours. The resulting product is either used as pomade or the scent is extracted out of it by digestion in alcohol. Olive oil is usually substituted for fat when by this process perfumed oils are wanted. The fourth method is the most delicate, but gives the finest results—that is, *enfleurage*, or *enflowering*, or *absorption*. In this method the flowers, which are renewed from day to day, are placed on thin layers of grease spread on glass in frames. When perfumed oils are wanted by this process, coarse cotton cloths saturated with olive oil, and laid on frames with wire-gauze instead of glass, are used.

These are the four common yet principal methods of scent or perfume extraction; but there are besides various chemical processes, which, however, have not as yet superseded the methods noted, and of which we need not say anything. By the processes of maceration and *enfleurage* the odour obtained is nearly that of the living flower; by distillation it is often as different as if it came from some new plant altogether. This distinction as to results must not be lost sight of.

The first plant amongst the scent-plants which attracts our attention is the rose. The question in respect to the rose, as with other scent-plants, is not whether or where the rose will grow; but will the flowers produced be rich enough in oil and at the same easily produced? We must bear in mind that conditions which admit the growth, even the thrifty growth, of a plant do not necessarily secure the best development of its odour. It is stated to be perfectly certain that under no conditions is the odour of the rose fully developed except in very hot climates; yet such is not the climatic condition of the great seats of rose-farming in Europe. Turkish attar of

roses, for instance, is mainly produced in Bulgaria, and is carried on in the fertile valleys on the southern slope of the Balkans. In this region, where wheat and the ordinary cereals are produced, there is cold and snow in winter, abundance of moisture in the spring and autumn, and drought in summer. The rose-harvest in Bulgaria begins about the third week in May, and lasts about a month. The second great seat of rose-farming in Europe is the space between the Maritime Alps and the Mediterranean, in the extreme south-east of France. This is, in fact, the great scent-farming and perfumery-making centre of Europe, the town of Grasse being the emporium of the district. Here, again, though the climate is considered to be genial, most of the scent-plants require protection. Of course, attar of roses is also produced in India, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey under the climatic conditions desired; but the great bulk of the supply is furnished by the European regions already noted. It may be mentioned that rose-farming was undertaken in Saxony some years since by a Leipzig firm, and appears to have been maintained up to the present time with some success: a further departure from the hot climate considered necessary. The roses employed for attar-making in Europe are: in Bulgaria, the red damask-rose, and in the south of France the Provence rose, a hybrid or variety of the hundred-leaf rose (*Rosa centifolia*), to which also belongs the well-known cabbage-rose. These roses are both spring bloomers, though the damask-rose has a short autumn season as well, and their bloom lasts for only about a month. What is wanted to make rose-farming popular is a perpetual bloomer, which will have the requisite quantity and quality of oil and will give work for five to six months on a plantation.

Wherever grown, the rose must have a rich soil; but there is a mass of evidence which shows that heavy manuring, while increasing the quantity of the yield in flowers and oil, is prejudicial to the quality of the oil obtainable.

In view of the affinity of its odour to that of the rose, we refer next to the rose-geranium. The oil of geranium is itself an agreeable scent, nearly if not equal to the true oil of roses; therefore, we find that it is mainly used as an adulterant of attar of roses. Rose-geranium oil is furnished by three species of pelargonium, some varieties of which are grown for distillation in Algiers, the island of Réunion, Spain, Corsica, Italy, and the south of France. The best oil is produced from plantations in dry ground; but for the sake of quantity the plants are now often grown in low, moist, irrigated ground, where three crops a year can be gathered, though the product obtained is much inferior. The plant is harvested a little before the opening of the flowers, when the lemon-like odour which it at first possesses gives place to the odour of roses. The whole plant is placed in the still, and in

Provence rose-petals are sometimes added to improve the quality of the oil.

The well-known tuberose is one of the staples of the flower-farms at Grasse in the south of France. It is also grown in America; and North Carolina now furnishes bulbs both for that country and for Europe. The perfume is extracted from the bloom by the enfleurage process, and brings a good price. Jasmine is also extensively grown in the vicinity of Grasse. In India the Arabian jasmine is highly esteemed and grown for its perfume. None of the jasmines, however, can stand frost, a difficulty which is overcome at Grasse by banking the plants to a certain height during the winter. The cultivation of the plants and the gathering of the flowers are expensive; but as the perfume of jasmine is regarded as almost the only one that cannot be imitated, it is generally pure, and therefore brings a high price. It is mostly extracted by enfleurage; but there is also a very rare distilled article which is described by Piesse.

The violet is another scent-plant which is extensively grown in the south of France and in the vicinity of Florence; though the English violet is much grown and greatly develops its odour in southern countries, varieties of it such as the Neapolitan and the Double Parma are preferred. As the violet-plant cannot bear the full brunt of a hot sun, the practice used to be common of growing it under olive, orange, and lemon trees; but as the cost, not only of growing but of gathering so small a flower in the quantities required for extraction is very large, it is now authoritatively stated that in Europe extract of true violet in a pure state is little used in perfumery, and but little of it is produced. A tincture of orris-root or a composition of orris-root with other ingredients is used instead. The odour of an acacia, the cassie, is often used as a substitute; and lately a synthetic violet odour called ionone has been announced.

The perfume known to the French and the perfumery trade as cassie, and in America as opoponax, is obtained from the *Acacia farnesiana*. The acacia which gives cassie is a small tree growing to twenty or thirty feet high; and the source of the perfume is the flowers, which are borne in small round heads of a yellow colour. This tree is extensively grown in the south of France, and the odour is extracted by maceration, also by enfleurage. Besides this one, we may add that there are several other acacias which yield a perfume.

Orris or iris root, the scent of which we have spoken of as resembling violet, is the product of three species of iris. The thick, knotty root-stocks of the plant are the useful parts. When taken up they are dried slowly, and do not reach the maximum of their perfume in less than two years. When the scent is extracted by distillation orris or iris butter is furnished, and it

is also ground up for use in sachets. The wild plant was formerly gathered; but it is now cultivated in the vicinity of Florence and other parts of Italy, that country being the seat of its production.

We now come to a plant known to most people—namely, the true lavender (*Lavandula angustifolia*), a plant of the mint family, which furnishes a well-known perfume. This plant flourishes in England under cultivation in a remarkable manner, and as grown formerly at Mitcham in Surrey and other localities in the south of England it develops into a bush. The special character of the English plant is said to be due to the conditions under which it is grown—namely, the mild, moist air and the calcareous soil. Whatever be the cause, the oil obtained from it is claimed and usually admitted to be far superior in delicacy of fragrance to that obtained from the wild plant or from the same plant cultivated in any other country. In fact, the English oil has sometimes sold for ten times as much as the French; but the two oils are so different in kind that it is considered hardly reasonable to compare them. A far less valuable lavender oil is obtained from the spike lavender (*L. spica*), and is used in veterinary medicine and in soap-making, but not in perfumery except as an adulterant of the true lavender.

The oil of thyme obtained from another common plant is said to be suitable only for scenting soaps. The amount distilled is large, the bulk of the world's supply coming from the south of France; and the French oil is derived wholly or largely from a copious natural growth of the garden or common thyme, a plant grown in English gardens.

Rosemary is found along with common thyme, and distilled in considerable quantities. Piesse states that 'eau de Cologne' cannot be made without it, and that it is the leading ingredient in 'Hungary water.' Rosemary is grown to some extent in England, and the oil produced, like that of lavender, is considered the best obtainable.

We now come to some plants not grown on a commercial scale, and not likely ever to be, in this country. Oil of bitter almonds, as its name denotes, is obtained from the bitter almond, which is the variety *amara* of *Prunus amygdalus*. The valuable part of the almond is the kernel, which in the sweet variety is the almond of commerce and in the bitter variety is poisonous. The kernels of both varieties, however, furnish an expressed oil which contains no poison, and is used in medicine and in a general way like olive oil. The substance known as oil of bitter almonds is obtained by maceration and distillation from the cake left after pressing the kernels of the bitter but not the sweet almond. It is really not an essential oil, but what chemists call an aldehyde, and is a dangerous poison, yet it is

in common use as a flavouring essence as well as a scent.

Various citrus fruits also yield perfumes, such as the sweet orange, the bitter or Seville orange, the bergamot orange, the lemon, the citron, the sour lime, the sweet lime, and the shaddock, pomelo, or grape-fruit. The bergamot and cedrate (citron) oils, and the oils of lemons, limes, and oranges, are obtained from the rinds of the respective fruits by mechanical methods. Of the orange-peel oils, that of bergamot is the most valuable; but it is not easily found in the market in a pure state. It is produced mainly in the extreme south of Italy, at or near Reggio. Of these rind-oils, an inferior article is obtained by distillation, though it is stated that a good oil can be got if the spongy part of the rind is first removed. The neroli or orange-flower oil is commonly obtained from the flowers by distillation; but a finer product is obtained from the flowers by maceration. In the distillation of neroli, orange-flower water comes over, and it represents the odour of the flowers much more closely than the neroli, it being held to be the unaltered oil of the flower dissolved in water. To make neroli, the flowers that naturally fall from the trees are utilised, though in Provence the finest article is made from buds on the point of opening, picked from the trees. Another perfumery product is obtained by distillation from bitter and sweet oranges, and called oil of *petit grain*. Originally it was made from the abortive fruits which fell soon after the blossoms; now it is made from the leaves and young shoots obtained when the tree is pruned. The oil of the bitter orange is superior to that of the sweet, as is also its *petit grain* oil; but the neroli of the sweet orange is considered finer than that of the bitter.

The bulk of the citrine perfumes come from Italy and the south of France. The island of Chios produces much orange-flower water, the island of Trinidad yields a very fine oil of limes, and the island of Curaçao yields the best orange-peel in the world; while the bitter and the sweet oranges are distilled more or less in Jamaica.

We have now indicated some of the plants that are grown and utilised for their scent. Of course those named do not embrace all the plants that can be grown for such a purpose; but there is one outstanding and serious economic factor in scent-farming which cannot be lost sight of—that is, the labour question. You cannot harvest a crop of violets with a mowing-machine, but must do so by hand-labour; and if this be hired it becomes the dearest method possible. We therefore find scent-farming most practised in areas where labour is comparatively cheap. Even under these circumstances it is most profitable to the small grower who can utilise his own labour and that of his family. Such a grower might distil or extract the perfumes himself, thus making it

a domestic industry for the women and children of the family, or he might send his produce to an establishment where perfumes are distilled, and which in a scent-farming district would probably be dependent on the material supplied by adjacent growers. If the grower extracts his own perfume, then, though the apparatus is not expensive, the processes of distillation, maceration, and enfleurage, to be successful, require both expertness and experience, and these cannot always be guaranteed. Outside Continental areas where scent-farming is established, the most feasible plan of starting such an industry would be the establishment of the necessary plant in a suitable area, under an expert; and, by contracting, at least at the start, for the material in advance, thus to induce farmers and gardeners to grow scent-plants with their other crops, as a side-line. An undertaking of this type would probably succeed, especially in a district of small holdings, as the grower could utilise the labour of his family without increasing his expense, and the returns from his holding through the scent-crops grown, when compared with the returns from his other crops, would undoubtedly be larger, and in time lead to an extension of the area under such plants.

In this article we have not attempted anything further than a mere outline of the subject. For what we have laid before the reader we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the works of Piesse and Samer, and especially to the article on this subject by Edward S. Steele in the *Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture*, of which, we trust, it will be found we have given an inclusive and interesting résumé.

DAFFODIL SONG. —

THE meadow mould has sprung to gold,
The throstle calls his vagrant fellow;
On all the hills are daffodils,
And every field is flecked with yellow.

Pluck your daffodils at pleasure,
Spring is not for long;
Though they muster beyond measure,
Fairer than a minted treasure,
Frailer than a song.

The garden's mien of tender green
Has presage of the early roses;
The linnet's cry comes fleeting by
From where he haunts the orchard closes.

The clover springs in careless rings,
The blackbird sounds his whistle mellow,
The whole earth thrills with daffodils,
And every field is flecked with yellow.

Pluck your daffodils at pleasure,
Spring is not for long;
Though they muster beyond measure,
Fairer than a minted treasure,
Frailer than a song.

MAX DALRYMPLE ('AURELIAN').



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



IMPRESSIONS OF ARCHANGEL.

By F. R. SANDERSON.

NOW that Norway has become the somewhat hackneyed hunting-ground of the tourist, the more adventurous, who delight to escape from the neighbourhood of the tripper when they take their annual holiday, may be advised to go still farther east.

Archangel is a typical Russian city, presenting everywhere those extraordinary contrasts of advanced civilisation with medieval backwardness which characterise the country as a whole. Situated upon the right bank of one of the channels through which the Northern Dwina reaches the White Sea, it is a town about three miles long by half a mile broad, connected by a wooden bridge with the older port of Solombol, on a neighbouring island. Three years ago a line of railway was opened between Archangel and St Petersburg, but only one train arrives and departs each day, and the journey occupies four days.

Very little longer from Britain than the direct route, and much pleasanter for the traveller, is the voyage round the north of Norway. Once across the open sea, the steamer gains the shelter of the Lofoden Islands, and sails past Lödingen, Tromsø, and Hammerfest to Cape Nordkyn, the most northerly point of the European mainland. Then it skirts the dreary, iron-bound Lapland coast, traverses the White Sea, and proceeds up the Gulf of Archangel, the shores of which are covered with pine and birch, till Solombol is reached.

The beauty of the solar effects in the northern seas has been often referred to; but I cannot forbear a description of the magnificent sunset which heralded our approach to Archangel. A bow of cloud stretched across the sky from north to south; and as the sun's orb sank below the horizon the clouds were tinged with a pale gold, gradually warming in hue through a delicate salmon-pink to a vivid crimson, so that they formed such a triumphal arch as never greeted royal equipage.

The steamer is piloted up the intricate channels which form the waterway to the city, and at length

the visitor comes in sight of the gorgeous domes and pinnacles of its churches and the painted roofs of its houses. The cathedral has five domes, painted blue, with gold stars, and surmounted by slightly smaller glittering domes of gold which end in golden cruciform pinnacles. It is a high, white, rectangular building, consisting of two churches, the summer church and the winter church, the one above the other. The latter is low-roofed and of comparative plainness, reminding one of the crypt of a cathedral. The former is extremely lofty, and the walls from floor to ceiling are covered with somewhat crude but striking frescoes in brilliant colouring. There are also two enormous frescoes on one of the outside walls, representing Abraham entertaining the Angels and St George and the Dragon. The roof is supported by four immense pillars, each about eight feet square. There are the usual pictures of saints, with garments in relief—brass, silver, or gold; but the face, hands, or feet, wherever visible, are merely painted on the board behind; for in this way, according to the teaching of the Greek Church, the Second Commandment must be respected. Many of these *icons* are encrusted with pearls, diamonds, amethysts, and other jewels. Before them are huge silver candlesticks with sconces of various sizes, as in Roman churches, and the devout may buy candles to burn before their favourite saints. When the candle has been lighted and the worshipper has departed, the economical priest removes it from its niche, and eventually it is melted down to reappear in the corridor for sale. In the summer church is a large timber cross said to have been hewed by Peter the Great when he resided in Archangel. The Russians are a very pious people, especially the poor and lower middle-classes; so much so, indeed, that piety sometimes interferes with justice, as the following incident, which was related to me, illustrates: A murderer had been caught red-handed and brought to trial. The evidence was conclusive, but the jury retired to consider their verdict. All were unanimously agreed as to the panel's guilt, when the bells of a

neighbouring church began to toll. Then one of them said, 'How can we, who are about to go to church to ask forgiveness of our sins, condemn another? Shall we pray for mercy to ourselves and grant none to a fellow-creature?' His persuasions at once prevailed, and, to the astonishment of judge and prisoner alike, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Close to the river, which is about half a mile wide, is 'Peter's House,' said to have been built by the great Czar. It consists of several rooms, of which one is a workshop with a forge, and is built of roughly trimmed logs. The whole house is now enclosed within the walls of another house built above and around it to preserve it from decay. There are many fine buildings in Archangel, but everywhere wretchedness and magnificence elbow each other. If ever those members of our municipal councils who look after the paving of the streets feel depressed by unfavourable criticism, a visit to Archangel may be recommended as an invigorating tonic. The principal street is in most places at least three inches deep in mud, and there is no sewage system. A water-supply is at present being introduced. As the water collects in the trenches dug for the pipes, it is pumped out upon that part of the road still remaining open for the use of the public! The foot-passengers walk along a narrow wooden pathway raised about eighteen inches above the level of the road; but there are no crossings, so that where every side-street interrupts the wooden way, a slough of despond gives the stranger pause. The natives, shod in goloshes or seamen's boots, tramp uncomplainingly through everything. To take a droshky is merely to change the form of discomfort. That vehicle, a sort of victoria too large for one and too small for two, jolts and splashes through the mud, now knocking up against a log of wood, and now up to the axles in a pool of water, till the occupant is fain to betake himself once more to the use of his feet.

At one time there was a large English colony in Archangel, and the 'English House,' or chaplain's residence, with its fine library and chapel, and the English church at Solombol still testify to its former importance; but when the Crimean war broke out the English all departed; and now, besides the clergyman and the consul, there are but

three British residents in the city. Britain still does a big share of the carrying trade, and British commercial houses do a large business with the port by means of agencies; but the amount seems to be steadily decreasing. The same tale of German and Scandinavian enterprise and British indifference is told here as in other parts of the world.

There is a fine hospital in Archangel; but there is at present no resident doctor nor organised system of nursing, and the patients are left almost untended. There is a large Government dockyard; but during my visit I saw no signs of life about it, and the great sheds are fast decaying. A great contrast with municipal and governmental neglect is the activity and energy of the monks of the Solovetski Monastery, which has its headquarters at the island of that name, some hundred and twenty miles west of Archangel, and is well worth a visit. There the monks do everything themselves. They have made magnificent roads, built churches and other buildings, and possess a dockyard where they build their own steamers and sailing-vessels. At Archangel they have a large house for the conduct of their business and the use of the pilgrims, whom they convey in large numbers in their own steamer to the islands. The voyage takes from twelve to twenty hours, according to the weather, and the monks give visitors and pilgrims lodgings free of charge and feed them upon fish. It takes a stay of several days to make a thorough inspection of all the objects of interest.

Strange to say, there is no proper hotel in Archangel; but furnished apartments can be got, and there are one or two excellent restaurants. Any one who wishes to see Russian life as it is to be found away from such a cosmopolitan centre as St Petersburg, and does not mind roughing it a little, may be recommended to visit Archangel. The peasants with their motley garments, the priests with long hair flowing over their shoulders, and the self-important Government officials with their military overcoats, are a never-failing subject of amusement and interest to the visitor; and if at first amusement predominates, he will quickly discover that the Russian possesses an unfailing courtesy that may put to shame the indifference, if not arrogance, which foreigners sometimes complain of experiencing in their visits to England.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XX.—A GLEAM OF LIGHT.



MADAME CADOUAL'S outraged feelings demanded life for life and blood for blood, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Her son had been murdered: some one must die for it. To a nature such as hers that was perhaps not an unnatural craving. What she really wanted was, of course, the forfeit of the

life of the man who had taken the life of her son; but blind rage has no discriminations, and, failing the right man, any other man's life would have blunted the edge of her venom just as well. If she could have felt that some one had been made to suffer for the crime, her soul would have been comforted, or at all events her rage would have known some appeasement. As it was, however, no

one had been brought to book, and her anger had nothing but itself to feed upon. The diet seemed to suit it without satisfying it. It only waxed the fiercer as the days passed and nothing was done. She raved at Sergeant Gaudriol to the point of apoplexy because he still declined to arrest Pierre Carcassone unless she could show him more reasons for it than he could see himself. She journeyed to Plouarnec and laid the matter before the authorities there. The authorities sent for Gaudriol, and, after hearing all he had to say, took his view of the case. Madame Cadoual sent to Paris for detectives, and for many days Plenevec suffered their pertinent and impertinent inquisition, and resented it. In the result the detectives told madame that there was no evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of Pierre, and that, in their opinion, the very gravest suspicions attached to one Alain Carbonec, who had disappeared on the same day as her son. She bade them find Alain Carbonec, and they spent much time and money in the attempt, and finally gave it up. She gave them the rough edge of her very sharp tongue, and they returned to Paris very well satisfied with their holiday on the coasts of Bretagne.

To Barbe this was a time of extreme bitterness and suffering. Nothing but death could account for Alain's absence and silence. If he were alive she felt sure he would have managed in some way to let her know it. She would sooner have known that he was alive, even though he had killed George Cadoual, as Pierre did not fail to inform her was the fact; but she did not believe it—unless, indeed, the two men had fought, which after all was not unlikely. If they had, she was quite sure that Alain fought honourably, and that George Cadoual deserved all he got. But it was Alain himself in the flesh that she craved with a yearning that made her sick, and the belief that she would never see him again wrung her, body and soul.

That great frowning headland, if it could speak, could tell the story, she thought; and day after day, as she sat in the gallery, her eyes dwelt upon it with a sorrowful intensity that would have wrested a response from anything less adamant. How often she had held her breath at sight of him coming down those cliffs like a fly down a pane, and again when she watched him climb slowly up, with death at his heels and a cold hand gripping her heart, till he stood for a moment at the top and waved her another adieu and disappeared over the crest! Ah, if only the good God and the pitiful Virgin Mother would hearken to her prayers and bless her with the sight of him coming once more! How she would reverence them, pray to them, thank them all her life long! She would make a special pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Folgoët. She would go all the way on her bare feet. She would burn candles innumerable before the shrine, if she had to sell her hair to do it. She would do anything that could be asked of her, if only Alain might come back. He did not come, but she spent

much time watching the way by which he used to come; and, all unknown to her, Alain sat watching her, as hungry for her as she was for him. Only fifteen feet of rock and a mile of water between them, but for the time being these things separated them as completely as death itself. Death leaves no loopholes of escape; but Alain, as we know, had a loophole, and was working might and main to turn it to account.

The detectives from Paris came across to the Light, and departed as wise as they came. Pierre put out as many spines and bristles as a sea-porcupine, and Barbe's hollow-eyed sadness held them equally at arm's-length. The popular opinion in Plenevec favoured the detectives' deductions, while resenting their methods of arriving at them. All that had passed between Cadoual and Alain and Barbe and Pierre was public property by this time, and even the bucolic mind could find therein no adequate reason why Pierre should have killed Cadoual. Very much the reverse, in fact. 'One would not have called the poor George amiable, *par exemple*; but, all the same, he was rich, *voyez-vous*! and that is what one looks for in a son-in-law.' So it was quite inconceivable that Pierre should have put Cadoual out of the way. While as regards Alain, in spite of their liking for him: 'Two men to one girl always makes for trouble, you understand; and when one of them tries to injure the other, why—*voilà l'affaire*!' And so, if Alain had their sympathy, not a man or woman among them but believed that he had killed Cadoual, quite possibly in fair fight, and had fled the country.

So the days passed sadly for Barbe, and the nights were long and hopeless of brighter mornings. All her duties about the Light were performed with mechanical exactitude; but life had lost its flavour, as the sea and sky had lost their colours, and the stars their friendliness. She and Pierre spoke no more than was absolutely necessary. Alain was dead, and she set it all down to Pierre's account, and could never forgive him. She knitted no more blue stockings now, but sat in the gallery with listless hands, thinking of Alain and recalling all his words and looks, and all the little details of his lover-like comings and goings through the Race. She could see the strong white arm whirling through the air and reaching through the water, the upturn of the eager face, and the impatient shake of the yellow curls. There was the rock to which the brown hand clung at last while he panted below it, out of sight, but, oh, so near to her throbbing heart! He was gone, and she would never see him more, and she would live all her life alone—more alone than if she had never known him. Yet how sweet it was to have known and loved him, and to know that he had loved her! Better far to love the dead Alain all her life than never to have known him and to have married a George Cadoual.

Barbe was sitting brooding thus one night after lighting up, with her eyes fixed vacantly on the

shoreward darkness, when a glint of light caught the corner of her eye. She thought it was the flash of a belated sea-bird's wing in the light that streamed from the lantern; but it remained—a tiny spark where she had never in all her life seen a spark before. She had known Cap Réhel for twelve years; but never had she seen a light half-way up it before. She watched it curiously, and crossed herself devoutly, and prayed for protection from all evil spirits. It remained a tiny, steady flicker, and it seemed to stop in one place all the time—though she could not be positive of that, for at times, when she watched it very intently, she was not quite sure that it did not swing gently to and fro. It disappeared at last as suddenly as it had come, and she waited for a long time watching earnestly; but it came no more, and she wondered about it all night and all the next day, and put it down to spirits, and felt the Light lonelier than ever. The thought came to her that it might be Alain's spirit wandering about the gloomy Cap he used to frequent when he was alive. She found a measure of comfort therein. If she could have been assured of it she would have been solemnly happy. Better his spirit than nothing.

The following night she was watching for the light on the Head, and when it winked suddenly out of the darkness her heart leaped to it, and she sat eying it wistfully and wondering much. She said nothing about it to Pierre; but when for seven consecutive nights the spark had never failed to appear, she felt she must speak about it with somebody; and when Pierre tumbled into his bunk next morning, she lowered the boat and pulled once more across to Plenevec.

Barbe had been thinking of the strange light all night, as she thought about it every night, and she started out full of excitement; but her strokes grew longer as she neared the shore. She had run in as near to the Head as she dared go, to see if there was any sign of anything unusual about it; but the sea-birds clustered and swung as thick as ever, and there was no slightest indication of their ever having been disturbed. Could she possibly have deceived herself about the light? Would Sergeant Gaudriol believe her? Would he think it a matter of any consequence? She was half-inclined to go back when she stood at last on his doorstep, and when she screwed up her courage to knocking-point it was such a hesitating tap that the Sergeant might well have been forgiven if he had slept through it. But Sergeant Gaudriol was accustomed to half-hearted summonses of the kind, and sprang up at once to see what trouble stood on his doorstep now.

Barbe caught a glimpse of the big silver-laced hat through the inch-opened door as he asked, 'Who is there?' When he saw who it was he begged her patience for two minutes, and when the door opened wide at the end of that time he was the Sergeant Gaudriol of our acquaintance, *en grande tenue* from head to foot.

'*Hold, petite!* What hast thou?' he asked, with quick kindness. 'Anything wrong out there?' and he looked at her searchingly. He had not seen her for some weeks, and the sadness of her face touched him sharply. Grand Bayou Light held many possibilities.

'Nothing wrong, M. Gaudriol; but there is something I do not understand'—

'How then? What is it?'

'Each night, for the last seven nights, there has been a light on the side of Cap Réhel'—

'How? A light on Cap Réhel?'

'And never in all my life have I seen a light there before,' she said, much strengthened by the Sergeant's genuine surprise.

'And what does Pierre say about it?' he asked.

'He has not seen it, and I have not told him. It comes each night about an hour after we light up. It stops for an hour, and then it goes.'

'And you think?'—

'*Mon Dieu*, I know not. But—it is curious!'

'And you have thought it might have something to do with Alain Carbonec—is it not so?'

'In fact, yes, I have wondered— You see—well, Alain must have gone up Cap Réhel the very last thing we know of him; and I have sat and watched the cliffs, and wished they could speak and tell me what became of him. Then—this!'

The Sergeant nodded thoughtfully, with his eyes resting absently on her face. It was a far cry to his own courting days; but his liking for her and Alain made him understand, if dimly.

'You have not been to the Head in the daytime?' he asked.

'I came past just now, but the birds are as thick as ever, and I could see nothing out of the common.'

He nodded thoughtfully again. He was turning over in his mind the possible causes of the phenomenon. There had been a time when a light on Cap Réhel would have had a very distinct meaning; but that time was very long ago, and the building of the Light had swept it all away. Then, knowing the villagers as well as he did, he did not believe a man of them would go anywhere near Cap Réhel by night if he could help it. Why, some of them even believed that the sea-birds were the souls of mariners enticed ashore by those old false lights, and drowned there, and that the shrill cries of the drowning men, as they clawed at the iron feet of the cliffs, lived again in the wild screaming of the birds. Undoubtedly, a light on Cap Réhel was curious and worth looking into, in view of the curious things that had happened in the neighbourhood of late.

'I will get Jan Godey to drop me at the Light to-night as he goes out,' said the Sergeant at last, 'and he will pick me up in the morning as he comes in. Then we will see, *ma fille*. What time did you say it comes?'

'About an hour after I light the lamps.'

'I will be there.'

'I cannot thank you, monsieur.'

'Don't try, my child. We will find out what it means, never fear. Won't you have some coffee?'

But she thanked him again, and sped down to her boat, lest Pierre should miss her.

Jan Godey's lugger crept up to the lighthouse along the path of the setting sun that night, and Alain Carbonec saw it from his prison loophole, and his heart beat hopefully.

Jan tied his boat to the ladder with a long play of rope, bade his crew of one man and a boy wait for him, and followed Sergeant Gaudriol through the doorway. The Sergeant had told him simply that he wanted to go to the Light. After thinking the matter over on the way out, he asked Jan to come upstairs with him. He was curious to hear what Jan would say about the strange light. There was always the bare possibility that something was going on behind the official back, though he did not think it likely; but, as we have seen, it was a part of Sergeant Gaudriol's creed that a man taken unawares sometimes spoke the truth by accident, and he believed himself quite capable of judging by Jan's conduct whether he knew anything about the matter or not.

Pierre received the unexpected visitors with much surprise.

'How then, M. le Sergeant?' he said through the stem of his pipe. 'Who's missing now?'

'It's all right, Pierre,' said Gaudriol. 'It is Mademoiselle Barbe I wish to see this time.'

'Ah! you have some news?'

'We shall see. Where is she?'

'Up above. You'd better go to her.'

The two men climbed the ladders to the lantern, and found Barbe just lighting the lamps.

'One moment, M. le Sergeant, and I have finished. Won't you sit down here?' said she, as they bade her good-evening, and she showed them where to sit with their feet through the rails and their backs against the lantern. Before placing himself beside Jan, who had never been up there before, and was filled with wonder at all he saw, Gaudriol stepped back alongside Barbe, and in a whisper bade her say no word of what he had come for.

Presently Pierre's curiosity as to what was going on above his head in his own house, and unknown to him, brought him up into the gallery also. He stood with his pipe in his mouth, looking at them, and then said gruffly, 'Well, may I be crucified! Have you two taken a notion to roost here all night?'

'Just for a while, my friend. Jan, here, has never been up the Light before, and it amuses him.'

'Humph!' growled Pierre, and decided to wait and see what was the meaning of it all. The silence was irksome to him, and presently he put out a feeler.

'No news of Carbonec yet?'

'No news,' said the Sergeant.

'You'll never see *him* hereabouts again,' said Pierre. 'He's in America by this time.'

'That is always possible.'

'There's no doubt he met Cadoual over there'—he nodded towards Cap Réhel—'and put his knife into him, and then bolted. Which was the most sensible thing he could do.'

'That is always possible,' said the Sergeant once more; 'but, for me, I do not believe it.'

'How then? How do you explain matters, M. le Sergeant?'

'I have not got that length yet, *mon beau*; but time may unravel the skein.'

Just then Barbe, gazing out over the rail at the farther side from Pierre, started as the tiny spark flashed out on the black breast of Cap Réhel. She stood gripping the rail and waiting intently for the first sign that it had caught her companions' notice.

Gaudriol had already seen it, but, true to his principles, waited to surprise Jan Godey's, and possibly Pierre's, first words on the subject.

Jan saw it first, since Pierre had his back to the rail.

'What's that?' said Jan in a scared whisper, and drew his feet inside the railings.

'What then?' asked Gaudriol. 'What is it?' and Pierre turned to look also.

'*Nom-de-Dieu!*' he said softly, in very genuine surprise. 'I never saw the like of that before.'

'It's a light,' said the Sergeant.

'A light on Cap Réhel, and half-way up!' said Pierre, in a whisper which told its own tale. 'Then it's the devil himself that's holding it. *Mon Dieu!* what is it, then?'

Jan Godey did not speak, because his teeth were chattering so.

'Suppose we go and see what it is?' suggested Sergeant Gaudriol.

'I'm on duty. Can't leave the Light,' said Pierre promptly.

'I—I—I—must get on to the fishing,' said Jan Godey.

'*Bien!*' said the Sergeant. 'Cut away, then, Jan. I never thought you had the courage of a mouse. Now I know it.'

'But no, M. le Sergeant. Anything in reason if you will. But devil's lights, and spirits, and such-like things! No; I leave them to other people. I want none, I thank you.'

'All right, Jan. Call for me in the morning. I'm going to stop here and think how that light got there.'

'I'm going to bed,' said Pierre.

'Better show Jan down to his boat, or he'll break his neck,' said the Sergeant. 'He's making the lighthouse shake as it is.'

'*Eh bien! bon soir, messieurs!*' said Jan, in a huff, and disappeared inside the lantern with Pierre at his heels.

'What can it be, M. Gaudriol?' asked Barbe in a whisper.

'I cannot tell, child, yet. But we will try and find out. It is no Plenevec man who is making that

light—if it is any man at all. They will all be like friend Jan. But there is courage in numbers. To-morrow night I will be there by the Head with a dozen men, if I have to drive them with my sword. How long do you watch?’

‘Till midnight.’

‘Then you will permit me to keep you company, ma’m’selle, and you won’t object to my smoking?’ and we will talk—*voyons*, we will talk of Alain Carbonec.’

The following night found the Sergeant, as good as his word, with a dozen men in two boats lying off Cap Réhel.

The story of the devil’s light had not lost in its travels, and the Sergeant had come near to having to live up to his threat of using his sword before he succeeded in getting the men to join him. Curiosity on the subject was at fever heat, indeed, and suggestions as to the meaning of the mysterious light were as plentiful as stones on Plenevec beach; but their superstitious fears ran just a point or two ahead even of their curiosity, and not a man of them but was screwing his rusty memory for long-forgotten prayers and wishing himself well out of the adventure.

They lay like two darker shadows on the dark swell of the sea, whose waves slipped smoothly under them and made no sound till they broke in thunder and lightning on the feet of Cap Réhel. The silence and the darkness lay heavy on them, their fears heavier still, and the waiting tried to the utmost that which Gaudriol’s jeers and threats had with difficulty evoked in them. Now and again a growling whisper passed from one to another, and they sat with their eyes glued to the black cliffs, waiting for the devil to light his lamp.

Sergeant Gaudriol’s observance of them had more than satisfied him that not a man of them knew anything about the light, or was in any way responsible for it. Every man had his own opinion on the matter; but on one point they were all agreed, and that was, that if the light was anything like what Jan Godey said it was, it was no human hand that lighted it. Of ghosts and spirits every man of them was as full as he was of cider, which at best is no great augments of courage. They were beginning to feel as if it must be getting on towards daylight, and those who were not in the Sergeant’s

boat were muttering audible curses and casting treasonable doubts on the whole matter, when the light suddenly thrust out through the solid black rock in front of them and held them all spell-bound, while the wakened birds screamed and swooped round the flare like the evil spirits the bold mariners had been thinking of.

‘*Voilà, mes amis!* Now what do you say?’ said the Sergeant. ‘Is that a light or is it not?’

‘It is the devil,’ said Jan Godey conclusively.

‘*Si, si*, it is the devil without doubt,’ said the rest in whispers.

The flare burned quickly and wastefully, the flames forking up and the burning embers falling down.

‘It burns,’ said the Sergeant. ‘If it were the devil there would be no burnt chips. It is human; but what it is I can’t make out. Can you take us in right under it, Jan?’

‘*Mon Dieu!* no, Sergeant. We should be smashed into pieces.’

‘*Bien!* Can you put a mark exactly opposite to it?’

‘I can anchor a float with a stone. It will be somewhere near the place at flood in the morning.’

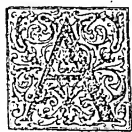
‘Do so, then, *mon beau*, and in the morning we will go up to the top and see what we can do.’

They watched the light till it disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and then rowed back home with ghosts and evil spirits and things that flap in the dark hovering thickly all about them.

There was much talk that night in Plenevec, and the lights in the windows were later of being put out than usual, and not a man of them went to the fishing, for the devil was abroad—or at all events on Cap Réhel—and till he was laid they would have no comfort. Some talked of sending to Plouarnec for a priest; but Sergeant Gaudriol bade them instead bring stout ropes in the morning, and they would find out for themselves what was the meaning of the sign.

‘*Nom-de-Dieu!* if Sergeant Gaudriol expects me to go down after his devil, why, he’s very much mistaken. If he must poke into such things, let him go down himself, with his sword and his cocked hat, and talk to the devil to his heart’s content. For me, *ma foi!* I have no desire that way. A priest now, and holy water!’—

BURIED TREASURE IN THE WEST INDIES.



PARTY of three, we were chatting on the deck of a Royal Mail steamship during a voyage from Jamaica to Trinidad. We had all travelled up and down the West Indies and the Spanish Main, seeing strange sights and going through queer experiences. After we had yarned about revolutions in Hayti and Venezuela,

gold-mining adventures in Demerara and Surinam, and hurricanes in the Bermudas, the talk fell upon buried treasure in the West Indies, and each of us had his tale to tell.

‘A couple of months ago,’ said the first man, an American mining engineer, ‘I was in New Providence, and everybody was talking about a mysterious American who had been down in the Bahamas just

before. He came in a small schooner, and anchored off one of the small *cays*, or islands, which are so numerous there. He said he hadn't come for sponges or coral or salt or pearls; but he wouldn't tell anybody what he *had* come for. One day he hired two niggers, and got a boat filled with tinned provisions, tools, and a tent. Then he made them row him over to another *cay* about six miles off—a mere lump of coral and a few bushes where nobody lives. There he stayed for a week, making the niggers dig like fury in places he pointed out, while he watched over them with a Winchester rifle to see that they did not shirk. After six days' digging they came across a heavy, brass-bound trunk. They carried it to the boat, and rowed him to the schooner. As soon as the box was aboard he weighed anchor, and nothing more was heard of him. Nobody knew his name or what he had found; but of course they all think that he had the clue to some pirate hoard, and found it.'

'When I was in Hayti in '98,' said the second member of our party, a Canadian business-man, 'I came across a curious treasure-story. A poor man at Cap Haytien, who everybody knew had not got a hundred dollars to his name, suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth, and went in for land speculation. He bought a property for a thousand dollars here, and another for two thousand dollars there, a store, a couple of boats, and horses and mules. It became the talk of the place. Presently the secret leaked out. The house he lived in was a ruined French château, dating back to the days when the French colonists occupied the island: a magnificent old ruin of the type one often sees in Hayti. Sawing through the wainscoting one day to make some repairs, he came across a big oak chest filled with French gold pieces, gold and silver plate, necklaces, brooches, watches, and other valuables. The box was worth about fifteen thousand dollars.'

'What a lucky man!' I exclaimed.

'Do you think so?' said my friend. 'Well, he didn't. A wealthy speculator in Cap Haytien, hearing of this find, concluded there might be some more chests there, so he offered to buy the house, and eventually did so for two thousand dollars. The original owner naturally thought he had cleaned out the lot and was selling an empty shell, since he had searched high and low after finding the first chest. But the new man did more than search; he pulled down the house, and in the end found four other chests worth altogether nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The first man got very angry, and wanted to share; but he came off badly. The speculator had political influence, and soon had him flung into jail and despoiled of most of his wealth for the heinous crime of concealing treasure-trove from the State. That speculator and his family to-day are among the richest people in Hayti.'

'How do you account for the chests being there?' asked the American.

'That's simple enough. When the negroes rose in rebellion, the French colonists, some of whom were immensely wealthy, hid their treasures as best

they could, and fled for their lives. Many of them were massacred afterwards, and could never come back to recover their hoards. There must be many other treasures of the kind hidden in Hayti to-day, to say nothing of the immense hoard of King Christophe, which nobody has ever found.'

My turn came next, and I recounted a most marvellous but perfectly true story told to me in Jamaica last year by the skipper of a turtling-schooner from the Cayman Islands. He was aboard his schooner one day last spring, anchored close to a reef near the Caymans, on which a barque had been recently wrecked. He was getting copper sheathing, iron bolts, and similar valuable salvage from the wreck. Looking over the side of his vessel, he saw a curious yellow gleam on the ledge of the reef, about eight feet under water. Thinking it was a large sheet of copper or brass, he ordered one of his crew to dive for it. The man took a header, and came up with his hands full of gold coins—Spanish doubloons, with the arms of Seville on them. The ledge was covered with loose gold. All day the men dived for it, until they had brought up every piece in sight. There were a few silver pieces, but nearly all were gold. How they came there is a mystery; but it is supposed that a boat must have tried to land on the reef with the gold carried loose inside, probably with the idea of burying it on the reef, and must have been swamped. Anyhow, the story is perfectly true. The skipper showed me a lot of the gold in a store in Kingston, Jamaica, and sold the entire find soon afterwards for over two thousand pounds. Some of the doubloons were in a bad condition, but others were almost as fresh as if from the mint.

According to tradition, there is an immense private treasure buried in a cave somewhere in the recesses of Gun Hill, in the parish of Trelawny, Jamaica. It is the hoard collected by Sir Henry Morgan, the most famous of the West Indian buccaneers, who sacked Puerto Cabello, Maracaybo, Panamá, and all the richest towns of the Indies and the Spanish Main, besides taking plate-ships galore. No other rover was half so successful as he; none collected anything like so much booty. Morgan was a canny Welshman, who always contrived, by fair means or foul, to get most of the plunder for himself. He was a good judge of diamonds and precious stones, and used to buy up for a mere song those which fell to the lot of his men. After the sack of Panamá he was knighted by Charles II. and made Vice-Governor of Jamaica. What became of his vast wealth never transpired; but he is supposed to have buried it in Trelawny. When he became a respectable member of society he turned against his former associates, and hanged many a pirate. He must have stood in fear of their vengeance, and buried his treasure lest they should make a sudden raid on Jamaica. It is said that this treasure, like Captain Kidd's more famous hoard, is guarded by 'Old Nick' himself, hoofs, horns, tail, pitchfork, and all.

At this moment there are two or three expeditions—English and American—searching for buried treasure in various parts of the West Indies. Not a year passes without some effort of the kind. Very often yachting cruises are made with this end in view, like Mr E. F. Knight's cruise in the *Falcon*. The favourite hunting-grounds are the Bahamas,

from New Providence as far south as Tortuga and the Virgin Islands. These were the favourite resorts of the buccaneers and pirates of the Spanish Main, and the treasure buried on them must be enormous. But there are hundreds of islands, and the chances of finding a *cache* of doubloons, even with a fairly good clue to guide one, are very slim.

MOTES AND BEAMS.

By E. E. KELLETT, Author of *A Corner in Sleep and other Impossibilities*, *Jetsam*, &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



HE perspicacity of Dr Vertue was a proverb in Coletoun. It was thoroughly understood that the brick wall through which he could not see was yet to be built. As a scientist he had no mean reputation: his name was known all over Europe, and his works were read with admiration by the two or three hundred people who alone were capable of understanding them; but he prided himself far less on his erudition or scientific renown than on his unique powers of detecting humbug. He rang out the false with far more certainty than Tennyson's New Year bells. No one was more skilful in scratching the philanthropist and revealing the self-advertiser; no one keener to scent the dead fly of selfishness in the ointment of benevolence. Few actions, however superficially noble, could bear the sharp scrutiny of his trained and subtle intellect; few persons, however open and simple, failed to appear, under his dissection, mere combinations of designing duplicity. He saw self-interest beneath the mask of a mother's affection for her child, and sinister motives in a young man's love for a girl.

'Men,' he would say, 'are always posing with intent to deceive; it is the business of the philosopher not to be taken in by that pose. No man ever acts before others as he would act if alone; the wise man strips off the garment and looks beneath. I am rarely deceived.' Here he would look round on his audience with a keen glance of soul-piercing penetration. 'Father Damien! Oh yes: to the superficial observer a philanthropist who devoted himself to the good of the diseased and degraded. To the real analyst of motives he was nothing but a glorified self-seeker. He coveted applause—the applause of the moral and religious masses. What! he worked in secret? Precisely; he wanted to be praised for reticence. He wished to add to the glory of being good the glory of being good by stealth. Oh, I see through such characters; they are eaten up with the love of approbation.'

'Are there, then, no unselfish people in the world?' asked one of the friends to whom he was giving the benefit of his views.

'I doubt it. There *may* be, of course—it is unscientific to assert a universal negative; but no unselfish man, and no unselfish action, has ever yet stood a really scientific test. They all reduce, on analysis, to glorified self-interest.'

'What of John Howard?'

'In all probability an undetected criminal. Knowing that at any moment he might himself be thrown into prison, he did his best to make prisons comfortable places of residence. Sympathy is generally something of that kind: you are afraid of misfortune yourself, and hope somebody you have benefited will do you a good turn.'

'The martyrs, then?'

'Malignity combined with obstinacy. The martyr not only hopes for heaven himself, but hopes that his death will bring damnation on his persecutors. He therefore hangs on to the last, and provokes his enemies to do their worst.'

'A harsh view of human nature.'

'A true view. It is no use blinking facts. Let us look at things as they are.'

The other men were silent, and the conversation soon took another turn.

To do Dr Vertue justice, it really was a rare thing for him to be deceived. He saw through a great deal of humbug—at the cost of 'seeing through' much that was not humbug at all. So fearful was he of being taken in by impostors that he regarded everything as an attempted imposition. Afraid that rogues might carry off his pence, he never gave to charities of any description. Lest he should be fooled by clever fabricators, he discounted every story he heard, and habitually doubted his own wife. As a suspecter, indeed, St Thomas himself was not the equal of Dr Vertue.

It is to be feared, however, that in one respect even he was too optimistic for this world. Certain impostures of a very ordinary kind imposed on him. For example, while he knew quite well that he was hated, it never occurred to him that he was despised. He fancied that he was envied and admired; as a matter of fact he was neither.

'Pooh, Vertue!' cried Wilson the solicitor when his name was mentioned; 'he thinks he

sees through people because he never believes they act from good motives. He's a fool. I'm a lawyer, and I know the evil in human nature pretty well; but if I were to imagine men were all hypocrites I should soon make mistakes enough to ruin my practice. Time after time I've known men do right against their own interest; and a man's mad who denies it.'

'It's only a pose with Vertue,' said Johnson the vicar.

'Pose or not, it's absurd. To think of a man setting up to be superlatively wise because he has blinded his eyes to half of humanity, and expecting us to admire him for it!'

'Can it be because he himself always acts from selfish motives that he thinks others do likewise?'

'No; he occasionally strays into unselfish actions himself. He pulled Jones's child out of the river the other day, though it wet his trousers to do it. I caught him in the act, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself.'

'Well, he has his virtues, then,' said the vicar. 'Let us allow him his poses.'

'Let him allow us ours,' replied Wilson. 'Let him be grateful that we don't tell him what we think of him, and only leave him to suspect it.'

Soon afterwards Dr Vertue took his holiday in Switzerland. The mountains at any rate were not humbugs; and he was a ridiculously enthusiastic mountaineer. He was one of the few who have ever seen the second Mont Blanc shadowed in the clouds, and he had been one of the first to ascend the Matterhorn. On the present occasion he decided to ascend Mont Blanc once more, but by a route hitherto untried. It is no part of this narrative to describe his herculean labours and his ultimate success. What concerns us is that on his path upward his eye was caught by a peculiar kind of Iceland spar lying half-hidden among the rocks. It had crystallised into a geometrical form that was new to him, and there were other characteristics that attracted his practised eye. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, whence in due time it found its way to his portmanteau.

Arriving at home, he showed his treasures to his wife and children, and discoursed fluently upon their history; for, as far as was consistent with his character as a social detective, he was an affectionate father. 'Here, Alice,' he said to his daughter, 'is something for you. It's a spar; it refracts. Put it to your eye and look through it.'

She did so. 'Oh father, how wonderful! What beautiful colours!'

'Yes, indeed, my dear. Keep it, and in time I will teach you all about the laws of refraction.'

Alice could hardly lay it down. She looked at everything through this strange medium, and at length turned it on her father.

'Oh father,' she cried, 'how strange you look! I seem to see right into you: it is quite horrid.'

Vertue was both surprised and a little vexed. 'Let me look at it,' he said. 'Perhaps it is something on the lines of the Röntgen rays.' He looked through it at Alice, and could see nothing but the same innocent face he had known for ten or eleven years. Curious; it refracted the lamplight, but not Alice's face. He turned it on his wife. No change—yes, there *was* a change. He saw, he positively *saw*, a look of contempt on her face, and of contempt for *him*! Impossible! He took away the spar, and inspected that countenance. It was all a mistake; there was nothing in it but pure reverence and admiration. He put up the spar again. Marvellous! horrible!—the reverence and admiration had vanished; the contempt had returned. What *could* it mean?

'See here, my dear,' he said at last to his wife; 'take this spar and look through it. But wait a moment: let the children run away and play.'

They did so.

'Look at the lamp. What do you see?'

'Prismatic colours,' she said.

'Now look at my face. Take your time, think over it, and tell me what you see.'

She looked for a few moments, paused, and grew confused.

'What do you see?' he said a little peremptorily.

'I'd rather not tell you,' she replied.

'Nonsense; don't be afraid.'

'Well, Robert—I really don't like to say; but I see—— Do you want the exact truth?'

'The exact truth, Mary. This is a scientific experiment.'

'Then I see a look of overweening conceit.'

Vertue was, not unnaturally, irritated.

'What do you mean?' he cried angrily.

'You wanted the truth,' she said; 'and you made me tell you.'

'Give me the spar,' he said. She gave it him. There happened to be a mirror in the room. He went up to it, looked at his reflection through the crystal, and, to his unutterable disgust, saw his wife's words confirmed. The face he saw was his own; but somehow he seemed to see through it into his brain; and unquestionably there was a look of absolutely unmitigated conceit imprinted on every line of his countenance. Pooh! it must be a juggle; it could not be true. *He* conceited! His solid conviction of personal worth to be branded with that unpleasant name! For a few moments he was so disgusted as to lose all scientific interest in the wonderful crystal; but soon he recovered himself.

'A strange spar, Mary,' he said with an assumption of calmness that he did not feel.

'Very strange, Robert. Uncaunty, I call it. It seems to know too much, somehow.'

'Nonsense; it is only like the Röntgen rays. This crystal removes the veil of conventionality, and shows you what people really are. How useful! how delightful! It will henceforth be

absolutely impossible for me to be taken in by any hypocrisy, however profound.'

'I shouldn't think *that* so delightful,' said his wife.

'Because you have not the scientist's love of abstract truth. To me this crystal is the greatest discovery of the century.'

'You think, then, it has told the absolute truth about *you*?' she asked.

He winced; but he did not yield. 'Yes,' he answered; 'it has. I have, I confess, a good belief in my own abilities; a reasoned confidence in my own powers. I did not know how strong that confidence was till the crystal showed it me; but it was there all the while.'

'Does the crystal, then, dissect characters and motives into their component parts, as a prism does with colours?'

'It appears so.'

'Then I would break it,' said she with decision. 'It will simply cause misery to every one who gets hold of it. Why not be content to live in our natural ignorance? This thing will destroy friendship and poison all love.'

'You do not understand, Mary. It is the duty of the scientist to know *facts*, not to be imposed on by deceptions. Think of the advantages the possession of this spar will confer on the man who possesses it. He will detect lies'—

'I like to be lied to, if the lie is pleasant.'

'He will read characters like an advertisement sheet. No one's secrets will be hid. Faces will be like books where men can read strange matters. The guilt of a murderer will be so written that no juryman can be deluded. Statesmen will pose as patriots in vain; they will bawl out their sounding sentences; but their audiences, armed with this crystal, will laugh them to scorn. Diplomats will buy it of me at a great price, in order to detect the purposes of their rivals. I shall be rich'—

'But unhappy.'

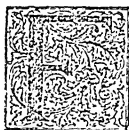
Nothing could check his enthusiasm. 'Optimism, that shallow creed of fools, will henceforward be impossible; a sound and secure pessimism will hold the field; for we shall see this sordid world as it is.'

'And we shall be like it.'

'Fancy, when a philanthropist comes along, I look at him through spectacles of this crystal and I see his philanthropy in all its vile egoism. How delightful! Humbug will vanish; fraud will disappear. What a benefactor of the race I shall be! Men will worship me as a kind of god.'

'No,' said his wife, 'for they too will look at *you* through these spectacles. You will seem to them as *you* are.'

THE PORTLAND VASE.



FEW persons at the present day are likely to hear much about the destruction of the Portland Vase, for it happened nearly sixty years ago. But the circumstances relating to it were peculiar, excited much interest at the time, and led to a change in the law which has probably had a salutary effect in the preservation of works of art.

On an afternoon in February 1845, the visitors who were standing in the anteroom adjoining the apartments containing the collection of Sir William Hamilton, in the British Museum, heard a loud crash, and discovered that the celebrated glass vase which had been deposited there by its owner, the Duke of Portland, had been shattered to fragments, which lay about on the floor. The doors were immediately closed and all persons in the apartments carefully questioned, when it was discovered that the mischief had been done by a young man twenty-one years of age, who had thrown a piece of stone (a curiosity in sculpture) at the glass case containing the vase, and had broken both case and vase to pieces. He made no attempt to conceal what he had done, and only said that he had recently given way to drink, and was suffering from a kind of nervous excitement. It is well known that in some forms of insanity persons are found who—without any

general depression or excitement, without insane delusions—will suddenly smash furniture, tear clothing, or set buildings on fire. When the offender appeared before the magistrate at Bow Street there was no evidence that he was of unsound mind. He had merely, according to the reporters, acted 'from a morbid desire of notoriety, no doubt strengthened by straitened circumstances.' Now arose the question, what punishment had the law provided for his offence? The vase had been of enormous value. It was found in a marble sarcophagus in the Monte del Grano, near Rome. It had been for more than a century the principal object of admiration in the Barberini Palace, and had afterwards been acquired by the Duke of Portland. The design and sculpture of the figures in relief upon the vase were admirable. Money could not compensate for the damage; but even if it could, the offender had no money to pay compensation. The criminal law relating to the offence was in an Act of Parliament which said that any person who wilfully or maliciously committed any damage to or upon any property whatsoever should upon conviction by a Justice pay such sum as the Justice should think a reasonable compensation for the damage, not exceeding the sum of five pounds; and if the five pounds were not paid, the Justice might commit the offender to prison, with or without hard

labour, for any term not exceeding two months. This was certainly a very lenient punishment for mischief so wanton and irreparable. But grave doubts were felt whether, under the circumstances, even this punishment was available; for an Act of Parliament which had limited its operation to cases where five pounds would always be a sufficient compensation for the damage ought not to be extended to cases where the compensation would require thousands of pounds. Finally, an escape from the difficulty was discovered. The prisoner should merely be prosecuted for breaking the glass case, and the more serious injury to the costly vase should be passed over. This was done. The offender was ordered to pay three pounds, the cost of the case, and in default was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. Some kind friend of the young man promptly paid the three pounds, and he escaped without any imprisonment.

Much feeling was excited by the failure of justice, and a Bill was at once brought into Parliament, and became law during the same session. It was then, and still is, the custom in this country to amend the law piecemeal, and to go no further than the particular occasion requires. When Cleopatra's Needle was placed on the Embankment some years ago a special Act of Parliament was passed to inflict penalties on any one who might injure or disfigure it. But the Legislature in 1845 had little difficulty in passing an Act part of which would have met with keen opposition at the present day. This Act has since been repealed, but its provisions have been so far re-enacted that they may be considered to be still the law. After stating that it is expedient

to provide for the better protection of works of art and of scientific and literary collections, public statues, and monuments, the law enacts that any person who shall maliciously destroy or damage anything kept for the purposes of art, science, or literature, or as an object of curiosity in any museum, gallery, cabinet, library, or other repository open for the admission of the public, shall upon conviction be liable to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months; and, if a male, may during the period of such imprisonment be put to hard labour, or be once, twice, or thrice privately whipped. Since the passing of this Act we have heard little of the destruction of objects of art in museums; but it is at least uncertain whether this is due to the terrors of the law or to a diminution in the mischievous tendencies of the public.

Having mended the law, the next thing was to endeavour to mend the broken vase. The minute fragments were collected from every corner of the room and put together with admirable skill and patience. The vase returned to its former shape, and was again placed in the Museum; and though the lines of juncture of the different fragments may be observed by those who study it closely, it is so far restored that, looking at it from a short distance, no one can fail to be astonished at the completeness of the work. For some years the authorities adopted special precautions with regard to it; but it is now placed in the room of gold ornaments and gems, and may be easily examined by those who are interested in its curious history. A water-colour painting framed and hung up in the room shows the number of pieces into which the vase was broken.

IN THE DAWN AT TREGANWELL.



DAY dawn was biting into the eastward darkness as Martin Calstock looked down upon Treganwell from the knoll that sheltered the little low-eaved house. One gable showed blank to his approach; the other, thickly ivy-screened, was also windowless save for a solitary casement that looked out seawards like an eye from under a shaggy brow of clustering leaves. Between the jutting gables the building stood deeply back, the recess thus formed being guarded by a thick stone wall pierced by a close-shut gate opposite the heavy door of nail-studded oak.

Calstock—alert, upright, and eager-eyed—strode down the slope, to pause at the gate; and, stooping there, he picked up a tiny clod and flung it gently against the narrow, deep-set window above the entrance. Then he crouched down behind the wall, awaiting response. But Treganwell slept on. Save for the smothered crow of an awakened rooster, and for a swallow that flew chattering from an out-house to perch on the top of the porch, where it

lazily stretched first one and then the other wing, the house lay still: in the half-light a dwelling of hazy contours set uncertainly against the night blue, shot with waning stars, of the western sky.

The young man, noting the increasing day, impatiently picked another and larger clod.

'Martin!'

A woman seized his upraised hand, and, turning sharply, he took the interrupter in his arms. She was tall and dark, with some ancient trace of Spanish blood showing in the blackness of her eyes, English though these were in their frankness.

'You rogue, Viva!' he exclaimed as he looked down into them. 'Where did you spring from?'

'From the back.' Viva Santo indicated the landward gable. 'I dare not open this door. But, oh, Martin!' she continued appealingly, 'why did you come at all? You know the risk.'

'To see you, sweetheart. What else?'

'It is wrong of you, Martin,' she responded, nestling to him in contradiction of her words. 'The lugger came into the cove at moonset. The cargo

must all be now in the Lower House. The men return here by daylight. Uncle will kill you if he finds you. Hush!' she whispered apprehensively. 'I hear their voices now.'

Martin crept to the hedge bordering the square of unkempt garden below the seaward gable, and peered through it down the slope below, where the coombe dipped steeply beachwards. Beyond the shore was a triangular space of heaving water, framed, from his standpoint, within the hills enclosing the little valley; and against this background, showing steel-blue in the morning light, appeared the heads and shoulders of several men breasting the rise towards Treganwell. Then he glanced about him at the bare downs round the house. Even the nearest clump of bracken or furze was too far off to furnish shelter.

'I must trust to my legs,' he said under his breath as he kissed the girl. 'I am sorry to leave you; but get indoors before they arrive.'

She caught at his hand as she replied quickly, 'No; they would see you. There is a better chance than that,' and, drawing him, half-reluctant, with her, she ran towards the house. 'In there,' she panted, throwing open a door in the recess next the main entrance. 'Get behind the barrels.'

She was gone ere he could expostulate, and a clatter of heavy footsteps broke the momentary silence following her departure.

'Viva! Viva!' a strong voice called. 'Rouse ye, maid. We'm done a day's work whilst you have been abed, and be nigh famished now.'

Calstock heard a casement creak and a sleepy answer.

'Have patience, uncle,' the girl said drowsily. 'Tis early yet. I'll be down presently.'

Martin smiled. He had not given his sweetheart credit for being an actress. Then the tramp and the talk fell to a subdued murmur as they were muffled by enclosing walls, and he stretched himself cautiously, seeking for an easier position. His place of concealment was a rough alcove in the cider-cellar, its end next the house closed by a wooden partition; and through a knot-hole Calstock could see on the farther side a low-roofed room, bare-floored and furnished with chairs and a table of different patterns, obviously the spoils of wreckage. Three men sat there talking, and their conversation interested the watcher.

'T'es a pretty cargo this trip, men,' remarked one with a great flowing beard streaked with gray, and with broad shoulders, who, because of the position he had taken up in the depths of the huge leather-covered chair by the fire, appeared to be the proprietor of the dwelling. 'A braave cargo,' he continued; 'eighty an' two ankers o' brandy, seven barrels o' 'bacca, three cases o' purple velvet, eight boxes o' lace, an' the silk. There's some money's worth there, if we get 'em safe up the country.' He had read out the list from a rough scrap of paper, which he replaced in his pocket with a sigh of satisfaction as he concluded.

'You may say so, Simon Santo,' responded a little, sour-faced man. 'But 'tes only down tu the Lower House yet; an' if Squire Calstock, wi' them preventive men o' 'is'n, gets track o't 'twill be a fine haul fur 'e, an' Bodmin jail fur we. 'E had the last—dang 'n!'

Martin's ear went closer to the knot-hole, for it was his father who was referred to. A Devonshire man, the squire had recently come into property in the neighbourhood, and as a Justice of the Peace he had—unlike most of his fellows—set himself determinedly to put down the smuggling which had long been the principal industry on the coast, and for the purposes of which the house of Treganwell had been specially adapted.

'You'm allus a-croakin', Joseph Veale,' replied Santo impatiently; 'but there ain't no manner o' chance that the squire'll touch this lot. It may go by 'is own door, an' 'e'll not so much as look at it.'

A young man attired in blue jersey and sea-boots, who had seated himself on the table, laughed somewhat derisively.

'That'm tall talk,' he commented. 'Ow be that miracle tu be wrought?'

'You may ask, Tom Johns,' retorted the other acridly, 'fur 'twould be long afore the timber 'ead o' 'e 'ud think it out. Last night I sent a lassock tu Pengelly wi' a message for young Martin Calstock tu be tu Treganwell two hours after dawn this marnin'.'

His companions' faces broadened into smiles.

'T'es like callin' a rabbit tu put 'is leg in a trap,' said Veale. 'Tiddn't likely the young man'll be so simple as tu come fur your askin', Simon.'

'Who said I asked?' Santo snarled back. 'Tiddn't me as is that kind o' a fule. I sent the message as from the maid—from Viva.'

With a crash, Johns jumped to the floor.

'Send me patience!' he cried, 'but that was ill done in you. You promised 'er tu me fur wife.'

'Well, what 'arm? She need never see 'im. We men'll lay 'ands on 'im soon as 'e shows face, an' keep 'im close till the stuff be safe run up the country: 'old 'e to ransom, as 'twere, for the squire's not 'inderin' nothin'.'

Veale chuckled his admiration of this rough diplomacy.

But Tom was not to be placated. 'T'es not right,' he persisted sulkily, 'not no manner o' ways, tu throw the maid like into the arms o' 'e, an' you knowin' well 'nough that 'e be more than fond o' she as 'tes.'

Santo raised his huge bulk from the chair, and, standing before the young man, gripped his shoulder. 'You'm foolish, Tom Johns,' he said, with determination. 'You leave this 'ere traverse tu them as is wiser nor you, an' do as you'm biddent. Come along tu cellar,' he continued, changing his tone as though this deliverance ended the discussion, 'an' bear a hand tu tap a 'ogshead. There bain't a drop o' cider out, an' a canful, wi' a lace o' brandy, be w'ot we're wantin', if 'tes only for gude-fellowship.'

Calstock started where he lay. He knew that tapping fresh cider meant the sampling of various casks, and that doing so must entail his discovery. To rush from the cellar was to meet his enemies face to face as they emerged from the house; and, in his anxiety, he pressed himself farther into the corner against the wooden partition. He did not understand how well the house of Treganwell had been fitted for the trade carried on in it; and, to his surprise, the boards yielded. He pushed again, and the whole partition swung aside just as he heard the voices of the men at the cellar door.

To step into the room they had vacated and to restore the partition was the work of a moment; but he was now little better off than before. The apartment gave on another that was half hall, half living-room; and through the open door Martin saw Viva bustling about setting a rough oaken table in preparation for a meal. Presently she vanished into the kitchen exactly opposite, and the young man followed her. She gave a little shriek when he caught her round the waist as she stood at the open fireplace, the shelf of which consisted of a portion of the gilded stern-work of some lost ship.

'You!' she cried on recognising him. 'This is madness, Martin. They will kill you!—kill you, Martin!' she reiterated frantically.

He had closed the door behind him; then, taking her in his arms, he told her briefly what he had learned.

'I did not think uncle could be so cruel,' she sobbed. 'I knew nothing of your coming until you knocked on the window. But,' she went on, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, 'we can escape them yet if'—

Her head hung down, and Martin could only judge from the colour flooding the glimpse he had of her neck of what she was thinking.

'You don't mean,' he gasped, 'that you will go with me now—to marry me?'

She looked up at him, her face rosy red.

'Yes,' she answered swiftly. 'You asked before. I refused then, for uncle's sake. Now that does not matter.'

'But how?' he queried quickly. 'How can we escape together?'

She pointed to the fireplace. 'You don't know Treganwell. From behind there a tunnel leads down to the beach. You go by it, and secure the lugger's boat. The men have all gone home, so no one is on board. I will slip away down by the hill, and join you whilst they are at breakfast. The wind is fair for Plymouth Sound. We can manage the lugger, so far, between us, and then'—

'And then you will be my wife—my own brave wife.'

Her head drooped to his shoulder, and, looking into each other's eyes, they did not note that the doorway was filled by the big form of Simon Santo, with Tom Johns peering over his shoulder. At the cry given by the former the lovers sprang apart.

'My life!' he roared, 'if the rascal ain't got to wind'ard o' we. Seize 'im, souls!'

With a rush Tom Johns passed Simon, making furiously for Calstock. But the girl forestalled him; her foot went out before his stride, and with a crash he stumbled over it on to the stone-flagged floor.

'By the back!' she called to Martin, who on the word vaulted over the half-door that stood open to his right. Outside he found himself in a maze of barns and sheds, but these were negotiable enough; and a moment later he was speeding seawards down the coombe, his pursuers close at his heels. But the fugitive was at a disadvantage in not knowing the intricacies of the path. For a couple of furlongs its gradient was too steep for rapid running; then came a level space where it approached what the smugglers had termed the Lower House, in which they stored their goods before bringing them up the hill. A rise in the ground hid this store from seawards, whilst an overgrown orchard concealed it in other directions. Before Calstock reached this last the shouts behind him had died down; so he paused, congratulating himself prematurely. From the far side of the orchard, as he approached it, Tom ran suddenly, with Santo panting at his heels, and Veale farther behind. They had come by the easier road through the bottom of the coombe, and now Martin saw that their object was to force him down towards the rock-surrounded beach, where he would be at their mercy. Fortunately they had no firearms; but Tom Johns snatched up a stone and hurled it at his rival.

'Curse ye!' he shouted excitedly, 'fur a poachin' rapsallion as meddles wi' honest men's matters.'

The stone whizzed past Calstock's head; and, turning, he made for the point above the beach where a foot-wide strip of a path zigzagged shorewards down the steepness of the cliffs. It was the only alternative to capture, and Viva might, even yet, be there. But a quick turn that brought him in view of the boat on the sand, and the lugger rocking gently at anchor off it, showed this hope to be vain. The spot was tenantless, save for the young gulls splashing in the water, with their parents flying, shrieking hoarsely, above them. Martin, with sudden decision, resolved to stand where he was; the corner gave him at least some advantage for defence, and he crouched behind it.

Hardly had he done so when Johns rushed in impetuous chase round the projection, but only to stagger backwards in swift evasion of the blow which Martin aimed at him. He would have fallen over on the rocks beneath; but Santo, immediately behind, gripped and steadied him.

'Stoppin' fur we, is 'e?' the fugitive heard Santo say in response to the younger man's explanation. 'I knows a trick worth two o' that. I'll bide 'ere wi' Joseph; you go up along, an' come down the tunnel tu catch 'im behind. If the men be back tu

Treganwell—and some of 'em should be by now—bring 'em down that way wi' ye. I'll warrant us'll 'ave 'im safe then. We must catch 'im alive-o, if 'e be tu serve us wi' the squire, as I spoke on.' Johns turned to go, and Santo called after him: 'See Viva be quiet. Lock 'er up if she'm rampageous-like. Drat the maid!'

Calstock shivered. To yield himself was to give up Viva, and to stay where he was meant that he would be caught ignominiously. Except the path on which he stood and the tunnel—his knowledge of which would render him still more obnoxious to the smugglers—there were no landward exits from the creek. Alone he could not hope to rush down and push off the boat before Santo and Veale would be upon him. There remained the desperate chance of swimming out to the lugger, slipping its cable, and getting to sea before being overtaken, and he moved cautiously onwards, determined to risk that. The corner behind which he had ensconced himself hid him from the watchers until he reached the edge of the sand, where he waded into the water. The sun, still low down on the horizon, was sending level beams across the shimmering sea, and into these he struck out, trusting that the glitter might serve for concealment. But in this he was disappointed.

There was a shout from above as Santo perceived him, and simultaneously a woman's cry from the cliffs:

'Martin! Save me, Martin!'

The swimmer turned to see Viva flying down the

shore from a cleft amongst the rocks; and in an instant he had found his feet again, and was splashing backwards towards the boat, which he reached as soon as the girl.

'Tom Johns,' she gasped, 'was after me—in the tunnel! Oh Martin!'

Santo and Veale came rushing over the sand towards them; from the cliff-cleft men's calls, as of those groping in darkness, sounded like a hollow echo. The couple strained frantically at the boat, whose stern, lapped by a rising tide, drew slowly afloat just as Simon Santo, plunging waist-deep into the swell, clutched fruitlessly at the taffrail.

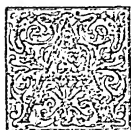
'My curse on ye!' screamed Simon passionately, shaking his fist towards the swiftly retreating craft, where Calstock had sprung to the oars. 'May my curse rest on the pair o' ye, and all that ever come to be kin to ye.'

But the curse of a deceitful man must be of no effect, save to come home to roost, as this did with Simon Santo. The boat reached the lugger, which, with its occupants, attained to safety; and that same night saw Santo, with his assistants and his goods, in the clutches of the law.

In the church of St Lantock may be seen a stained-glass window bearing this legend:

'To the Glory of God, and in Memory of a Great Mercy vouchsafed to Martin Calstock and to Viva, now his Wife, as day dawned at Treganwell, July 21st, 1810.'

OUT-OF-THE-WAY ENGLISH GRAVES.



FRENCHMAN who had spent some considerable time in foreign travel once remarked to an Englishman, 'How you English leave your dead about!' Those who have journeyed much abroad must be struck by the truth of the exclamation. Wherever you go, there the resting-places of English dead are to be found. At some places there is a single grave; at others, old and sometimes neglected cemeteries tell of the restless Englishmen who died there in the course of conquest or in pursuit of trade. Some are in lands which are not now under our flag; and, forgotten by our own countrymen and neglected by foreigners, these graves and cemeteries appear very forlorn. Others, more fortunate, are in our own possession, and are kept in some sort of order.

In the course of some years' service in the Royal Navy, I have often spent an hour or two wandering among these memorials of the past. Not far from the shore at Phalerum, near Athens, is an enclosure where many of our soldiers and sailors lie buried. This cemetery was begun when our forces occupied Athens during the Crimean war; but others have been buried there since. Very desolate and dreary the enclosure seemed—much of the wall broken

down, some of the tombstones overturned, and everything in disorder. Hundreds of tourists visit Athens every year to see the ruins, and many probably visit the street of tombs where the ancient Athenians were buried; but they seldom or never find time to visit these graves of their fellow-countrymen. On the island near the mouth of the Piræus, on which stands the lighthouse, is a stone to the memory of an English boat's-crew who perished there from cold after their boat had been swamped. In the Greek cemetery at the head of the harbour of Piræus lie two of the crew of H.M.S. *Forté*, who died during an epidemic of typhoid on board, in the latter part of 1897. One of them died after the *Forté* had been relieved by the *Gibraltar*, and it was my duty to bury him. The Greek priest at the cemetery was most kind and courteous, placing the church at our disposal for the service, and preparing holy water and incense for my use. He seemed rather surprised that the latter were not required in our service. In the Greek monastery on the island of Poros, twenty miles south of Athens, there is a stone marking where an English officer is buried. He had gone there seeking health after the Crimean campaign.

In China, scattered up and down the coast, are many of these lonely graves and cemeteries. Those

in the English settlements are well cared for; but elsewhere, in the Chinese quarters, it is only when occasionally one of His Majesty's ships pays a visit, and things are found to be in a very bad condition, that the ground receives any attention, and some men are sent to tidy it up a bit. Near Ting-hai, the capital of the Chusan Archipelago, off the mouth of the Tsien-tang-kiang, occupied by the English in the wars of 1840 and 1860, is a cemetery where a large number of our soldiers were buried. When, in August 1880, we spent a fortnight near there, we made inquiries about the cemetery, and were assured by the mandarin that it was in good order. He did not want us to visit it, and disguised his reluctance under the form of anxiety for our safety. It was dangerous for us to go about the island, he said. 'There are plenty bad mans there,' who would probably attack us. Owing to the disturbed state of China, and the possibility that a row might have arisen, we did not press the matter, and had to be content with his assurance. His real motive was to get rid of us, as he was afraid we had come to take the island; and he showed his real feelings towards us a few days later, when he suddenly stopped our beef-contractor and forbade him to bring us any more supplies. In the north of China, at Taku, near one of the forts, is a graveyard where those who fell in 1860-62 are buried. Its neglected and dilapidated condition, as described by Mrs Archibald Little in her book, *The Land of the Blue Gown*, is very sad, and a reproach to the English nation. In the midst of the settlement at Shanghai is an old burial-ground, now disused, but still kept in good order, where I read the names of many of our ships known to me from my father's stories of the war in China in 1860.

Within the last few months I have paid two visits to a cemetery in Hong-kong—perhaps the best known of our possessions in China—and many Englishmen have visited it. Its beautiful cemetery in Happy Valley is one of the sights of the island; but of the numbers who visit Victoria, and admire the place created by our energy, how few ever find out that this was not our original settlement on the island! Our first settlement was on the south side of the island, at a place now called Stanley; and of those who do by chance find out this fact, how few ever go there to see what traces may be found of that settlement, and to visit the graves of those who died and were buried there! Stanley lies some nine miles from Victoria, the road being through Happy Valley, over Taitam Gap—which is a good climb, especially on a hot day—past the Taitam reservoirs—which were nearly empty when I saw them, owing to the long-continued drought—round the shores of Taitam Bay, and through the village of Stanley, on to the Taitam peninsula, where the old settlement stood. Stanley village, on the west side of the neck of the peninsula, is a prosperous fishing-place, very clean and orderly for a Chinese village, though the smell of drying fish is at times rather strong. On the ridge of the peninsula stand two buildings which represent

the forces at work for the well-being of the natives: the police-station of the Sikh and Chinese police, and a school formerly under the old London Evangelical Society, now under the Church Missionary Society. The peninsula appears at first sight an ideal place for a settlement. On both sides there is a good harbour: on the east, Taitam Bay, where warships often anchor for gunnery or torpedo practice; on the west, another good harbour known as the junk anchorage. It is open to the breezes, and generally has a cool breeze from one quarter or another. Here, as stated, the first settlement was made; but the place proved most unhealthy. Fever made sad havoc of the garrison, and eventually Stanley was abandoned, only the foundations of the buildings and the silent graveyard with some ninety graves being left to tell of its former garrison. The graveyard stands on the top of the ridge of the peninsula, and is in fairly good order. Not long ago a brick wall was built round it, and a large gutter dug to carry off the water, which in the rainy season must run through it like a river. The graves are mostly small mounds of brick, with a red earthenware slab at one end for the name. Some of the graves, however, have headstones, and two or three have large square tombs of gray stone over them. The weather has affected most of the stones very badly. In many cases only a few letters or words of the inscriptions are legible; in some cases only the last line, protected by the grass that has grown up around the tomb, has survived. Frequently this last line records the age, which is usually that of an infant aged one year, ten months, nine months, or six months.

The following are some of the inscriptions I noted, giving us points in the history of various regiments, and reminding us of organisations that have passed away and of fights which have now been forgotten: 'Colour-Sergeant Timothy Cummins, 18th R.I. Regiment, died 9th August 1845, aged forty-five. Also Margaret, his wife, who died 15th September 1845, aged fifty-nine.' The death of the husband perhaps helped to bring about that of the wife. 'Mary Jane Blakey, wife of W. Blakey, died 22nd October 1844, aged twenty years.' There is no indication as to the regiment, if any, to which she was attached, or what her husband's business was there. This grave had been done up not very long ago. 'Margaret M'Cann, wife of Corporal J. M'Cann, of H.M. 98th Regiment, who died 25th October 1844, aged forty years.'

Near this are two graves, separated by a smaller one: that of Private John Stevens, aged thirty-eight years; and that of Corporal Michael Day, aged twenty-five years, of the 98th Regiment. They lost their lives on 1st May 1844, in an attack by Chinese pirates in the bay of Chick-choo. This reminds us of the conditions common in those days in the East, and which have not yet altogether disappeared. Even now the Viceroy of Canton is busy hunting the pirates who still infest the creeks of the west river. Occasionally the fact of the pirates' existence gives rise to amusing incidents.

Not long ago a launch coming to Hong-kong was followed by another launch which she suspected was a pirate. Some movements of the latter having confirmed this, a brisk fire was opened on her, and was returned. This exchange continued for some time, fortunately with but small damage, and that confined to the boats. Eventually it was discovered that both were harmless trading-launches. The name Chick-choo is the Chinese name for the village now called Stanley. The name occurs again in a slightly different form on the grave of Captain George Alexander Gordon, of the 98th Regiment, who died at Chick-choo, in September 1844, aged forty-six years. The only other officer's grave is that of W. Tyrwhitt Blake, of Amersham, Bucks, Lieutenant, Ceylon Rifles, who died at Stanley, aged twenty-four years. The date of death has disappeared. Why he was in Hong-kong, or to what regiment, if any, he was attached, we are not told. On the stone of Corporal George Blun, of the 98th Regiment, who died 12th November 1843, aged twenty, we have evidence of an organisation that has gone, as it is stated to have been erected by the 'Grenadier Company' of that regiment.

The three following inscriptions tell of domestic tragedies that fell on some of the homes of these early settlers: 'In memory of Louisa Bowry, wife of James Bowry, who died 22nd July 1843, aged twenty-six years. Also, of John, son of the above, who died 21st July 1843, aged two hours.' 'Mary, daughter of Sergeant Kirby, 98th Regiment, died 16th November 1845 . . . months fourteen days. Also, Ann, sister of the above, died 26th November 1843, aged nine years and six months.' 'Maria Jones, wife of Colour-Sergeant Thomas Jones, 98th Regiment, who died 17th August 1844, aged twenty years. Also, of Mary Ann, daughter of above, who died 1st September 1844, aged seven months.'

The following inscriptions give evidence of other regiments having been at Stanley during the British occupation of the place: 'Private William Moulton, 75th Regiment, beloved husband of Sarah Jane Moulton, died 21st June . . . aged twenty-four years.' 'George Johnson, son of Sergeant N. Johnson, 2 . . . who died . . . 1864, ten months.' 'Private G. Wagner, 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment, aged twenty-five years, died August 1865; and Sergeant Newton, of the same regiment, October 1865, aged twenty-five years.'

On the grave of Ellen, daughter of John and Anne Butterfield, who died 6th November 1865, aged six months and ten days, appears '2nd Battalion 9th Regiment;' but this is probably a mistake for the 11th Regiment, which, from dates on other graves, seems to have been there at the time.

One grave had a wooden memorial which had decayed in a most peculiar manner. In parts the inscription was quite gone; but where the letters remained the paint had preserved the wood, and the letters appeared as if raised. All that could be read was: 'Infant daughter of Philip and Fanny . . . died May 15, 1866, aged one year eight months.'

The dates ranged from 1843 to 1866. The most noticeable feature was the large number of women and children and young men. The climate was evidently unsuitable for them; the older and more seasoned men stood it better. About 1866 the place was given up as a military station, and only these graves left to remind us of those who had laid down their lives here—humble folk, most of them. This is part of the price which England pays for the founding and maintenance of her Empire.

THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

THOUGH truant swallows lingered in the south,
And frost held nightly sway,
The cheerful storm-cock swelled his sturdy throat
And piped from day to day.

The bitter winds that swept the northern dales
To him were zephyrs soft;
And whilst each bud hid in its dusky sheath
He boldly sang aloft.

He sought his mate before the bee awoke
From dreary winter sleep;
And, sagely prescient of the coming spring,
Paused not for it to leap

A glorious tapestry with pattern full
From Nature's looms unseen:
The mated pair desired no outward sign
There shall be what has been.

No hidden cleft or dark recess they chose
To hold their precious home,
But placed it in full view of man or beast
Who thitherward might roam.

On black bare bough of spreading hawthorn bush,
O'erhanging hurrying brook,
The nest was fixed, when ne'er a friendly leaf
Could screen from public look.

I wander there each day and stand to watch
The brooding bird so still;
No tremor faint or cry is seen or heard
The while I gaze my fill.

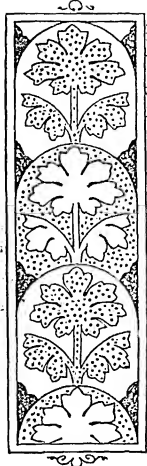
The snowy throat and skyward-poised beak
No sign of life betray,
But shining beady eyes give glints that tell
'Twere kinder not to stay.

Oh, missel-thrush! upon thy bleak new nest,
What secret charms thy life?
What courage and what faith to sit unmoved
'Mid circling dangers rife!

Thou knowest how to strive, and when to rest
Content with labour done,
Awaiting calmly what may come or go
With wind or rain or sun.

May Heaven preserve thy handsome speckled breast
From stone of vulgar lout,
And with a grateful progeny reward
Thy care and scorn of doubt.

WILLIAM SMITHARD.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LOUISA LADY ASHBURTON, CHRISTIAN
PHILANTHROPIST.*

AN APPRECIATION.

By CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.



BY comparison with philanthropy, the grace of charity has been well defined as 'the love of God for His own sake, and the love of man in and for God.'† In these words we have the mainspring of the thoughts, words, and actions of a lady whose name, among its many claims to go down to posterity, has none greater than that of the Christian philanthropist.

There are many facets to a diamond, which reveal themselves if you take it into your hand and examine it; but if you place it at a little distance, and in the dark, it seems as if all the facets blended into one brilliant ray, which, piercing the gloom, makes light all around. So there were many sides to the character which make up the remarkable personality of Louisa Lady Ashburton. There was, in the first instance, a magnetic charm, due no doubt, in part, to her many personal attractions, but also due to a power of sympathy which—springing ever from its inexhaustible source in her great loving heart—never failed throughout her long life. There was that touch of unmistakable genius which shook off the trammels of conventionality, and, soaring upwards, carried in its train every life, be the circumstances rich or poor, that came in contact with hers; which made itself felt in all her conversation; which stamped everything to which she put her hand. There was an innate instinct for all that was noble and beautiful in life.

It would require many pages of the biography which it is hoped will one day take the place of

this passing sketch to do justice to the brilliant social period of her life after her marriage with Lord Ashburton in 1858, and to the remarkable friendships by which it was enriched and completed. These will, it is hoped, hereafter be fully traced. As the first Lady Ashburton was a great admirer and patron of Thomas Carlyle, so the second, Louisa Lady Ashburton, also became, as Froude says, the guardian genius of the home at Cheyne Row. Early in 1867 she invited Carlyle to Mentone, after his wife's death, and under her hospitable roof part of his *Reminiscences* was written.

Scientific research had also an irresistible attraction for a mind ever bent on the quest for truth. She eagerly followed the lectures at the British Institute, of which she was a member; watching the experiments with delight, and staying behind to discuss them afterwards with the professors, who were often her personal friends. Music, in relation to herself, can be best described as a rapture to her fine ear and cultivated taste. Art, in its highest, noblest development, became very early in life a second nature to the friend of Landseer (a constant guest at Loch Luichart), Alfred Stephens, Watts, Burne-Jones, and Holman Hunt, whose religious paintings appealed strongly to her nature; and, as many an artist can testify, she always extended to every form of art a consistent and generous patronage. The remarkable collection of pictures she has left behind her remains a convincing proof of an unerring instinct and a faultless discernment of the merits of a good picture, be the artist who he may. She was, moreover, a kind and indulgent critic of amateur art; and, no mean proficient in it herself, she found it a great resource in hours of loneliness, and she also made it the inseparable companion of her travels.

It was in her love of variety that may be found the secret of her delight in travel—either because she wished to know all the aspects of human life, in

* Louisa Caroline Baroness Ashburton, daughter of the Right Hon. James Alexander and the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, was the widow of William Bingham, Baron Ashburton, and mother of Maysie Marchioness of Northampton. Born in the Lewis 5th March 1827, she passed into eternal life 2nd February 1903.

† *Sermons on Some Words of St Paul*, by Dr Liddon (Sermon VI. p. 85).

order to minister to them accordingly, or because the wonders of nature, in whatever clime they were to be found, were so many revelations to her of the goodness of their Creator. Whether it was the simplest flower or the smallest shell, or whether it was some gorgeous effect of scenery, it would call up an expression of delight upon her countenance, accompanied with the exclamation, 'Is it not exquisite?' quickly followed by a special thanksgiving for that as for everything else to the Giver of all.

Then there was the intellect, quick as lightning to discern men and things, and the trained judgment ready to analyse and classify them. But, ever a lenient judge, she was swift to praise, and from a real humility and self-diffidence, which strangely accompanied the powerful side of her nature, she was slow to condemn the faults of others, conscious, far more than the most captious critic, of her own shortcomings. Only those who were admitted into her close intimacy had any idea of a certain yearning sweetness of disposition, a tenderness of thought and affection, which craved for and never failed to call forth a corresponding tenderness and devotion in those who were so fortunate as to be honoured with her regard.

High courage, the courage of her race—and who has not heard of the Seaforth Highlanders?—stands last but not least among her great qualities. It was, moreover, the highest form of courage: the courage of endurance, and it was put to severe tests. Side by side with the power of enjoyment which was so marked a characteristic of her nature was an equal capacity for suffering. This was doubly tried: first, in seeing the long illness of her daughter, the being she loved best on earth, who, fading year by year before her eyes, preceded her by six months to the grave. Then her own illness, which she met with unflinching heroism and the same Christian resignation with which she had meekly accepted the first and greatest of the two trials of her faith, only once observing towards the close of her life, 'I trust God has not many months of suffering in store for me; but never mind, whatever it is, it is all right.'

All these many sides of her character, when viewed as a whole, and standing as it were a little distance from them, find themselves merged in that grace of charity in the sense defined by Dr Liddon, which, like the sparkle of a brilliant gem, gathered into itself, and then flashed light around her upon the various spheres in which she moved, from the Highlands, the favoured home of her birth and of her race, to the squalid slums of London, defiled with sin and darkened with misery. A very different side of life must have revealed itself to the dwellers in that part of London when, some twenty years ago, Lady Ashburton made her first courageous descent upon Canning Town, bought the land, and established her mission, with its unpretending title, The Louisa Ashburton Mission and Home of Rest for Seamen.

Nor was it to the money so lavishly spent so much as to the personal influence which accompanied it that the transformation was due. The beautiful mission-hall for meetings, the large coffee-house, with the fifty rooms above for the use of sailors who landed friendless and homeless and exposed to every temptation—all these, admirable as they were, would have been shorn of half their value without the living interest and constant presence of their generous founder. No one could doubt that who had ever accompanied Lady Ashburton on her visits to her mission, continued in spite of age and infirmity up to the last year of her life.

Every night of the week the hall was opened to the people, and a series of lectures were given, arranged generally by herself, with characteristic quickness of discernment and vigour of touch, and provided for, it is needless to say, at her own cost. They embraced the wide fields of science (simplified to reach the understanding of the audience), travels, and history, illustrated by magic-lantern slides; one night in the week, besides Sunday, being always reserved for spiritual instruction. This was the night generally preferred for her own visit, and the addresses of the evening would not be looked upon as complete without some few words from herself. Then she would quietly rise from her accustomed seat, and, turning to the people, would contribute in her sweet, rich, beautiful voice some reflections upon the subject of the evening's discourse, never forgetting to emphasise the one unfailing theme of the boundless love of God and the unsearchable riches of Christ.

No wonder the people loved her, and gave—all they had to give—their earnest sympathy and their heartfelt prayers; or that they melted into tears the last time she spoke to them, in her deep-mourning dress, with the stamp of recent sorrow upon the face endeared to them for so many years; and that, when the little address, quietly and simply given, was over, the women pressed up to her to take her hand and ask God's blessing on their dear lady. They never saw her again in life, though some stole up to her residence at Kent House to take one longing farewell look at the much-loved face as it lay in its last peaceful repose, lit with the smile of heaven.

Besides this mission begun at Canning Town, a little colony of Homes to give the East Londoners country air was established by Lady Ashburton on her estate at Addiscombe, within a drive of London. Here came the poor little ailing children to the 'Mary Baring Nest,' named after her beloved daughter—the mothers with their babies to the Dovecot (associated with the name of George Holland); the worn-out, hard-worked parent to the Louisa Lady Ashburton Rest. A Home for Girls and a Mission-Hall for Boys—would-be 'hooligans,' but converted by care and kind discipline into useful servants of their country, soldiers or otherwise—complete the sketch, for it does not pretend

to be anything more, of Lady Ashburton's works in London for the poor.

Her Christian philanthropy accompanied her wherever she dwelt, wherever she went. At Melchet, the great hall of her beautiful house was more often used for the entertainment of the poor than the rich. Here the dead months of the year were enlivened, once a fortnight, by a lecture or an entertainment of an instructive kind or a missionary meeting illustrated by pictures, to bring home to the villagers at Melchet the realities of the mission-fields. One of the most remarkable meetings was a spiritual gathering last October, when for two days clergy from different parts of England came to address the people, reading and explaining the Bible with the object of deepening the spiritual life; and during the whole time the hall was filled by people of all ranks and classes, eager to profit by the occasion. The school, pronounced by the Diocesan Inspector to be the best in the diocese, and the church now being rebuilt to the memory of her daughter, prove how actively Lady Ashburton pursued to the very end her schemes for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the people committed to her charge.

It was in these last months of her life, when the advancing illness had nearly sapped her strength, that she braced herself for one more personal effort in her great love of souls. Returning from church one Sunday, she perceived a group of young men and boys smoking and idling outside a public-house adjoining the churchyard. The thought struck her that she would hold a Bible-class in the public-house itself, to show them better things. Undiscouraged by the opposition, at first, of the landlady, she carried her point; and the next Sunday found her sitting in the room next the bar, her Bible in her hand, and a class of eighteen men and boys, ranging from the ages of sixteen to twenty-five, opposite to her. If she had not opened her lips, the effort for their sake, in spite of age, infirmity, and pain, would have been a sermon in itself; but, quite unaware of anything in the least remarkable in what she had done, she went on with the carefully prepared instruction, and held their attention for more than an hour. These instructions were the result not only of careful preparation for the special occasion, but of a mind deeply stored with the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, studied from her youth up, and pursued with unremitting zest to the last conscious moments of her life. It was not only a sense of duty, but a real delight in its pages, which made the Holy Bible to be preferred above all other books. 'You should dig deep into the Bible,' she would say; and they were hours of unfeigned happiness which she spent in this search after hidden treasures, to her far more precious than silver or gold, to be produced afterwards and shared with others, for of her it might well be said, 'I have not hid Thy righteous-

ness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation' (Ps. xl. 10).

To a person so deeply imbued with the spirit of religion, the visit which she had been able to accomplish a few years previously to the Holy Land had formed a crowning event in her life. It was no mere sight-seer who gazed on Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, who went down to Jericho, who recalled the pathetic incident of Bethany, who visited the sacred spot at Bethlehem and Nazareth, who spent Good Friday on Mount Calvary, and very early on the morning of Easter went to 'see the place where the Lord lay,' or, 'after these things,' stood on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias, where the Saviour had appeared to His disciples after His resurrection. Although these scenes became henceforward bright pictures in the Bible that she loved, the interest did not stop there or remain a matter of sentiment only. At each place in turn her first inquiry was: 'Where is the mission station;' the next as to the work, whether it was imparting to the Jews or to the heathen the knowledge of the Master whose footsteps had made sacred that spot of land to the people now living upon it. Then would follow the practical help always accompanied by the eager sympathy which doubled the value of her gift.

To select only one more scene from this remarkable life: the summer breakfast in the Highlands. July and August at Loch Luichart were to her the holiday months of the year, and she would begin the glorious summer days with breakfast on the terrace, under the birch-trees overlooking the loch. When it was over she would either read the Bible herself and explain it, or if some clergyman were her guest she would ask him to read and explain some portion of the 'blessed Book,' as she always called it. The servants would be fetched from the house, the gardeners from their work in the garden, and all would sit together under the trees, listening—in that wonderful stillness of the Highlands, while the lake lay in shimmering silver below, and the mountains rose behind a veil of trembling purple mist—to the words of eternal life.

How these memories must have returned to the faithful Highland hearts as, in the chill winds of February blowing bleak over the hills, they stood bareheaded to hear the fond and solemn tribute to their dead mistress, and then carried her to her last resting-place by the little kirk on the breezy hillside where she had so often worshipped! There was not a dry eye when the coffin was lowered into the grave; but as they looked upwards, while the earth fell in soft thuds with the mournful regularity of a minute-gun, there doubtless came back to their minds the recollection of their preacher's text: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever' (Dan. xii. 3).

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXI.—BARBE TO THE RESCUE.



BARBE had watched the light on the cliff the night before with the keenest curiosity. She had abundant faith in Sergeant Gaudriol, and felt certain he would get to the bottom of the mystery in some way or other. She had seen the boats steal out in the twilight, and she waited eagerly for the light on the Head to appear. Suppose it should fail them this night? If it did she would think it was some evil thing that feared detection; but if it burned as usual she would be confirmed in the belief that it was endeavouring to attract attention. So she waited in great excitement, and the minutes seemed hours. She began to fear it was not coming, when it suddenly shot out and startled her as much as it did the men in the boats, and she drew a breath of relief.

Now what would they do? She heard nothing, saw nothing. The light burned its usual time and disappeared, and nothing whatever happened. She hardly slept a wink for thinking of it, and startled Pierre into a bad temper by slipping silently through the lantern to the gallery before his watch was up, to stand there searching the shadowy cliffs with anxious eyes. Had the men in the boats done anything? Was the mystery explained? She fairly ached to know.

A single soft pencil of rosy light stole up the gray curtain behind Cap Réhel, like a holy finger calling a sleeping world to life and worship. The eastern dimness fluttered, softened, melted at the touch of the unseen fires, and the new day came like the silent unfolding of a majestic flower, glory after glory, till the great golden heart of it blazed up behind the cliffs, and Barbe was bathed in its splendours. It was a perfectly still morning. The tide was running up to the flood, soundless and smooth as glass. The boiling Pot seemed still asleep, the white clouds of birds on the Head showed no sign of life, and where sea met land there was no fringe of foam.

As Barbe stood there in the morning glory, gazing earnestly towards the cliffs, there came along the breath of the dawn—or so it seemed to her—and so real was it that she gripped the rail with both hands and panted with the wonder of it—a muffled, tremulous whisper: 'Barbe!—Barbe!—Barbe!' and she threw out her arms towards the sound, crying 'Alain!—Alain!' Then she stood wondering at the sound and at herself. Could it be real, or was it only the outcome of her own great longing? She could not tell; but it had seemed very real to her.

The moment she was free from necessary household duties she lowered the boat while Pierre still slept, and pulled quickly across to Plenevec. She no longer acknowledged Pierre's right to control her

actions; he had said she was not his daughter. Very well, then! It suited her to live at the Light, since she had nowhere else to go; but she considered herself at liberty to leave it if she chose at any moment, so long as her doing so did not interfere with the proper discharge of its duties.

Barbe passed Jan Godey pulling out of the bay as she pulled in. 'Did you learn anything last night, Jan Godey?' she cried.

'No, nothing,' said Jan, and pulled out to his float.

'M. le Sergeant is not there,' an old woman told her as she knocked at Gaudriol's door. 'He is gone with everybody else up the cliff to catch the devil.'

Barbe hurried after them. She found all Plenevec on top of Cap Réhel, and a heated discussion in progress as to the fit and proper person to be let down by a rope to see if anything was to be found out about the mysterious light. Unanimous opinion indicated Sergeant Gaudriol himself as that person; and the old man acknowledged the suitability of the choice, but confessed his doubts as to his fitness for the job—which, indeed, offered no inducements to any one. Even an expert cragsman would find it no pleasure-trip; and one did not need to break one's neck to prove that there was a devil. If M. le Sergeant was anxious to make his personal acquaintance, why, now was his chance! He might rail and storm and jeer, and call them every name under the sun; but there was nothing in the law that could compel them to go down there on any such fool's errand. No, *parbleu!*—a thousand times, no! There was the cliff, and out there was Jan Godey in his boat, hanging on to the float. The ropes were there, and the brave, strong men to hold them at the top, and slack and pull to order; but the leading *rôle* was still vacant.

Sergeant Gaudriol was beginning to think he would have to doff his plumage and go himself, though he felt very doubtful about ever coming up again, for the whirling clouds of birds and the seething gulf made his head swim as it was, when Barbe came panting up the slope behind.

'*Tiens! La Carcassone,*' said one to another. 'She'll go if you ask her, M. le Sergeant.'

'Go where?' asked Barbe as she joined them. 'I will go anywhere M. Gaudriol wants me to go.'

'But I don't want you to go, *ma fille*. I want one of these hulking lumps to go; but they are all afraid. It seems I must go myself.'

'Down there?' asked Barbe.

'But yes,' chorused a dozen of them. 'Down there in a rope among the birds to look for the devil that makes the light.'

'And who will hold the ropes?'

They were all ready, willing, even anxious to

hold the ropes. They were bold and gallant men enough at the right end of the ropes; but at the wrong end, and on such a questionable quest—*ma foi*, that was quite another affair.

'I will go, M. Gaudriol,' said Barbe. 'My head is steady with being up in the Light, you see. If they will make me a loop big enough to sit in, and a thin cord for signals, I will go.'

They would make her twenty loops if she wanted them, and give her all the signal-cords she could hold.

'I was afraid I would not be in time,' she said naïvely as she watched them testing the loop. 'I was afraid some one else would have gone.' They looked at her in very great surprise, and saw that there was a red flush on the pallid tan of her face, that her eyes were shining like jewels set in velvet cases, and that her lips were almost smiling.

'But, *ma fille*'—began the Sergeant.

'It is Alain, M. le Sergeant. He called to me this morning,' she said, and the old man shot a quick look of surprise at her.

'Heavens, she is mad!' said a woman; and that was the opinion of the rest.

'The good God will take care of her,' said another, who was prepared to hang round her own husband's neck as a dissuasive if he had offered to go—which he had not the slightest intention of doing.

'But yes, it is true, they are under His care,' said another.

'But, *ma fille*'—began Sergeant Gaudriol once more.

'There is no need, M. le Sergeant,' said Barbe. 'It is for me, this,' and she caught up the thin line and bade one of them knot it round her right wrist.

'*Voyons!* she said, 'what are the signals?'

'One for up, two for down, three for right, four for left,' said the man who was knotting the line. 'To stop her, shake the cord.'

'*Bien!* Now, messieurs, I am ready;' and she stood inside the loop, gathered it up in her two hands, and stepped to the edge of the cliff. Those who saw her say that her face shone with a glory like the face of the Holy Mother in their childhood's dreams; but it may have been only the glory of the morning sun and of the great hope that was in her.

She set her feet firmly against the slope, with her back to the sea, and settled her weight down into the bight of the rope against the steady pull of twenty strong hands.

'*Allons!*' and the rope ran slowly from hand to hand, and then all that the silent half-circle of

watchers saw was the groove it cut in the close, rough turf of the cliff-edge, and beyond that the flawless blue of the sea, and between these the whirling cloud of birds that rose and circled and swooped, and screamed curses at the invader of their solitudes.

The faces up there on the cliff were pale and anxious, and they whispered to one another that she had gone to her death, unless indeed the good God held her safe because she was mad; and Sergeant Gaudriol's face was black. But if they could still have watched the face that swung there between sea and sky they would have seen it glowing with a radiance as bright and steady as the lamp that swings before the altar and goes not out by day or night; and the light was not the light of the sun.

When, for seven nights, Alain Carbonec had burned his toilsomely constructed flares and reaped no reward, his spirits sank somewhat. He went on doggedly making more, however, and burned twenty each night, and told himself that the continuance of the light was bound sooner or later to catch some people's eye and lead them to investigate it. Their superstitious fears, he knew, would stand in the way of that; but Gaudriol was a man, and when Gaudriol heard of the strange light on Cap Réhel, Alain did not believe he would rest till he found out what it meant. Every spare moment he could snatch from his torch-making Alain spent at the lookout, watching for the slightest indication of results. When the peephole was occupied by the torch he could, of course, see nothing.

He scrambled up his platform in the early morning of the day after Gaudriol and his men had watched the light from their boats, and his eyes lighted on Barbe just as the first sun-rays were playing on her and flashing back from the glass of the lantern behind her, so that she seemed bathed in the golden glory. In a passion of longing he burrowed into the funnel towards her and shouted, 'Barbe!—Barbe!—Barbe!' The cry rumbled up into the roof behind him in murmurous thunders, and some of it, fined to a point by the tenuity of its passage, escaped through the hole in front, travelled tremulously along the still morning air to Barbe, and reached her like a whisper from another world. He saw her throw out her arms towards him, as though she had indeed heard, and his heart leaped with hope. He watched her drop the boat and row swiftly towards the shore out of his sight, and he sat at his lookout and waited.

(*To be continued.*)



LEGENDS ABOUT INVERAWE.*

By Mrs CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage.

The peak of the mighty Ben Cruachan
 Above me soars up in the mist;
 Below, by the waters of Etive,
 The feet of the proud one are kissed.
 SHERIFF NICHOLSON.

I tell the tales as they were told to me.



HAVE been asked to write a paper on the legends about Inverawe. I have hesitated whether I should dilate merely on those legends of which, to my knowledge, there is no written account, or only relate indiscriminately those furnished to me in various ways. I have decided, in going over the ground, to follow the locality and give the incidents and legends identical to the spots with which they are associated in my mind, without wearying my readers and straining my own memory by supplying notes of the various springs of my knowledge. I repeat, 'I tell the tales as they were told to me.'

Perhaps there are few properties of similar dimensions so fraught with lore of varied and interesting character. Long would be my spare time, still longer your patience, my readers, were I to attempt an entire chronicle of the 'stories of Inverawe.'

Landing at the ferry of the river Awe, we notice where the old road-meetings were held in the days when there was no Bridge of Awe, and when the public road to Oban was only by the river ferry. The block of buildings where these meetings were held was considered the original habitation of the White Lady, now known as or designated the White Maid of Inverawe.

It was here that her gentle spirit presided over the interests of the county magnates who assembled to conduct their business. Not only was she good to them, but she arranged for the weal of the fishermen at the nets: putting lights for them on dark nights when they came over to look after their nets, and aiding them in many ways.

The county meetings at this place were discontinued, and the White Lady lamented their loss. The fishermen teased her for the blank caused by the discontinuance of her gallants' visits, somewhat ungratefully it would seem, as even in her disappointment she still had not ceased to wait on her friends of lower degree. 'A woman scorned!' We all know the quotation. It was the old story: the dove-like spirit fled, and the White Maid became an evil genius! False lights appeared, &c. The fishermen's ire was roused, and they used means—I know not what—to make the habitation miserable for their former guardian. The White Maid, in a passion,

left her loch-side dwelling, retreating to Inverawe House, where she became once more an entirely gentle spirit, stepping over every night from the panelled room, which to this day bears her name, to the opposite apartment known as the Oak Room, the scene of the revelation of the 'Ticonderoga vision:' whoever slumbered there received from her presence an exceedingly blessed period of rest and of fair visions. Before guests were expected she carried out the furniture and aired it, and, after dusting it carefully, replaced it in neat order; and it is believed that she still does so. When one of the old family of Inverawe, in direct male line, comes to visit at the mansion, the White Maid is supposed to know of his advent, and to place a chair ready for him at the evening meal.

In the Oak Room hangs a picture of a fair young girl dressed in white and of extreme pallor. It might be thought that this was a portrait of the White Maid, and has, I fancy, been so described; but it is in reality a likeness of my grand-aunt, Elizabeth Campbell of Monzie, who at the age of sixteen died from the effects of drinking a glass of iced water when heated with dancing at a ball in Edinburgh. The picture was painted after death by her sister.

At the ferry I go round the point, and, looking longingly up the loch-side, wishing I could take you to the Beech Drawing-room, and up to the 'Red Shealing,' of young Campbell of Inverawe and Mary Cameron of Callart's romantic honeymoon at the time of the plague, which Mrs Campbell of Islay has so beautifully described in her exquisite poem.

Walking up from the ferry, we pass the Summer-House, of which a little history might be written, as it was a dwelling-house where many and varied lives were lived, accompanied by a tragedy. A pot used to hang here to catch the salmon in true poaching fashion; and when it was found empty, after the connecting-bell was jerked, the old wife ascribed the damage to the White Maid's antics at the time when the road-meetings were abolished.

I look into the woods and wish I knew more about Green Jean. All the little remnants that linger in my mind anent that lady are of so poetic and attractive a character that they would form a lovely tale could they be collected—that, and 'the laugh in the hall' at twelve o'clock at night. I must now sadly confess that perhaps there is little of the dramatic touch here which all authors should employ if they wish effect; but I am not a believer in ghosts; and my oldest friend—who has slept quite alone, unaccompanied even by a dog, in the old house of Inverawe as it now stands, in the depth of winter—being himself a Highlander, and thus naturally prone to superstition, declares he never saw or heard anything.

* This paper was written for The Celtic Union of Edinburgh, 1902.

You must come with me, in spirit, up to the loch, low down on Cruachan, in the wood, and look at the old graveyard where the people were buried who died of the plague: a dream-spot.

I leave the 'Ticonderoga vision' alone, except to say that it is no common ghost-story, but a distinct appearance which occurred three times to one individual—namely, Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who married my great-grand-aunt, Jean Campbell, daughter of Colonel Alexander Campbell of Fonab, hero of the Darien Expedition. It was their daughter, Mrs Pitman, who sold Inverawe to my great-grandfather, her maternal uncle, Colonel Robert Campbell of Monzie. My great-grand-aunt slept calmly at her husband's side on the two occasions when the vision appeared to him in the Oak Room, and knew nothing of the occurrence till she was roused by his distress. The final and fatal occasion was Ticonderoga, in New York State.

I remember Dean Stanley visiting this apartment. He stood in absorbing interest, thus completing a tour he had made of the places of note connected with one of his books. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives the best account of this legend.

We pass up the drive skirting Ben Cruachan, the 'Opal Mountain,' and it does truly take the jeweltints of the *clach uasal* (the Campbell stone); and we do not wonder at the strong faith which the Campbells of Inverawe put on their oath, 'By Cruachan!'

We step down to the cruipe, or salmon-trap, and remember with interest how the charter for its use was given to the old Lairds of Inverawe by their chief in reward for their constant practice of bringing up a few poor orphans. The salmon caught there helped well in the support of these children.

We continue to Alt-na-beiste, and remember the 'Tale of the Deer,' which has been well described in Lord Archibald Campbell's *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*. My mother and a companion one morning very early saw a red deer at the spot 'where a red deer should be,' according to the fairy-tale. Neither my mother nor her companion had ever before or after seen a ghost. I do not know whether this should properly be called a 'ghost' or 'fairy' tale; but you can read it and decide for yourselves.

Crossing the Breadalbane march, we go down to the Bridge of Awe, and look to see if the *clach-nammnathan* ('stone of the women') is uncovered. In the days when there was no bridge, and passengers had to ford the river on foot, the women knew they could not attempt it unless this stone was to be seen.

How beautiful is the Awe as it rushes down to feed Loch Etive! We do not wonder that poetic lore has used it as a type of constancy:

The Awe's fierce river backward turn;
But I, were e'en such wonder done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

The Awe shall cease to flow,
Ere we forgetfulness of thee can know.

(MRS CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.)

By the Bridge of Awe, on the Fannan Lands of Inverawe, is the beautiful spot, Croc-na-cachlaidh ('the Hill of the Gate'), where Sir Walter Scott used to meet with the learned Dr MacIntyre, minister of Glenorchy, to discuss topics of local history; and it was here that the great novelist conceived the idea of the *Tale of the Highland Widow*, though the scene was not laid on this spot. We feel we are on classic ground!

When the Bridge of Awe was in course of building, one night a great flood came and all the stonework was swept away; but the wooden framework remained untouched. There were many tales of interest about the building of the Bridge of Awe. I take a longing look at the site of MacFadyan's Stone, now broken up, and wish I could tell you fully the history of his escape to it, of the spiking, and all the attendant excitement.

I go through Brander over the march to Leiters, and feel tempted to ask you to linger with me for some hours musing on the scenes of various adventures in the lives of my forebears. I would like to take you across in the boat to Frocheilein, and to dispute with Hamerton the right of detailing the romantic account of the Fiery Dragon and the Golden Apples; but we cannot go to-day to the 'Gardens of the Hesperides of the Highlands.' Read Hamerton instead.

We must step over to the romantic solitudes of Glen Nant. I will not trench on my neighbour's ground, so I hurry you through the Loch Nell property, past the Lover's Leap, and bid you, after winding through the woodland, step with me into that wealth of Heatherland. It is not the season for heather-bloom; but I know no stretch of country where the purple plant shows to such perfection as in the ground between the banks of the Nant and the village of Kilchrennan.

The Excisemen's Cairn is the spot to which I lead you; and, even to-day, we may find a stalwart Highlander placing a stone upon the pile. In the days of smuggling two excisemen hit upon a still at Shellachan. Some fierce men attacked them, and would have killed them. Archibald Campbell and Dugald Campbell defended 'the keep;' the excisemen succeeded in seizing them, but fled before a scythe. The men followed them, with a large gathering of women. Donald MacIntyre overtook them with a sword, with which he sliced off the ear of one of the excisemen. Dugald Campbell fired three times with a rifle, and he knocked the excisemen down. Donald MacIntyre was apprehended and tried at Inveraray before Lord Succoth, and condemned to twelve months' imprisonment for the injury done to the man Inglis. This was about 1825 or 1827. The cairn was erected with pride.

Farther up the hill, near the Old House of Ach-na-craoibhe, we see the Battery, as the spot is called, where, about 1600, Sir Donald Campbell of Barbeck,

Lochow, met Baron MacCorquodale, each with a following of men, to settle in fair fight a quarrel recently sprung up between these two magnates. Before starting the fray, MacCorquodale, who was an old man, stepped forward and said, 'Is it not a pity that all these men on both sides should risk their lives on account of our quarrel? Shall not the two men whom it concerns fight it out single-handed?' Instead of fighting they shook hands and parted in amity.

We cross the road to Barachander, and visit on the island the Old Store-House, or Safety Dwelling of the MacCorquodales, which is surrounded by the waters of Loch Tromlee. The date of the windows is about 1503; and I am glad that this much remains of that family's architectural glory, for of the castle once on a neighbouring property I fear there is nothing left. I am glad to say that some of their descendants still live on their ancient lands here, in friendly feeling with the present owners. And the Baron's Stone, where MacCorquodale gave judgment, is an honoured possession.

Not far from Barachander is the Big House Pass

which marks where the original residence of MacCorquodale stood. When the castle was vacated for the dwelling-house I know not, nor if both stood at the same time.

You must step down with me to the Dubhloch and spin many webs of memory there, and then up to Loch-an-draighne, to Lochan-na-creige, then to Loch-na-squabaich, and farther by the shores of Loch Nant, culling much health and vigour from the wondrous winds that blow so strongly on the ascents above these mountain gems. But we leave the further investigation of their mysteries, past and present (including the beautiful trout therein!), till a future season, when the climate is more congenial for gathering the material for the December flames. Now I leave, in fancy's flight, these scenes which lie in the parishes of Glenorchy, Innishail, Kilchrennan, and Ardchattan, and return to the lower waters of Loch Etive, where

I see the grey strength of Dunstaffnage

Keeping ward on the way of the seas;

and where, as another poet says, 'Dunstaffnage hears the roaring of Connel with the rocks engaging.'

MOTES AND BEAMS.

PART II.



VERTUE, full of his visions of a future millennium, paid no heed. He left his wife, and hurried to his laboratory, where he stayed till the small hours, subjecting his crystal to all kinds of tests. The next day he shut himself up, and the day after. For months he worked, until the formation and chemical constitution of the spar at last revealed themselves to him. He saw how to reproduce mechanically this wonderful work of Nature, and, after many weeks of toil, succeeded in manufacturing 'detective crystals,' as he called them, in fairly large quantities. Soon afterwards he appeared with spectacles of this peculiar kind. They did not improve his appearance; but he cared nothing for that. Truth, and truth only, was his aim. He could hardly be persuaded to leave them off at night; he had a kind of fancy that even dreams might be made truthful if his spectacles could be brought to bear on them—that his crystal was part of the 'gate of horn.'

For a little time the thought of making instant gain out of his discovery haunted his breast. He knew what a sale that crystal would command—from judges, from doctors, and above all from schoolmasters. Armed with this new weapon of precision, men in posts where knowledge of character is necessary would wield almost irresistible powers. But he decided to keep it back, at least for a time. His motives, had they been analysed by the detective spectrum, would have appeared

mixed. Chief among them was perhaps the consciousness that his own character, if viewed through the crystal, would not seem altogether admirable. The world, like his wife, would cease to revere him. No; he must keep the secret to himself. *He* would inspect and dissect others; but others must not too minutely inspect *him*. Thus it was that he was the only one in the world who ever wore those spectacles.

For some time they gave him a kind of satisfaction. It was delightful to look at the sun and see its single light analysed into its component colours. The green grass, also, which to the ordinary eye appears a simple hue, was to him a combination. He could not help a little sensation of pride as he thought how the average man, absorbed in his feeble conceptions of beauty, yields himself up to falsehood, while *he*, Vertue, alone was undeceived. Flowers, autumn tints, the sky, the sea—all that we think so beautiful, Vertue, gazing upon them with a scientific eye, found not beautiful but *true*.

His spectroscope, if useful in thus drawing off the hypocritical mask of beauty from Nature, was infinitely more so in stripping the mask of rectitude from man. Vertue found that he had not exaggerated its powers. To his mingled shame and pleasure, he found that several vices in his friends, which had eluded him before, were now revealed in all their nakedness. He was ashamed because he had never suspected them hitherto; delighted because the spectroscope was faithful to

its promises. The vicar, for example, Vertue had always thought hospitable; but under the scrutiny of the crystal he appeared bored, and anxious for his visitor to depart. Wilson the solicitor, again, whom Vertue had regarded as one of his special disciples, now showed up in his true colours as a humbug of the first water. 'He detests and despises me—me!' said Vertue, utterly confounded at the man's duplicity, but glad to have detected it.

Knowledge is power; and Vertue loved power. He was, accordingly, for some time filled with enthusiasm for the crystal which gave him what he so much loved; but gradually he began to perceive the disadvantages of this superhuman penetration. As was natural, the number of his friends rapidly diminished. He got into the way of answering their remarks not according to their words but according to their thoughts; and it was not surprising that people resented his language.

'I hardly agree with you there,' said Wilson to him one day, in the course of a political argument.

'I am not going to be insulted by you,' said Vertue.

'Who insulted you?' asked Wilson. 'Surely one may differ with you?'

'You needn't call me the biggest fool you ever knew in your life,' cried the other.

'I never did,' retorted Wilson.

'No; but you thought it. Deny it if you can. Did you not say in your mind those very words?'

Wilson was amazed. Precisely those words *had* passed through his mind; but it was hard that, when he had been rigorously polite in language, he should be pulled up for thinking. 'Thought is free,' he replied.

'Make it less ostentatious, then,' said Vertue. 'Of all the insulting faces I ever saw, yours is the most so; and your soapy words only make it worse.'

Fortunately Wilson kept his temper; but after three or four conversations of the kind the friendship between the two men languished considerably.

With the vicar the case was much the same. One morning Vertue called on his old and genial comrade. The vicar rose from his desk, at which he had been working on his Sunday sermon. Had Vertue not been wearing his spectacles he would have seen a kindly smile of welcome; but unfortunately the spectacles were on, and he saw a frown of annoyance at the unseasonable interruption.

'Good-morning, Vertue,' said the vicar pleasantly. 'Take a chair.'

'You needn't say what a beastly bore I am,' answered Vertue irritably.

'My dear fellow, I said no such thing.'

'But you *thought* it. If I *am* a bore, I don't like to be told so.'

'Well,' replied the clergyman, nobly keeping down his anger, 'I may have been a little irritated for the moment at having to break off my sermon; but that's all over. What's it you want?'

'You want to get rid of me. I see it,' answered Vertue, whose fatal spectacles revealed the minutest and obscurest wish in other persons' minds, however far in the background it might hide.

'I must say, Vertue, that you seem inclined to take offence where none is meant. I believe you are ill. Everybody notices this strange irritability. Wilson was saying so the other day.'

'I don't care what Wilson says.'

'My dear fellow, don't be angry. Can't you see that you are alienating your friends by this strange conduct?'

'I see it—none more clearly.'

'Then why act so? Take a doctor's advice; go to the seaside for a time. Your nerves are out of order.'

'Oh, I understand,' answered the perspicacious man of science angrily. 'You are thinking that if I am away your little coterie will be more harmonious.'

Here the vicar flushed all over his face. He was conscious that such a thought, in precisely those words, *had* passed through his mind, and it was only human nature that this very fact should make him angry. Had Vertue accused him of a thought he had not harboured he could have passed the insult by; but because he *had* harboured it, and yet refused to utter it, he lost his temper. We may perhaps forgive him.

'Vertue,' he said, 'you are intolerable. Every word of mine you twist and turn into a studied impertinence. I cannot permit you, old acquaintance as you are, to treat me in this way. Trust me, I shall not speak to you till you apologise.'

Vertue rose. 'You are not acting *now*,' he said, and went out, banging the door behind him; and the vicar, distressed and perplexed, sat on for some time before he could settle his mind again to his sermon.

Similar scenes occurred everywhere. In a few weeks Vertue had ceased to be on speaking terms with any of his old acquaintances. His wife and children, unfortunately, had to speak to him; but the task of doing so became daily more irksome to them. Hardly a single word they said to him was believed; for Vertue's morbid perception detected the very slightest irritation, however suppressed; and he would flame into fury at the most innocent remarks. If his wife tried to soothe him, he accused her of being weary of him. If she spoke with gentle reproof, he retorted with terrible anger to her unspoken thoughts. At length the poor woman's life became a burden almost too heavy to be borne. On one occasion, indeed, she ventured a mild remonstrance.

'What are you thinking of suicide for?' he

said. The idea had really passed through her mind. In spite of all her experience of his wonderful powers of penetration, she was amazed at this.

'How did you know I was thinking of it?' she cried.

'Of course I knew,' he answered. 'Every thought you think is plain to me.'

'Oh yes,' said she, 'the crystal, of course. It is an accursed thing; it has made you a perfect fiend, and my life a misery. Won't you give it up? We were happy once, before you wished to know.'

'Give it up?' he cried. 'Give up my power, my superiority to other men? Never.'

'Superiority!' she said. 'A miserable inquisitiveness. You are nothing but a Paul Pry, seeking out things that you have no business to know, that God meant to be secret. But you have no right to make others miserable too. Be a poor wretch yourself if you like; but don't make me and our children wretched as well.'

'Do what you like,' he replied, answering as usual her unspoken thought; for he knew she meant to leave him.

Though she had all but made up her mind to do so, a fortunate idea saved her. Happening to observe her husband while he was brushing his hair in the morning, she noticed on his face a look of unusual self-abasement. What could be the reason? Suddenly the explanation occurred to her. The mirror and the spectacles combined were giving him the same unflattering insight into his own soul which the spectacles, unaided by the mirror, usually gave him into the souls of others, and the effect, if painful, was obviously salutary. It occurred to her that the shaving *quart d'heure* was the least *mauvais* of the day's ninety-six; and she recalled the first occasion on which he had used the crystal before the mirror. He had been distinctly uncomfortable on seeing himself as he was, and he had certainly shown an unwonted mildness and humility. Was it not—she wondered—possible to contrive some means by which he should *constantly* behold the beam in his own eye, and thus have less leisure for rejoicing over his discovery of moles in the eyes of others? As she wondered she gained decision, and rose from bed with her resolution formed.

For the next few days, resolved on keeping her purpose dark to her sharp-sighted husband, she avoided his company as much as possible; but within a week her plans were mature, and she was able to act with Napoleonic swiftness. On coming down in the morning Vertue found the walls of the breakfast-room, divested of their pictures, hung with huge mirrors instead. As his wife watched him she noticed his expression suddenly change from its usual defiance to a humbled mildness. His mouth lost its cruelty and his jaw dropped. However, he said nothing, and sat down quietly to breakfast. It was a strangely

subdued voice that asked for the toast. There had been a slight change in the table arrangements. In front of him stood a shining coffee-pot, which served as a fairly effective looking-glass. In the centre of the table, perpendicular to his line of sight, was a polished silver plaque or stand which reflected every feature of his face, so that whenever he looked across at his wife, who sat at the opposite end, he caught at least a partial view of himself. His countenance fell, and lighted on a silver plate, which also reflected a very unpleasant image of his own character. For that meal-time his remarks were mild—nay, humble; he said not a word about his wife's deceptiveness.

Passing into his laboratory, he found the same phenomenon. The walls there also were covered with mirrors, and, if they had not ears, possessed the most penetrating eyes. He felt, somehow, that morning less superior to the rest of the world. To his wife, when he met her in the dining-room, which also was one great looking-glass, he was milder than ever. In his bedroom at night, wherever he turned, he saw the same vision of unconcealed insolence, domineering conceit, and foolish pride. It was not till the light was put out that he felt the least comfort.

Next day it was the same. He began to believe that the mirrors told the truth, so persistent and unvarying was their unflattering message to his soul. 'You think yourself wise,' they said; 'you are *not*. You think yourself learned; you are *not*. You are *not* superior to other people; your boasted penetration is not your own. So far as it is not mere malice, it is merely mechanical and factitious—nothing to boast of at all. You are not proud, but conceited; not superior, but insolent; not so much hated as utterly despised. You are an intellectual Pharisee, boasting you are not as these publicans; and it is true, because the publicans are better than you.' And so the terrible sermon repeated itself, hour after hour, with the most wearisome iteration. His wife was the fairy who had given him the gift of seeing himself as others saw him; and the gift was not a pleasant one.

Strange to say, it never occurred to him to remove the mirrors; and the reason was precisely that while he saw them the lesson they read him was so humiliating as to confound his will and break his spirit. Somehow, while revealing his meanness, they told him at the same time that it was well he should know it, and that to ignore their teaching was an act of greater meanness still. 'You love truth,' they said; 'here you have it. For very shame you cannot refuse to see it.' Thus, in spite of all his exasperation, he continued to read the story of his own baseness. He felt something of the fascination of a murderer listening to the Crown counsel as he details the crime.

His children wondered at the change in him.

No longer did he catch them up and rebuke them for everything they said or did; he spoke rarely, and when he spoke it was humbly, almost apologetically. They were awed by this new tone; and, had he cared to notice it, he could have seen that a new respect had taken the place of the old irritated fear. His wife, who alone understood, watched with interest the progress of her experiment; but, to her own surprise, a certain pity, and even a return of affection, mingled with her vigilance. She spoke kindly to him; she came even to haunt his laboratory and to share, as of old, in his soaring ideas.

At length, after days, as the mirrors wrought their change in him, they changed themselves. Their message was less harsh, their picture less repugnant. They showed him a vision, not of baseness, but of repentance. At times their

surface was bedimmed with tears; for Vertue's heart, though not his eyes, had condescended even to weeping. Then, and not before, the strong and haughty soul was conquered, and that night, for the first time in many years, he bowed his knee to pray.

Next morning, strange to say, the mirrors gave back to him a pleasant image: not of serene and conceited self-satisfaction, but of quiet hope, not unmingled with a gentle distrust of self. Vertue gazed at them and smiled. He turned to his wife.

'Mary,' he said, 'the mirrors have done their work. Are you satisfied?'

For answer, she kissed him.

'If I break my crystals, will you remove the mirrors?'

'Of course,' said she.

THE CROSSBILL.

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



ONE of the most interesting among our winter migratory birds is the crossbill. It was the famed French naturalist, Count de Buffon, who pronounced the curious beak of the crossbill to be a 'defect' and a 'useless deformity.' Buffon in all his writings never made a greater mistake; for in place of being useless, the crossed, overlapping mandibles of this bird—perhaps the most perfect instrument ever given to living creature by nature—enables it to obtain its chief food by opening the hard, resinous cones of the pine, and extracting the seeds from the interior. Without this powerful cutting bill the crossbill could not attain its object.

Another peculiarity of this bird, in which it imitates the manner of the parrot tribe, is its habit of bringing its powerful hooked bill into play when clambering about in search of fir-cones; and, what is still more interesting and exceptional with British birds, the crossbill constantly uses its strongly curved claws to grasp a cone and hold it in the required position for a rapid dissection. In fact, as has justly been remarked, were it not for the form of the feet the bird could not be distinguished from the parrot.

Before proceeding further I will endeavour briefly to describe this remarkable little bird. In size it is from six to seven inches in length, sometimes slightly more; in shape, thick-set and sturdy; the head large, the neck short, as also are the wings; the tail short and slightly forked; the bill somewhat lengthened, compressed towards the tip, and both mandibles produced so that the tips cross each other; the legs short, the claws long and hooked. I find it most difficult to give the tints and colouring of the crossbill, for the simple reason

that hardly any two specimens will be found to be *exactly* alike; and I venture to say that no British or foreign birds carry with them plumage so puzzling in variety or so difficult to describe.

Bewick, generally so accurate, is not altogether happy in his description of the crossbill, so I will borrow an excellent account from Bechstein. He says: 'If the crossbills are gray or speckled, they are young; if red, they are one year old, and have just moulted; if carmine, they are just about to moult for the second time; if spotted with red and yellow, they are two years old, and in full feather.' The above remarks are excellent. I may add that the eyes are hazel; that the under-parts of the body are in both sexes paler than above, low down in the body in some instances almost white; and that the legs are black.

In character the crossbill is remarkable for its vivacity and activity of movement; and when busy at work amid the fir-boughs a flock of these birds will remind the observer of the tit family, ever on the move, clambering about, and constantly using their peculiar bills to help them to reach their favourite food, fluttering from branch to branch, and hanging head downwards in all manner of graceful positions till a ripe cone is discovered, speedily divided, and the contents having been extracted, the shell falls with a dull thud on to the turf below.

While busy at work in some fir-plantation the birds keep up an incessant chatter, rather a shrill, monotonous note, which can be heard at a considerable distance. The cry differs so much from that of any other bird as to at once attract the attention of the naturalist, and one of the most pleasing qualities of the crossbill is its confiding character and unsuspecting way of approaching

human beings. It will continue feeding to within a few yards of any one standing motionless against a fir-trunk, alighting on boughs just overhead, till presently, having exhausted the supply of ripe cones, the birds pass on, one after the other, in undulating flight to some other group of firs hard by.

The continued chatter kept up by a flock of crossbills is no doubt intended to enable the birds to keep together in a flock and prevent members of the family from going astray. During the winter months, with fog hanging thick on the Scotch mountains, these great fir-woods become dark and gloomy throughout the day; and, were it not for the birds constantly calling to one another, it would be difficult for them to keep together.

The crossbill appears to be strictly arboreal. Like the woodpecker, its feet are not well adapted for walking on the ground. I have never seen it fly down after a falling cone which has escaped from its grasp; but no doubt it occasionally descends to drink.

Like our other migratory winter birds, the crossbill sometimes arrives in considerable flocks, generally appearing about October, while in other seasons very few will be seen or heard. The bird is an inhabitant of cold climates, such as Scandinavia and Russia. It is also fairly common throughout Germany, and has been reported as far south as the Pyrenees; but no doubt the birds that come to our shores are chiefly from the north-east, and are driven south by stress of weather. Unable to bear the prolonged frost and excessive snow of Arctic regions, they make for other and more temperate countries, and, guided by a wonderful instinct, they reach our coasts in safety.

I first met with the crossbill when fishing the river Dee above Braemar. Between that spot and the Linn of Dee—a lovely, wild country—grow innumerable Scotch and larch firs; in fact, throughout the Duke of Fife's property extensive pine-forests prevail, forming a quiet and safe retreat for the crossbill. Again, in later years, when fishing the river Ythan in Aberdeenshire, I found myself once more in the country of this bird. I was fortunate on my second expedition to make the acquaintance of one of Lord Aberdeen's under-keepers, an excellent naturalist, and especially well informed in bird-life. He had found the nest of the crossbill, which he described to me as a simple structure of short twigs, lined with moss and grass, sometimes including a few feathers, and generally resting on the branch of a fir-tree.

The eggs, four or five in number, are white, spotted at the rounded end with reddish-brown; but sometimes the spots are blue or purple. I may mention that this keeper afforded me much pleasure by pointing out a woodcock seated on her nest.

I have been informed by anglers fishing the Spey and Findhorn that crossbills constantly frequent the great pine-forests on the banks of these rivers, and no doubt wherever fir-trees are plentiful in the north of Scotland there the bird will be found.

I have already mentioned that although the crossbill has been seen and reported at different times in most of our English counties, yet the farther south we go the rarer the bird becomes, till, in the extreme south, it is rarely met with. Although I have frequently visited Devonshire, I never came across the bird. In Hampshire, crossbills have been observed in Holt Forest; but I can only recall to mind one instance given by Gilbert White of a crossbill having been shot in the vicinity of Selborne. Most undoubtedly had these birds come under the observation of so great an authority and writer on British birds, he would have given us the benefit of much interesting matter in connection with their habits.

In my own county of Kent I first heard of the crossbill having been not only seen, but later that a pair had actually nested in some fir-plantations near the village of Dodington, in the Faversham district. This was many years ago. The reporter in this instance was a well-known naturalist and artistic bird-stuffer named Chaffey. I still have several birds, stuffed by him upwards of fifty years ago, and they are at the present time in as good condition as the day they were put in their cases. It was this same Mr Chaffey who in 1851 saw a small flock of that very rare bird the parrot crossbill (*Loxia pityopsittacus*). I believe this to be the only instance of this bird having been reported in Kent. Later, a good ornithologist saw a pair of crossbills, and watched them for a considerable time, in the Rectory garden, Boughton Malherbe, a small Kentish village near Maidstone. These birds were moving about after cones, in their usual manner, in a group of Scotch firs.

I did not hear of another instance of the crossbill for many years, till, happening to be staying near Tunbridge Wells, I paid a visit to the shop of a well-known naturalist and good bird-stuffer named Griffin. He has a fine collection of birds, and among them I noticed two pairs of crossbills in separate cases, and learnt that they had been shot in the immediate neighbourhood of the town: one pair in a fir-wood near the village of Southborough, the other pair in Lord Abergavenny's forests at Eridge Castle. Mr Griffin, to my surprise, informed me that crossbills regularly frequented the Eridge pine-forests, sometimes during the winter, in small flocks; also, that each spring a few pairs generally remained and bred in these woods; that he himself, though he had never discovered a nest, had seen the parent birds feeding their young ones. I then called upon one of the earl's gamekeepers, an intelligent observer, and he confirmed what Mr Griffin had told me. My informant mentioned that he had noticed the crossbills feeding chiefly on the cones of the larch fir, and in saying so confirmed a similar remark made by Mr Griffin. This was new to me, for I had been of opinion that in Scotland the crossbill only searched out the cones of the Scotch fir.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'MUSIC HATH CHARMS.'



THE marvellously varied pipes of an organ may be grouped under two denominations: flue-pipes and reed-pipes; and one might fairly illustrate the construction of the first by dissecting a common whistle, and the second by showing the interior of a penny trumpet. It would seem from a lecture recently given by the Rev. F. Galpin, before the Musical Society of London, that certain tribes of American Indians inhabiting the north-west coast of British Columbia are adepts at pipe-making of both kinds, which they use in their religious ceremonies and also in certain dances, imitative of birds. The lecturer showed a large number of these quaint musical instruments, some of them being most beautifully constructed, and emitting sweet notes. Perhaps the most curious of these was a double flue-pipe, one channel being slightly shorter than the other, so that when both were blown together a pulsation of the air was set up which imitated the *vibrato* of the human voice. We mention this as a curiosity of uncivilised work, because exactly the same device is employed by modern organ-builders for producing the sounds of the stop known as *vox humana*. It is interesting to find that these North American Indians are such expert pipe-makers, and that their methods have been practised probably for centuries.

A NEW COPYING DEVICE.

A means of rapidly obtaining fac-simile copies of circular letters, music, &c. is often desirable, and the demand for such a device is evidenced by the many copying appliances which have been invented. Some of these are most ingenious, but the copies afforded are mere ghosts of the original documents, others give blurred images, and most of the systems are very messy in use. None equal the perfect reproduction of a handwritten letter which it is possible to obtain from a lithographic press. The nearest substitute for the lithographic process which we have seen is that introduced by the Kemik Copier Company, Liverpool, and it is so simple in use that any one can soon learn to work it. The apparatus consists of a slab of stony composition, to which the original document is transferred by contact, the ink being deposited on the slab. After this has been done the paper is stripped off, and a blank sheet applied to receive the image. A large number of copies can be obtained, and the original document may be typewritten or handwritten. When done with, the image is wiped off the slab with a sponge, and the surface is then ready for other work.

CARBORUNDUM.

The old alchemists, in their patient search for the philosopher's stone, discovered the properties of

many substances and recognised new compounds, in that way laying the foundation of modern chemical research; and so it has been with other experimenters since that far-off time. Carbide of calcium, from which acetylene gas is generated, was, for example, an accidental discovery which accompanied the search for something else. Another most important by-product of the electric furnace is carborundum, which rewarded Mr Acheson, in 1891, for his endeavours to produce diamonds artificially. Carborundum is now manufactured from coke, salt, sawdust, and sand, and it resembles the diamond in three very important respects: it is intensely hard, it is brittle, and it is insoluble in all liquids. It can be used for all purposes where emery has hitherto been employed; but it is as a lining to furnaces where exceedingly high temperatures are in question that this artificial mineral finds its most important rôle. Carborundum is absolutely infusible, and a thin layer of it applied in the form of paint to ordinary firebricks will confer upon them a resisting power to the highest temperatures which it is possible to command. The method of adapting carborundum to this service has been studied simultaneously by Mr Eugels of Düsseldorf and Mr Grant Baillie of Blackheath, London, to the latter of whom we are indebted for these particulars concerning a most interesting product of the chemical laboratory.

AUTOMATIC MACHINES.

The coin-in-the-slot-machine has now become so popular, and has such a variety of applications, that it is difficult to see where it will stop. There is now a big organisation called the British and Colonial Automatic Trading Company which is promoting the use of these machines in every possible way, and extending their employment to the colonies and elsewhere. We have long been able to obtain little packets of confectionery, cigarettes, and cigar-lights by such agency; but now the principle is extended to luncheons, hosiery, haberdashery, and the last new thing is a machine which, for a florin dropped into its slot, will offer an umbrella to him who has failed to provide for a rainy day. Another patented use for the ubiquitous coin-slot is found in billiard-rooms, where the necessary balls can be obtained only by paying for them in that way; although it is difficult to see how, in the absence of an attendant, such valuables are secured against the pilferer. The patent covers an arrangement by which pocketed balls run along a wooden trough to the balk-end of the table, thereby saving much trouble to players or markers.

BRAMBLES.

There is an interesting article in last month's issue of *Knowledge* which deals, among other things, with the climbing properties of the familiar bramble. The stems of these plants are furnished

with strong hooked prickles, which, unlike the thorns of the hawthorn, arise from the skin, not from the wood. By means of these hooklets the bramble supports itself amid a tangled thicket, and will often reach to a height of twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. The long arching stems will, when their growth is nearly over, in the autumn, touch the ground and root their tips in the soil. In this way such a shoot will in course of time produce a fresh plant, which will in turn behave in a similar manner. A bramble-plant will be able to advance by means of these new growths at the rate of twenty feet in a single season, and may cross an obstacle such as a ten-foot wall during the same period.

FORECASTING FOG.

Some months ago certain of the electric and gas-lighting companies of London approached the Meteorological Office to ask whether there was any means of obtaining forecasts or warnings of the incursion of fogs. As a result, the meteorologists applied to the London County Council, and an inquiry was set on foot as to the possibility of tracking the fog-fiend to his lair. The report upon the subject has now been published, and all will regret that it is of quite a negative character. It tells us much that we knew before, but throws very little light upon the problem with which it is supposed to deal. We are told that elevated stations are less visited by fogs than those at low levels, and that the locality of a fog at any particular time would appear to depend upon local atmospheric conditions. Fogs which form outside the city area do not appear to drift into London; the British Metropolis makes its own fog, and of very special quality it is. Fog, as we all know, is common to all places in our sea-girt islands, and the most that can be done in London is not to attempt to prevent it, but to keep it free from defilement.

UNDERGROUND WIRES.

A deputation from the leading Chambers of Commerce of England and Scotland recently waited upon the Postmaster-General for the purpose of asking for further extensions of the underground system of telegraph wires between the northern and southern parts of the kingdom, so that the constant breakdowns of communication during stormy weather may be obviated. Never did a deputation receive a more satisfactory reply from a Government department. The Postmaster-General said that he would this session ask Parliament for a grant of one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds for the prosecution of the work, the importance of which he fully recognised. Already pipes to hold the wires had been laid thirty miles northward from Preston and from Kendal to Shap. This year they would be extended from the south so as to embrace Carlisle, and eventually Newcastle and other Tyne-side towns. Communication with Scotland would also be commenced by laying down pipes on the

exposed section of the Beattock hill-climb. In this way the principal storm-centres would be provided for, and he had under consideration further developments of the underground system for the future.

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

The steady increase of drunkenness in France has caused a somewhat heated discussion among Parisian scientists and doctors respecting the alimentary value of alcohol. Some weeks ago the Prefecture of the Seine caused a placard to be published on the hoardings of the city, which set forth the evil effects produced by alcoholic liquors, a proceeding which was resented by the dealers in wine, &c., as one calculated to injure their trade. Coincident with these was the publication of the list of the poisonous essences used in the manufacture of liqueurs, which had been prepared by authority of the Academy of Medicine; so that much interest has in various ways been brought to bear upon the general subject as to the food value of alcohol. Opinions are, of course, divided. M. Duclaux, of the Pasteur Institute, basing his opinion on recent experiments, affirms that spirit has a distinct alimentary value if taken in moderation, and he names a litre a day of light wine, or a dozen liqueur-glasses of spirit-and-water, as a maximum quantity to be consumed. This is certainly a far larger quantity than most moderate men allow themselves. The use of spirits before meals is condemned by all, and there is a common agreement that the alcohol should be pure. Absinthe and liquors of the same type are rigorously shut out from consideration.

SMALLPOX INFECTION.

The Local Government Board has issued a report which contains valuable evidence as to the view held by Mr Power, F.R.S., who now holds the position of its chief medical officer, that smallpox hospitals may become dangerous centres of infection. For some time past ships for the reception of smallpox patients have been placed by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in the Thames near the marshes on the Kent shore. Between these ships and the Essex shore is half a mile of water; and then at a distance of nearly a mile from the Thames is the village of Purfleet. More than one-twelfth of the population of this place were attacked with the disease, and the presumption is that the germs were air-borne from the hospital-ships, for no traffic of any kind took place between the vessels and the village. The smallpox ships are therefore to be given up as soon as a satisfactory site for a hospital to take their place can be found. But there is one feature of this report which is highly satisfactory, and which may be commended to the attention of 'conscientious objectors to vaccination.' Far nearer to the smallpox-ships than were the stricken inhabitants of the village were two hundred and fifteen persons belonging to the Purfleet garrison and two hundred and sixty-six others in

the training-ship *Cornwall*. Both these communities at the first outbreak of the disease were protected by vaccination and revaccination, and among them not a single case of smallpox has occurred.

DISHORNING CATTLE.

The Board of Agriculture has issued some instructions which are of very great importance to all interested in the care and transport of cattle. It is well known that a consignment of hornless cattle can be conveyed by sea or land with far less risk of injury than if they retained their horns, and it has long been the practice to remove the horns after they are partly or fully grown. This can hardly be done without undue pain to the animals, and death has been known to result from the operation. The Board now gives specific directions which, if carefully followed, will stop the horns from growing. When the calf is from two to five days old the tip of each horn-bud is rubbed with a moistened stick of caustic potash three or four times, at intervals of five minutes. Care must be taken to rub on the centre of the horn and not round the side of it. Caustic potash is of such a corrosive nature that it cannot be touched with impunity, and should be held in tinfoil. The directions referred to will doubtless be easily obtained by those who require them.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

The destitute alien trouble, about which we have heard so much of late years, is by no means new, for it aroused the attention of the authorities of the Cinque Ports so long ago as the reign of Charles I. In the year 1627 the Lieutenant of Dover Castle issued to these ports an order which was directed against poor aliens, and to 'prevent the landing within their liberties of any Walloons, French, or other such necessitous people as cannot give good reason of their employment here, or have not means to maintain themselves without the pestering and burthenage of this country.' The Cinque Port officials were enjoined to give notice to the lieutenant of the numbers of such persons who should arrive and of their place of abode. A still more stringent order was issued later on, which directed that these undesirables should not be permitted to come on shore at all, and that if any landed they should be sent back again. The document setting forth these regulations is, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, still in existence.

COLOUR-PRINTING.

The art of colour-printing has received a great impetus by the introduction of the tri-chromatic photographic process, by which, from three separate blocks, printed in yellow, red, and blue ink respectively, the images being superposed upon one another, fine results can be obtained. But it would seem, from a paper recently read before the Society of Arts by Mr Harvey Dalziel, that the new process has by no means ousted chromo-lithography. He tells us that, though very beauti-

ful proof impressions are obtained from these photographic blocks, the problems which have to be worked out by the printer, especially when large orders are concerned, are very difficult. The inks must be of the purest tints, or they will not blend properly into the composite colours of the original, and the difficulties of correct registration are enormous. On the other hand, the process gives every brush-mark of an original painting in a manner that no other method can command. The chromo-lithographic process has been so much improved of late that very rapid printing is possible, some rotary machines of American origin being able to print six colours at the same time at a high rate of speed; and the adjustments previous to commencing work are so much more simple that much time is saved at the outset. We gather from Mr Dalziel's lecture that for small quantities, when time can be given so as to produce the best results, the trichromatic method is to be recommended; but when the order runs into tens of thousands of copies the old chromo-lithographic process is more satisfactory and more economical.

ORANGES.

Some interesting particulars have recently been published with regard to the trade in oranges in this country. There is no doubt that the orange is one of the most popular fruits, as it certainly is one of the most delicious procurable, and happily it is very cheap. If it were scarce it would probably be valued more, and would take its place beside the carefully nurtured pine-apple and the hothouse grape. Spain has always supplied most of our oranges; but she no longer monopolises the trade. The Spanish orange-region is spread over a wide tract of country, and at Valencia the trees assume the character of big forests, so many are they in number. The largest and cheapest supplies come to us from this neighbourhood, and a single tree will produce from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred oranges in the course of one season. The trees are six years old when they begin to bear, and until they are twenty the yield increases, after which it begins to decline. The total exports from Spain from the commencement of the orange season to the end of February amounted to the enormous total of two and a half million cases; and if we multiply this by one thousand we shall get a rough estimate of the actual number of oranges. The seedless or pipless orange from California, Jamaica, and Florida is finding great favour in this country, and will often command three or four times the price of the common orange.

AUTO-CAR TRAINS ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

An interesting innovation in railway traction will shortly be adopted on the North-Eastern Railway. In order to meet the increasing competition of the electric tramways, the railway authorities

have for some time been engaged upon the construction of two auto-cars at their York works; and some time ago they also placed an order with the Motor Power Company, of London, for a number of large four-cylinder petrol-engines. These cars, which are to be fifty-three feet long, will be fitted with reversible-back garden-seats for fifty-two passengers; at one end there will be a Napier petrol-engine of eighty-five brake-horse-power with four cylinders, which will drive a dynamo generating electricity for the two motors for the supply of power to the bogie beneath the engine compartment. Thirty gallons of petrol will be carried, which it is estimated will be sufficient for five hours' work at a stretch. The full height of the car from the ground is thirteen feet, and it will be electrically illuminated and provided with electric-brakes. The framework will be carried on two four-wheeled bogies, of practically the normal carriage type; but the body of the car will be much lighter than the ordinary carriage, approximating closely to the tram type. In fact, the car will be a tram saloon, with an engine compartment at one end and a conductor's compartment at the other; it will be entered from the side by doors at each end, which will be closed when the cars are running, and it may be driven from either end. The project is purely experimental, and for the present will be confined to providing a speedy and regular service between Hartlepool and West Hartlepool, where the competition of the local tramways has been keenly felt by the railway authorities. The distance is two and a half miles, and there has hitherto been a regular daily service of forty passenger trains in each direction, the journey occupying six minutes. It is, however, intended to run the auto-cars every ten minutes each way, at a speed of thirty miles an hour, thus covering the distance in five minutes; whereas the street trams now take ten minutes. The advantage which the auto-cars will possess over the ordinary steam train service is that a speed of thirty miles an hour can be got up in as many seconds, while three minutes are necessary to obtain the same speed with the ordinary train, and the same time is occupied in pulling the train up. Whilst it has been found impossible to reduce the time so occupied on many branch lines, it may be taken for granted that should the Hartlepool experiment prove successful the principle will be extended to those sections of railway where the local service is a slow one owing to the number of stopping-places. The auto-cars may also be used as substitutes for special trains. One or more of these cars will be located at the more important stations; and, in the event of the ordinary trains being late, the passengers can be sent forward by auto-cars instead of by special trains. The auto-cars can be got out and under way in less than five minutes, thus saving much time. Further, the system will have the advantage of not requiring any alterations on the permanent way, such as the laying down of a third rail,

with its attendant complications at crossings and junctions. The petrol-engine is now doing such excellent work on common roads that it may reasonably be expected to achieve even better results on a railway. The advantages of the auto-cars seem to be so numerous that when the necessary modifications are made as a result of working experience their general adoption seems probable. In the United States the system of short runs by electric-car is yearly gaining on the locomotive, and is found to be swifter, cheaper, and more convenient.

A TIDE-MOTOR.

A solution of the old problem of how to get mechanical power from the rise and fall of the tides is attempted by Mr T. B. Stoney, M.Inst.C.E., of Oakfield Park, Raphoe, County Donegal, who has patented a tide-motor driven by large steel floats—boxes open at top floating in a shallow-dock. The float rests on the ground at low-water; but the tide rising round the empty float forces it up and carries it to the top of the tide. As the float rises it raises a rack attached to the wall of the dock, and as the rack rises it turns a horizontal shaft on the dock-wall. At the top of the tide the float is allowed to fill with water, which weights it to the ground again when the tide recedes. Any number of floats can be used, chained together, and thus any required power can be brought into work; but the movement is, of course, very slow. The inventor points out that in estuaries on the English coast the tidal rise is very great. In the Severn it is forty-six feet at spring-tides. Floats working in shallow docks in such estuaries would work night and day at a very small working cost, and might be made to generate electricity at about one-tenth the cost of a steam-engine, the electric current being distributed inland by wires.

The June Part of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

(Published about 25th May)

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Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.



SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

By SAMUEL GORDON,

Author of *A Handful of Exotics, Sons of the Covenant, &c.*

PART I.

IT was ten o'clock in the evening, and Ostrokov, the little township in Polish Prussia, was already turning over on its other side in bed. Only in the parlour of the 'Lame Horse' things were still wide awake and merry. It was a distinguished gathering. There were Herr Pfrund the burgomaster, Herr Notarius Schwefelgeist the town-clerk, and eight out of the ten town councillors; but the most important person there was not councillor, not town-clerk, nor even burgomaster: it was his Reverence Herr Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann, the spiritual head of the Jewish community in the township. He it was who was paying for the beer.

A strong contrast to the stolid, florid faces and close-cropped polls were his own thin, sensitive features, and the black, wavy ringlets of hair that might have been no discredit to Absalom himself. Merrily he shook them back as they attempted to stray into his eyes whilst he was busy keeping the talk in swing so as to leave the others all their time free for drinking. Nor could he complain that his efforts were unappreciated. Many a hearty laugh he drew, in which he joined as heartily. Yes, by St Theodosius and the three candlesticks! this Jew rabbi was not at all a bad fellow. He did not look at both sides of his money; he told stories that split your flanks, dozens and dozens of them, and each one different from the other. Yes, a very good fellow indeed, thought the burgomaster as he drained his tankard to the bottom and rose to go home, mindful of what had happened to him the last time he had outstayed his furlough.

'What, burgomaster! you setting such a bad example? I won't hear of it.—Here, my host, another round—your pet Bavarian, you know—the one you keep in the farthest corner of your cellar.—And that reminds me, Herr Burgomaster, of a story. Why, I am only just getting warm.'

No. 283.—VOL. VI.

So the burgomaster stayed for another round and another story, and yet another round and another story. One might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. So it was midnight ere the party staggered out on its fuddled way homewards, feeling that life was worth living; curtain-lectures and all.

'Good-night, gentlemen! Happy dreams and a happier awakening to you all!' cried the Herr Rabbiner cheerily.

'Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner; don't trouble,' said the burgomaster mysteriously as he shook hands.

'Don't trouble, Herr Rabbiner. Everything will be all right,' echoed Herr Schwefelgeist the town-clerk, with a mien of still greater mystery.

'Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner. Don't trouble,' said each one of the councillors, with but little variation of formula or mode of expression.

'Thank you very much, gentlemen. I am greatly obliged to you for your promises,' replied Rabbi Eisenmann, bowing to each one in all humility. 'Herr Burgomaster—that yarn of the man in the bath-tub—capital, wasn't it?'

A loud, reminiscent guffaw answered him, his own ringing out clear above the others' laughter. He waited till the rest had gone on a little distance in front, and then started off home by himself, striking down into a side-street to make sure against coming into touch with the bulk of the party. His own dwelling lay pretty well in a line with that of the others; but he had his own reasons for parting company with them at the tavern-door. It was thus that he would convey to the high dignitaries of the town that though they might favour him with their good-fellowship round the beer-table, he, the Jew, dared not presume to make this familiarity extend to the immemorably Roman Catholic streets. That would flatter their self-respect; and, again, unrestrained by his presence, they could more freely accentuate on each

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MAY 2, 1903.

other's minds the good impression left there by a man, be he Jew or Christian, who had bidden the niggardly and jealously guarded hogsheads discharge themselves in a generous flood till you forgot whether you were the hogshead or the drinker. That was diplomatic, thought Rabbi Eisenmann, and God knew he had need of all the astuteness for which he could tax a mind which usually spurned sophisticated methods and crooked ways! He was playing a difficult game.

How difficult it was he had plenty of time to recapitulate to himself as he stepped along wearily through the breathlessly sultry summer night; and so much depended on it—O God, so much! In fact, everything: his livelihood, his career in the world, the welfare of those near and dear to him. It was a strange series of events which had brought him to this pass. To hark back to the very beginning: he had lived in the place of his birth, the pocket edition of a town in Russian Poland, some fifty miles from the German frontier, till he was past his seventeenth year. He had been happy enough there, passing his days and nights in the study of Sacred Writ and the brain-bewildering explanations of the Commentaries, watching the busy spiders spin their cunning festoons amid the rafters of the Talmud School gables, and himself spinning his own web of day-dreams of the golden future that was to be his, and earning a casual meal here and there by teaching the *aleph-beth* to the children of his hosts. Then the marriage-brokers of the place, seeing that he was a likely young man, and one who could be made a marketable article of matrimonial traffic, laid their greedy eyes upon him; and, before he quite knew what had happened, being at the time greatly preoccupied in a knotty controversy with one of his fellow-students, he found himself wedded and all to Rehle, the only child of Reb Nathan the corn-chandler, a man fairly well dowered with the world's goods. That was not such a bad state of affairs, young Jacob Eisenmann could not help admitting to himself when he came to consider the true inwardness of the matter. Regular meals; with second helpings; a pretty, young wife—she really was pretty; thought Jacob when he eventually found pluck enough to have a good look at her; a warm overcoat and calf-leather goloshes for the winter—could God in Frenchland, as the saying was, have more cause for being satisfied?

For three or four months lasted this halcyon tide, and then Jacob Eisenmann felt a distinct though subtle change coming over him. The overcoat was not quite so warm; the second helpings stuck in his throat. Little Rehle was still as pretty—nay, she was even more than that: she was good and true, a jewel which deserved a grander casket than it had found in his own tome-encumbered heart, although she would have given him but poor thanks had he dared to suggest such a thing to her. But whether it was the new responsibility which engendered in him a new sense of dignity, or whether

it was that the inner cravings for light and air and space which had slumbered in him all these years, ignored and suppressed, began to clamour for their rightful place in his scheme of life—enough that he awoke one morning with the unalterable resolve to turn his back on the dusty precincts of the Talmud School, on the spiders' spinings and his own cobwebs, and to strike out into the vast world beyond the frontier, with its unnumbered possibilities, where it was given to every man to perform that greatest miracle of all—to make of himself what he would. Of course, little Rehle fainted when he told her of his intention to leave her behind in her father's care, and when she came to she cried woe and misery so that the neighbours came running in with the fire-buckets; but presently she began to see the case in a more optimistic light, and her glistening cheeks, as she kissed Jacob good-bye, did not imply the moisture of grief, but pride and confidence in her adventurous young husband, who was faring forth into the prosperous land of the Aschkenazim, where, as report said, sugar was cheap and all the women went about arrayed in dresses of silk.

So Jacob Eisenmann came to the first goal of his desire, the world-famous Rabbinic Seminary at Breslau. There he remained for four years, and then he made his second stride on the road to fortune, in being appointed full-fledged Rabbiner to a fair-sized community in Pomerania. The first thing he naturally did was to send for his wife Rehle, who came, bringing with her their four-year-old son Moses, and had great difficulty in recognising in the well-groomed, sprucely attired young cleric the whilom draggled beggar-student of the Talmud School. With marvellous speed and facility Rehle accommodated her old-fashioned provincial ways to the politer and more finicky habits of her new surroundings. Rehle became Germanised into Rahel, as did Moses into Moritz; but apart from that she presented no change to her husband. She was still to him the priceless jewel in an unworthy casket. With that guarantee for a cloudless enviable future, they lived three perfect years, till that dread day when the thunderbolt came crashing into their little paradise and sent them forth on a panic-stricken, perilous pilgrimage into the unknown.

It was the time when the German Government, stung to an access of patriotic nepotism, resolved that none but its own native-born children should dwell under the august protection of the Imperial Black Eagle. From end to end of the Fatherland the watchword suddenly rang out: 'Germany for the Germans!' An exception, of course, was made in the case of those aliens who through length of residence and legal documentary formula had acquired rights of citizenship; but to those who had not been so provident scant courtesy and a shorter shrift was meted out. Most rigorous of all were the measures adopted against those who were subjects of the Czar; and more especially Jewish

subjects. Whether it was an ironic act of reprisal for the discomforts and disabilities which the Russian Orthodox Church had inflicted on German Protestants resident in the domains of the Holy Russian Empire, or whether Germany was eager to proclaim to the world that it was capable of evolving in Herr Stöcker as choice a specimen of latter-day civilisation as Russia had done in Monsieur Pobiedonostsef, must be left to the impartial historian. It only concerns us in so far as Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann was a Russian Jewish subject, and as such in the category of those whom it was a most sacred duty to proscribe and cast forth; and so, when one fine morning the chief commissioner of police called upon the Herr Rabbiner and asked him to be so good as to allow him a cursory inspection of his naturalisation papers or any other credentials of residence he might possess, the Herr Rabbiner could only gasp and tremble and look dumbly at his wife Rahel, who dumbly looked back at him. The next morning their doom arrived in the shape of a bureaucratically worded notice to quit the town within fourteen days, on pain of being treated as political offenders. So Jacob Eisenmann gathered up himself, his wife, and his two children, the younger of whom had arrived a year ago, and set out in quest of a new home, relying on God to guide his footsteps aright amid the pitfalls and ambushes of the wicked.

Indeed, he had need of all the uplifting trust that was in him to carry him through that dread period of vagabondage and homeless wandering. The most obvious resort he might be considered to have had, the return to his native land, was only an exchange of the frying-pan for the fire. He had not performed his years of military service; and, once back on Russian soil, he would be subject to all the fearsome pains and penalties of the deserter. Then, again, his innate racial steadfastness of purpose, so often mistaken for mere obstinacy, urged him to cling, so far as he could, to this step-motherly land of his adoption—first, in order to vindicate his right to the elementary privileges of a human being, of which it was attempted to deprive him; and, secondly, because he felt that here, and here only, could he achieve the plan of life he had mapped out for himself and fulfil his destiny of becoming what he would.

Then commenced a desperate struggle for gaining time, a grasping at straws, a slipping through loopholes, an unequal contest with unfeeling red-tape and heartless officialdom. They journeyed from town to town, being allowed in each place, as birds of passage, a respite of one, two, sometimes three weeks; after which the commissioner of police came, asked for their credentials, and packed them off to go through the same process of elusion, detection, and expulsion at their next halting-place. But as though to encourage them in the belief of their ultimate success, they had been attended at the very outset of their odyssey by a great stroke of good fortune. Two days before they left Pomerania the patrimony due to Rahel on the death of her

father, who had not survived the departure of his only child from under his roof for more than a year or so, reached her hands—that is, all that portion of it which had successfully escaped the grasp of contesting claimants and defending lawyers. It amounted to three thousand thalers, and that was what enabled them to carry on their policy of temporising, with the attendant outlay of expensive hotel bills, tipplings, and petty bribes.

At last their wanderings had brought them to Ostrokov. Here an unforeseen incident marred the routine of their programme—namely, the falling ill of Rahel and the younger child. But, not unlike other calamities, this one proved a blessing in disguise. When the police commissioner came at the end of a fortnight with the customary order of removal, he was confronted by the professional authority of a doctor, who demanded a respite of at least another week. The police commissioner thereupon flew into a huff, and, to prove conclusively that his powers were greater than those of a mere family practitioner, refused the week's respite and granted instead a prolongation of stay for the space of three full calendar months. Here was Rabbi Eisenmann's chance, and he seized it avidly. He had not been altogether inactive, even in the course of his peregrinations; but the numerous changes of address had rendered any systematic action very difficult. Now, with the prospect of clear three months at his disposal, he drew up an organised plan of campaign. He flung forth petition after petition; he bombarded the heads of districts, the prefects of departments, the governors of provinces, the chairmen of ecclesiastical councils, the Imperial Chancellor, the Emperor himself. At the very beginning the Jewish community, their hearts brimming over with pity, had appointed him to the vacant post of rabbi, not temporarily but *in perpetuum*, so as to strengthen his position by pretending that in their minds at least there existed not the faintest doubt as to his right of domicile or his ability to prove the justice of his claim. Then, at last, some twenty days before the expiration of his leave of stay, came back the decision of the Minister of the Interior, intimating that Herr Rabbiner Eisenmann would be granted a patent of naturalisation on condition that, within the limit of his period of residence, the town council of Ostrokov consented to put him on their list of burgesses.

That certainly was a great point gained, inasmuch as it converted the deal with unseen, intangible possibilities into a deal with what was actual and personal; but still victory seemed as far off as ever. To begin with, the corporation of Ostrokov nearly exploded with pride at the reflection that the Imperial Chancellery had, as it were, delegated to it a high Government function. They were almost certain to make the little molehill of responsibility into a mountain which the Herr Rabbiner might, or might not, be able to climb. Apart from that, too, they were not in the most charitable of moods. Trade had not been flourishing of late, for there

had been a long-continued drought, and the peasants from the neighbouring villages, instead of coming into the town to make their usual purchases, had stayed at home nursing each other's anxiety for the jeopardised harvest. But the real difficulty in the matter had been made clear to Rabbi Eisenmann by his trusty counsellor and well-wisher, Herr Isaac Friedenthal, the senior warden of the congregation.

'I am afraid, Herr Rabbiner,' the kindly old man had told him, shaking his head sadly, 'that you can count on very little help from us. You have, as you know, our sympathies and moral support; but that is as far as we can go. We are not a powerful community, and our local influence is almost nil. We are constantly made to feel that we are living here only on sufferance; we are planted in a very hotbed of race-hatred, and we can never be sure when we may be made the victims of its worst manifestations. To be frank, the chief reason why we wish to attach you to ourselves is because we recognise that in time you may become for us a tower of strength and protection. If we interfered for you now we might be only injuring your chances. We have done all for you we could; but for the rest you must trust to your luck.'

Rabbi Eisenmann hung his head as he saw his chief pillar of support crumbling to the ground before his eyes. He had not expected this. He had counted much on the co-operation of his co-religionists; as he now summed up the situation he could not help admitting that their plea to be excused was a valid one. So he was once more thrown back on his own resources. The next instant the thought of what he had already achieved, and the deduction he might draw from that for the future, made him stand upright once more.

'Thank you for not encouraging me to false hopes, Herr Friedenthal,' he said quietly. 'You have done me one great service already by telling me how and where I stand. I therefore ask you

to do me another, by permitting me to deal with this matter according to my own judgment.'

'Certainly, certainly, Herr Rabbiner.'

'No, no, Herr Friedenthal; I want you to understand to what you are agreeing. I may, in the working of my plan, have to adopt certain measures which may appear questionable in a man in my walk of life.'

'We trust you, Herr Rabbiner; and, besides, this is clearly a case where the end justifies the means, as our tormentors, the Jesuits, used to say.'

'Yes; and having suffered so much by the cruelty of our enemies, I suppose it is only fair we should profit a little by their philosophy,' added Jacob Eisenmann grimly.

To be brief, the questionable methods he had hinted at were the gatherings at the 'Lame Horse,' the fashionable resort of the town. He knew that the only way of gaining access to the hearts of these men in whose hands his fate lay was through their gullets. It was a clumsy form of bribery; but theirs were clumsy, slow-working brains, and it might pass with them. So he rammed his self-respect into his pocket; and, to make more room for it there, he took out the thalers in handfuls. That was how these 'Lame Horse' symposia had become an almost nightly institution, with Eisenmann playing the part of buffoon as well as that of the horn of plenty, himself gulping down as best he could the broad jests and half-veiled unseemlinesses to which he was treated in return, together with the vile fumes of the foul-smelling church-warden pipes. If only there would be some use in it all! If only the end would vindicate the means! Sometimes he thought it would, and then again he thought it would not, until, sick at heart and wearied of brain by the merciless contest between hope and doubt, he resolved to cease hoping and doubting, and to leave the future to be its own prophet.

HOW BOA-CONSTRICTORS ARE LODGED AND BOARDED.

By W. B. NORTHROP.



RESERVING the lives of great snakes in captivity taxes the skill of the naturalist to the utmost. One would think that a boa-constrictor, ordinarily, would be pretty well able to take care of itself, especially in the matter of food; but it is a fact that great reptiles of the python family require the most careful nursing, and are fed and looked after with the utmost solicitude by the superintendents of the reptile-houses in the various zoological gardens in which they are held.

The difficulty recently experienced by the New York Zoological Society in keeping alive a great

python twenty-seven feet long has called attention to the problem of feeding and caring for snakes in zoological gardens. The snake in question had been brought from India at a cost of nearly two hundred pounds, and the society was naturally very proud of possessing one of the largest snakes in the world. It was not long, however, before the python refused to feed, and after more than three months of starvation it was seen to be dying. Live rabbits, pigs, and chickens were repeatedly offered; but it scorned to touch them. Naturalists wrote from many parts of the world to Professor Raymond L. Ditmars, superintendent of the reptile-house, offering suggestions; but none of these was of any avail.

Professor Ditmars, who has handled many snakes, and has recently published (through Appleton and Co.) a book entitled *The Story of Amphibians and Reptiles*, admits that the preservation of the health of the larger snakes is a most difficult task. After every method of offering food to the great python had been tried, so that it might be induced to take nourishment naturally, it was at last decided to resort to force. But a snake twenty-seven feet long and twelve inches in diameter, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, is an ugly customer to handle.

In an interview Professor Ditmars recently gave the writer the following very interesting account of various attempts to compel the python to feed, and described his methods of handling the great reptiles:

'When a large snake is first brought to the zoological gardens it is placed in a cage and allowed to remain perfectly quiet for a week or two. The snakes come from India and South America in zinc-lined packing-boxes, in which holes have been cut for ventilation. They require no water or food in transit, though frequently the voyage takes several months, as trading-vessels stop at several coasting-ports.

'When the snake which has been in its cage for the period mentioned is completely "rested up" from its long voyage and has stretched itself at full length after the confinement of the narrow box, we begin offering it food. The first nourishment given is a plucked chicken, with the feet and head left on. The chicken must be absolutely fresh. Snakes are extremely fastidious in the matter of food, and should meat be even twenty-four hours old they reject it. As every one knows, most snakes are very fond of young birds, and we offer the plucked chicken to the reptile because it resembles a bird just out of the egg, both as to taste and appearance. A snake's organ of taste, as well as most of its other sensory organs, resides in its delicate tongue. When food is offered to the reptile it whips out its tongue, and with lightning-like rapidity ascertains whether the food is absolutely fresh or not. If this preliminary examination prove satisfactory, his snakeship goes ahead with the meal in the most leisurely fashion. As snakes do not masticate their food, the chicken is swallowed whole. The power of accommodation possessed by its jaws is something marvelous, and it can easily swallow an animal four times its own diameter. Boa-constrictors manage to get into their throats animals which at first sight would appear much too large for the reptile to get around.

'In killing its prey in its native habitat, the boa squeezes the animals so tightly that life is crushed out. Hence the word "constrictor" has been added to its name. The popular idea that the boa-constrictor first crushes all the bones in the body of its victim before attempting to swallow it is erroneous. Some very remarkable phenomena are observed in connection with the digestive powers of snakes. I have found that the gastric juices of

a snake's stomach are so powerful that they dissolve even the bones and teeth of the animals they have swallowed. It is a very peculiar fact that, should a snake swallow one of its own teeth, the gastric juice does not dissolve the tooth. This is the only kind of bone not dissolved by these remarkable juices.

'When a valuable snake under my care refuses to take plucked chicken, and permits weeks and months to pass without any effort to take nourishment, and even exhibits a positive aversion to it, we have to resort to drastic measures. Usually these great snakes have been placed in cages with others of their kind; and the greatest precautions have to be taken by those who go into the snakes' cage, especially where there are pythons of great size. Apart from the danger of the snakes enveloping the men in their powerful coils, the bites of these reptiles are very serious. The fangs of the boa-constrictor contain no poison, but they have great tearing-power, with their well-developed teeth and very powerful jaws. There are four rows of teeth in the upper jaw, and two in the lower. The teeth are very sharp-pointed, with razor-like cutting edges. When a python, anaconda, or boa-constrictor bites, it shuts down its mouth tightly and then pulls back with its powerful neck-muscles; and as something is bound to tear, a frightful wound usually results.

'When it has been decided to force a great snake to eat, one of the assistants, thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the reptiles, enters the cage carefully, his movements being very slow and calm. No excitement should be shown, otherwise the python becomes alarmed, and will immediately attack.

'By almost imperceptible movements, all the while keeping his eyes riveted on those of the snake, the assistant approaches the reptile to within two feet. A small gray blanket is then quickly thrown over the snake's head. As soon as the blanket is fairly over the snake's head it remains perfectly quiet. Great skill is required, however, in depositing this blanket on the snake's head in such a manner that no light is admitted under its edges. If the snake perceives a ray of light under the edge of the covering, it will at once dart its head out. In that case the assistant must beat a precipitate retreat, and nothing further can be done with the snake until the next day, perhaps for two or three days after. Sometimes it will take nearly a week before we can successfully cover the head of the snake which we intend to feed. When the head is covered successfully, the body of the snake is firmly seized just at the back of the head, and with a very quick jerk the assistant pulls its head outside the cage. The snake immediately begins to resent this rough treatment. Its huge coils left in the cage mount up with wonderful rapidity. Then the snake's body is quickly pulled from the cage by several men. This work must be done with the greatest possible despatch; for, if

the snake once constricts its body it is impossible for us to remove it from the cage. In trying to prevent the snake from coiling, the men often run great risks. If the reptile got a man inside a loop of its great muscles, the man's life would be immediately crushed out. The men, however, manage to keep well outside the terrible circles by jumping over the snake's body whenever it gets them "in chancery," as it were. This manœuvring on the part of the assistants often requires a nimbleness which would be laughable were it not so fraught with danger.

'When the body of the snake has been entirely withdrawn from the cage, from twelve to fifteen men are required to keep it in a straight line. The struggling reptile is now raised from the ground by the combined efforts of all hands, and taken into a large room where we are to feed it. Usually the first meal forced upon a great anaconda or python consists of five or six guinea-pigs strung together. The animals have been killed, of course; and previous to feeding them to the snake they have been soaked for an hour in water. The guinea-pigs are attached to a long pole, the jaws of the snake are forced open, and the food is placed in its mouth, and gradually forced into its throat.

'Up to this stage the snake has offered little resistance save the first rebellious paroxysm. Now, however, it begins to assert itself very forcibly, making desperate efforts to rid itself of its captors by a series of convulsive movements which are as unexpected as they are powerful. Though as many as fifteen men may be holding one of these great snakes, there are times when even that combination of strength meets its match. Usually after half-an-hour's struggling the snake finally concludes that it had best give up. It is then carried back to its cage in a more or less limp condition, and glides sulkily into a great tank of warm water, where it remains for about two weeks in a motionless condition, digesting its enforced meal. The snake when entering the water coils its folds neatly one on top of the other, occupying all the space at the sides of the tank. During the digestion of the meal it keeps its head just beneath the surface of the water, though it comes to the surface to breathe now and then. Snakes in captivity are fed about once every two weeks in this manner until they begin to eat the food, which we place before them, of their own accord. As a rule boa-constrictors and other great snakes do not require to be forced to eat more than three times before they eat voluntarily.

'After a big snake has made up its mind not to starve itself to death, its appetite is almost insatiable. It will eat any quantity of rats, mice, chickens, rabbits, and all sorts of small birds and animals. After these snakes have learned to eat I have observed that they begin to take notice of children who approach their cages. This seems to show that boa-constrictors are man-eaters. They will watch a child as long as it is in sight; and occasionally I have seen them strike at children

through the glass. Fortunately for the little ones, the glass is nearly an inch thick, and the snake gets a bruised nose for its pains. Strangely enough, the snake shows no interest in grown-up folks. I suppose a child meets its eye as being of more suitable size.

'It is surprising how the appearance of the skin of these great snakes will change after they have taken to food. While they are starving themselves the skin becomes dull of hue, and the beautiful steel-blue colouring so characteristic of the python disappears. After they have been feeding for a month, however, all this iridescent colour reappears, and they become sleek and well groomed in appearance.

'When we first take a great snake out of its box we rub it all over with vaseline, and repeat this massage about once every two weeks. This treatment prevents the development of skin-diseases, to which they are very subject. It also enables them to shed their skins. If a snake does not shed its skin periodically it very soon sickens and dies.

'It is not generally known that snakes are very subject to lung-trouble; but the change from the temperature of their native haunts to that of colder climes brings on a species of pneumonia, and at times they also develop real diphtheria. The temperature in which they thrive best in captivity is between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Temperatures below seventy degrees make snakes unhealthy.'

As Professor Ditmars has several times been bitten by both large and small snakes, he was asked what treatment is best to preserve life after a serious bite. The reply was:

'If the snake be one of the great ones, such as a python or boa, we do nothing more than treat the wound as an ordinary tear. With a bite from a poisonous reptile, however, we give the patient Dr Albert Calmette's anti-venine. This peculiar medicine is obtained by inoculating a horse with cobra-venom until the animal is impervious to the poison. The horse is first given, by hypodermic injection, the one-fiftieth of a drop of cobra-venom in glycerine. The dose is increased daily until its whole system is full of cobra poison—the deadliest snake-poison known. The blood-serum of the poisoned horse then becomes the best antidote known for bites from poisonous snakes. This antidote is used in India by the British Government for snake-bites, and thousands of lives have been saved by it, even when persons are bitten by the cobra. Previous to this discovery twenty thousand persons died each year in India from cobra-bites; now the number is about two thousand.

'As soon as a person has been bitten by a snake, a ligature should be tied above the bite, so as to shut off circulation in the affected part. Immediately after the wound has been tied in this manner, the anti-venine is injected. Large quantities of whisky have been taken in the absence of anti-venine, and it is credited with many cases of recovery. Of course, the anti-venine is the only

sure cure; but it is not efficacious unless administered in time.'

At the close of the interview Professor Ditmars said:

'Though there is a popular prejudice against snakes, I firmly believe that reptiles serve a very useful purpose in this world. They are great destroyers of rodents, insects, birds, and other harmful creatures that destroy crops; and were it not for snakes many portions of the globe now yielding a livelihood to man would be uninhabitable. Many species of snakes, among them the larger constrictors, are found abundantly in fields of growing corn and sugar-cane. During the spring, when these fields are furrowed, the reptiles are driven from their haunts. Their presence there is easily explained. Coming from the near-by woods are rodents and other small animals that collect in the fields to feed on the products of the tilled soil. Unmolested, their ravages would be disastrous; but Nature has carefully laid her plans to check their multiplication. A snake will devour as many as

two thousand mice per week; and will prowl through the burrows of shrews and moles and devour the young. In California snakes are employed to kill gophers in the vineyards. A farmer would no more kill a gopher-snake than he would destroy a fine rat-killing terrier. The gopher-snakes go down into the holes and kill the young gophers. These rodents, previous to the introduction of the snakes, destroyed thousands of acres of young grape-vines.

'Nearly all snakes, even the terrible cobra and fer-de-lance, act constantly on the defensive. If unmolested, I know of no snake that will begin an attack. The rattlesnake magnanimously warns its foe away when approached; and if one but employs ordinary precaution when in the neighbourhood of poisonous reptiles there need be no fatalities. Of course, the prejudice existing against snakes is a very natural one. Their appearance is, I admit, not very prepossessing. When, however, we consider that snakes do a vast amount of good in the world, we should not allow our prejudices to run wild.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN DAYLIGHT ONCE MORE.



BARBE as she swung in the rope between sea and sky was nearer heaven than earth. Her thoughts were all for Alain, and never a one for herself. Her love filled all her being, and shone out from her face, and fear had no place in her.

Alain was there—somewhere: where, and in what case, she could not stop to think. He had called to her, and she had come.

The face of the cliff caved away just there, and her descent was smooth and easy. The guillemots and kittiwakes and skua-gulls rose around her in shrieking clouds. They swooped and fluttered at her to knock her off her perch. She kicked at them playfully with her bare feet, and waved them off with her hand. How wonderful was their free, beautiful flight! How pitilessly cold the glassy stare of their inhuman eyes! If she felt they would swoop down and peck at her dead body, the beautiful, soulless things.

Then she passed some long, level black rifts in the cliff, and a cloud of rock-doves swept past her and went up into the sky. Could Alain be in there? At the top of her voice she cried, 'Alain! Alain!' There was no response but the louder shrieking of the angry birds. She went lower and lower, and the rocks curved out to meet her. She must be half-way down now, and still no sign of Alain.

Then the rope stopped running as the men bent on another one up above. Then came a jerk and a

shower of earth as the knot ground through the groove, and she was descending again, and her eyes swept every inch of the cliff-face for a sign. It looked all smooth and white from the Light; but here, close at hand, she saw that the rocks were gray and black and old and scarred, and that it was only the birds that had whitened it. Every level inch was covered with their droppings; and she smiled as she passed at their tiny housekeepings, and at the stolid bravery of the little matrons who only glanced up at her apprehensively and cuddled down the tighter on their eggs. She glanced down at the water. It was drawing very close, and so far not a sign of what she sought. Surely she had come too far. To cover all the ground she must move along to right or left. Which? It did not matter, since both were equally unknown. One meant up, two meant down, three— She was not sure. She gave three tugs at the cord, and presently commenced to drag slowly along the cliff to the left. The rope caught now and again on rough points of rock, and freed itself with a jerk that nearly flung her out. It scoured the face of the cliff and swept it bare of birds, and away above her head her eye fastened on a scorched and blackened patch with a blacker round hole in the middle.

Her heart leapt into her throat, and for a moment her head swam, and the ragged cliff reeled and swung in front of her. She clung with both hands to the rope till things grew still again; for that round black hole was where the light came from—

she was sure of it. And that was the end of her quest. For a moment longer she hesitated. What would the scorched hole yield her? Everything—or nothing?

She tugged sharply at the guide-rope, and was drawn slowly up towards the hole. Her head was level with it, and she shook the cord vigorously. She looked into the hole. It was black as a coal. And out of it there came a strange hollow voice crying, 'Barbe! Barbe!' as of one shut in behind the panels of a bed. She could not speak for the fluttering of her heart in her throat again. She had to swallow it very many times before she could gasp, 'Alain! Alain! is it thou?'

'God be thanked!' said the hollow voice. 'Come closer, Barbe!'

'Is it indeed thou, Alain?'

'Truly, truly I, my beloved.'

'And where art thou?'

'Inside the cliff—a cavern'—

'And how can I get thee out?'

'Wait!' he said. 'Listen, my Barbe! Up above there are openings in the cliff'—

'I saw them.'

'Pass a rope through them with an axe at the end of it, and make the other end fast up above, and I will be with thee in half-an-hour. You understand?'

'I understand. Can I not touch thy hand, Alain?'

'There are four mètres of rock between us, dear one. Hasten with the rope, and I will be with thee.'

'I go. Adieu, Alain! Come quickly—quickly!'

She pulled once at the cord and the hole was below her. She saw the black rifts above her on the right. She was past them. Strong hands grasped her under the shoulders and drew her up over the cliff, and she fell prostrate among them like one bereft of life.

The women were still slapping her hands when her eyes opened.

'Ah, *la voilà!*' said one; then Sergeant Gaudriol bent over her, and she sat up.

'Can you tell us what you saw, *ma fille?*' he asked, as one tries to induce a child to tell its little story.

'It is Alain, monsieur.'

'Alain! Alain Carbonec!' said the Sergeant, and eyed her keenly to see if she were in proper possession of her wits, and all the throng gathered round her with ejaculations of surprise and incredulity.

She stood up, somewhat shakily, for her nerves were relaxed after the too great strain.

'Alain is there—in a cavern in the rock. He spoke to me through a small opening.'

'Could you see him, my dear?' asked one doubtfully.

'I could not see him. He said there were four mètres of rock between us. There are some larger holes just under the cliff up here. He told me to send down a rope through those holes with an axe

tied to it, and to make the end fast up above, and he would be up in half-an-hour.'

'*Allons, donc!*' cried Gaudriol, flaming to the work. 'What, in the name of Heaven, are you all gaping round here for? An axe—a rope! Who's got an axe? What a set of fools not to have an axe among you! Off you go—you Jean-Marie—go like the wind and bring an axe.'

Jean-Marie started off down the slope at a fisherman's gallop.

'*Tiens!* Jean-Marie!' shouted Gaudriol after him. 'Bring also wine and bread and some cognac! The poor fellow has been down there for two whole months, and God knows if he's had anything to eat in all that time.'

The men busied themselves getting the fresh rope ready and making it fast. The women talked among themselves in murmurs. The children sat and gaped at it all. Gaudriol stood by Barbe.

'You are quite sure, my child?'

'So sure, monsieur, that I am ready to go again to bring him up.'

'Nay, you have done enough. You have done well. They will all be ready to go so long as it is a man they are after, and not a ghost.'

Presently Jean-Marie came toiling back with his load, and cast himself panting on the turf. He had not run so far and so fast since he was a very small boy.

'Now, who goes?' cried Gaudriol.

They were all eager to go, and the Sergeant made his own selection.

'You, Loïc Breton; you are the strongest, and he may need help. Now, where are these holes? Can you show us, *ma chère?*'

Barbe thought for a moment, then pointed midway between the grooves in the turf. 'Just about midway between them,' she said.

They dropped the rope with the axe tied to it, and Loïc Breton stepped into the loop of the other rope.

'Hold tight, you boys,' he said, with a big grin; 'I'm heavier than the little one;' and down he went out of sight.

They had to swing him to the right in answer to his signals. Then the check came up the rope.

'He has found the holes,' they said; and, as the rope jerked to and fro in the groove, 'He is swinging into them;' and when it hung taut and still, 'He is there.'

The other rope to which the axe was tied jerked lightly, and they said, 'He is putting it through the hole.'

Then above the screaming of the birds they heard the sound of hammering on the rock. Loïc was thoughtfully chopping away the granite slats of the window. Then silence, and a breathless waiting that seemed endless.

At last a shout from below, and in a moment a strong pull at the guide-rope, and with a cheery sing-song the men ran away up the slope, and a

pallid face and a pair of half-closed blinking eyes and a tangle of pale-yellow curls rose above the edge of the cliff, and Alain Carbonec had come back to life and his fellows.

Barbe ran to him with a cry, half-pity, half-joy, and the rest hung back, for in truth he seemed half-ghost and hardly human. But the way he kissed Barbe was human enough, and he laughed aloud for joy as he wrung the Sergeant's hand, and the others gathered round him.

'Eat, *mon gars!*' said Gaudriol, offering him bread and wine and cognac all at once.

'A mouthful of bread and a sip of wine,' said Alain. 'I have not tasted bread for two months. *Mon Dieu!* how good it is! *Merci*, monsieur, just a drink of wine. It is good also.'

'You have had to eat down there?' asked Gaudriol.

'Surely, or I should not be here. I have had rock-doves and fish, and water to drink; but one tires of them. Who'll give me a pipe?' and a dozen pipes were thrust at him. 'It's six weeks since I smoked the last of poor Cadoual's cigarettes.'

'Ah, yes—Cadoual!' said the Sergeant, and the mention of his name jarred on them all. 'Will you tell us about it, *mon beau*—here on the spot? What does it all mean? How did you get down there?'

'But yes, I will tell you—as soon as I've tasted the smoke. How good it is! And the sun and you all. It is good to be above the earth, my friends.'

He was very greatly changed. His bright face and yellow hair and merry eyes and voice had made one think of sunshine and breezes. Now they were like moonlight on a quiet night. His skin was pallid under the tan; his hair was visibly whitened; his eyes blinked at the light; his very voice had changed. He looked, indeed, like the ghost of the Alain Carbonec they had known.

Presently, sitting there in the midst of them, with his back to the sun, he told them all that had happened to him from the time he found himself lying among the rock-doves to the hearing of Barbe's voice outside his lookout; and when he told the story of the devil-worm they drew up closer one to another, and shivered in the sunshine, and the children's eyes held the shadows of many evil dreams to come.

'It is a very strange story,' said Sergeant Gaudriol when he had finished; 'but I believe every word of it.'

'It is all just as I have told you, M. le Sergeant,' said Alain, who saw no reason why he should not believe it.

'I know,' said the old man thoughtfully; 'but we have others to convince.'

'How, then?' said Alain.

'Madame Cadoual believes it was you who killed her son.'

'What!' and he sprang up, blazing with wrath. 'I killed him—I? And it was he who did his best

to kill me, and told me so! Heavens, this is too much!'

'Not a soul among us believes it, my boy,' said the Sergeant, and acquiescent murmurs ran round among them. 'But we have to deal with a woman gone crazy with grief, and—well, you know what she is. First she tried to fix it on Pierre Carcassone; then she got down detectives, and they rooted about all round, and gave it as their opinion that it was not Pierre but you. They thought, you see, that you had bolted, and—you know—it is always the absent one who is to blame.'

'*Eh bien!* I am returned, and I have been all the time where Cadoual himself put me. No thanks to him that I am still alive, *ma foi!*'

'There must be some easier way into that place,' said Gaudriol, incubating his ideas. 'He could never have got you in the way you came out.'

'That's certain. I could never have got out if Loïc had not opened the window.'

'And, *par Dieu!* where is Loïc? I had forgotten all about him.' They had all forgotten about him.

'He went down the rope to see where I had come from,' said Alain. 'He'll come back when he's tired—if he doesn't get lost. You can ramble for days down there.'

'We must find that other way in,' said the Sergeant. 'That may tell us tales. Show us, *mon gars*, exactly where you were walking when—you know'—

Alain jumped up and led them round the cliff. 'Now, *voyons!*' he said, 'here is where I always came up. Then along here. So—through the bushes'—and he stopped and looked round. 'To the best of my knowledge, M. le Sergeant, it was somewhere about here. You must remember I was not noticing particularly. I was just going along, thinking of—of where I had been, and more of where I was going'—He looked at Barbe, who smiled back at him.

'Now, my friends,' said Gaudriol, 'scatter and search every inch of ground. Much may depend on it.'

They broke and searched as eagerly as though they looked for treasure; and the children searched too, chattering and laughing and squealing at the pricklings of the gorse, with no idea that they were looking for the life of a man. But their efforts came to nothing, and it was only when they were about giving up the search that accident revealed what endeavour had failed to discover. The youngsters had soon grown tired of finding nothing, and had taken to subdued skylarking among the great stones of the menhir. The ghostly atmosphere and the place forbade more than surreptitious punches and unexpected pushes into favourable clumps of gorse, and the consequent rushes of retreat and pursuit; and it was one such successful attack that led to the finding of the upper cave.

Jannick Godey, son of Jan, coming stealthily round one of the stones, found Master Hervé Buvel

standing with his back to him. Jannick dived headlong into that tempting back, and Hervé disappeared with a subdued howl into the bushes in front of him; but instead of rising full of wrath and prickles, as Jannick hoped and expected, Hervé had gone completely out of sight. Jannick's pent-up fear and breath were just on the point of coming out in a roar when Hervé stuck up his head among the gorse and gasped, 'A hole!' It was a hole they had been told to look for, and Jannick's roar of fear turned at once into a shout of triumph.

'V'la! M. le Sergeant, we have found it. I found it myself, and put Hervé Buvel in to make sure.'

'Good boy!' said the Sergeant. 'Let us see the hole, then.'

'It is here, M. le Sergeant, and it is deep,' squeaked Hervé; and Gaudriol planted a heavy official foot in the gorse and drew him out. Behind the bush the foot of the huge stone was hollowed. The burrow ran into the earth with a steep slope, and looked anything but inviting.

The other searchers gathered round.

A TREASURE-LAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.



THE tales are legion of those who have sought for El Dorado in the Far West, and who have endeavoured to locate the gold-veins of Ophir in the East. Ever since the Spanish conquerors landed upon the southern continent of America, men have gone forth in groups and in solitude to search for the Golden City which they constructed in their imagination out of the Indian traditions. Amyas Leigh and his little band wandered for three years in search of it, from the Orinoco to the Amazon, under the snows of Chimborazo and on the lava-streams of Cotopaxi, along the ridges of the Andes, through trackless forests and over untrodden hills. We read: 'Slowly and painfully they had worked their way northward again, along the eastern foot of the inland Cordillera, and now they were bivouacking, it seems, upon one of the many feeders of the Meta which flows down from the Suma Paz into the forest-covered plains. There they sat—their watch-fires glittering on the stream, beneath the shadow of enormous trees, Amyas and Cary, Brimblecombe and Yeo, and the Indian lad who had followed them in all their wanderings—alive and well; but as far as ever from Manoa and its fairy lake and golden palaces and all the wonders of the Indians' tales. Again and again in their wanderings they had heard faint rumours of its existence, and started off in some fresh direction, to meet only a fresh disappointment, and hope deferred which maketh sick the heart.' Yet even as they sat there, only half the band that had set forth so hopefully from Guayra, and Jack Brimblecombe uttered his memorable remark that the gold of Manoa was like the gold which lies where the rainbow touches the ground—always a field beyond you—they were actually almost within reach of the real El Dorado. It is, or was, however, not a golden city but a golden or gilded man—a fact, not a legend. At the present moment the exploitation of the treasure is the object of an engineering enterprise, directed by British energy, carried on near Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, at the foot of the Suma Paz range.

The story of the Golden Man seems to have

reached the Spaniards first about the year 1535, but not in what they called New Granada, which is now the Republic of Colombia. An ambassador came down to Quito with a message to the Inca of Peru from the Cacique of Bacata, the Indian predecessor of the modern city of Bogotá. So far away is this singular mountain town from the rest of the world that it is hardly surprising the cacique had not learned that the last Inca had died two years before, and that the land was in the possession of 'bearded men' armed with weapons that spoke and vomited fire. The 'bearded' strangers received the messenger of the cacique, and questioned him as to his country; and he told them of a great lord who covered his body with powdered gold before bathing in a lake in the high mountains. The story passed round among the Spaniards, and grew in the telling; and in a short time Oviedo the historian wrote of the Golden King as one who was 'always covered with powdered gold, so that from head to foot he resembled an image of gold finished by the hand of a skilful workman. The powdered gold is fixed on the body by means of an odoriferous resin; but as this kind of garment would be uneasy to him while he slept, the prince washes himself every evening, and is gilded anew every morning; which proves that the Empire of El Dorado is infinitely rich in mines.'

This is romance; but it contains the germ of truth. The Empire of El Dorado—to wit, the Republic of Colombia—is enormously rich in mines. It possesses some of the richest gold-bearing reefs in the world, it is the chief source of the finest emeralds, and it has untold wealth in silver, copper, lead, and other metals, besides boundless tracts of fertile soil yielding actually or potentially the most valuable products of the earth. It has great forests, and lands producing coffee, cocoa, tobacco, sugar, rubber, wheat, and maize, with rich dye-woods and abundant tropical fruits. By the man in the street in Britain, Colombia is regarded as the chosen home of revolution, the burial-place of the reputation of De Lesseps, and the birthplace of the proposed American isthmian canal; but Colombia is

not Panamá alone. For the railway engineer it is a world to conquer, because in its vast area it has as yet only about five hundred miles of railroad, and it will take a great deal of skilful engineering to open it up properly with iron roads; but unfortunately the republic is somewhat embarrassed financially.

What was formerly New Granada, and afterwards the United States of Colombia, became officially and politically the Republic of Colombia in 1885. Although known to Europeans mainly, if not entirely, as the political entity to which belongs the state of Panamá, that state is but a small fractional part of the republic, which occupies half a million square miles of the north-west portion of South America, as well as the isthmian territory. It has a coast-line about one thousand four hundred to two thousand miles long on both oceans, and is bordered by the republics of Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, and Ecuador. It contains nine departments or provinces; and, though there has been no census for upwards of thirty years, the population is estimated at about four millions. In that population are about two hundred thousand aboriginal and uncivilised Indians, and about the same number of semi-civilised and settled Indians, or *zambos*. The remainder are 'whites,' a cross between the aborigines and the Spaniards from Andalusia and the Basque Provinces. They all speak Spanish, and are on absolute social equality with what pure-blooded whites there are in the country.

Physically, Colombia is broken up by the Andean system, which here spreads out into three ranges. On one of these ranges, called the Eastern Cordillera, are the Sierra de Suma Paz, or Mountains of Highest Peace, rising from an elevation of eleven thousand feet to the region of eternal snow. From the Eastern Cordillera flows the Magdalena into the Caribbean Sea, a mighty river more than a thousand miles in length, with a navigable waterway of over eight hundred miles, fed by five hundred affluents and draining an area of one hundred thousand square miles. This river is the main approach to the capital from the Atlantic. It is further interesting to us as receiving by an affluent in its upper reaches the overflow of Lake Guatavita, a sheet of water on the mountain plateau above Bogotá.

When the Spaniards went to America, the Chibchas inhabited the high upland plateau of Cundinamarca, some seven or eight thousand feet above the sea, between the Magdalena and the Mountains of Highest Peace, and also the uplands of the Eastern Cordillera. They were under two rival chiefs, the Zipa and the Zaque, who were as frequently at war with each other as are now the competing republics which formerly composed New Granada. It would seem that culture was more widely diffused among these aboriginal Colombians before the Spanish conquest than it has been since. They were people of enterprise and intelligence, who knew how to make and

pave highways, to construct suspension bridges across gorges, to erect stone monuments, to weave and dye and make pottery, to use weights and measures, and to have a gold currency of sorts. They were great workers in the precious metal, and were ingenious and industrious in the manufacture of gold ornaments.

It was because of the antagonism between these rival chiefs that the Spaniards were able to conquer both. The Chibchas numbered over a million then; but now they are merged in the mixed white nationality of the country. They have left behind them large numbers of *guacas*, or mounds, of great size, which contained sacrificial stores of gold and jewels. These *guacas* were monumental erections to the departed, and from them fabulous treasure has been plundered. One writer has recorded of four within his own knowledge, that one yielded jewels worth three thousand six hundred pounds, another gold ornaments worth four thousand pounds, another eight thousand pounds, and another as much as thirteen thousand pounds. But the Chibchas did not bury their treasures in funeral mounds only—they also sank them in the waters of the lake; and it is these sunken treasures that are now being sought, not by the daring buccaneer, but by the plodding engineer.

The capital of Colombia, Santa Fé de Bogotá, commonly called Bogotá, is in truth a city set upon a hill. It was founded by the Spanish conquerors some twelve miles from the old Chibchas capital, but on a pleasanter site, some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea and near the foot of the Mountains of Highest Peace. It is no mean place, although so far away from the rest of the world and so near the clouds, for it has a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, a library of eighty thousand volumes, a university, an observatory, a picture gallery, numerous learned institutions, parks and pleasure-grounds, and electric light.

Some twenty miles from Bogotá, and higher up the hills, ten thousand feet above sea-level, is the sacred Lake of Guatavita. Of this lake the first notice in European literature, so far as we are aware, occurs in a book called *The Historical Records of the Spanish Main in the New Kingdom of New Granada*, published in 1623. It was written by Fray Pedro Simon, a Spanish priest, who was sent out in 1600 as a theological teacher in a San Franciscan convent established by the Spaniards at Bogotá. He was twenty years in the country collecting material, and was intimate with the early conquistadores. He died before the production of the complete book; but the remaining portion of it was included by Lord Kingsborough in his *Supplementary Extracts from Spanish Authors*. This is what the good Pedro Simon says of the offerings which the Chibchas made in the sacred lake:

'So there was no stint of good gold, jewellery, emeralds, food, and other things offered when in trouble, and with the prescribed ceremony. Two

ropes were taken, long enough to span the lake in the middle; and, by crossing them from side to side, the middle or centre of the lake would be known, to which two *zipas* (priests) and the person making the offering would go on rafts composed of bundles of dried sticks or float-wood tied one to another, or made from planks in the form of a punt, holding three, four, or more persons, according to their size, such as are used in crossing rivers where there are no bridges. By these means they would reach the centre of the waters of the lake, and there, using certain words and ceremonies, throw in their offerings, small or large, according to their means. Some of these were of great value, as in the case of the Cacique of Guatavita, who covered his body with gold, which gave rise to what the Indian told in the city of Quito, and resulted in the Spaniards giving to this district the name of El Dorado. In further reference to the lake, it was the principal and general place of worship of all this part of the country, and there are still those alive who state that they witnessed the burial of some caciques who left orders for their bodies and all their wealth to be thrown in the waters after their death, when it was rumoured that bearded men had entered the country in search of gold; and many of the Indians brought their hoarded treasures and offered them as a sacrifice in the lake, so that they should not fall into the hands of the Spaniards. . . . The cacique of the village of Sinijaca alone threw in the lake forty loads of gold of one quintal each, carried by forty Indians from the village, as proven by their own statements and those of the cacique, nephew and successor of the great chief, who was sent to escort the Indians.'

Humboldt, in his *Travels in Equinoctial America*, refers to this lake and its story. He came to the conclusion that the tradition of El Dorado spread among the conquistadores had its origin in the kingdom of Quito, where Luis Daza (1535) met with an Indian of New Granada who had been sent by his prince (either the Zipa of Bogotá or the Zaque of Tunja) to demand assistance from Atahualpa, Inca of Quito. This ambassador boasted of the wealth of his country, and spoke of a lord 'who, his body covered with powdered gold, went into the lake amid the mountains.' This lake was the sacred Lake of Guatavita, on the east of the mines of rock-salt of Zipaquira. Humboldt says: 'I saw on its banks the remains of a stair hewn in the rock, and serving for the ceremonies of ablution. The Indians said that powder of gold and golden vessels were thrown into this lake as a sacrifice to the *adoratorio de Guatavita*.'

Vestiges are still found of a breach which was made long ago by the Spaniards for the purpose of draining the lake. The idea of draining the lake, therefore, is no new one; and in Spanish history there are records of numerous proposals and of more

than one attempt. But, as can be readily imagined, it is no easy matter to carry on any engineering undertaking at such an altitude.

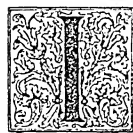
The lake, which is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and has a maximum depth of about forty-five feet, lies in a cup-like depression on the summit of a mountain, its surface being about ten thousand feet above the sea-level and several hundred feet above the surrounding plain. A tunnel is being driven through the side of the hill at a level of about seventy feet below the surface of the water. This tunnel will be nearly eleven hundred feet in length. A vertical shaft is being sunk from a point near the edge to meet the tunnel, which is driven from both ends. When the tunnel and shaft are completed, an open cut will be made from the latter towards the centre of the lake, and the water will be siphoned off through the shaft and tunnel as the works proceed, both to avoid any undue rush and to enable the men working in it to keep dry. The mud and silt in the bed of the lake will then be treated by modern appliances for the recovery of the gold and precious stones they are believed to contain. The greatest difficulty is experienced in obtaining efficient labour, and the conveyance of the boring machinery has been onerous and costly. The project was initiated by a few Colombian gentlemen; but the work is carried on under British engineers, and is financed by a London syndicate.

In the course of the operations for draining the lake many curious objects in gold-work and pottery have been found on the margin, formerly covered by water, and about the shores. These objects are not only of great antiquity, but they appear to be imitations of the products of a still earlier age. Some of the vases and ornaments recovered are very like similar objects found in the tombs of the Incas in Peru and Ecuador; others have a suggestion of Egyptian craft or teaching. The finding of these empty vases—which are believed to have held treasure—leads to the supposition that many treasure-seekers have been there already; but what has been got can only have been by dredging, and the available appliances for work of that kind must have been very inefficient. There are good reasons for thinking that a rich store of emeralds may be found in the silt of the lake-bottom. The Indians were sun-worshippers, and the emerald was venerated as the emblem of the sun. As these gems were plentiful, they would, in all probability, be among the treasures which the Indians are said to have thrown into the water. What is not known is whether the Indians themselves ever recovered any of the sunken treasure when the country became more pacified. The estimate of a French writer, that the treasure would amount to over a billion pounds sterling, is, of course, incredible; but it is believed in Colombia that a large, if not the greater, portion must be still at the bottom of the lake.

EPISODES IN THE JACOBITE TRIALS OF 1746.

FROM STATE MANUSCRIPTS.

By J. MACBETH FORBES.



IN his immortal ode opening with the beautiful lines,

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest,

the poet Collins pays a noble tribute to the memory of the

Royalists who fell resisting the rebellion of 1745. With like poetic feeling he penned his succeeding ode to excite compassion for the other side—for the unhappy rebels who were then crowding every jail throughout the country, and whose trials were already proceeding.

The King's Government, in their determination to stamp out the rebellion, selected the leaders for trial, and accordingly they obtained lists of 'all persons who are either gentlemen or persons of note, or who have distinguished themselves by an extraordinary degree of guilt or indecent behaviour.' The first list submitted to them by the Solicitor of the Treasury showed a total of one hundred and fourteen on the 23rd of September 1746; the rank and file, or *dii minores* of the rebellion, numbering one thousand and ninety-five at that date, and being confined at Carlisle, York, Lancaster, Lincoln, Chester, Southwark, Tilbury Fort, and in transports on the Thames. There were a few State prisoners in the Tower and in the messengers' hands.

An additional list, of date 22nd November 1746, containing the names of two hundred and fifty-five persons in the different county jails in Scotland charged with treason, was prepared by the sheriffs and sent by order to His Majesty's Advocate. There was a note against each of the nature of the proof held. The leniency of the Scottish sheriffs towards their own countrymen is seen in the closing report: 'Most of the prisoners low and obscure people. Against the greater part no proof could be got. Several not in the rebellion.'

Naturally most of the rebels in the sheriffs' lists were imprisoned in Edinburgh. The Castle alone held twenty-five, among whom was Alexander McDonald of Kingsburgh, who was alleged to have 'harboured the Pretender's son, and helped him to escape.' The Castle, by the way, was reserved for the better class of prisoners. The county of Edinburgh jail contained no less than fifty-one, among whom was Andrew Alves, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, who was put in prison because he was the bearer of a message from the Duke of Perth to the Lord Provost demanding the surrender of the city. It was also alleged against him that he had seen the Pretender's son, and had frequently met the rebels. There were thirty-seven immured in the

Canongate jail, Edinburgh. It is amusing to find a Chelsea pensioner, John Webster, in prison at Montrose under a charge of 'marching with rebels and drawing up their men.' One would imagine that the interest of a pensioner hardly lay in helping the enemies of his king.

As is well known, only a selection was made from the rank and file for trial. The *modus operandi* was as follows: The names were arranged in alphabetical order, and divided into lots of twenty. Rolls of paper were made up for each lot, one slip bearing the words 'To be tried,' the remainder being blanks. If a prisoner did not draw his lot, it was done for him. A certificate was appended to each list of lots drawn, and was attested by three witnesses. Those who escaped the ordeal of trial were 'to receive His Majesty's mercy on such conditions as should be thought proper, agreeably to what was done in the year 1715'—in other words, military service abroad.

The old and historic Hall of Westminster was the forum in which the rebel lords were brought for trial. The scene, portrayed in such picturesque detail by Dr Robert Chambers, need not be described; but one or two untold incidents may be mentioned. In his *History of the Rebellion of 1745-46* (new edition, pp. 451, 452), Dr Chambers says: 'On the Saturday preceding the Monday when the execution was to take place, General Williamson thought proper to give Lord Kilmarnock an account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it.' It is only justice to the memory of Lieutenant-General Williamson, the then Governor of the Tower, in whose custody the three lords were, to publish his denial of such a charge. Here, at least, is his disclaimer in the case of Lord Balmerino, and it should apply to the other condemned noblemen as well. In a letter to Mr Stone, of the Home Office, on 23rd August 1746, General Williamson said: 'I carried Fowler with me to be a witness to what Lady Balmerino should say concerning the strange story invented of my holding a knife to my neck to show her lord how his head should be cut off when I waited on him to acquaint him of the day of his execution; and in his presence she denied I made any such sign as was reported.' In a postscript he added: 'Slander has made me weary of my present situation.'

There was a great rush of the nobility to see the spectacle of the trial. Mr John Sharpe, Solicitor to the Treasury, who had so much to do with the trials generally, had not even the

entrée to the Hall of Westminster, but was desirous to secure tickets. Accordingly he thus wrote to his official chief, the Duke of Newcastle: 'I hope your Grace will excuse my entreating you to favour me with a couple of tickets for the trial of the lords. Were they to be had from any but peers, or had I not been so entirely engaged in the service of the Crown as to be wholly disabled from applying for them, I would not have troubled your Grace. But unless your Grace will be so good as to assist me herein, though I have so great a share in the care, trouble, and fatigue, I shall not be able to introduce any one of my family to be present.' No answer to Mr Sharpe's letter came for a day or two, and his feelings may be seen from his second note to his superior: 'I am very sorry I gave your Grace the trouble of mentioning anything about tickets for the trial. I did it at the importunity of those who are dearer to me than myself, and their disappointment shows them my interest is much less than they took it to be.' Happily the tickets arrived, and the Solicitor to the Treasury returned his 'most true and sincere thanks' therefor to his Grace.

Another interesting incident in connection with the same trial was the application which the Lord Great Chamberlain of England made to get the scaffolding in Westminster Hall which was used on that historic occasion. He claimed it as an official perquisite of his position; and his lordship stated very plainly in a letter that he was resolved not to allow any of the dignities or appanages of his high office to be impaired or abridged. It is to be presumed that his request was acceded to, as later on he applied for Lord Lovat's scaffolding on similar grounds.

The authorities had much trouble in making adequate arrangements for trying so many prisoners in a small town like Carlisle. The Mayor, Recorder, and High Sheriff sent a representation on the subject to the Duke of Newcastle. They were puzzled how to accommodate so many troops, jurymen, witnesses, and prisoners. Already, they said, there were seven hundred to eight hundred private soldiers in the town, besides not far from a hundred English and French officers billeted, with their servants. Then 'there are only seventy-five public houses, and these have but two hundred and forty-two beds to spare over and above those required for their own families: a number far too few.' They therefore suggested utilising Carlisle Castle, with its two hundred beds, or erecting huts or booths, or pitching tents within the jail-yard.

The difficulties in meeting the needs of the special commission are further shown in a letter from Mr Philip Carteret Webb, the prosecuting solicitor, to Mr Sharpe, the Treasury Solicitor, on 2nd. August 1746: 'I arrived here yesterday about 2 P.M., and found the town so full that,

although we had in all sixteen coach and saddle horses with us, we were two hours in the street before we could get stabling for our horses, and an absolute refusal of furnishing any of us or our horses with beds. I soon began to experience what it was to be in a rebel town, and blessed my good fortune coming into it so early in the day. The Deputy-Mayor and Postmaster, a cunning fellow, and as truly disaffected as if he had been born and bred in the Highlands, offered only his two garret beds to us. Fortunately we got Colonel Stanwick's house, which was empty. The town is so small as to have of inhabitants from sixteen years and upwards only seven hundred and fifty-nine. . . . Unless a letter in strong terms be wrote to the governor or magistrates to see that lodgings be forwarded for the king's witnesses, I foresee they will have none and will be reduced to lie on straw.'

General Fleming, in charge of the king's troops at Carlisle, had an equally low opinion of the loyalty of the magistracy, for he wrote the Duke of Newcastle that 'he had directed the High Sheriff and magistrates to meet him, but did not expect the worthless magistrates or corporation to attend, as he had never found that they had His Majesty's service much at heart or showed their loyalty in any way.' Writing again on 14th August, he said that all the assurance he could get for the rebel prisoners and their witnesses was an old malthouse, which would hold one hundred and twenty prisoners or witnesses.

With regard to the charge of disloyalty made against the corporation, the *London Gazette* of 1745 contained a loyal address presented to the king by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, &c. of Carlisle. Its terms were effusive to His Majesty and abusive of 'the son of an abjured and Popish Pretender,' who was further stigmatised as an 'insolent invader.' On the 23rd of August 1746, the Mayor thus exculpated himself from the charge of disloyalty in a letter addressed to the Principal Secretary of State: 'The corporation have always acted and shown their loyalty upon all occasions for His Majesty's service. We furnished the commandant of the Castle with meal and potatoes; and what else he wanted to have done, every other act we could, both out of our public stock and our own private fortunes to serve the present Government. Your Grace will no doubt know that this is but a small place for to entertain the number of men that are in it, so that the soldiers wanting that convenience they ought to have make an uneasiness at present which in a short time we shall overcome.'

At first the Crown had trouble also in getting witnesses, for it was officially stated that there was no evidence against the prisoners at Carlisle except what was got from themselves; and 'it can hardly be expected that this sort of evidence will be sufficient to convict them.' The authorities, however, hatched a scheme for getting the

prisoners to inculcate themselves; and this was by introducing into the prisons soldiers who were to mix freely among the prisoners. Of course the idea of the soldiers acting as *agents provocateurs* was not openly stated; but it can easily be read between the lines of an order emanating from Mr Sharpe early in 1746: 'Two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns, ten sergeants, ten corporals, and forty men of Brigadier Bligh's regiment of foot ordered to go into prisons and places where rebel non-commissioned officers and soldiers are; and, dividing the rebels into squads according to the number of them in the proportion to the detachment above ordered, they are with the utmost caution to remark every man so as to be able to know them again, and a list is to be given to the Duke of Richmond of their names.' It was added that 'some of these gentlemen should be sent down to attend the special commission to give evidence against the prisoners to be tried there.' They were also instructed to attend the Carlisle Assizes on 12th September.

There was a better way of getting testimony which the authorities knew, and that was by inducing persons to become witnesses from the hope of mercy. As regards such as were not prisoners, these, it was recognised, could not be properly subpoenaed until a true indictment was found by the grand jury. The only remedy, therefore, was to get them to come forward voluntarily, and to bear their expenses in giving evidence. The matter was referred to the Attorney-General, and his opinion as above was transmitted from Whitehall by the Duke of Newcastle on 1st August 1746 to the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. The latter was directed to do the best he could in the circumstances, as there was no time to be lost.

At last the procession of prisoners began to move from Scotland to Carlisle, bringing in its train the necessary appurtenance of Scottish advocates and writers to defend the prisoners, and the latter's numerous friends. The Lord Justice-Clerk wrote on Monday the 11th of August that the prisoners would amount to about seven hundred, and that he thought it best to subdivide them. About one hundred and forty had been sent on the Friday previous, of whom twenty were witnesses, under the care of Mr William Gray of Newholm, writer in Edinburgh. Other fifty-seven set out from Stirling on 10th August, and as many more left Perth for Carlisle. The last batch from Montrose and Dundee had still to go. The number of witnesses, besides prisoners, would be about one hundred and twenty, and their expenses were paid till their arrival at Carlisle. Lists of bundles of examinations and declarations were despatched along with the officials who took them from the prisoners—namely, Mr George Miller, Sheriff-Depute of Perth, and Mr Patrick Henderson, the Solicitor-

General's clerk. The interpreter in the Erse (or Gaelic) language was Mr Patrick Campbell. Such were the Scottish preparations for the Carlisle Assizes.

Mr Webb, the prosecuting solicitor there, was much annoyed at the slowness of the Crown authorities in Scotland, and wondered if it was wilful on their part. Did they mean to shelter their rebel compatriots? was the question which he asked himself, but could not answer. If so, they had not succeeded, and he must have chuckled over their failure. Writing on the subject, he said: 'The hurry and distress this delay from Scotland has brought upon me is the least thing that chagrins me. There is the danger of my committing mistakes in things in which much nicety and precision is by law required.' Here is his complaint in detail, dated from Carlisle, on 20th August 1746: 'The volumes of examinations and depositions sent to me from Scotland were delivered to me on Tuesday the 12th in the evening, and the indexes and alphabets to those books—without which they were useless—were delivered to me on Friday the 15th in the evening of the day before we (by our route) were appointed to have set out for York.' If this happened accidentally or by mistake it is very strange; if there was anything of design in it, it has not had its effect, since every person above the degree of a private man they have sent me has been either indicted or reserved to be so the 9th September.'

About the middle of August the authorities began to make use of Carlisle Castle for the reception of the soldiers on guard and the rebels who had arrived on the 13th. Another batch of prisoners was expected; 'but where to put them,' General Fleming said, 'I know not.' Mr Webb, writing a week later, remarked: 'The jail is so crowded with prisoners that have cast lots that there is danger of a contagious distemper breaking out among them if they are not immediately removed to Whitehaven or some other more convenient place. The town was last week so crowded that many of the witnesses who attended on behalf of the Crown had not a bed to lie on. The service will suffer when we come to proceed on the trials unless this be remedied. The witnesses will many of them, as they declare, not attend unless they can be lodged.' Happily the situation was eased by the French soldiers and their officers, to the number of several hundreds, being removed to Penrith on the 23rd of August.

The Duke of Newcastle was kept closely informed of all the proceedings in court by the judges, the Treasury Solicitor, and the prosecuting solicitor. On the 4th of September Mr Webb thus wrote from Carlisle: 'We began our trials here last Friday, and have had success in all we brought on. At Lancaster, on the other hand, the authorities were not pleased because, in official

phraseology, 'two witnesses forswore themselves.' The Stafford grand jury were independent enough to return 'Ignoramus' to bills against two prisoners charged with treasonable words, because the proof led disclosed the fact that the men were drunk when the words were spoken. Mr Sharpe accordingly remarked that 'we had worse luck at Stafford Assizes than everywhere else.' This contrasted with the Surrey trials, where 'the rebels were condemned in as perfect a manner as the shortness of the time would admit of.' From York the judges wrote his Grace as follows: 'Having yesterday finished the execution of our special commission here, we think it our duty to send your Grace a summary of our proceedings after the same manner which we pursued with approbation in respect to the Commission at Carlisle.' It is assuredly not a modern practice for judges to court the approbation of the Crown authorities; they are content to do their duty fearlessly.

Mr Sharpe was about to conclude one of his usual communications to the Duke of Newcastle on 27th September when a sensational incident occurred in connection with the Carlisle trials: 'I have been interrupted in despatching my express by an attempt made by the titular Bishop of Carlisle, Major Macdonald, and Henderson to escape from the Castle. They tried to corrupt the sentries and had filed off their irons. On this I applied to Brigadier Fleming and Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The guard has been doubled and such precautions taken as will, I hope, prevent justice from being disappointed.' The fetters, it may be mentioned, ordinarily weighed five pounds. The judges graded the condemned into three categories: (1) the most guilty; (2) those seen in arms with the rebels; (3) those recommended to mercy. The three following prisoners were classified in the first grade. Henderson was apprehended as a spy; and in the account of him submitted to the Secretary of State he is described as a writer in Lochmaben, and an 'active, busy man.' Keppoch had been a theological student or clergyman, and in that capacity had vainly appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury to save his life. As for Donald Macdonald of Tiernadreish or Tiendrish, he had this official note opposite his name, whether it be true or not: 'A major in the rebel army who gave no quarter to our men at Prestonpans. The Duke of Perth came riding up to him, and said: "Major, I am sorry to see so much English blood spilt; for God's sake, give the men quarter." His answer was: "My lord, if we don't kill them here we shall have to do it in another place, for they won't stay with us."' Major Macdonald is extolled in Dr Chambers's *History of the Rebellion* as a noble specimen of a Highland gentleman, and Sir Walter Scott has taken him under the name of Fergus Mac-Ivor as the hero of *Waverley*.

Nothing can be more delicately and touchingly drawn than the last scene of all in this hero's life. Since his attempt to escape he is strongly and heavily fettered, and six soldiers with loaded muskets guard him. He is confined in 'a gloomy and vaulted apartment of the central portion of the Castle—a huge old tower surrounded by out-works, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later.' Followed by soldiers, the condemned man descends the well-worn stairs into a court full of dragoons and infantry, who form a hollow square. Here is a black hurdle drawn by a white horse, with two empty seats next the horse, the executioner being at the other end. Some figures can be seen through the dark archway opening on the drawbridge, and these are the High Sheriff and attendants who come to claim the law's victim. After the usual ceremony on such occasions, the procession starts for Harbary Hill, the place of execution, a mile off. The military band strikes up the Dead March; muffled peals are heard from the mighty Cathedral; and in a brief time thereafter the drums and pipes return playing lively airs, as is the manner of soldiers. Alas! the curtain has fallen upon a life-drama.

It only remains to notice the less romantic or prosaic account, given by a soldier in few words, of how the prisoners as a body met their fate. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, writing to Mr Webb from Carlisle on 3rd November 1746, said: 'They all died in a very unbecoming manner, hardened to a degree, and beyond any sense of their crime. There was a great number of spectators, who behaved with the greatest decency, several saying they pitied them as men, but rejoiced at their fate as rebels.'

LOVE WITHOUT WINGS.

ONE word, one look, one hand-clasp,
One moment's highest bliss,
One glimpse into each other's soul
(Though not a longed-for kiss).

Then, bitterly remembered,
As we unclasped our hands,
That we belong to others,
Each tied by marriage bands.

But friendship we will cherish:
The 'love without the wings,'
The purest, tenderest friendship—
True happiness it brings.

Let us defend each other,
Hold out the helping hand;
And true and firm, for ever,
Together let us stand.

Let each pray for the other,
Each strive to live aright,
Our ways and purposes in life
All guided by the Light.

E.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART IV.

IN 1867 Wilkie Collins, busily occupied then, as always, with his literary work, was devoting his intervals of leisure to house-hunting. He pitched at last upon the comfortable house, 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, where he remained till his death, more than twenty years later. We were then (1867) living near London, at Woodlands, Southwood Lane, Highgate, and there Wilkie was always a welcome guest. Here is a letter written by him to my father in that year:

'SOUTHBOROUGH,
Tuesday, September 10th, 1867.

'MY DEAR FRED,—Have you made up your mind that I am a Humbug? Naturally, you have.

'Weeks since, you wrote me a kind letter from Rothesay, giving me delightful accounts of the Padrona, and asking me to join you; and that letter remains unanswered to the present date!

'Disgraceful! What is the cause of this ungrateful silence? The cause is: 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

'When your letter reached me, I had an old house to leave—a new house to find—that new house to bargain for, and take—lawyers and surveyors to consult—British workmen to employ—and, through it all, to keep my own literary business going without so much as a day's stoppage. Is there no excuse in this? *Ach, Gott! Ja wohl! Si! gewiss!*

'Here, then, is a letter of apology which—if Mamie Dickens's information is correct, ought to meet you on your return to Woodlands. My best love and congratulation to the Padrona. The same from Mama Collins—with whom I am staying to get a little quiet for working in. I return on Thursday next. Come and see me on my new perch. My dining-room is habitable—and the drawing-rooms are getting on.—Ever yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.'

The next letter refers to a theatre-party arranged
No. 284.—VOL. VI.

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by Wilkie for my brother and me. I remember the occasion well enough, and the delightful sense we had of dining out in state; but the details of the pantomime have vanished from my mind.

'Lock Fred up—or he will be taking places!

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE,
4th Jan. 1868.

'Stop! Stop! Stop! Don't, for God's sake, go to the Pantomime at the Royal Alfred Theatre before Saturday. I want to take you *there*. I hear it is a good Pantomime—it is also close by.

'Dinner on Saturday punctually at FIVE, instead of half-past four.

'The Surrey business has broken down—as I guess. A note from the inimitable Reade* informs me that he encloses a letter from the manager, which "is without a parallel in his (Reade's) experience." *Of course* there is no letter enclosed!!! But I infer that we are treated by this atrocious manager with the utmost contempt. Oh, Heavens! have we lived to be rejected by a transpentine theatre? But no matter, we gain half-an-hour for dinner-time on Saturday—and we have only a little distance to go to the theatre—and we shall do as well in Marylebone as in Surrey—if I am only in time to stop you and Fred from seeing *that* Pantomime also—without *me!*—Yours affly., W. C.

'P.S.—The Royal Alfred Theatre is in Church Street, Portman Market. A gorgeous building, opened by his Royal Highness Prince Alfred in person. There!'

I have related in an article written for the *Cornhill Magazine* (April 1892) how Wilkie on one serious occasion helped me in my school-work. We had been ordered to translate into English verse Horace's ode beginning:

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?

Wilkie, who was staying at our home, saw me

* Charles Reade the novelist.

MAY 9, 1903.

cutdrelling my brains, and asked if he could help me. I told him the nature of the task, whereupon he said, 'Give me the crib. I'm no good at the Latin, I'm afraid; but I'll see what I can do with the English.' Our old friend Bohn was produced, and Wilkie, taking it in his hand, dictated a set of couplets quite as fast as I was able to write them down. This was the result of his intervention:—

'August 23rd, 1872.

'HORACE (*Book I., Ode 12.*)

'What man or hero, Clio, dost thou name,
On harp or lute, to swell the roll of fame?
What god whose name doth sportive Echo sound
On Hæmus cold or lofty Pindus' mound?
Or Helicon, whence followed Orpheus' strain
The winds and rivers, flowing to the main?
Taught by his mother's art—unwonted sight—
He led the woods themselves in headlong flight.
What more beyond the Fathers' wonted praise
Can touch my heart or echo in my lays?
He rules the sea—divine and human powers—
And sways the earth with ever-changing hours.
From him nought greater than himself can rise,
Nor aught be like him in th' Olympian skies.
Yet Pallas, next th' immortal gods among,
Holds foremost rank and claims a worthy song.
Thou too, O Liber, dost my Muse inspire,
Tried in the conflict and the martial fire!
And thou, Diana, here shalt bear a part
With Phœbus, champion of th' unerring dart.
Alcides too, and Leda's god-born twain,
Must find a place in this my sounding strain.
This one delights to show his skill on horse,
The other joys in brave and manly force.
Their guiding stars on storm-tossed sailors shine
And point the track across the heaving brine.
At their command the wind, the wave, subsides,
The tempests flee, not e'en a cloud abides.
Next Romulus, the haughty Tarquin's pride,
Pompilius' peace, how noble Cato died,
Divide my mind. I know not which to choose,
Which first, where all deserve an equal Muse.
But Regulus, the Scauri, Paullus' death,
Who loved his country with his dying breath,
Though Carthage conquered—such and such as
these

In glorious numbers do Camœna please.
The stroke of poverty, the homely farm,
The ancient hearthstone nerved Fabricius' arm.
Rough Curius, too, and brave Camillus' name
Through these have gained an everlasting fame.
The might of Claudius grows as forest trees,
Which grow, we know not how, by slow degrees
For ever; yet above this mighty throng
Doth Julius shine as moon the stars among.
Father and guardian of the human race,
From Saturn sprung, thou hast a worthy place,
The care of Cæsar, Cæsar second reigns,
Thou art supreme, thy glory first remains.
Whether he shall have checked the Parthian's bow
Which oft has laid the Latian warrior low,

Or bound with fetters fast the Indians' pride;
Let him be second, thou the first abide.
Olympus trembles, though the gods be round,
It needs must tremble when thy chariots sound.
Upon polluted groves thou hurl'st thy fire,
And teachest man to reverence thine ire.'

With the following four letters, written to my mother, I may bring this part of my 'Memoirs' to a close:

'28th December 1877,

90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, LONDON, W.

'DEAREST PADRONA,—I guess I shall be just in time to wish you and Fred, and the sons, and the daughter, all possible health and happiness in the year that is to come. If I could have offered you my good wishes at your villa [in Cannes], need I say how much better I should have been pleased? But there are all sorts of impediments—literary and personal—which keep me in England at the most hateful of all English seasons (to me), the season of Cant and Christmas.

'Good-natured friends tell me that I look twenty years younger after my travels. I am certainly much stronger than I was, and I hope to fight through the winter. The fog and rain met me at Paris, and prepared me for the horrors of London.

'I am charmed to hear that the Cannes climate has done you so much good. Thirty years ago, I remember it as a delightfully snug, small, cheap place, with two English people only established in it—Lord Brougham and another Britisher whose name I forget. It is plain that I should not know Cannes again if I saw it now. Brougham—beginning with a B—reminds me of *Samuel Brohl et Cie*. I am going to begin the book to-night in bed; thank you for remembering to send it. But for Christmas-time, I should have read it long ago. I have returned to heaps of unanswered letters, bills, payments of pensioners, stupid and hideous Christmas cards, visits to pay, and every other social nuisance that gets in the way of a rational enjoyment of life. As to modern French novels in general, I have read them by dozens on my travels, and my report of them all is briefly this: Dull and Dirty. *The Nabab*, by Daudet (of whom I once hoped better things), proved to be such realistic rubbish that I rushed out (it was at Dijon) to get something "to take the taste out of my mouth," as the children say. Prosper Mérimée's delicious *Colomba* appeared providentially in a shop-window; I instantly secured it, read it for the second time, and recovered my opinion of French literature. You know the book of course? If not, I must send it to you instantly.

'There is no news; everybody is eating and drinking and exchanging conventional compliments of the season. You are well out of it all. Give my love to Fred, and thank him for his kind letter; and write again and tell me that you are getting immense reserves of health, and announce when

you too are likely to be recaptured by the great London net.—Good-bye, dear Padrona.—Yours affly.,
W. C.'

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.,
'20th Dec. 1878.

'I have but one excuse, dearest Padrona, for not having long since thanked you for your kind letter—the old excuse of hard work and poor health. But I hold up my head still, and lead the life of a hermit, and (may I confess it?) enjoy the life. Your Wilkie is getting old—there is no mistake about that!

'And how do you like Paris? And how does my dear "*blonde mees*" Nina finish her education? She must remain like herself, mind—she must not be made into a French *ingénue*. With this important message, take my love, and give a lot of it to N.

'Do you sometimes lie awake, and want a little something to read you to sleep again? I send you by book-post two little stories which they have bribed me to write in America, and which have been, of course, republished here. Don't trouble to send them back. Tear them up when you have done with them.

'Later I shall have more proofs (of the long story which is coming out in *The World*) to send you—perhaps to bring, if I can make a holiday six weeks or so hence.

'We have had lights *all day long* in London, and the fog has got into my head, and I must go and walk it out again, and get an appetite for the glorious *pâté* which the good Fred has sent to me.

'Will you write again, I wonder, to your affectionate
W. C.?'

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.
Saturday, 28th Feb. 1880.

'DEAREST PADRONA,—Need I say that I engage myself with the greatest pleasure?—but also with a certain feeling of awe. You know in your boudoir

in Berkeley Square what I say and do *here*. Yesterday morning you heard me use "ungentlemanlike language," and saw me throw into the fire an unoffending morsel of muffin polluted by —'s cart-grease. I declare it is true. Your delicious butter came on the very day when I was thinking of keeping a private cow in the back-yard, and presiding myself over the pastoral churn. Judge of my gratitude, if you can—words fail to express my feelings.—Ever yours,
W. C.

'Oh! I was foolish enough to eat slices of plain joints two days following. The bilious miseries that followed proved obstinate until I most fortunately ate some *pâté de foi gras*. The cure was instantaneous—and lasting.'

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE,
25th Feb. 1883.

'DEAREST PADRONA,—The sight of your handwriting was delightful, and the sight of you will be better still. Anybody who says there is no such thing as luck, lies. Last year I was too ill to get to you at all. This year I am only not well enough to get out to dinner at night, but I might come to lunch—when you have no company—if you will choose your own day and hour, and make several allowances for Wilkie's infirmities. For six months, while I was writing furiously—without exception, one part sane and three parts mad—I had no gout. I finished my story, discovered one day that I was half-dead with fatigue, and the next day that the gout was in my right eye.


'No more of that! I am nearly well, and I pull off my black patch indoors. But I am forbidden night air, and I am so weak that I slip down in my chair towards night, like old Rogers. But *he* was only eighty—I am a hundred.

'With love to you particularly, and everybody else generally, yours always affly.,
W. C.

'N.B.—Weak brandy-and-water, and no whole-some joints.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FROM PRISON TO PRISON.

ET me try it, M. Gaudriol,' said Alain, pushing through. 'My eyes are used to the dark;' and he disappeared into the hole.

Some of the younger men were making to follow when Sergeant Gaudriol stopped them.

'No,' said he; 'the fewer the better. If it is the place, we want to see it as the last users left it.'

Alain's head came up behind the gorse, and he crept carefully into the daylight.

'It looks as if it might be the place,' he said. 'It opens out; but I cannot see much, and there may be openings down below.'

'We will return with lights,' said Gaudriol. 'Can I get in? There is not too much room, *ma foi!*'

'If you take off your hat and coat you might manage,' said Alain, somewhat doubtfully, as he measured M. Gaudriol's breadth with his eye.

'I'd take off my shirt and my skin to get what I want,' said the Sergeant warmly, for he saw that there would be trouble, and possibly danger, for Alain unless evidence could be found to confirm his story.

'Understand, all of you,' he said, looking round, 'no one enters there till I give permission.—Ah, *mon beau*,' as Loïc Breton came swinging along, 'what did you find down there?'

'But, M. le Sergeant, it is a wonder beyond words; and to think we none of us knew of it. There are caves and caves. I dared not go far lest I should get lost.'

'Away over there,' said Alain, pointing inland towards the far-away tower of Landroel, 'is a cave from which I could find no outlet. Against the end wall there is a man kneeling in prayer. The water drips on him for ever, and he is turned to green stone. He wandered there till his heart failed him, and then he knelt, and prayed, and died. But I will go down with you any time you like, M. le Sergeant, and show you all the things I have told you of.'

'To-morrow, then,' said Gaudriol. 'We have had enough for to-day; and you, *mon gars*, deserve a day above ground. And how, in the name of Heaven, do you expect me to get down there?'

'It is quite easy,' said Loïc. 'Over the cliff and you swing into the hole I made with the axe, and then you slide down the rope for seventy or eighty mètres, and there you are.'

'And how do you get back?'

'Same way,' said Loïc; 'just climb the rope and'—

'Humph!' said Sergeant Gaudriol. 'Well, we shall see.'

He insisted on Alain and Barbe going to his own house, in spite of Mère Pleuret's protestations. At sight of Alain come back from the dead she flung her arms round his neck and wept over him, as glad to see him, almost, as if it were indeed her own boy come home again. But Gaudriol's thoughts were all of the future, and the three of them sat into the small hours of the morning discussing the matter. The Sergeant questioned Alain minutely till every smallest point was clear to him; and Barbe sat holding his hand and gazing at the sputtering sticks, content with life since he was by her side.

Next day Alain did the honours of his prison-house to such members of the community as cared to risk their lives over the passage. He showed them all the wonders of the place, from the wavering remains of the devil-worm in the sea cave to the petrified green man in the farthest cavern, and their amazement at all they saw was very great.

Barbe was anxious to go too; but just as she was stepping to the cliff-edge after the rest Gaudriol stopped her.

'Come with me,' he said. 'We have work to do, you and I;,' and he led her along to the opening below the great stone. 'Do you know what is going to happen, *ma fille*?'

'No, monsieur.'

'Alain will probably be arrested to-day for the murder of George Cadoual.'

'Oh, *mon Dieu*!' wailed Barbe, with startled eyes. 'I thought his troubles were over.'

'On the contrary, they are but beginning, if I know anything of Mère Cadoual. She is bursting with venom and thirsting for blood. But we will

save him, you and I. He has done his part; we will do ours. Now, help me in here.'

It was a very tight fit; but he managed to creep in at last with clothing sufficient left on him for decency. He had brought candles, and with their assistance they made minute examination of the cave. He bade Barbe step lightly, disturb nothing, and miss nothing.

It was Barbe who made the first discovery.

'*Tiens!* here is something,' and she picked up from a corner a blue stocking-cap. 'It is Alain's. I know it by the edging.'

'Good! But it proves nothing. *Allons, ma fille!*' and they groped over the floor inch by inch.

'Miss nothing!' said the Sergeant time after time. 'Nothing is too small;,' and it was he who made the next find—the fag-end of a cigarette.

'Good!' said he. 'I would like some more of those;,' and in time they found two more similar scraps.

They groped and spied, every faculty sharpened to a fine point; but it looked as if all the discoveries had been made. Their attention so far had been concentrated on the floor. M. Gaudriol, straightening his back by way of a change, exclaimed suddenly, '*Voilà, quelque chose!*' at something which caught his eye on the level. It was a ring of hardened wax, where a candle had burnt to extinction. He examined it carefully, and then proceeded with infinite labour and caution to dig out with his knife the projecting slab of rock on which the candle had stood, so keeping the wax ring intact.

'That may be of value,' he said. 'It remains to be seen.'

Not another thing could they find, until they went step by step down the tunnel, and came near to falling through the rift into the lower cave. They stood and peeped cautiously into the apparently fathomless depth.

'That is how they got in,' he said, and dropped a stone. It made no sound, and they recoiled at thought of the bottomless depths, and crept back to the twilight and so up into the day.

Their search had not yielded much; but Gaudriol was disposed to think these things might be enough. He could not be sure, however; for he had had long experience of examining magistrates and public prosecutors and country juries. He knew the craving the ordinary man has to see every crime paid for and cancelled, so to speak, by an adequate penalty, and he knew the unrest and feeling of insecurity engendered by unrequited crime in the minds of both the people and the law. He had seen men condemned on circumstantial evidence, and their innocence come to light after they had expiated the crime they had never committed; and he remembered that the detectives from Paris had given it as their opinion that it was Alain Carbonec who was guilty of this crime. Certainly one of their strongest arguments was the fact that Alain had disappeared; but the Sergeant saw that a skilful

prosecutor might weave, out of the simple facts of the case, a mesh of incrimination from which Alain might find it difficult to escape. He knew that Madame Cadoual would spring at the chance of making some one pay for her son's death; and that, even though there might be an element of doubt in the matter, she would still be more satisfied to have Alain pay the penalty than to have no penalty paid at all. For himself, he believed every word of Alain's story; but unfortunately it was not he who had to be satisfied in the matter.

When they got back above ground he examined their finds and made pronouncement on each. 'Those are Cadoual's cigarettes. No one else hereabouts smokes the like of them. That candle was a wax one. They are not common. I must look into that. The cap, you say, is Alain's. The big stain at the back is blood. That is all right! I think these things will help, *ma mie*, and I will see that they are rightly used.'

Matters turned out just as the Sergeant had foreseen. It was after midday when the men came up out of the cavern. Gaudriol himself had gone back to the village with his treasure-trove; but Barbe sat herself down on the edge of the cliff to wait for Alain. She would have liked to go down into the wonderful cavern, and she knew she could manage the descent well enough; but the thought of climbing two hundred feet up a rope rather appalled her.

The men came up over the brow one by one, Alain last of all, and she saw his eyes lighten with the look she loved as they fell upon her. He came quickly to her and put his arm round her, and they all went down the slope together.

'Little sister!' he whispered in her ear, with a glad laugh which belied his words, and brought the colour into her face.

The men were full of the things they had seen below-ground. They all talked at once, twenty-five to the dozen, and no one listened for a moment to any one else. Alain and Barbe were the only silent ones, and that because their speech had no need of the uncouth clothing of words.

As they came along the row of houses which constitute Plenevec, they saw, standing in front of Gaudriol's house, the old Sergeant himself, looking graver and fiercer than usual, and two other gendarmes; and beyond them Pierre Carcassone came striding up the shingle.

'How then?' said Loïc Breton. 'What do the big moustaches want now?'

'Oh Alain!' gasped Barbe. 'They have come for you!'

'For me, child?' he said, with a laugh. 'What do they want with me?' He thought it was only her fears for him that prompted the words.

'M. Gaudriol said it would be so,' she said, clasping

her hands more tightly round his arm and speaking very quickly. 'It is Madame Cadoual. She will try to make out that you killed her son.'

'How then? I killed Cadoual?'

'We know it is not so, and we have found things in the cave below the stone which will prove it. Do not lose heart, Alain. M. Gaudriol and I will be at work'—

Here the strange gendarmes came forward, and Gaudriol followed slowly behind.

'Which of you is Alain Carbonec?' asked one.

'I am,' said Alain, stepping forward.

'Our instructions are to convey you to Plouarnec, *mon gars*, to answer for the murder of George Cadoual.'

'But George Cadoual was not murdered, *mon-sieur*,' said Alain quietly; 'therefore it is not possible'—

'All that is quite possible, *mon gars*; but we have our instructions, and we must carry them out, you understand.'

'Assuredly,' said Alain; and he turned to Barbe and kissed both her pale cheeks and looked once into her eyes. 'It will be but for a very short time, my dear one, and then'— And to Gaudriol he said, 'M. le Sergeant, you do not believe this of me?'

'Not for a moment, my boy. I know you too well. You will be back here in no time, and happiness will await you.'

'I am at your service, *messieurs*,' said Alain, and he and the two gendarmes walked off along the road to Plouarnec.

'*Dieu-de-Dieu!*' said Pierre, striding up to the group that stood looking after them. 'Tell me, some one, was that Alain Carbonec or was it his ghost?'

No one answered him for a moment. On some of them his presence grated harshly. It required an impatient, '*Eh bien!* are you all dumb?' from Pierre before he got a reply, and then it was Gaudriol who said:

'Yes, it is Alain Carbonec. He has been shut up inside the rocks for two months, and now they have taken him to prison for a crime which he never committed.'

'Ah, truly!' said Pierre, and nodded his head in a way which suggested a doubt on that subject.— '*Bien!* now you will come home, I suppose?' to Barbe.

'No,' said she, with a decided shake of the head; 'I shall stop here.'

'As you please; but if you don't come back now, you don't come back at all.'

'I will not come back at all.'

Then Pierre went back to his boat, which Jan Godey had tied to the iron ladder as he passed the Light the previous night.

A VISIT TO THE TURKISH COALFIELDS.



THE coal-district in Asia Minor is known as the Heraclea Basin, extending along the east coast of the Black Sea, from Eregli, one hundred and twenty-two miles east of the Bosphorus, to Ineboli. Taking this coast-line as the base of a triangle, with Angora as the apex, mining engineers report that coal in large quantities is to be found over the entire area. Owing, however, to the want of roads and railways, it is found possible to utilise only the seams of coal situated near the seacoast. The coal varies considerably in quality; but, generally speaking, it is equal to Newcastle coal for steaming purposes.

These Heraclea coal-mines have been worked for the past sixty years; in fact, during the Crimean war the British fleet was largely supplied with coal from these mines. At that time the mining operations of the natives were certainly very primitive. When an outcrop of coal was found the miners were set to work, and quarried it as they would do stone, using plenty of powder. Many of the huge pits are still to be seen. Since then more scientific methods have been adopted, such as driving galleries, &c.; but as most of the native colliery-owners are without sufficient capital, and cannot afford the necessary machinery for ventilating and pumping, they confine their efforts to cutting into the side of a mountain as far as the foul atmosphere will permit, and when that limit is reached the mine is abandoned and the proprietor prospects elsewhere. Some of the present colliery-owners, however, who are men with capital, have sunk pits with proper ventilation-shafts, and imported first-class machinery, including washing-plant, and now they are producing large quantities of first-class coal.

Unfortunately there are several hindrances to the development of this coal industry. First and foremost is the fact that the mines are in Turkey. Those who know Turkey and the ways of the suave and wily Turk will not need to be further enlightened. Next, this coal business comes under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Marine, which certainly does not worry itself to forward the interests of the collieries; on the contrary, by its action or inaction, it seems to study its own convenience and purposes rather than the interests of the trade. Only a year or two ago a company was formed to build a line of railway which would carry all the coal from dozens of now disused mines down the Heraclea valley to Eregli, and to construct a harbour there. This, however, was not allowed. Sufficient 'palm-oil' could not be paid, and rumour said that a certain high official would not accept any promises—he insisted on cash down!

One would think that the Turkish Government, in its own interests, would do all in its power to encourage and aid the development of these coal-fields, as their interests are both direct and indirect.

They are direct, inasmuch as each ton shipped pays to the Government a royalty of about one shilling; and indirect, as through the employment of so much native labour large amounts are earned by the peasantry, who form the labouring class, and these sums go principally towards the payment of taxes. These taxes, without the money so earned, would either remain unpaid or they would be terribly in arrear.

The following example will give an idea of the conditions under which the peasantry live and work. Any morning may be seen in the only street of Zongouldak a batch of ten to fifteen males, ranging from youths of fifteen years of age to hoary-headed old fellows of threescore years and ten. These are *ameles* (the generic name of the labouring class). Poor bits of humanity they look, poorly clad in native-made cotton clothing, summer and winter; their feet wrapped in odd bits of sacking, over which is worn the raw-hide sandal (*tcharoukh*). Look at them all, and you will notice their mildly unintelligent physiognomy. They have just arrived, having tramped over the roughest of rough country, some for twelve hours, some for two days. Each man carries a small sack on his back containing coarse meal compounded of roughly ground wheat and maize, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds. This meal and their strength is their stock-in-trade. With that bag of meal they left their hovel-homes and have come to Zongouldak to work. Not that they love work—not they—but the *muhtar* (elder) of the village is pressing for the taxes, so they come and earn sufficient to satisfy the tax-gatherer. To save the money he earns, our *amele* has brought his own provisions; and it is an interesting sight to watch him at the end of his day's work making all necessary arrangements for feeding. He goes into the woods and cuts fuel, and, after finding a flat stone, lights a fire on it; then he mixes his meal into a dough, and when the stone is well heated, brushes away the embers and lays his damper on it. In a very short time his frugal meal is ready, and he feasts. A few ashes do not seem to trouble his digestion, and all is washed down with water. When our friendly *amele* finds that his stock of meal is running low, and that he has only sufficient to last him on his homeward journey, he immediately stops work and goes to his employer for his pay. Getting this, he puts his best foot forward homewards—the same weary tramp back, but with a lighter load on his shoulders and money in his purse. Reaching home, he pays over what he has earned to the *muhtar*, and makes *kef* until house-keeping and tax calls again oblige him to return to work.

What, it may be asked, do these poor souls earn? The ordinary labourer gets one shilling per day of twelve to sixteen hours, and the *kasmaji* (hewer) two shillings per day. They work in gangs of one.

kasmaji with, say, four or five *amelés*; and when their day's work is over they are quite content to light a fire and stretch themselves out on the ground to sleep the sleep of the just, with their feet to the fire. It does not seem to matter much to them whether it be summer or winter—the same clothes serve them, and they are not particular whether they have a roof over them or not.

Such is the daily life of the *amelé*, and he does not complain, or go on strike, or pine for a cottage piano, or, indeed, any luxuries. He is quite satisfied with his hard lot provided the demands of the tax-gatherer are appeased and he can escape the call to serve in the ranks. I wonder what the ordinary British or American collier would say to working under similar conditions? To go on strike in the circumstances would not only be justifiable—it would be a duty. But in my commiseration for the unfortunate *amelé* I have strayed from my subject.

The first thing to do, therefore, is to start for Eregli; and as it is easier to go by sea, we will get a *tol teskereh* (travelling permit) and take one of the Mahsoussieh mail-boats bound up the coast; and I promise you any amount of varied amusement and inconvenience and disgusting experience before you reach your destination. You will take passage (first-class cabin costs eighteen shillings) at Constantinople, and the mail-boat which is to convey you is at the buoy in the harbour. Having paid your passage and got on board, you feel somehow that you would do well to go on shore again; but finally, as business is pressing, you make up your mind to risk it. Your first-class cabin is a sight to behold. The saloon is crowded with passengers; and as each one has brought his own food for the passage, all sorts of offensive odours assail your nostrils on entering it. Some of the first-class passengers have already started eating, and a mixed

variety of provisions are on the dirty table. Amongst the viands you find olives, cheese, bread, *pasturmah* (dried camel-flesh), garlic galore, onions, and all sorts of cooked foods. You will find plenty of *raki* (a spirituous liquor used in the Levant), and other very bad spirits glorying under the name of cognac. The smell of these things, to the uninitiated, is bad for the appetite; but when these first-class passengers are noticed eating with their fingers off the dirty table all idea of appetite is gone.

If you are in luck and there are no *hanoums* (Turkish ladies) occupying the state-rooms (save the mark!), you may have a chance of sleeping in a dirty bunk. As a measure of precaution it would be advisable not to undress, but just turn in as you are. A peep into the saloon soon after getting out of the Bosphorus will be interesting. You will find it covered with sleepers: some on the sofa, some on and under the table, the rest strewn over the floor and on the benches. If, again, you are lucky, and the mail-boat's leaky boilers hold sufficient water for steaming purposes, you will reach Eregli some time next day. You then go on to Koslon and Zongouldak, and there your disagreeable voyage should cease.

Zongouldak is the only safe port along the coast from Sinope to the Bosphorus, and is the centre of the Turkish coal industry. The coal shipped at Zongouldak in 1901 amounted to some three hundred and fifty thousand tons, and represents more than half the production of the Heraclea district. So far the Turkish coal-trade fell off considerably during 1902, owing to the cheapness of English coal; but with greater facilities for carriage and transport there is a possibility of the production reaching considerable figures. For this consummation to be effected the difficulties now experienced in the construction of roads and railways must first be overcome.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

PART II.



INVOLUNTARILY Rabbi Eisenmann now hastened his steps as he looked up and saw he was passing the town church. In the top-story of the adjoining vicarage a light was still burning, silhouetting the shadow of a man grotesquely against the ceiling. That was Pastor Engzelius, busy probably with his sermon for the ensuing Sunday. Rabbi Eisenmann battled down the bitter feelings that reared themselves in his heart as he wondered what the reverend pastor's text might be. Was it charity and kindness to the helpless and distressed? Eisenmann pictured to himself over again the one and only interview he had had with the Herr Pastor. He had called on him and begged him as a colleague-in-God, as well as by reason of the professional *esprit de corps* which

ought to exist between them, to use his influence to secure the Rabbiner's admission as burgess. The Herr Pastor had looked at him superciliously, and had informed him that, being a conscientious servant of God, Father and Son, he confined himself strictly to the performance of his duties, which were the spiritual cure of his flock, and that he on principle never interfered in matters municipal. He was also much surprised at the fact of the Herr Rabbiner approaching him at a time when he surely must know, it being the talk of the town, that the Herr Pastor's wife was passing through a critical stage in a severe illness; and to burden a man with extraneous troubles at a period of great domestic affliction showed distinct bad taste, if not an absolute callousness of heart. The Herr Rabbiner, refraining from the retort obvious, had most humbly

apologised, and had withdrawn, cordially wishing the Frau Pastorin a speedy recovery for her own and the Herr Pastor's sake. Since then the two men had often met in the street, and had passed each other without speaking and with the most frigid interchange of outdoor civilities. Nevertheless Rabbi Eisenmann derived considerable comfort from the other's assurance of neutrality; for, despite his austere exterior and unsympathetic demeanour, Pastor Engzelius could not but impress one as being a man whose word was his bond.

Softly the Rabbiner tiptoed into the house; but his precaution was unnecessary, for as he entered the sitting-room he was faced by Rahel with an eager, 'Well, what news?'

He looked with affectionate displeasure at the face, still pretty, but setting forth the tale of anxious months in shadows and angles.

'I told you not to wait for me, Rahel,' he said gently.

She gave him a look of reproach. 'Do you expect me to sleep, dear, while I know that you are away battling, with your life almost, against our evil destiny? Were you satisfied with what happened to-night?'

Eisenmann shrugged his shoulders wearily. 'Satisfied? I suppose I ought to be. Anybody else would perhaps consider it a distinct sign of progress. The burgomaster drank three tankards more than he did last time, and Herr Schwefelgeist slapped me on the back and said I deserved a better fate than to be a Jew. At any rate they promised me that the meeting would be held as soon as they could conveniently fit it in with their business arrangements—whatever that may mean.'

'We have only ten days more,' sighed Rahel. 'And then'—

'And then—you mean if their decision is against us?' interrupted Eisenmann. 'And then, Rahel, I tell you, we must bow to our doom and make the best of things. We have enough money left to take us to England or even to America, and people say that God lives there as well.'

Rahel threw up her hands and shuddered. 'What! cross the water, and perhaps never have a chance of seeing father's grave again?'

'He will forgive you for it, dear. He would be the first to tell you that he gladly makes way for the duty we owe to the living. Did you see, dear, that Moritz did his home-lessons properly? I have always considered it a happy omen that they allowed him to attend the municipal school during the time of our provisional stay. I think we have shown ourselves grateful enough by the way we have kept him to his books.'

A troubled look had come over Rahel's face at the mention of little Moritz. 'No, we cannot complain of his industry,' she began slowly. And then it seemed as if she were deliberating whether to make any addition to or qualification of her remark. In the end she closed her lips and kept silent.

Eisenmann, wrapped in his own thoughts, noticed

nothing of her hesitation. Taking his wife's hand, he pressed it with affectionate warmth as he said, 'Yes, please God, he will make us a good son. And I know also to whom the credit for that will be due.'

However desirous the mother might be to keep secret what had occurred that night in connection with little Moritz, the lad himself made concealment impossible and unnecessary the very next evening. The Rabbiner was keeping at home; there was no symposium at the 'Lame Horse'—one of the councillors had killed a pig that day, and the corporation was celebrating the event at his house. Little Moritz, under his father's supervision, had written 'Labour is the sweets of life' seven times in his copy-book, and done his two division sums and proved them by multiplication; he then had eaten his supper, said his grace, finished his Hebrew reading-lesson and the translation of the usual five verses of the Pentateuch—he was already up to the sixth chapter in Genesis—and then had duly gone off to bed. Two or three minutes later, enough for him to undress, there came from the adjoining room in which he slept the sound of his childish treble uttering words which made Rabbiner Eisenmann start up and stare about him like a man awakening from a bad dream. Then he softly stole to the door, looked in, and—yes, sure enough, there was his little son Moritz kneeling by his bedside in his clean white night-gown, his hands clasped in prayer, his words clear and distinct and heartfelt, leaving no doubt that he understood their import: 'Good Jesu, Thou who shepherdest the little children, watch over me in my slumbers, and make me to love Thee with a contrite spirit, for the sake of God Thy Father, for I have sinned grievously, and in Thee is all our salvation'—

'Moritz!' the Rabbiner called to him in a hoarse whisper.

The little fellow turned, and, seeing his father's look of agonised amazement, stopped abruptly. At the same time Rahel pushed her way in and caught him in her arms.

'Who told you to pray like that?' asked Eisenmann, his voice harsh and steady.

Little Moritz, frightened out of his life by the unnatural tone, began to whimper piteously. Eisenmann had to repeat his question.

'The Herr Pastor taught me the prayer, father dear, in the Bible-class, me and Joseph Kaufmann, and Adolph Abrahamson, and all the other Jewish boys; and you always told me I was to obey my teachers in everything, father dear.'

Eisenmann nodded, and with a curt, 'See to him, Rahel,' walked back into the sitting-room, and measured its length and breadth for a little while with quick, impatient strides. Then he took pen and paper, sat down at the table, and wrote furiously. Rahel came in again presently, having soothed poor little trembling Moritz to sleep, sat down opposite, and watched Eisenmann silently. She knew quite well what and to whom he was

writing, and she might have had her own views on the matter; but she never committed the grievous error of foisting her counsel upon her husband till he asked her. That was how she had retained his love more than by her pretty face and winning ways; and this time it was surely a case for his own discretion to handle. The Herr Rabbiner's letter, of course, was to the Herr Pastor. He made a preamble to the effect that he preferred sending this written communication, because he would not run the risk of causing the Herr Pastor domestic inconvenience by a personal call. But he hoped the Herr Pastor would give this letter the considerate attention he would no doubt have accorded to a verbal representation. The circumstance that Herr Engzelius had included some Jewish boys in the New Testament class without first consulting their parents on the point was, of course, merely an oversight, and had only to be brought to the Herr Pastor's notice in order to ensure its non-occurrence on any future occasion. He was quite certain that the Herr Pastor would take this friendly remonstrance in a proper spirit, and not consider it an act of supererogation on the part of the Herr Rabbiner, who, in spite of his appointment being of only a provisional—nay, even precarious—nature, dared not, during his period of office, relax in his vigilance over the spiritual welfare of his congregation, both great and small. In conclusion, Eisenmann, either giving way to his anger or to emphasise the fact that the Herr Pastor's legal standpoint in the matter was insecure, reminded him that in all cases of this description referred to the District Religious Education Consistory, the decision had been that the children of Nonconformists should be exempted from instruction that might be contrary to the tenets of their faith.

Eisenmann enveloped and sealed the letter, and sent it round to the Herr Pastor's house, scarcely a five minutes' leisurely walk. Within a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. Eagerly Eisenmann received the envelope, which bore no superscription, wondering greatly at the rapidity with which Herr Engzelius must have framed and penned his reply, yet drawing a good augury from his despatch. But a single glance into the open envelope informed him how it was that the Herr Pastor had managed to reply with such lightning speed. The Herr Pastor's reply was the Herr Rabbiner's own letter torn into a hundred bits.

Rahel saw too, and recognised the contumely of the contemptuous ultimatum; but though, again, she might have had her own views on the matter, and might even have urged the inopportune of taking further action for the present, she said nothing as she saw her husband resume his seat at the writing-table, this time with tight-set lips and an indignantly shaking hand. Her husband was about to do his duty: dared she stand between him and that?

So the Herr Rabbiner wrote his memorandum to the District Religious Education Consistory, giving

the details of the case in all unvarnished nakedness, not minimising things by a nail's-breadth, even going to the length of describing the manner in which his well-founded protest had been received and rejected. He posted his letter that same evening, and then went round to his congregants to inform them of what he had done. They received the intelligence, as he had half-expected, with some shrugging of shoulders and much shaking of heads; but, at any rate, he induced them to aid him by a policy of masterly inactivity—namely, by keeping their children away from school till the decision of the District Consistory had arrived. It might take a week, a month, a year—possibly, as they all knew, he might not be there to see the result of his action. Then they would be free to do as they deemed fit. For the present, however—the argument carried more weight with them than it seemed to have done with the Herr Pastor—he was their spiritual guide, and as such he had to do his duty to them.

Two, three, four days passed, and then on the morning of the fifth the Herr Rabbiner received a politely worded request from the Herr Pastor to call on him some time during the day. Eisenmann's conscience smote him. Why had he not waited a little? Why had he sent off his passionate denunciation in such hot haste? Engzelius, too, had evidently thought better of it, and was willing to come to an amicable settlement; surely that was the only construction to be put on the overtures implied in his invitation. The Rabbiner's regrets redoubled on entering the pastor's house, where he was welcomed in the sitting-room by the Frau Pastorin, a sweet-faced woman, pale and withered, her hair prematurely whitened by long suffering, half-seated, half-reclining in her invalid's chair. Cordially she asked him to sit down; the Herr Pastor was in his study, and would be down presently. No, she was not feeling so well again lately; the terrible heat was torturing her cruelly—not a drop of rain had now fallen for ten weeks; if only the rain would come it might save her. The first thing she had made up her mind to do as soon as she could move out would be to pay a call on the Herr Rabbiner's wife, of whom she had heard many good things, and especially she believed in people who followed the same profession standing on a friendly footing towards one another, regardless of such artificial distinctions as creed and nationality. Were we not all the children of one God? Ah, there was the Herr Pastor'—

Eisenmann rose quickly, making a keen scrutiny of the pastor's face as the latter entered. What the Frau Pastorin had said had been so significant that the Rabbiner's hopes of a thorough reconciliation had become almost a certainty; and, therefore, he was considerably taken aback to see the clean-shaven, austere features as austere and cast-iron as ever, with two deep furrows, caused by the wrinkling of eyebrows, running along the breadth of the forehead, the unmistakable trail of some fierce storm of anger that was sweeping across the man.

'Good-morning, Herr Pastor; you see I have not lost any time,' said Eisenmann, smiling nevertheless, and holding out his hand to the other.

'And therefore I shall not lose any time either,' said Engzelius icily, ignoring the proffered greeting. 'I have certain news, Herr Rabbiner, which, although I am fully entitled to hold it secret, I think it right and fitting to acquaint you with. You will be glad to hear, Herr Rabbiner, that your appeal to the District Consistory has been a brilliant success. They have addressed to me with miraculous promptness a reprimand—I may term it a most severe reprimand'—

'I regret exceedingly, Herr Pastor'—stammered Eisenmann, flushing up.

'I dare say you regret it, Herr Rabbiner,' continued Engzelius in the same icy tone; 'but you should have considered that before. When a man throws down a challenge he must expect to have it taken up, especially if his opponent is stronger than he. And that I am stronger than you, Herr Rabbiner, I think I shall be able to prove, if not altogether to your satisfaction.'

A deeper look of pain had come over the Frau Pastorin's face as she listened to the strange colloquy.

'Robert dear, I don't know what the Herr Rabbiner has done; but I am sure he meant it for the best,' she pleaded gently.

The vicar acknowledged her intercession with a gesture of negation, and turned full on Eisenmann. 'Honestly, sir, I fail to see what you thought to gain by your interference. Presumably you wished to impress me with an exhibition of your steadfastness to your official duties, which brooked no delay in your taking the step you have taken, not even the diplomatic delay of a few days till your position here might possibly be assured. Your attempt missed fire, and I am not ashamed to say so. Your first consideration'—unconsciously he gave expression to the sentiment poor Rahel had been too loyal to utter—'your first consideration should have been for your wife and children. If ever there was a case where charity should in all justice have begun at home, it was here. You may appear to yourself a hero; to me you simply appear a fool. And I have no patience with fools.'

'Robert!' again pleaded the invalid.

'Please, Emma,' remonstrated the vicar a little more sharply, 'the Herr Rabbiner and I are quite capable of settling this matter by ourselves.—Are we not, Herr Rabbiner? To be frank with you, Herr Eisenmann, you have forfeited all your chances of acquiring the citizenship in my parish. I had fully intended to preserve my neutral attitude. I even made no comment when, for the attaining of your object, you adopted measures which, to say the least, were unworthy of a minister of religion. But now—well, you see I have taken up your challenge.'

'Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann, his nether lip trembling, 'I will not say—God forbid!—that your measures, too, are a little undignified. But I did not expect that you would divert the original cause of our quarrel into a side-issue. I thought that at least you would explain to me'—

'I owe you no explanation,' retorted the other stiffly. 'You may put whatever construction you please on the original cause of our quarrel, as you term it. Perhaps in doing what I did I merely intended a test of your disposition and character. If so, you did not stand the test well. However, all that is a matter of the past. I will only repeat that you are trying a futile experiment, and counsel you, for the sake of your wife and children, to husband your energy—and money. It is hardly probable that you will succeed in undermining my authority with my parishioners in the four or five days you have still to remain amongst them.'

'Four or five days!' cried Eisenmann hotly, galled into open revolt by the acid callousness of his adversary. 'That may not be as you think, Herr Pastor. With the Government's goodwill to support me, it ought not to be impossible for me to secure a prolongation of domicile here until'—

'Until you have drunk the corporation into compliance,' smiled Engzelius. 'You make an exceedingly bad diplomat, Herr Rabbiner. You are showing up all your trump-cards. To your new challenge, therefore, I reply that I have come more and more to the conclusion that Ostrokov is not big enough to hold the two of us, and that consequently, while I am vicar here, you shall never be rabbi. That is my last word. I wish you a very good morning, Herr Rabbiner.'

SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS OF CENTRAL EDINBURGH.



THE heart of literary Edinburgh, as far as bookselling and publishing was concerned, at the beginning of last century and on the eve of an era of exceptional brightness and activity, lay in the High Street, mainly between St Giles's and the Tron Church. Only two booksellers were then located in the

New Town! As so many of these literary landmarks have been changed, or entirely removed, it may be interesting to recall some of the most famous, such as the original publishing house of Archibald Constable & Co., whence emanated most of the Waverley Novels and the *Edinburgh Review*. In no guide-book or topographical work that we are aware of—in the

latest there is a guess which is entirely wrong—is the whereabouts of Archibald Constable & Co. in the High Street exactly given. This we have now settled after some hunting up. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, after Constable's failure, and between 1826 and 1849, were published by Robert Cadell at 31 St Andrew Square; afterwards by Adam & Charles Black, first at 27 and then at 6 North Bridge Street, both of which warehouses have disappeared in the rebuilding of that street.

When Archibald Constable went as an apprentice to Peter Hill's, on the south side of the High Street, at the end of the eighteenth century, there were some twenty booksellers and publishers in the Old Town; in 1867 the number in the Old and in the New Town was one hundred and twenty-eight, and it now stands at about one hundred and forty. Charles Elliot, in Constable's youth, was the most distinguished member of the trade, with vigour and independence enough to start a branch of his business in the Strand, London, in 1785, and so carried competition into the camp of his rivals in those easy-going days. He issued, amongst other books, the works of Dr Cullen and Bell's *System of Surgery*. He left no successor, and his copyrights were purchased by the London and Edinburgh trade, who had previously shown a jealous and illiberal spirit towards him. A sister of Elliot's was married in 1807 to Mr John Murray, the well-known publisher of Albemarle Street, so that on both sides of the house this firm has had early connecting-links with Edinburgh.

In an address to the Edinburgh Booksellers' Association, the late Mr Adam Black revived the shadows of some of the old booksellers as he remembered the trade at the beginning of last century. On the south side of the High Street, above Hunter Square, was the shop of Mackay, who had the largest circulating library in town, the one originally founded by Allan Ramsay, but which had been previously in the hands of James Sibbald, in Parliament Square. Higher up the street was the shop of James Dickson, then Peter Hill's, where Archibald Constable was trained. The shop of Bell & Bradfute, to which William Blackwood went as an apprentice in 1790, was reached through the piazza into Parliament Square, and had the reputation of being the best-conducted business of the time, although there used to be so little change in the law-books in the window that a gentleman writing from India indicated the book he wanted by its position as he remembered it. Constable then thought John Bell the most thorough gentleman in the trade. He had been educated for the Church, possessed good abilities, and was succeeded by his nephew and partner, Mr Bradfute. John Ogle, Symington, and Sibbald (who began the *Edinburgh Magazine*), and Alexander Lawrie of the Edinburgh Circulating Library, were all on the east side of Parliament Square. Messrs Manners & Miller, on the south side, had the most fashionable shop

in town, and Robert Miller seems to have behaved in the same hospitable way as Robert Chambers did later to visitors to the capital, and acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to many distinguished folks. Adam Black says he was 'an amiable man, with an aldermanic presence, witty, sang a good song, and whistled like a laverock.' In the Back Stairs passage to the Cowgate was Mundell & Doig's wholesale warehouse. William Creech, once Lord Provost, and who had published the Edinburgh edition of Burns's *Poems*, had his place of business at the eastmost end of the block of buildings, afterwards removed, which stood between St Giles's and the High Street. He might often have been seen standing at his shop door, hands in pockets, hair curled and powdered, as if enjoying the view down the Canongate. His *Fugitive Pieces*, published by his successor, John Fairbairn, contains a storehouse of information regarding the condition of Edinburgh in the eighteenth century. Just above Creech's shop was the place where Allan Ramsay began the first circulating library in Scotland. Robert Ross, bookseller and auctioneer, was in the same block; he was afterwards partner for a year with William Blackwood when on the South Bridge, opposite the College.

The improvements in front of the Edinburgh Council Chambers have caused the removal of the editorial room occupied by Hugh Miller when editor of the *Witness*. The publishing office of the *Witness* was at 297 High Street; the *Scotsman*, which was first issued from 347 High Street, in 1842 was at No. 257; the *Caledonian Mercury* was issued from 265, and the *Courant* at the Cross. Fifty years earlier James Donaldson had been printer of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*; D. Willison, of Craig's Close, of the *Edinburgh Review*; and Smellie, in Anchor Close, printed the Edinburgh edition of Burns's *Poems*.

All these names we have mentioned must give place to that of Archibald Constable, whose place of business was on the north side of the High Street, opposite the Cross. On concluding his apprenticeship at Peter Hill's, after a visit to London, he started business in 1795, with the legend over his doorway, 'Scarce Old Books,' which the wags translated into 'Scarce o' Books.' Constable soon showed that he had uncommon energy, ability, and sagacity, and thoroughly knew the second-hand book-trade as well as that in new books. He had just married Mary Willison, daughter of the printer above-mentioned, which lent a further spur to his energies. His opportunity came when the early promoters of the *Edinburgh Review*—Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith—placed this publication in his hands in 1802; he acted as an admirable foster-parent, dealing liberally with Jeffrey, its first editor, and raising the rates of payment for certain contributions from twenty guineas to twenty-five guineas a sheet. Its success was phenomenal, its influence far-reaching; and it caused John Murray to solicit the powerful

aid of Scott, who had been offended by some of Jeffrey's personalities in its pages, to assist in founding the *Quarterly Review*. The booksellers shook their heads when in 1812 Constable purchased for between thirteen and fourteen thousand pounds the copyright of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from the trustees of Andrew Bell, and gave it a new lease of life by the production of a supplement to a fifth edition, paying Professor Leslie two hundred pounds to go over the twenty quarto volumes and give him a note of shortcomings, and Professor Dugald Stewart sixteen hundred pounds for his 'Dissertations.' When the star of Scott was in the ascendant there seems to have been quite an ambitious struggle in the trade to secure something from his pen. Longman, Murray, Blackwood, in turn, were forced to retire before the 'Crafty,' who carried everything before him until that fatal period in 1826, when the collapse of their London agents and the state of trade brought down Constable, Ballantyne, and Scott.

The Blackwoods were keenly interested in the turn of events, although they weathered the storm. Alexander Blackwood wrote to his father, William Blackwood, from London, in 1826, that Constable's downfall would 'make you the first bookseller in Scotland; and I think the Whigs will feel this most dreadfully. I am afraid you will hardly be able to get Sir Walter's novels without being too much involved with Ballantyne.' Blackwood and Murray had steered clear of the Ballantyne difficulties; but Sir Walter's choice in giving Cadell his future patronage was fully justified.

Scott in his time said many hard things of Constable; but he also said that 'never did there exist so liberal and intelligent an establishment.' To him more than any member of the trade J. G. Lockhart ascribed the fact that no new book then published in Edinburgh could be entirely neglected. Lord Cockburn termed him the most spirited bookseller in Scotland, who, abandoning the timid and grudging system of Creech and others, became a patron to rising talent, and 'confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors by his unheard-of prices.' When Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd brought a fresh manuscript to Constable one day, he said, 'What skill have you about the merit of a book?' Constable replied: 'It may be so, Hogg; but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one too.' This was quite true; and Lockhart, who never errs in overpraise, while condemning him for being careless in the examination of balance-sheets, gave his verdict that, 'for anticipating the chances of success and failure in any given variety of adventure—for the planning and invention of his calling—he was not, in his own day at least, surpassed; and among all his myriad of undertakings, I question if any one

that really originated with himself, and continued to be superintended by his own care, ever did fail.' The *Blackwood* wits ridiculed the 'Crafty' in the Chaldee Manuscript, and laughed at his *Farmers' Magazine* and *Scots Magazine*, which he took over in 1801. He was certainly not destined to shine in periodical literature. If William Blackwood failed to enlist Scott in his team after his unfortunate criticism of the *Black Dwarf*, which drew down the ire of the author on the independent publisher, he was saved many complications, and achieved a brilliant success with *Maga*. John Murray and William Blackwood, as Mrs Oliphant points out, shrewd and astute as publishers, were also full of a genuine literary enthusiasm which was the basis of their success. We get one peep of the trade jealousy and rivalry in 1815 between Blackwood and Constable, which was kept alive by the scribblers in two political camps, in the account of the dinner at Blackwood's house, Salisbury Road—a tenement now covers the spot—when Scott was a guest, and Byron's new poem *Parisina* was read. The rumour that Scott dined with Blackwood, read the poem, and was in raptures with them, went over the town. Blackwood said to Murray, 'I should have liked to have seen Constable when he first heard the intelligence.'

The great publisher does not seem to have been greatly helped by at least two of his partners. From what we read in that wonderful record of business activity, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, edited by his son, Thomas Constable, the exploits of Mr Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness seem to have lain in a convivial direction. When he became a partner in 1804 he advanced two thousand five hundred pounds. In 1811, when he retired, he had drawn that sum and about four thousand pounds besides, which, with the seventeen thousand pounds paid up on his retirement, showed that he had gained something like twenty-one thousand pounds by being Constable's partner over that period. Robert Cathcart and Robert Cadell entered when he retired. Cathcart died within a year; but Cadell was of no small value in steadying the firm. 'Constable without Cadell,' Scott wrote after the crash, of 1826, 'is like getting the clock without the pendulum, the one having the caution, the other the ingenuity of the business.' Cadell became Scott's publisher for the later novels and new editions. He spent some forty thousand pounds on the Abbotsford edition, and by his skilful farming of Scott's works all Scott's debts were wiped out, and Cadell left a personal fortune of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, mainly from the sale of the *Waverley Novels*. Up till the date of Cadell's death in 1849 the profits on Scott's writings have been set down at three hundred thousand pounds. How much this meant to Scottish printers, paper-makers, and booksellers it is not easy to say. This sentiment from the preface to *Nigel* is quite

true: 'I think our Modern Athens much obliged to me for having established such an extensive manufacture.'

One naturally wishes to know the exact situation in the High Street of Archibald Constable & Co.'s publishing warehouse, from which first emanated the *Edinburgh Review* and *Waverley*, and the bulk of Scott's other novels. Dr Archibald Constable, a grandson of the publisher, of the firm of T. & A. Constable, University Press, in reply to a query of the writer's, says: 'I regret to say that I cannot help you at all. This is one of the many things that—no doubt with varying intensity—bring home to me my lost opportunities. It seems strange that one should have asked so little about those who are your own, those who are now also gone. Within the last three or four years I have lost an old friend in Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Bowers, at the age, I think, of ninety-nine—a bookbinder, who was often in my great-grandfather's (David Willison's) printing-office in Craig's Close, and to whom my grandfather's shop must have been quite familiar.' We turn to Williamson's *Edinburgh Directory* for 1795-96, and find, not in the body of the book, but in the short supplement at the end, this entry: 'Archibald Constable, Bookseller, Cross: House, Gavinlock's Land.' Later Directories give 'opposite the Cross,' and he says himself 'north of the Cross.' This means not the present Cross, but the old Cross, the marking of which may be seen on the causeway in the High Street in front of the present Police Office. Further, the number is given as 255 High Street in the *Directory* of 1815. This is something gained. Both Adam Black and William Chambers are explicit as to the appearance of the warehouse. The former, referring to 1800, says: 'After passing Simson's, in front of the Exchange, coming down the High Street, I came to Constable's, at that time a dingy, dark shop, filled with an indifferent stock of old books. He was a jolly, good-looking man, fond of fun, and a frequent visitor at Fairbairn's, whom he and Reid of Leith made their regular butt. Constable's clerk was little David Forbes, a crooked, conceited body, who would boast to his companions when *fou*, that "though they saw his body they could not see his soul."' William Chambers recorded in a paper on Constable in *Chambers's Journal* for 1874, how some fourteen years after the beginning of the century he was sent to that High Street shop time after time for fresh supplies of *Waverley*, then in great demand. Doubtless he never dreamt that he and his brother Robert would, twenty-six years later, add another literary landmark to the High Street, when they settled at No. 339, a little higher up, from which their *Journal*, *Encyclopædia*, and various publications have been issued ever since. There is an interesting relic at 339 High Street: the chair at present in use by Mr C. E. S. Chambers, which, after the downfall, was pur-

chased by the late William Chambers at the sale of Constable's effects. The tradition is that both Scott and Constable sat frequently thereon. It is a good, stout, sensible chair, and must have been well able to support the portly publisher.

Lockhart mentions that Scott and himself, and the exiled Gustavus Vasa, witnessed the ceremony of the proclamation of King George IV., on 2nd February 1820, from a window over Constable's shop. Scott, in one of his facetious prefaces, intended as a blind to his authorship, placed at the front of *Nigel*, describes the dark rooms in the back settlements of Constable's shop, where in a vaulted room, dedicated to secrecy and silence, the author of *Waverley* was found sitting reading 'a blotted revise' of one of his new novels. William Chambers, in the article already alluded to, confirms Adam Black's description, and mentions the degree of awe with which, as a bookseller's apprentice, he visited this august temple of literature.

In 1822 Constable & Co. had removed to the first shop at the east end of Princes Street, Nos. 10 and 11, next to the Register House. Four years later he was a broken man, and although he did struggle to his feet again and publish his *Miscellany*, a design struck out when visiting Abbotsford in 1825, the iron had entered his soul, and a full and strenuous life was brought to a close on 20th July 1827, at the age of fifty-four. His *Encyclopædia Britannica* passed into the hands of Adam & Charles Black, of 27 North Bridge; and this firm also purchased the copyrights and stock of Scott's novels from Robert Cadell's trustees in 1851 for twenty-seven thousand pounds, and removed to No. 6 North Bridge in the same year. The *Edinburgh Review* went to Messrs Longman & Co. Thus, until the copyrights expired, and the removal of Messrs Black to London a few years ago, the works of Scott were issued from near the heart of Edinburgh for over fifty years.

Gavinlock's Land in the High Street, the first residence of Archibald Constable after his marriage, was a stone building, bought by the Bank of Scotland in 1848, on the north side of the street. In 1800 his private address was Calton Hill; in 1805 it was almost next door to his shop, at the foot of Allan's Close; in 1809 it was Craig's Close, and from 1817 till 1823 at 3 Park Place. Some of his documents are dated Clermiston, and before his failure he occupied a country-house at Polton; thither Scott drove early one morning on hearing a discomfiting rumour as to business in London. His horses were 'smoking' at the door ere the publisher was out of bed; but the end was not yet. Lockhart on his visits here was agreeably surprised to witness the calm courtesy and gentlemanly bearing of one whom he had critically described in his *Peter's Letters*. Constable drove to and from Edinburgh, as Cadell did later from his

estate near Ratho, in a deep-hung and capacious green barouche, drawn by a pair of sleek, black, long-tailed horses, with a coachman in plain blue livery. He was twice married, first to Mary Willison, and next to a daughter of Mr Neale, a silk-mercator. It was Neale who built the shop in Princes Street occupied by his son-in-law after 1822, which had this peculiarity, that it earned the bonus offered by the magistrates of being free from burghal taxation, as the first house erected in the New Town. Neale went thither in 1794, rather prematurely for his customers, and returned to the Old Town. James Dun, an innkeeper from Blackshields, came next, who for the first time used the word 'Hotel,' which was then thought to have an unholy meaning!

Messrs Oliver & Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, of *Edinburgh Almanac* fame, were the first printers of *Blackwood's Magazine*; then it went to Ballantyne's printing-office at the North Back of

the Canongate, until the house of Blackwood established a printing-office at 45 George Street. William Blackwood had first established his name and fame by the issue of a remarkable second-hand book catalogue; he was destined to be still better known by the founding of his famous *Magazine*, which emanated from 17 Princes Street ere its removal to 45 George Street. The remarkable story of the house of Blackwood has already been told in these pages in 1897.

The firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons had its genesis in a small shop, No. 2 West Bow, long since removed. The firm of W. Oliphant & Co., long in 7 South Bridge, still survives as Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier in St Mary Street; while the palatial *Scotsman* buildings have been erected at the North Bridge on the site of what was once the old General Post-Office, and for some years the publishing office of A. & C. Black, at 27 North Bridge.

VANCOUVER ISLAND FROM A FARMER'S STANDPOINT.

By ERIC DUNCAN.



HIS island—which has been called 'the England of the Pacific' because of its harbours and minerals—lies, roughly, between the latitudes of Exeter and Paris, and covers as many degrees of longitude as would a line connecting these two cities. Approximately, it is two hundred and eighty miles long by seventy-five wide, with an area of sixteen thousand four hundred square miles. It has a very extensive coast-line, owing to its multitudinous bays and fiords, many of which are safe and commodious enough for the largest ships. There is plenty of fish in the adjacent seas, though, salmon excepted, they seem to me scarcely equal in quality to those of the Atlantic.

The climate much resembles that of England, minus the bitter east winds so prevalent there in the spring, which here are shut off by the mainland mountains. Mildness and moisture are its chief characteristics, as attested by the huge forests and heavy undergrowth, trees five feet by two hundred and fifty being the most common. The extremes of temperature are four degrees above zero and ninety degrees in the shade. Everything that grows in England will grow here with less care; and, while atmospheric conditions are not ideal for the weak-lunged and rheumatic, to people in good health they are very agreeable. Sunstroke is unknown, and thunderstorms extremely rare. Snow is very uncertain. Sometimes, as in the winter of last year, there is scarcely a flake; but generally there is a week or so of sleighing, and at long intervals a heavy fall. It comes down without wind, there is no drifting, and ridge and hollow are blanketed

alike. About twelve years ago it snowed incessantly for three days great feathery flakes till there was a universal depth of six feet; and then were the times of groaning, rending, collapsing buildings, and of night-and-day shovelling to lighten roofs; and curious were the predicaments of many people. Numbers had to use their fences for firewood, though they had plenty of fuel ready cut in the edge of the bush less than a mile off. They had been waiting for a little snow to haul it out on sleighs, and they got too much. It was impossible to break roads; nothing was broken but harness and sleigh-poles, and occasionally the legs of wildly floundering animals. The main road was with difficulty kept passable; and that reminds me of one ridiculous episode. An old horse, tired of long confinement, got out one day and started off along this road, following its wide curve round to a hillside, where he stopped to look at his strange surroundings. Thence, suddenly beholding his own stable in the valley below, with all intervening fences submerged, he made a bee-line for it. He wallowed down the slope a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped; and there he rested for two weeks, his owner snatching time from more pressing duties to carry him a bundle of hay daily. He came out all right, and still, at the age of thirty, looks upon the sun, though the man who saved him is gone. That snowfall, which was the longest I can remember, came on about the middle of December, and the snow lay till the sun wore it away in April.

Very often the plough is at work every month of the winter, though nothing is gained by putting in seed before April. Haying generally begins about the 20th of June, and harvesting about the 1st of

August; but the weather can never be absolutely depended on, and sometimes it pays to postpone haying till the middle of July; and then the hoe is busy, for the moisture helps the weeds as well as the pasture amazingly. Potatoes are dug in October, and it is well to have turnips and beets under cover by the middle of November, as after that the alternate rain and frost make them nasty to handle and spoils their keeping qualities.

At one time there was no natural grass of any account on the island, almost every open space, except swamps, being covered with a dense growth of fern, often as tall as a man, the roots of which were matted thickly underground like those of hops or nettles, making ploughing very difficult; though, as they kept the soil loose and porous, enormous crops of splendid potatoes were raised in early days, and even now it is claimed that Vancouver Island can beat the world in that line. I knew a man who for five years in succession raised ten tons to the acre on the same piece of land without manure; but it is only fair to add that it yielded him nothing but sorrel for a long time after. Here, as elsewhere, sensible people rotate their crops. Sown grasses of all kinds, but especially clovers, thrive wonderfully; in fact, the white clover is spreading everywhere, covering the roadsides and making itself a kind of nuisance in gardens and hay-fields. I am sorry to say the weeds of civilisation are getting here at last.

Unfortunately for agriculture, a rugged range of mountains runs from end to end of the island, and the good land is mostly confined to the valleys of the short rivers which flow therefrom. Without doubt the finest of these is the Comox district, in the middle of the east coast, where the writer has farmed for the last twenty-five years, and where he hopes to end his days. All the best land in this locality was appropriated many years ago, and owners are backward to sell; but unimproved land can be bought from the island railway company, which now owns all the unoccupied land in the vicinity, for from twelve to twenty shillings per acre. This applies to the surface only, the company reserving all minerals. In other parts of the island, however, land can be bought from the Government by actual settlers in one hundred and sixty acre lots at four shillings per acre, and there are several river-valleys yet practically empty. But this is no country for 'gun-and-rod farmers;' it has long been strewn with the wrecks of that class, because temptation is strong, and men of means find plenty of sport. A self-dependent man must forswear all that. A glance at the huge ground-cumberers shows him his work, and harder work it is than pioneering in eastern Canada, where the timber was comparatively light, the weather reliable, and a fire once started would sweep the 'slashing' (a tract of trees simply thrown down, without being cut up or piled). Here the weather is uncertain, a good burn the exception, and often even the small brush has to be laboriously piled. By way of compensation, however, the growth is

marvellous. A clearing burnt off in September, and sown immediately with timothy or cock's-foot grass among the stumps, will yield so heavily the following summer that the scythe can hardly cut it. If burnt off and not sown it becomes a fearful mass of weeds.

The Vancouver Island farmer works much harder than the average British labourer; but his home is his own, and if he is at all careful he can take things easy after he is fifty. Good hired men are scarce on the farms, and readily get five pounds a month, with board and lodging all the year round, and six or seven pounds if employed only during the three months of haying and harvest. Dairying is becoming the principal industry, and before everything else a farm-hand must be a good milker. The favourite cattle, in their order, are the dairy short-horns—Jerseys, Holsteins, and Ayrshires. The last would be higher on the list were it not for their tiny teats, which are their peculiar drawback along the whole Pacific slope. Nearly every farmer has a cream-separator, and there are three co-operative creameries on the island. Every settlement has its sawmill; but with the exception of a large oatmeal establishment, which took first prize for rolled oats at the Chicago World's Fair, there are no grist-mills on the island. The bulk of the grain is fed to stock, and flour is imported from Manitoba.

Here are the average prices for farm produce in sterling money, though, of course, we have only dollars and cents; and there are no copper cents either, nor does anybody want them, the smallest coin being a silver five-cent piece, very much like a threepenny-bit. Vancouver Island has completely discarded the bushel, with its varying weights, and everything is reckoned in pounds. Rates—per one hundred pounds: wheat at seven shillings, oats at five shillings, barley at six shillings, peas at eight shillings, potatoes at four shillings, onions at eight shillings, carrots at six shillings, and turnips at two shillings; per fifty-pound sack: flour at five shillings and sixpence; per pound: butter at one shilling, beef by the carcass at threepence halfpenny, pigs on foot at threepence, sheep on foot at threepence, beef by retail at fivepence to eightpence, pork at sixpence, mutton at fourpence to eightpence, wool at threepence halfpenny; eggs at one shilling per dozen. The price of groceries and clothing, including shoes, is very similar to the English figure.

Although the arable area of the island is limited, it has other resources which at present employ far more labour. As stated, every district has its sawmill; but there are also one or two large concerns which ship lumber to Australia, South Africa, and all other nearer points. The humid climate not only produces immense trees, but discourages the forest fires so destructive in other parts of the continent. The Douglas pine is the mainstay of the lumberman. It is very strong and greatly valued for construction work of all kinds, furnishing an average log five feet in diameter and one hundred and

twenty feet long, clear of knots. The red cedar—mainly used commercially for shingles, doors, and sashes—attains an even greater girth, and is so straight-grained and easily split that a settler with only an axe, saw, and wedge can make his house, furniture, and fences all by himself. Fence-posts of this wood put in by the writer fifteen years ago are sound to-day. There are several other varieties, such as white spruce, white pine, hemlock, and balsam among evergreens; also, enormous cottonwoods, maples, and alders among deciduous trees, many of which are valuable for paper-pulp making and cabinet-work. Lumber hands get from nine to twelve shillings a day, and settlers without capital often work part of the year in the camps.

Vancouver is pre-eminently a mineral country. Gold, silver, copper, and iron are all found in paying quantities; but what may be called the chief industry of the whole island is coal-mining. Nanaimo, the second town, with a population of seven thousand, is entirely the creation of coal, and all the villages worth mentioning owe their existence to it. Two powerful companies have been engaged in this business for the last thirty years, and the bulk of the coal is shipped to California. The quality is far ahead of any elsewhere on the Pacific coast, and that found in the Comox district is pronounced equal to Welsh coal, and is used by the North Pacific squadron and United States gunboats. The annual output of the island is nearly two million tons. Between the collieries and the lumbering operations, the farmers find an ample market for all the food-stuffs they can raise, and there are large importations besides. Miners usually work by the ton, and make from twelve to twenty shillings per day of eight hours.

There is a great fuss made by the labouring class here over the influx of Chinese and Japanese, which is supposed to cut down wages. While it must be owned that in many ways they are an undesirable addition to the population, yet they seem at present indispensable if the country is ever to be developed. The necessities of life on the average are as cheap as in England, yet common labourers demand and get from nine to ten shillings for ten hours' work, while Chinamen and Japs work for from four to six shillings. This is not a bad living wage in England; and it is little wonder if mine-owners, lumbermen, and farmers endeavouring to clear land avail themselves as far as possible of the services of the heathen.

The aborigines are a thick-set, stolid, inoffensive people, living chiefly by fishing and hunting and on the innumerable berries abounding in the woods from June to October. Their houses, always on the seashore, are large, barn-like structures of cedar, each sheltering half-a-dozen families. In early days the ease with which they made a living occasionally led degenerate whites to follow their example. Of late years some of them, influenced by the prosperity of the white farmers, have begun to raise crops on their reserves, and others work around salmon-

canneries and coal-wharves, and are beginning to put up small separate cabins for themselves. But, like most savage races, they are far more apt to copy the white man's vices than his virtues, and as a consequence they are rapidly passing away.

The present population of the island is about thirty-five thousand; it could just as well support a million. Victoria, the capital of the province of British Columbia, with twenty-one thousand inhabitants, is the chief town, and the first port of call for Transpacific steamers and those of the Australian line. It is a solid, English-looking city, with some good buildings, and is generally considered the finest residential place in the Dominion of Canada. Esquimalt, three miles distant, is the British Admiralty station for the North Pacific, with a fine harbour and dry-dock.

The three leading religious denominations, in their order of strength, are the Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists. They support missions among the Indians; though there the Roman Catholic Church, having been first on the coast, has the strongest hold.

Of course, the towns are well supplied educationally; and all through the country districts the Government maintains free schools three miles apart wherever there are a dozen children of school age. Education is heavy on the revenue; it swallows up an annual tax of twelve shillings levied on every adult male in the province except clergymen and Indians. The teachers get an average salary of ten pounds a month, and this occupation is being fast monopolised by girls, who have made over domestic service, with its three pounds a month and comfortable board and lodging, to Chinamen and Japs. Teaching is naturally with most girls only a prelude to marriage; but this never diminishes the supply, for the examination board lets them in faster than the clergyman lets them out.

In conclusion, Vancouver Island is a good country for young, strong, hard-working men without capital, and for capitalists of any age; but the supply of shop-clerks and 'white-shirt workers' has always exceeded the demand.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

Far in the dark a furtive flicker grows,

Widens and spreads till all the east is gray,

And dawn, pale-red with presage of the day,
Loiters across the livid water-rows.

The sea-line quickens. Colour comes and goes

In cloud and foaming surge and flying spray;

While, through the glare that blurs the waves away,
The splendour of the sun-dawn overflows.

Now all the billows are ablaze. The sea

Revels in silver glamour and in gold,

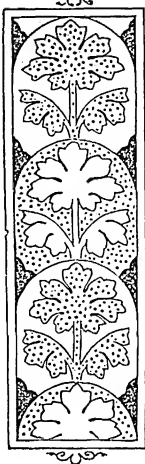
And, tremulous with ecstasies untold,

Heaves homage to her lord's ascendancy;

Captive to Fate's immutable decree,

But mutinous with glories manifold.

MAX DALRYMPLE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY.

By Sir RICHARD TANGYE.



IN a former paper in *Chambers's Journal* (vol. iv. p. 90) I gave some characteristic anecdotes of the Quaker of the olden time, the disappearance of whom from amongst us is a distinct loss to the lovers of quaintness and picturesqueness in speech and costume. Anecdotes of the Quakers are always interesting; but there is another class of men who are only a little less peculiar in their costume and in some of their characteristics than the ancient Friends. I refer to the clergy of all denominations, but more particularly to those of the Established Church. Many of the latter have practically adopted the old Quaker dress: the broad-brimmed hat, and what Charles Lamb called the 'straight-collared collarless coat.'

On one of my voyages to Australia we had a curious old representative of 'the cloth' on board, who preached to us every Sunday. His sermons were not remarkable for originality or profundity, although he did once tell us of a coal-mine which was twelve miles in depth! One day we had a discussion about the best means of inducing people to attend church; to our surprise, our reverend friend informed us that he had no difficulty in getting a regular attendance on his ministry. We failed to understand the secret of his success, and he did not explain it; but on arriving in the colony it became clear: he was the chaplain to a cemetery! His 'living' was amongst the dead.

This is how the overweening confidence of a young curate in a certain parish in Cornwall lost him all chance of securing a fair young lady as his bride. The lady had two suitors besides the curate, one of these being an officer in the army and the other in the navy; and both of these gentlemen were frequently absent on duty, sometimes for a considerable time together, thus giving the curate a great advantage in pressing his suit. But the reverend youth lacked judgment, and showed a lamentable ignorance of the workings of the femi-

nine mind; for on one occasion, in speaking of the officers to the lady, he remarked, 'There be land-rats and water-rats.' 'And *cu*-rats,' retorted the lady.

A clergyman on his first visit to Cornwall attended a parish church, and, as the district was a very populous one, was surprised at the smallness of the congregation. After the service he interviewed the clerk, and asked him how it was. 'You see, sir,' replied that functionary, 'we be a God-fearing people, and most of us go to the Methodist chapel.' A shocking case of dissent within the Church!

It is well known there are three classes of clergy-men: High, Low, and Broad or Latitudinarian. The former was amusingly illustrated by a well-known second-hand bookseller in the latter days of old Snow Hill. This man had a shop with a deep doorway in the centre of its front, and when some important new book came out he would call attention to it by a quaint announcement on the opposite windows of the doorway recess. When *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, came out, this is how he called attention to the book. On one window he gave a representation of a Roman Catholic priest, under which he wrote 'Him's Ancient;' and on the opposite window he exhibited another drawing intended to represent the High Church clergy, which he labelled 'Him's Modern.' But they were so much alike that no one could tell the difference; it was a case of 'you pays your money and takes your choice.'

An amusing definition of the difference between the High Church (Anglican) and the Roman Catholic communion was once given by a priest of the latter located in a well-known Cornish town. On a hill at one end of the town stands the parish church, where the ritual is supposed to be 'high;' opposite, also on a hill, is situated the Roman Catholic chapel. A friend of mine, pointing to the former, and alluding to its 'high' ritual, asked the priest what the difference between them really

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was. 'The difference?' replied the witty Roman Catholic. 'Well, this is the difference: they call us *Papists*, and we call them *Apists*.'

But it is not always that the 'highest' church is the one on a hill-top. Sometimes, indeed, the reverse is the case. In a neighbouring parish where the ritual is decidedly ornate, the sacred building is situated in the deepest part of the valley, while at Bath the 'lowest' church is on a hill-top.

Dr Dale, the eminent Nonconformist divine, once made a very curious slip in a speech on the Coercion Bill, delivered in the Birmingham Town Hall. The Doctor, who was a powerful speaker, after expressing in eloquent terms his regret that it should have fallen to the lot of a Liberal Government to introduce such a measure, proceeded in emphatic tones to say, 'I hate *conversion*.' For a moment there was a great hush amongst the vast audience, succeeded by a ripple of laughter. This somewhat annoyed the speaker, so, as I was sitting next him, I said, '*Coercion*, Doctor!' But he failed to hear me in the excitement of the moment, and repeated in still more emphatic tones, 'I hate *conversion*.'

On another occasion, speaking in the same place, John Bright, who was a preacher of righteousness although not a minister of religion, made a curious error in a Scriptural quotation. Speaking of certain politicians, he said, 'Can the Ethiopian change his *spots*, or the leopard his *skin*?' And then followed a similar scene to that which occurred when Dr Dale made his amusing slip.

In Cornwall many of the mine managers, or 'captains,' as they are locally termed, are also local preachers amongst the Wesleyans. On one occasion Captain C., who had shortly before 'reported' on a new mining venture in what was believed to be too glowing terms, undertook to preach in a neighbouring chapel, choosing for his text the verse, 'Who hath believed our report?' This was rather too much for a youth sitting in the opposite gallery, who entertained an opinion adverse to the preacher's mining report, so he promptly replied, 'Nobody.'

Ratcliff Highway seems a somewhat unpromising locality in which to hold a Quakers' meeting. At one of these gatherings the silence was rather prolonged, and a sailor, quite unable to comprehend it, got up excitedly, exclaiming, 'It's enough to kill the —!' Upon hearing this a minister rose, and said, 'Friend, that is just what we want to do,' and proceeded to deliver an impressive address. Sometimes English Quakers receive what are termed 'religious visits' from ministers of the Society hailing from the Western States of America. Many of these Friends are very primitive in their habits, being quite unacquainted with the ways and conveniences of town life. One of these visitors, accompanied by his wife, on landing in Liverpool was taken to the house of a Friend there. Soon after they had retired to rest the master of the

house was alarmed by cries proceeding from his visitor's room, on reaching which he found the poor man in a state of great excitement. 'There's an evil smell in the room,' he complained, 'and it is becoming worse!' The host's nose quickly told him what the cause of the trouble was; and, going to the chandelier, he turned the gas off and then opened the windows. The old man had blown the gas out!

A Cornish clergyman, having allowed his church to get into a state of disrepair, was ordered to restore it. He commenced with the sounding-board over the pulpit, on completion of which he took his gardener into the church in order to test it. Having placed the man in a remote corner, the parson mounted the rostrum and read the lesson for the day. 'How does that sound, James?' 'Sounds very well, maister; 'eered every word,' replied the gardener. 'Now, James, you change places with me and say something.' Nothing loath, James ascended the pulpit-stairs, and this is what he said: 'Haven't had any wages for a month. How does that sound, maister?'

Apropos of sounding-boards, my friend the Rev. Mr E. told me he once preached at Cambridge University, and was greatly puzzled by the peculiar sound of his own voice; there seemed to be multitudinous voices babbling all round him, and he was greatly troubled. 'I think I must be going mad,' was his thought. After the service was over he spoke of the matter, and it was explained to him that he had not stood in the proper place under the sounding-board; hence the discord.

Here is a story that would hardly be believed were it not vouched for by a high dignitary of the Church. Canon Knox-Little says he remembers a lichgate in front of a church which was being restored, over the door of which was painted, 'This is the Gate of Heaven!' while underneath was a notice in large characters, 'Go round the other way.' The Canon did not say if the 'other way' led to the Dissenting Chapel.

Here is the latest method of taking leave of a valued pastor. A Wesleyan minister in Cornwall was taking leave of an old lady of his congregation on the expiration of his three years' residence. 'Well, good-bye, Mrs A.' 'Good-bye, sir,' said the old lady; 'the Lord never takes a good thing away without sending a better in its place!' Another Wesleyan minister, on arriving at a chapel where he had been asked to preach, found only seven persons there—all women. 'Where are your husbands?' said he. 'They're all at home, sir. 'Tis too rough for them to come out!'

Cornish local preachers sometimes give their opponents powerful home-thrusts. On one occasion a local brother was dealing with the alleged necessity for an 'educated priesthood,' upon which the clergy of the Established Church were always insisting. He naturally did not recognise this necessity, and proceeded to illustrate his point by a reference to the Apostles Peter and Paul. 'Was

St Peter an *eddicated* man?' he asked. 'No,' said he; 'he was a poor fisherman. But what happened when he preached? Why, thousands was converted. Then there was St Paul; now *he* was eddicated, for we are told that he sat at the feet of the great Gamaliel. But what happened when *he* preached? Why, a young man in the gallery went to sleep, and tumbled down and broke his neck!'

How is it that one hears so many stories of parsons of all denominations? Here is another. A well-known type in the profession is the man who appears to think he can make up for a lack of deep insight into the needs and condition of himself and his hearers by the use of high-sounding words and phrases. Some one was telling me of a preacher in Cornwall who was suddenly pulled up by a humble member of his congregation in the midst of a prayer, in which in sonorous tones he had ascribed to the Supreme Being all the attributes and titles he could call to mind; and then, after a pause, he continued, 'And what more shall we call Thee, Lord?' 'Call Him Father, and ask Him to supply our wants!' cried a shrill voice, while all the people said, 'Amen.'

The Bishop of London, in speaking at a meeting of the Architectural Association, told the following


story of a curate who had recently 'married a wife.' Calling upon the great lady of the village, the reverend gentleman introduced his spouse as 'a poor thing, madam, but mine own.' Whereupon the lady, looking on the curate severely, replied, 'Your wife ought to have introduced you as "a poorer thing, but mine owner."'

There is a parish in Cornwall called St Eval. A young student was up before Canon X. to undergo an examination prior to ordination. When the business was over, the Canon asked where the young man was going after ordination. 'To Cornwall, sir,' replied he. 'Oh, indeed! I know Cornwall very well. What parish are you going to?' 'To St Eval [commonly pronounced San-deval], sir,' replied the incipient parson. 'Dear me!' said the puzzled and slightly shocked divine; 'I knew that Cornwall was a county where there were many saints, but I never knew that they had canonised *him*.'

I will conclude with the story of the clergyman who, on getting into his pulpit, discovered he had left the manuscript of his sermon at home, whereupon he thus addressed his congregation: 'My dear brethren, I can only give you what God will send me; but to-night I will come better prepared!'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE TRYING OF BARBE CARCASSONE.

HEN began for Alain Carbonec and Barbe Carcassone such a time of trial and suffering as only a vindictive woman who has gained the ear of the law can inflict on an innocent man and the heart to whom he is dearer than all the world.

As soon as she heard of Alain's resuscitation, Madame Cadoual went straight to Plouarnec and demanded audience of M. Besnard de Sarras, the examining magistrate. She told her story with such explicitness of detail and such emphasis of assertion, stating as fact what was at most only possibility, and backing it all up with the statements of the Paris detectives, that M. de Sarras had no option but to order the immediate arrest of Carbonec. Doubtless, in her own heart, Madame Cadoual believed all her assertions. She had thirsted for vengeance; she had raged and chafed at the disappearance of the man at whom all the facts pointed. Now when he was suddenly delivered into her hands she did not waste a moment. The volcano within her blazed into new life, and M. de Sarras was overwhelmed in the molten flow. He briefly examined the accused, listened to the extraordinary story which was the only evidence he opposed to madame's sworn statements, and duly committed Alain to the assizes.

Barbe was heart-broken. Gaudriol was deeply chagrined. Alain's preliminary examination had, of course, taken place in private, and afforded him no chance of doing more than tell his own story; and the story he told was so surprising that the magistrate received it with a doubt which he hardly took the trouble to conceal.

Gaudriol saw M. de Sarras, and did his best to get him to look into the prisoner's side of the case. M. de Sarras told him plainly that the matter as it stood was beyond his powers to deal with; it must go before a jury. It would only be a question of another month's detention; and, said the magistrate with a shrug, after the experiences Carbonec had gone through, that would be the merest bagatelle.

That month between Alain's arrest and his trial at Plouarnec was the longest and dreariest Barbe ever spent, and there was that in it, too, for the trying and testing of her soul which none but she and One other ever knew. She had thought when she believed Alain dead that sorrow could bite no deeper. She had yet to learn that death is not the worst that may threaten or befall one, and her heart was still to be wrung white with anguish for him and for herself. Not for one second did she believe him guilty. But night after night she and Gaudriol went over the facts of the case; and even

Gaudriol, as sure of Alain in his own mind as Barbe was herself, could not but acknowledge to himself, though never to her, that the facts against him were terribly strong, while those that made for him seemed painfully weak.

Barbe lived with Mère Pleuret. The old lady had insisted on it; but every evening, when Sergeant Gaudriol's duties were over, barring rare and unexpected calls, she went to the old man's cottage and sat before his fire; and he smoked and assured her that all would be well with Alain, with so much insistence that she began at last to have her doubts about it. She walked the six miles to Plouarnec almost every day, in the hope that the rigidity of Alain's seclusion would be relaxed; but it was not, and she never once set eyes on him till he was brought into court on the day of his trial.

And now that befell Barbe which occasioned her distress of mind so great that the remembrance of it never left her. The outward and visible sign of it remained all her life long in a deepening of the understanding in her grave, dark eyes. She passed into the furnace a girl, with all the vague fears and hopes of maidenhood before her. She came out of it a woman who had looked sorrow in the face, and had wrestled for her life, and—saving grace—for the life of another dearer than herself, and for whom she had been willing to throw her life away. It was only by the mercy of God that the sacrifice she was ready to make was not consummated. She never forgot it.

Gaudriol had sought out for Alain's defence a certain young advocate, one Noel Bernardin, whose acumen had greatly impressed him in other trials. It was not without difficulty, however, that he succeeded—or, at all events, was instrumental—in winning him to the cause, for Bernardin was a rising man and much run after.

Noel Bernardin came of the old Huguenot family down near Saintes in the Lower Charente. His mother was a Scotswoman, one of the Kerrs of Dalkeith. His father was, of course, that General Bernardin who fell in the Hell Trench at Gravelotte just when the fate of France and Prussia hung by a hair. After the General's death Madame Bernardin spent much of her time among her people in Scotland, and young Noel finished the English side of his education at Merchiston, in Edinburgh, and learned there many things not found in books, which stood him in good stead. Without this training—well, the bullet at Gravelotte which sent him to Merchiston made for the salvation of Barbe Carcassone.

These things are necessary to explain him. From his father he inherited the hot blood of the Bernardins, which had never thinned nor cooled even under the refining influences of Huguenot teaching or persecution. From his mother he got a clear, logical head, a warm heart, and great tenacity of purpose. From Edinburgh he went to Paris, and flung himself into the student life in all its

phases, good and bad, as heartily as he had learnt to fling himself into the games on the Merchiston fields. Whatever Noel Bernardin did he did with all his might, and when he set his heart on a thing it rarely escaped him. He was at this time a brilliant lawyer, as good-looking as he was clever, and was making a great reputation at the Paris Bar. His thoroughness was something to wonder at, and his honesty was such that his fellows first predicted failure for him, and then marvelled greatly at his success. It was he who refused a fee of twenty-five thousand francs, in a somewhat scandalous case, from the Jew banker Roussillon; and he refused it because, in the first place, he did not like the look of his would-be client; in the second place, because he had already formed his own opinion on the matter, and believed Roussillon quite capable of all that was imputed to him, and more, which is saying a good deal. And when the man was sent into retirement for a long term of years the only fault Bernardin found in the matter was that the sentence was not twice as long.

But Paris is a trying place for hot young blood, a furnace whose fires scorch and devour more than they cleanse; and, in spite of—perhaps to some extent as the effect of, or at all events in the rebound from—the strict training of his earlier years, Noel Bernardin, when he came to years of indiscretion, went the pace with the rest. His mother died just before his majority, and with her went the only possible brake on his fast-spinning wheels. But he had the worldly wisdom to keep the two phases of his life distinctly and wide apart. In the courts he was the clear-headed, strenuous advocate who never lost a case if law and logic and infinite striving could win it. For the rest—well, perhaps the less said the better. He did as others did.

Gaudriol had written to him in Paris. The old man's heart was in this business. It was as tender a heart as one may sometimes find below a grizzled moustache and an official uniform. He liked Alain and he loved Barbe, and he was determined to see them through this business. He had his savings, for the possibilities of spending were small in Plenevec, and no opportunity had ever presented itself before by which he would get more enjoyment out of his money. So he got Noel Bernardin's address in Paris from the clerk of the court at Plouarnec, and wrote to him begging him to undertake the defence of an innocent man on trial for his life.

Bernardin, by a fortunate chance, was holiday-making in the neighbourhood of Roscoff. He claimed the Île de Batz as an original discovery of his own, and found much entertainment in its beauties, natural and feminine; and few possessed a keener eye for both than himself. Gaudriol's letter followed him there, and he determined, good-humouredly, to run over to Plenevec and take a look at the matter, and see if it was interesting enough to amuse him. It was only a cross-country

jaunt, and that bit of the coast was new to him. So the old Sergeant was delighted one afternoon by the sight of the elegant figure of M. Noel Bernardin strolling unconcernedly along the shingle, absorbing the local colour of Plenevec.

'Ah, monsieur, you do me too great honour!' said the old man, hastening up to salute the young one.

'You are Sergeant Gaudriol?' said Noel.

'At monsieur's service,' with another salute.

'Your letter caught me at Roscoff, so I thought I would just run over and have a chat with you. Now, what's it all about?'

'If monsieur will do me the great honour of accompanying me to my house I will explain it fully,' and they went in together.

'The facts are strong against you, my friend,' said Bernardin at the end of a long talk. 'They are purely circumstantial, of course, and inevitably so under the circumstances; but things don't look bright for your man. I know what country juries are: they always convict on circumstantial evidence sooner than let a crime go unpunished.'

'I know it,' said Gaudriol gloomily. 'But this man is innocent, monsieur. I would stake my life on it.'

'If the innocents convicted by country juries on circumstantial evidence could all return and haunt the men who condemned them there would be some pretty lively times,' said the barrister, tapping his gold pencil between his teeth.

Was it worth his while to break into his holiday? After all, it was only the possible life of a common fisherman. There was not much glory in it at best, and if there was one thing he hated, it was trying to drive light into the dark brains of country jurymen. It was like driving nails into a fog. Then he had some big cases coming on which would take up all his time. No, on the whole, he did not think it was worth his while.

He was on the point of saying so when a tap came at the door, and in answer to the Sergeant's '*Entrez!*' Barbe Carcassone's face glimmered in on them and the slim girlish figure stood outlined against the sunshine outside.

'Come in, *ma fille*,' said Gaudriol, as she stood hesitating at the sight of the tall stranger. 'It is of your affair we are talking. This gentleman can save Alain if he will'—

'Oh, monsieur!' and Barbe's great eyes rose to Noel's, blazing and swimming with the tumult of her feelings, and her hands clasped up towards him as though he were the Holy Mother herself.

Noel Bernardin's eyes dwelt on her with great appreciation. There was something worth looking at in Plenevec after all. He looked again into the dark eyes and the sweet, anxious face, and then he said, '*Bien!* I will undertake it.—But, you understand,' to Gaudriol, 'it will not be easy.'

Barbe ran to him and would have kissed his hand. 'You give me life, monsieur. You give me

hope. I was in despair. They will not even let me see him. I go each day, but they will not admit me. And he is innocent—as innocent as I myself'—

'We must prove it, mademoiselle. I will come back to-morrow, and you shall tell me all you know, and show me all these curious places. It is as strange a story as ever I heard;' and to himself he added, 'and you are the prettiest girl that ever I set eyes on.'

He went back to Roscoff, and thought all the way of nothing but Barbe's lovely, eager face and those great eyes of hers into which a man's soul tumbled and lost itself; and all that day Barbe thought of him—when she was not thinking of Alain—and magnified him into a demigod who had only to speak and stretch out his hand and Alain would be free. For the bitter knowledge still lay ahead of her that our earthly demigods are mostly made of clay.

I have seen Barbe Carcassone in later times, and even then there was a charm about her which is difficult to describe, but which haunted one like a dream. She had a sweet, oval face, in which the tender softness of the girl was just moulding into the firm, chaste lines of the woman. The cheekbones were perhaps just a trifle high, showing her Celtic origin; the brow was broad and placid, the nose straight and wonderfully delicate, the mouth just ripe, and the curving lips just full enough to indicate the feeling that was in her. When I saw them they met a trifle more firmly than they probably did at this time—before she had learned her lessons. But it was her eyes that held you captive, and never let you forget them. They were large, and of a very deep blue-black at times with the intensity of her feelings, and at times a velvety violet. They were rather deep-set, and looking into them you thought of dark, shaded pools in whose depths you might surprise the glimmer of quiet stars. There was in them at all times—when I saw them—a trustful glow which made for the rekindling of one's faith in humanity, and a quiet appeal which was infinitely pathetic and touching: the wistfulness of the girl who seeks to know, with the tender depth of the woman who has known. She was only a peasant girl; but there have been queens with infinitely less grace and few with greater beauty.

Noel Bernardin had seen his share of beautiful women. He had had his tender thoughts of them, and more. But Barbe set his blood on fire as no other woman ever had done; and, far from attempting to fight the flame, he fed it with both hands. He went back to Roscoff that first day very full of thought. Perhaps he was pondering the points of the case he had undertaken. Perhaps he was thinking of other things. '*Mon Dieu!*' he murmured more than once. And again, 'What a find!' And yet again, 'But she is incredible!'

Strange indeed that so meek and quiet a thing should kindle so fierce a fire in so experienced a

man! But it was so. Barbe's fresh young beauty swept him like a devouring flame; and before it all his higher feelings, his early training, his self-control, disappeared like a drop of water on a red-hot bar. Perhaps the strange chance that had thrust her thus upon him had something to do with it. God knows, opportunity brings about as many a fall as inclination or intention.

He rode over again next day, having secured a horse from the hotel at Roscoff, and had another long interview with Sergeant Gaudriol and Barbe; but I doubt if his knowledge of the case was greatly increased thereby, for he was looking at Barbe most of the time and thinking of her all the rest.

No one, however, could be two minutes in Barbe Carcassone's company, and discuss the case of Alain Carbonec, without seeing that all her heart was given to that fortunate unfortunate, and that every hope of her life was bound up in him; and so Noel Bernardin saw that he must tackle the matter from a business point of view. So he flung himself heart and soul into Alain's case, as was his way with whatever he undertook; and in this case a twofold cord drew him swiftly on. Conflict was life to him; a fight against odds, when he had faith in his cause, a great and fierce joy; and in this case he promised himself a fee commensurate with his services—a fee beyond the capacity of Sergeant Gaudriol's bank account to pay—a fee *du diable*.

Day after day he rode over to Plenevec, till he knew everything that was to be known which bore in any way on the case. He learned all about Cadoual and Pierre and Alain and Barbe, and their relations one with another. He went down into the great cavern with Loïc Breton, and marvelled at what he saw there. Under Barbe's guidance he inspected Cap Réhel from the top and from the bottom, and wormed himself after her into the cavern under the stone, and subjected it to the minutest scrutiny, but found nothing that had escaped the previous searchers. The fee he would demand depended on his winning his case, and he spared no pains to that end; and day by day, and hour by hour, the fire within him burned more fiercely, till at last the flames broke out.

It was only three days to Alain's trial. Noel Bernardin and Barbe Carcassone had been viewing the way by which Alain had been in the habit of scaling the cliff from the sea, and Bernardin had shuddered at the thought of anything without wings going either up or down.

'Sit down here and listen to me,' he said when they had done, and his eyes burned on her face; and, all aflame as he was, he found it difficult to begin when Barbe's innocent wells of truth rose to meet the fire of his own.

'What is it, then, monsieur?' she said with a gasp, for his look startled her.

'You want me to save Alain Carbonec?'

'*Mais, mon Dieu, monsieur!* Can you doubt it?'

'Well, I will save him if man can save him. But—my fee will be a high one.'

'Anything, monsieur—everything in our power, if you will only give us time to pay it. I would give my soul for Alain.'

'It's not your soul I want. It is you yourself—you.'

'*Comment, monsieur!* I myself? *Mon Dieu!* what can you mean?'

'I want you, Barbe, you yourself, all to myself.'

'But, *mon Dieu, monsieur!* I belong to Alain.'

'It is no good belonging to a dead man.'

'But Alain is not dead.'

'He will be unless I save him.'

She stared at him wild-eyed—the horror of it biting into her heart like an icy tooth, and her blood chilled as his meaning forced itself upon her.

'Well?' said Bernardin. 'What do you say? Is he to live or die?'

'*Mon Dieu!*' and she rocked to and fro in her anguish for Alain and for herself. 'Will no less satisfy you?'

'Nothing less. I want you, Barbe—you. You have set me on fire. You will come to Paris with me. Everything you want shall be yours, and of the best that money can buy: dresses and jewels, horses and carriages—everything. My God!' he blazed, 'there is no woman in all Paris to compare with you.'

'I want only Alain—Alain,' she wailed.

'And I want only you. I will save Alain to get you. I won't save him for you.'

She moaned, and cast herself on the turf at his feet, and clawed it with her trembling little brown hands. 'Spare us, monsieur, spare us! All our lives we will bless you—and work to pay off the debt.'

He sat down beside her, and put his hand gently on her shaking shoulder, which shook the more at his touch.

'See, Barbe!' he said. 'I cannot help it. You have possessed me body and soul. I would go through hell itself to win you.'

Her *coiffe* had slipped—she had bent to the fashion since she had come to live on shore—and the dark hair rippled out from its confining cap. His wandering fingers touched it caressingly. His whole body shook, and the wind whistled in through his nostrils. He held his breath as though he held something else in with it, and she shivered and crept along the earth away from him.

Perhaps some touch of the better nature that was somewhere in him rose at sight of her utter desperation. Perhaps the violence of his passion upset his brain for a moment.

'I will marry you, Barbe,' he said hoarsely.

'You shall be my wife!' and at the moment he meant it, for at the moment there was no thing in heaven or earth that he desired but the lovely young thing that lay there under his hand.

'I shall die,' moaned Barbe.

'On the contrary,' he said, coming back to himself, 'you shall begin to live and learn what life is like. Now, listen to me, Barbe! You shall swear to me by the Holy Virgin that you will speak of this to no person whatever, and that when Alain Carbonec is free'—Barbe shivered and moaned again—'you will come to me at my bidding. Swear it!' he said again, as she remained prone and silent. '*Eh bien!*' he said at last as he got up, 'then, as sure as you live, Alain Carbonec's head goes into the basket;' and he turned to go.

She heard the pressure of his foot on the turf. It was the foot of Death striding on Alain. Her white face rose and looked after him in mortal agony. She scrambled to her knees—to her feet—and ran after him—ran after him to pluck back

Death from Alain at a price at which Alain would not care for life; but to her the one thing was to save his life—even at the cost of her own. And she said to herself as she ran, 'When Alain is free I will throw myself into the sea. I will kiss him once when he is free, and then I will throw myself into the sea.'

'I will swear!' she panted behind Bernardin.

He turned and took her two hands in his and looked into her twisted face. 'By the Holy Mother?' he said.

'By the Holy Mother!'

He bent and would have kissed the brown hands, but she snatched them from him and bent and sped away along the hillside, like one who had sinned and shunned the sight of man; and Bernardin stood and watched her, and then turned and went on into the village.

W I L D - G E E S E.

A far-heard clang, the wild-geese fly,
Storm-sent from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun.



ARIOUS types of wild-geese visit our shores annually, coming from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, a few only breeding in Sutherlandshire and the Western Hebrides. The most common are the pink-

footed-goose, the gray-lag-goose (gray-legged—considered to be the origin of our tame goose), and the bean-goose, so called from its fondness of feeding on bean and pea stubbles. Specimens of all these three are to be seen in the ponds at St James's Park, London; and often during the winter months they may be seen hanging at the doors of our poultry-shops. There is also the barnacle-goose, more of a sea-bird than the three former. Boece the Scottish historian mentions the curious old idea that this latter bird was supposed to originate from the rotten timbers of ships and old trees becoming covered with a sort of fungus-growth that in time takes the form of a bird; they were also supposed to grow on a kind of tree-plant, curious old woodcuts of which are sometimes seen. No doubt from this source came the belief of the Scottish peasantry that the solan-goose grows by its bill on the cliffs of the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig, and St Kilda.

On the east coast of Scotland, at the present day, the wild-goose generally seen is the pink-footed variety. They mostly frequent large bays and sand-flats, sitting half-asleep on the sand at low-water or floating lazily on the sea when the tide is in. At daylight they rise with a weird, clanging noise, form into long arrow-shaped lines, and fly inland to feed on stubbles, grass, and young wheat. On some farms in East Lothian, so persistent are they in feeding on the young wheat that the

farmers have sometimes to put a boy to scare them off, as a flock of a hundred or more do much damage by trampling, and their droppings have a bad effect on the crop. When the moon is near the full they sit all day by the sea, and fly up-country to feed at night, returning seaward again at break of day.

Their 'far-heard clang' is very welcome to the sportsman as he rubs up his trusty 8-bore, and remembers the welcome *thud, thud* of falling victims. Surely it must have been a shooter of these wild-fowl who originated the expression 'a wild-goose-chase;' no one knows better than he the many fruitless waits and stalks this cunning bird causes; yet, though most wary of approach to the sportsman, it will often let the field-labourers or shepherds come within easy shot. They are certainly most wily birds, and perhaps the only silly thing they do is to give warning of their approach when flying by the loud clang of their hoarse voices; and when feeding or walking up to fresh-water, the occasional *honk, honk* of odd birds warns the gunner of their whereabouts in the dusk or faint moonlight.

There are different modes of pursuing our pink-footed friends; but with any gun smaller than an 8-bore it is hardly worth while tackling the job. Of course, occasionally lucky chances are to be had; but many a weary, cold wait with a smaller bore is only rewarded by the loss of two cartridges fired in vain at these high-flying, thick-plumaged birds. The best and most certain plan, if it can be arranged, is to get permission from a farmer on whose fields the geese are feeding to follow them up. You can then either stalk them or have them driven over you whilst lying in ambush; or, when they are flying by moonlight, you can go to the field they are frequenting and there await their arrival, when a successful shot is almost sure to be had. Last year a

neighbouring farmer kindly sent me word that a large flock were feeding on his young wheat, and that he had set his collie to scare them; but they just flew round a bit and landed again. I at once summoned a friend who was very keen to bag a wild-geese, and he by a considerable detour and much crawling managed to gain a ditch in the direction of which they were most likely to fly. I then started to raise them, and up they got with a prodigious clamour, about three hundred of them, and made straight for said ditch. When near it they swerved a bit, as if scenting danger; but some twenty passed over my friend, who got two with his first barrel and one with his second. This with a 12-bore and No. 2 shot; and well pleased he was, as, although he had accounted for various head of big game in South Africa, these were his first wild-geese in this country.

Another way, and perhaps the one most generally followed, is to watch for flighting-time, either at daylight when they leave for the fields, or at dusk when they return seaward, or when they flight by moonlight; and in the latter case as a rule they do not fly so high as at daybreak. In this kind of shooting it is necessary to find out more or less their line of flight, and when this is ascertained, to erect a low shelter of sea-ware, &c., near high-water mark. Like most wild-fowling, this requires much perseverance and patience. It is no joke getting up and dressing by candle-light on a cold, dark winter morning about six o'clock, to start out and stumble over perhaps a mile or more of rough, uneven ground, till you arrive at the seashore, then crawl behind your rough shelter and wait for daylight, cheered by occasional *honks* heard in the dim distance. Then, as it gets gradually light, you hear the whistle of duck-wings as they pass overhead; and then 'the pewits, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,' followed presently by a great clanging noise away by the sea, and you can see something like a gray cloud rising far out on the sands, and gradually it forms up and spreads out into a long line of separate dots, each one seeming to try to out-honk his neighbour. On they come: a most exciting time, as you lie grasping your gun, and wondering if they will pass over you, and yet hardly daring to hope so. Alas! they swing wide and pass well out of shot. Hardly have their cries ceased to be

heard in the distance when again a hoarse clamour by the sea warns you of another flight approaching, and these also, after raising fresh hopes and fears, decline to come near enough. You almost begin to wish you had stayed in your warm bed, when, hark! another lot are on the wing, and this time they swing well over you with outstretched necks and fierce cries; then both barrels belch forth, and the welcome *thuds* are heard as three good birds fall on the frosty ground. A warm glow comes over you, and you trudge home to a hearty, well-earned breakfast.

Perhaps, again, some stormy evening, with a strong head-wind, they may pass sufficiently low to afford a good shot, if you are lucky enough to select the spot where they cross as they return from feeding inland. At some bays where there are small runlets of fresh-water, a good chance may be had when the geese come to drink, which they often do on dark nights or when the moon is too small for flighting; but this often entails long, fruitless waits, success only being accomplished when tide, wind, and moon are all favourable. Certainly, if they do come you are well repaid, as, if you lie quite still, and allow the first few birds to drink and paddle about undisturbed, the whole drove, being less wary than usual in the uncertain light, will come up well within shot, and you can 'brown' them. Lately a friend of mine got five in this way with two shots; and quite recently two men got no less than fifteen geese in one evening, the birds coming up no less than three separate times to the water near where the gunners lay flat out behind a low shelter of seaweed.

After the lessons the late war has taught us, wild-fowling should be encouraged by landed proprietors, not hindered and attempts made to put it down as is the case in some districts. What are a few wild-fowl to them, with their well-stocked game-coverts? You will find few better scouts than the man who has followed wild-fowling in his youth, and to whom the sweetest music is the harsh quack of the wild-duck, the whistle of the widgeon in the distance, or 'ye curlews cry thro' a clud, and whistling plover,' as he lies crouched behind some rude shelter on a bitter winter's day and braves the cold and wet for a chance-shot at some of our wary wild-fowl.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

PART III.



EISENMANN went out, but not before he had heard another supplicatory 'Robert!' from the white lips inside. He tottered home, his thoughts all in a tangle, and it was not until he saw the dumbly questioning eyes of his wife upon him that he realised the full sorrow of the tidings he had brought her.

'Forgive me, dear,' was all he could say, standing before her with bowed head and clasped hands.

True to her habit, Rahel asked no questions; but she flung her arms about his shoulders and murmured, 'Never mind; God will help.'

Yes, God would help, thought Eisenmann, grimly setting his teeth; but meanwhile he would not let the grass grow under his feet. A reunion had been

fixed for that evening at the 'Lame Horse,' and Eisenmann knew that it afforded him his last and ultimate opportunity. Well, he would seize it and drain it dry to the very dregs—the metaphor was appropriate—of its possibilities. He would throw all scruples to the wind; he would stop at nothing. Unless he to-night forestalled his enemy the vicar, all his toilsomeness, all the weary striving of the last three arduous months, would be in vain. Yes, he would fight hard to-night. If it cost the last coin in his pocket, if he spent the last breath in his body, he would force these mule-headed stupids to do his will. He would bribe, cajole, threaten; he would ransack his imagination for all the dire consequences that could befall a recalcitrant community which sets its face against the thinly disguised wishes of the Government. He would insist that they should constitute themselves into a formal meeting of the town council, and ratify his admission to citizenship there and then. He would—ay, he would prove to the Herr Pastor that right was not always on the side of might.

The long, hot summer's day crept wearily to its close. Towards evening Eisenmann said his vesper prayers with even more than customary devoutness, took a handful of gold pieces from his sadly attenuated store—he must be provided, for probably it would mean Moselle and champagne to-night—and repaired to the 'Lame Horse.' There he sat down in his usual place, not noting the look of mingled malice and regret with which the proprietor received him, and waited. It surprised him a good deal that he should be the first arrival; but perhaps, he thought, in his anxiety he had come inordinately early. Yet eight o'clock struck, and the half-hour after, and still nobody had come. By nine o'clock Eisenmann could no longer conceal from himself that his adversary had, after all, got the better of him. It was, of course, the pastor's doing that no one had come—not even Notarius Schwefelgeist, who had been heard more than once to declare his regret that he had not been born a hundred years ago, when the devil was still alive, so that he might make over to him his immortal soul in exchange for unlimited beer.

At a quarter-past nine Eisenmann got up and walked out of the 'Lame Horse,' knowing that he would never set foot there again. Now he was convinced that his doom was finally sealed he felt unnaturally calm. After all, he was an Oriental; fate had conquered him. *Kismet!* But he would not go home just yet; the extra hour of blessed ignorance in which he would leave his wife Rahel would probably be set down to his credit in heaven. So he strolled on and on till he came to the outskirts of the town, wrapping the solitude round him luxuriously like a garment. At last he halted, for his way was barred by the little brook which, gently purling, cosily crooning, lapped the edge of the town. Now that he had apparently finished with the great things of life, reflected Eisenmann,

it was only due that he should give a thought or two to its pettinesses, its indifferences. For instance, the topography of Ostrokov. He looked back. It was really beautifully situated, this cruel, inhospitable place which had refused him sanctuary. There it lay below him, bathed in the generous light of the half-moon, cradled primly, self-sufficiently, in a sloping hollow with an almost grotesque tilt towards its lower end. At the back of it started up the high hill-tops, fringed thickly with gnarled giants of oak having branches that seemed to brush the skies, and roots that seemed to strike down into the depths of the centuries. On the other side of the brook rose a wall of rock sheer and steep, as though it was there that creation had been bidden to halt; and between the town and that end-of-the-world wall, the two bound together by a bridge strongly riveted and solid of masonry—yes, between the two—flowed the little brook, now coy, now petulant, tripping, running, bounding with long, lusty leaps, a thing of never-ending self-delight, until a mile or so farther down it flung itself joyously upon the broad bosom of Mother Warthe, the full, strong river of which it was a toy tributary.

Eisenmann took out his handkerchief and dried his forehead. How heavily leaden was the stillness! Only from above came a grating *swish, swish*, a dull, monotonous sound, where a sawmill was busily working on in a sullen, automaton fashion; but above the grating *swish* Eisenmann seemed to hear another sound, a piteous cry of white, hard-drawn lips, the wail of an agonised soul begging relief for its poor tortured body. 'If only the rain would come it might save me!' The plaintive voice seemed close at his ear; he seemed to see the frail frame writhing on its bed of sickness, the hollow chest heaving, gasping desperately for a whiff of the life-giving air. If only the rain would come! Eisenmann's eyes struggled hard against the crowding tears. Poor agonised soul; poor tortured body! And then, in the hearing of the frivolous little brook, which seemed to gurgle back at him its mockery, he began to recite from memory, as far as he could remember them, the prayers for rain that go up in the synagogue on the Seventh Day of Tabernacles, concluding with the jubilatory outcry: 'He causes the great wind to blow and the rain to rush in torrents.' So Eisenmann prayed for the Frau Pastorin, the stricken wife of his adversary, forgetting that prayers have wings, and that, as with all winged things, the mode and bearings of their flight are but rarely regulated by human understanding and human desire.

So three more days passed, bringing down the remainder of Eisenmann's stay to its narrowest margin. He might almost have considered it a source of consolation that the depression which prevailed in his household rested in fullest measure upon the whole town. Life and movement in the place had come to a standstill. Man and beast and nature groaned beneath the burden of the pheno-

menal heat, which, instead of abating, had increased from hour to hour, and the wonder was that it had not long ago touched suffocation-point. The Eisenmanns, in a way, were better off than the rest, because they were compelled to occupy themselves, and so distract their attention from the physical discomforts of the hour by making preparations for their impending departure. The Rabbiner had already written to Hamburg to arrange for lodgings there in order to be as near as possible to the place of embarkation if they were eventually forced to put into effect their last resource—the crossing of the seas to more hospitable shores.

At last everything was packed and ready for transport. It was Friday night, and their departure had been fixed for the following evening, at the termination of the Sabbath. For the last time but one Eisenmann had conducted the service in the synagogue. The humble, unpretentious House of God had grown very dear to him, and he knew that his heart would feel heaviest at the moment when he would bid it farewell on the morrow. And now the Rabbiner and his wife—the children were in bed—were sitting over their simple supper, the table spick and spruce in all its Sabbath finery; for, come what might, the Sabbath must not be dishonoured. To Rahel, indeed, the room had never looked so bewilderingly resplendent, because the two stearine tapers, bent and dripping though they were in the all-conquering heat, had blazed out into a hundred-crown candelabrum—so at least the crystalline mist through which she gazed at them made it appear to her. The curtains had been decorously drawn, and therefore neither she nor Eisenmann had seen the strange light which earlier in the evening had filled the spaces without. The sun had gone down in a fierce, rebellious splendour, and now, a full hour after its setting, a weird, coppery glare streamed down in a broad, straight sheet upon the horizon. Far, far off a tiny speck, no bigger than a child's hand, had appeared against the sky. For a quarter of an hour it remained stationary and unchanged; and then, in a moment, it had suddenly bulged out into a thick, voluminous cloud, from which, after another and much briefer interval, there rolled out another and yet bulkier cloud; and from there onward the blue-black masses of darkness billowed along the heavens, as though to shut off from the watchful eyes of God what now was about to ensue on earth.

So it was that neither Eisenmann nor Rahel had witnessed anything of the splendidly terrible transformation on high; and therefore neither of them, taken suddenly and unawares, could repress a cry of terror as a dazzling javelin of flame shot past the window, followed instantly by a deafening crash that seemed to set the world rocking. Before they could recover breath, another javelin hurtled by and a second roar ravenously swallowed up the echoes of the first. After that came flash and crash, flash and crash, one upon the other in ruthless, rhythmical sequence. With a drawn, shamefaced

smile at Rahel, Eisenmann rose, and reaching down from the bookshelf his copy of the Pentateuch, laid it upon the table, and with an unsteady hand sprinkled upon the open page a handful of salt. Rahel threw him a grateful look, knowing well that it was mainly in consideration for her that her husband observed the ancient custom of their race to conjure off and make innocuous the peril of the lightning. Eagerly Eisenmann listened: would it never come? Ah, yes! there it was, the sharp, brittle crackling of the rain—the blessed rain that was trickling balm into the heart of the writhing woman in the vicarage; and Rahel, looking at her husband, could not understand the sudden air of triumph that had spread over his face. Why should he not feel proud? This was his achievement. The rain had come. Had he not prayed for it?

But the rain, having been so long in coming, evidently did not think it right to be satisfied with a short visit. An hour later the brittle crackling that had been as the voice of newly-lit fuel had grown to the angry howl of a gigantic furnace. Husband and wife sat clasping each other's hands, the one seeking to reassure the other by this the most expressive language of love. The Rabbiner at last broke the silence.

'We should not complain, dear,' he said, with a bitter smile; 'we are at least going off with much *éclat*. Why, we are making history in Ostrokov. This will be spoken of as "the great thunderstorm on the night before we drove the Rabbiner away."'

Rahel opened her lips to make reply; but she shut them again with a snap, as it were, and the grip of her hand on her husband's became frantic. He, too, sitting up in tense alertness, showed the sudden alarm that had come upon them. There had been no thunderclap, and yet both had felt the ponderous boom which this time had really set the world rocking.

'I—I thought the house shook,' stammered Eisenmann.

Rahel nodded corroboration, unable to utter a sound. The Rabbiner sprang up, and disengaging his hand, hurried to the window, and tore back the curtain. Before him was a sight that made his heart give one great bound and then suddenly stand still. The roadway had disappeared entirely, and the pavement itself was barely visible beneath the three inches of water that covered it; and along the swirling waterway between the two rows of houses whirled a confused mass of logs both great and small, half-grown trees, pieces of furniture, kitchen utensils, hedges, and thatch-work—a fearful conglomeration. It was one of the largest logs that, like a battering-ram, had impinged against the house and set it shaking from basement to gable. In the distance lanterns and blazing pitch-torches were seen to hurry, and the indistinct hum of terrified crowds spoke of some dire catastrophe.

'I cannot stay here. I must go out, Rahel,' said Eisenmann, pale to the lips.

With a scream of terror she flung herself upon him, clinging to him desperately; then, as though on second thoughts, she pushed him from her, and with both hands to her face went within where her two children slept, in token that he might do as he thought fit. Eisenmann gave another glance through the window, and saw that no immediate danger threatened his loved ones; then he hurried out to see what peril was impending for these strangers.

Carefully wading and evading the swift-darting objects bearing down in his path, he made his way towards the upper part of the town, where the panic and commotion seemed to have gathered to a head. Soon he passed out into one of the main streets, where he came upon an excited crowd of men all thronging in the same direction. The one frantic cry among them was, 'The brook! the brook!' Eisenmann pushed past them, quickly outdistancing them, so as to learn for himself the meaning of that cry. A quarter of an hour later he had climbed the slope near to the spot where he had stood three nights ago. God, how different the scene was! Now, too, he saw at a glance the fatal bearing the brook had on the destiny of the town. The lower end of it was running sparsely, with scarcely more than an inch or so of water to its bed; but in the upper part, the part above the bridge, it had become a mighty torrent rushing headlong from the oak-bearded hill-tops, dashing down madly as far as the bridge, and, finding no thoroughfare there, overflowed in a broad cataract upon its left bank—the right was guarded by the steep rock-wall—down into the hollow in which the town nestled, for the space underneath the bridge had become dammed up. A large stack of logs piled by the side of the sawmill above had been snatched up in the embrace of the flood, carried down to the bridge, and there, in the wild pell-mell to find a passage, had become jammed between the uprights. Rotten twigs and large tufts of moss torn away from the hill-side had filled up the interspaces.

Eisenmann had taken his stand on the lower reach of the brook, where the foothold was comparatively safe and dry. Around him surged a number of men, the bolder spirits of the place, who had hurried to the scene of disaster and seemed to have lost their wits on the way. There they stood gazing at each other blankly, helplessly. It needed no explanation from them to tell Eisenmann what it was they apprehended. Down at the lower end of the town stood their hay-stacks, their hen-coops, their barns crammed with the summer's garden-produce, all at the mercy of the encroaching waters; and unless the torrent were given free flow beneath the bridge into the Warthe below, gone was the year's prosperity, not counting the danger to life and limb that threatened in addition. At the back of the crowd Herr Notarius Schwefelgeist, sheltered under a huge umbrella, was running up and down excitedly asking the local fire-brigade of two and the constabulary of one what on earth, or rather on water,

as was more appropriate under the circumstances, they drew their munificent salaries for if they could not rise to an emergency like this. Eisenmann felt himself jostled on one side, and a voice—the pastor's voice—was saying to him:

'Here, my man; hold my coat. I must go and see what can be done.'

'I shall come with you, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann on the instant, passing on the other's coat to a bystander and taking off his own.

He had spoken the words before he himself was aware of it. He had uttered them with no motive, with no premeditation, with no bravado, with no glimmer of self-interest or possible advantage. He had made his offer because a long-smothered instinct seemed suddenly to have become alive in him. Ah, yes, that was it! He was no novice at this water-work. He had been trained in it as a lad when he had helped his father to build the rafts on the banks of the Vistula. Raft-making was to have been his own vocation in life, and he had never intended anything else until one fine morning he had seen his father drown before his eyes as he was punting himself to the other side of the stream on a single log. That had disgusted him somewhat with the raft business, and he had taken to becoming a scholar as an alternative. Now, strangely enough, his old craftsmanship was to stand him in good stead. It was he who first set foot on the tightly-rammed timber, and the pastor followed without a word.

'We must have ropes and poles,' said Eisenmann.

'Ropes!—poles!' shouted the pastor, and in a trice the implements of rescue were ready to hand. And then began the work. It was simple work, its simplicity only equalled by its peril. It would have been impossible had not the downpour ceased, and the thunderclouds rolled away, and the clear, lambent moon played full upon the sphere of action. So the two men, each suiting loyally the other's convenience, worked on in grim, deadly earnest. About the neck of each log was slung a noose, the other end of the rope thrown to the men ready to catch it on the bank, and then each huge piece of timber was pulled high and dry, singly and with care, for the hap-hazard scaffolding whereon the pastor and Eisenmann stood gave but precarious foothold, growing more and more precarious with the removal of each constituent. On the bridge above stood the men with poles, ready to thrust off any random log, and there were many of them dashing in to take the place of their extricated fellows. Steadily, successfully, as though by the immediate blessing of God, proceeded the work. The finger-nails of the pastor and Eisenmann were torn and bleeding, and their arms and legs, scraped bare of skin, showed inch-long patches of the raw flesh; but not a word, save an occasional necessary question or exhortation, had passed between them all these hours, not until almost the very end, when the scaffolding had sunk to a third of its height, and the water was beginning to find vent across the

diminished barrier. The pastor was down on his hands and knees, wrestling with a more than usually unmanageable plank, when there was a shout from the men on the bridge, and he felt himself suddenly jerked back by the Rabbiner's iron grip. Engzelius looked to see the reason for the shout and the jerk; and there, where his head had been an instant ago, a huge oaken log was being desperately stemmed by the poles, which it had eluded until almost too late.

'I told you you were a fool,' said the pastor gruffly. 'You should have let that log batter my brains out, and then there would have been no one to oppose your becoming a burgess.'

'I knew that, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann quietly; 'but unfortunately for me I am only a fool and not a knave.'

An hour later their task was accomplished. The water was rushing freely and yet more freely beneath the bridge into the waiting river below.

'I think we may leave the brook to finish its own work now,' said the pastor, stepping on to the bank.

'Just as you please, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann, following him.

For a few moments the Rabbiner paused irresolutely, not knowing what to do. If he stopped it might appear that he was waiting to beg their thanks. It would be a good while before they would be finished with their pastor. He had saved their hay, their hen-coops, their cabbages; he had protected them from want and starvation. He was a hero. What had he—the stranger—done? Nothing. Only just risked his life. Heavens! was it not sufficient reward for a Jew to know that by risking his life he had saved a barnful of good Christian cabbages? And so he turned off towards home just as the pastor was being lifted up by the huzzaing multitude to be carried shoulder-high back to the vicarage. But the Rabbiner, for all that, did not go entirely unrewarded. As he raised his face to heaven to give thanks for his own deliverance from death, it was his eyes that first caught the glory of the dawning morn as it came to scatter the last lingering shadows of that ghastly night.

There was no service in the synagogue that morning, for people were far too busy sleeping off the bodily fatigue and anxiety of the past hours to have any time to attend to their spiritual repose. Eisenmann waited till eleven o'clock, but not even the necessary prayer-quorum of ten assembled. Well, he would, instead, make the afternoon service—which probably would be more numerously attended—the occasion of his final leave-taking from the congregation. So he walked back home, feeling the need of a further rest, especially to prepare himself for the weariness of the night's journey that awaited him. For the first time he seemed to become aware that his walk took him past the pastor's house. Involuntarily he paused outside it. Perhaps it would be only common politeness to look

in and ask how he felt after the exertions of the night. Politeness cost nothing. After another little struggle he briskly entered the open corridor and knocked at the door of the sitting-room. A strange silence seemed hanging over the house.

'Come in,' called the pastor.

At sight of Eisenmann he got up laboriously from the arm-chair in which he had huddled up. Great black rings were under his eyes. He looked wizened and old. He held out no hand.

'You deserve to be brought up before a magistrate and sentenced to detention,' he said harshly. 'Suppose something had happened to you in the night, we should have had your wife and children on the rates. What business was it of yours?'

'I knew nothing would happen,' said the Rabbiner, meeting the other's gaze steadily.

'You knew?' and Engzelius wrinkled his brows. 'Then you are wrong, sir. Something has happened. If you will go to the burgomaster he will hand you your certificate of burgess. I made them stop at the market-place and go into the town-hall and settle your business there.'

Eisenmann gasped and grew pale. 'This is a cruel jest, Herr Pastor,' he stammered.

'And, therefore, it is not a jest. Look! here is my application for Muehlendorf.'

'Muehlendorf?' echoed Eisenmann, bewildered.

'Yes, certainly. Why not? I am applying for the post there. Did I not pledge you my word that you would not be Rabbiner here so long as I was pastor? I presume you do not expect me to perjure myself?'

'But Muehlendorf—a tiny curacy of scarcely more than two hundred souls—what will you do? The Frau Pastorin is ailing; she requires good medical advice and expensive nourishment. I dare not accept your generosity, Herr Pastor.'

'The Frau Pastorin needs no expensive nourishment. The Frau Pastorin is cured. Come, I will show you how well she sleeps.'

He took Eisenmann by the hand and led him into the bedchamber. The blind was down, and the Frau Pastorin really seemed to be enjoying a most refreshing slumber.

'I knew the rain would do her good—would cure her perhaps,' Eisenmann whispered joyously.

'Yes, it has done her a great deal of good. She is dead. The shock of the thunderstorm killed her. I found her like this when I came back.'

Silently they walked out of the death-chamber into the glorious sunshine. On the threshold outside they paused. The pastor took the other's hand.

'You are a wonderful people, and you have a wonderful Providence watching over you,' he said. Then after a slight pause he added wistfully: 'Muehlendorf is not very far—if you have time, Herr Rabbiner—I may be lonely.'

THE END.

THREE MONTHS IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

By AN INMATE.



WHO cares to hear about the joyless and monotonous life of the parish pauper, that social outcast, whom every one scornfully commiserates, while secretly anathematising him as the most superfluous of mortals, and relegating him to the tender mercies of Guardians and Masters? A fairly interesting trio, nevertheless, the Guardian, the Master, and the Pauper—the first living in dread of the overburdened ratepayer, the second steering his difficult course between the Scylla of the first and the Charybdis of the other, and the last a problem knotty enough for the wisdom of a Socrates and the tact of a Richelieu. Why do not some of our realistic portrayers of the wearisome ways of the fashionable defaulter, the criminal, and the ornamental stalkers of our drawing-rooms turn their X-rays upon the London pauper and his surroundings, and show what manner of man he is? But they don't; for even George Gissing has fought shy of him; and pauperdom remains a *terra incognita* to almost all but those who have the ungrateful task of attending to its needs or of disciplining its more refractory denizens.

'Needs must when the devil drives;' and I made my first bow to the Guardians of the Poor of Lambeth when the city was sweltering under the rays of a sun that would have done credit to a New York Fourth of July. Would you know the process of matriculation for the workhouse, kind reader? It is as exacting in its way as that for the army or the Civil Service, and red-tape rigidly binds together all the links of it. Before taking the first step you inquire of yourself whether you have resided in the parish for a period of three years; and, failing that requisite for a permanent settlement, whether you have slept within its precincts on the night preceding your application for admission. Having cleared your mind on this point, you betake yourself to one of the relieving officers of the district—a policeman will direct you; and the former gentleman, after many questions, presents you gratis with a card of admission, which is to be your passport at the door of 'The House.'

Arrived there, you are searched by the receiving officer to see that you have neither money, tobacco, nor a knife concealed about your person—the money, if you have any, being subject to confiscation for your maintenance, and all other small luxuries or conveniences being stowed away against the day of your liberation. The most scrupulous cleanliness being one of the features of the workhouse, you are then led down into the basement of the edifice to have a hot bath administered under the direct supervision of the receiving officer, who makes a note of any marks or scars or varicose

veins you may have about your body. Next comes the ordeal of fitting on your workhouse uniform, a clumsy suit of corduroy or moleskin which has been washed out into a ghostly white from its original brown colour. And such 'circumferential' inexpressibles as you now handle for the first time, with their flapdoodle appanages and clumps of buttons meeting no holes to suit your girth, must have been designed by some cynical knight of the bodkin from a portrait of the late lamented Claimant in his palmier days. That night you are fed and bedded in the probation ward, and next morning at nine o'clock, clad in your white and uncomfortable array, you go through your paces before the Master and the doctor, after which you may be regarded as on the effective strength of the establishment, and a subject for the experimentation of the labour-master or task-master, as he is indifferently called.

But you are not quite out of the wood yet, for in a day or two you are visited by the pass-master (they are all 'masters'), a suave and insinuating official, who deftly worms out of you every secret of your life, with a view to ridding the parish of you, if possible; and on the next 'full Board day' you are put up in a special suit of blue and wide-awake felt hat and marched to the other and much larger house, to answer for yourself before the male and female Guardians there assembled to cross-examine you at their discretion. If you are caught fibbing or even equivocating, woe betide you; if you give your answers in a straightforward manner you are admitted an *alumnus* of the institution, permanently if you belong to the parish, but only provisionally if you do not.

London workhouses are under the jurisdiction of the Local Government Board, and that body has seen fit in its wisdom to draw the line which separates young men from old men at one's sixtieth birthday. I shall treat chiefly of the young men, *quorum pars fui*, and only incidentally of the far more numerous as well as more privileged bluecoats, many of whom, owing to their being pensioners paying for their keep (ninepence per day), or to having formerly been ratepayers in a small way, have come to consider themselves, as it were, the mandarins of pauperdom. There were about thirty 'young men' in the Princes Road Workhouse when I entered it, the number swelling to over fifty with the approach of cold weather; and we made a motley crew of so-called 'able-bodied men,' of ages ranging from twenty to fifty-eight. The simple fact is, that an equal number of the old men, taken at random from the one hundred and twenty in the house, would better deserve the epithet.

Almost half of us 'young men' were cripples or imbeciles, and among the remainder ex-soldiers, time-expired or invalided, figured prominently. These, with a broken-down policeman or two, two or three decayed artisans, one or two 'clerks,' and several really able-bodied young married men, made up our number. The latter—such is the surprising character of workhouse legislation—are being detained in the prime of their days in the Princes Road Workhouse, while their wives and children are being respectively supported and educated at the larger house and at the workhouse-school at Norwood, Surrey. Why are these young men so detained, and the parish burdened with their maintenance? The answer is, to prevent the risk of their 'skipping' to evade their responsibilities as husbands and fathers. Young men who were free from such encumbrances, and who were passed by the doctor as fit, were driven off to a 'test-house' at Notting Hill, only, however, in many cases to be bundled back again by the more exacting medical officer of that place, who requires a man to be sound in mind as well as in wind and limb before accepting him for the task of breaking nine hundredweight of stone per day. Neither Guardians nor Master can turn a man into the street after he has been once admitted. The most they can do is to make his life so unendurable that he is driven to take his own discharge, or transfer him to his own parish if he is an interloper, or keep banging him at the door of the Notting Hill recreation-house until he gets sick of his life and disappears.

A few new-comers get frightened at the start by the roughness of their welcome—which, to some of them at least, must be suggestive of that which awaits the suicide on the confines of the other world—and, vowing loudly they would rather die in the street than endure such treatment longer, give the usual twenty-four hours' notice of discharge, and then vanish for ever from the scene. Those of tougher fibre soon get broken in to the routine of the place, and presently begin to take their discharge at regular intervals, either for the purpose of looking for work outside or ostensibly so, while really giving themselves a much-earned-for outing among their former haunts and comrades.

Nowhere is the soothing weed, tobacco, more highly prized than in the workhouse, and most ingenious are the devices resorted to in order to procure it. An allowance of one half-ounce—in some special cases of an ounce—per week is made to the old men, and they can smoke at will; but the use of it is prohibited to the young men (all those under sixty years) under the penalty of twenty-four hours' bread-and-water diet. But most of them manage to smoke their pipes surreptitiously nevertheless. Tobacco is the current coin of the workhouse, the standard of value for every little service rendered or received.

There is no stone-breaking done in the Princes Road Workhouse, as in most other places of the kind, the only task-works being grinding nine

pecks of corn on a mill per day and picking four pounds of oakum. Not all of the men adjudged to the latter task can finish it, and so far as my observation went, very few indeed were able to empty their mills before bedtime. I had one day on a mill myself; and with my utmost efforts at the cruelly-monotonous work, I succeeded in turning out only five pecks. It is an exercise that can be confidently recommended as a cure for obesity, only that is not a common complaint among the inmates of a workhouse. Like every other contrivance of the sort, devised to measure up to a man's full strength, there is a knack in it which, if the operator is lucky enough to hit upon it, will enable him to come off successfully; but even then it is work which, as the men pithily express it, 'wants doin'.' The secret of oakum-picking is, I believe, much more easily compassed, it being not so much a matter of sheer strength and endurance as of patience and ingenuity. The task-master—the officer who has the power of making your life miserable or tolerable in the workhouse—can see at a glance whether a man is trying to do his level best on the corn-mill; and if he finds him really unable to finish the allotted task, he puts him next day on something else more within his strength—that is, if the mill, on its part, fails in its chief function, which is to drive its able-bodied manipulator out at the gate.

All the other work is of a general kind—sawing and chopping wood, scrubbing floors, cleaning stairs, passages, and windows, and painting, all of which are carried on under the supervision of the lynx-eyed labour-master, who has to cater in work not only for the young men, but for the old as well. His position is not an enviable one, for if he does his duty unflinchingly it is next to impossible that he shall not have cordial haters among the more mulish and insubordinate inmates, who look upon him as their natural enemy and oppressor. On the morning after my admission I was sitting disconsolately on the end of my iron bedstead in the receiving ward, when a tall young man with falcon face spied me as he passed through the room, and roared out, 'Come, get on with some work, will you! You didn't come here to sleep. Get him a broom, Bill'—this to an old inmate—'and let him sweep down these passages.' After finishing that light job I was on my knees for a while wet-scrubbing a floor, and was then called away abruptly when half-done, and set to scrape off paint from doors and windows outside, with the meridian sun playing with such effect upon my neck that I could hardly turn my swimming head when I finally laid down my worn-out pumice-stone at the welcome sound of the cease-work bell.

The workhouse-day is portioned off as follows by the clanging of that inexorable bell: The inmates rise at half-past five in summer and half-past six in winter; breakfast is served in the general dining-hall half-an-hour later; after this, work lasting, with intervals, till five-and-twenty minutes

past five, according to the kind of labour. On Saturday work ceases at four o'clock, to give the young men an opportunity for bath and change of clothing before tea-time. Old men leave off work an hour earlier, and begin an hour later, on all days; and they have better food, with tea three times a day. Tea is served at six o'clock, and afterwards the men have the short evening to themselves till eight, which is bed-time for every one all the year round. The old men have two large, comfortable rooms to themselves—one for recreation and the other for reading—on the ground floor of the main building; the young men are relegated to a draughty, doorless attic, of narrow dimensions, over the mill cells at the rear, which, strange to say, is heated by steam-pipes when all the men except two or three oakum-pickers are away at work, and allowed to become cold and cheerless by the time they return to it at five o'clock. The reason is, that the engineer and stoker, who live outside, turn off the heat before four o'clock, as they are making ready to leave for the night.

One small table and five deal forms constitute the furniture of this 'young men's day-room,' as it is called; the walls being decorated by one or two framed texts and, of all things in the world, an obsolete map of Turkey. The young men have two papers brought up to them daily, two or three days behind date, for they have to pass through many hands before reaching those of the 'able-bodied.' A lot of miscellaneous papers of all sorts and dates are also sometimes thrown on the table, outside donations presumably. They can get a work of fiction out of a well-stocked little library every Saturday, which, if they are not addicted to draughts or dominoes, they can read of an evening to the certain detriment of their eyesight, for the gaslight is hung so high that, while it brilliantly illuminates the sloping wooden ceiling and skylight overhead, it leaves the space below in almost twilight darkness.

The dietary scale for the young men is as follows: On three days of the week there is a meat dinner of five ounces of boiled beef, with a thin, white gravy, potatoes, and four ounces of bread. On Monday dinner consists of a pint of pea-soup and six ounces of bread; on Wednesday and Saturday, six ounces of bread, with a piece of cheese and an onion, and a pint of an unheard-of species of soup made of oatmeal and a few vegetables. In both kinds of soup there are always placed a few small cubes of left-over meat of the toughness of gutta-percha, and absolutely tasteless, which I make bold to hold responsible for the prevalence of nightmare in the young men's dormitory on the nights following the soup-dinners. On Friday perhaps the best dinner of all is served, a round of suet-pudding, which, in my own case at least, eased the qualms of an ever-besetting hunger better than ever did the meat (beef, never mutton), which was almost

always tough and cartilaginous, and devoid of all natural flavour.

Breakfast consists of six ounces of bread, with a pat of butter and a liberal pint of tea, except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when a basin of good oatmeal gruel takes the place of the tea, to the disgust of many who will not touch the 'skilly,' as they contemptuously call it. Supper or tea consists of the same allowance of tea, bread, and butter as at breakfast, on three nights of the week; cheese taking the place of butter on three other nights, and Thursday night being reserved for the discussion of a thin beef or mutton broth (with six ounces of bread) which the men scornfully designate as 'fly-water,' and is the theme of endless jesting. In this *menu* the bread and butter are invariably good, so are the tea and the gruel; the cheese, generally good, comes too often (five times a week); the potatoes are often poor, and the meat, at its best, is innutritive and insipid to a degree not at all due to its qualities as it comes from the hands of the butcher.

And now I will describe briefly the work I had to do on this diet, premising that I could eat very little of the meat, and durst not eat much of the cheese from fear of indigestion. After a week of paint-scraping I was put into the boiler-house as stoker's mate or drudge. My first duty in the morning was to sweep down the top of the two boilers, and then, descending from that torrid region, to sweep and mop up the boiler-house floor; and, finally, to sweep the roadway as far as the dust-bins, which I had to keep tidy at all times. In the course of the day, while incidentally shining brasses and carrying off and drenching hot ashes and clinkers whenever the fireman cleaned out his fires, I had to keep him constantly supplied with a large barrow of coals, to the amount of from one and a half to two tons a day, which I had to break up to the requisite size in the coal-hole before wheeling away. Twice a day I had to clean the engine which runs the various machinery of the wash-house; and I was liable at any moment to be called away by the engineer to light the smithy forge, to clean out choked gullies, drains, or pipes, turn the grindstone, or cut and drill holes in ironwork—in short, to help him in any of the multifarious duties of his office. By the close of the day I could have welcomed what was unattainable in that place, a quiet corner for undisturbed rest.

Now, to a man who has been inured to manual labour, perhaps such work would not seem hard, if he was adequately fed, or at least could readily assimilate the workhouse fare. But if a man has never done such work, or is in delicate health, or suffering from some sharp stroke of misfortune, his case is indeed pitiable. No matter how he suffers in mind or body, or his bones ache with rheumatic twinges unavoidable in such a factory of draughts as the many-

cornered, many-corridor'd workhouse is, he has no time to attend to his sensations, but, while his strength and spirits are ebbing surely away, is carried on dumbly through the weary routine of his life like a veritable beast of burden. But a whole volume of description would not explain to the outsider the peculiar loathing that is entertained by the initiated for 'The House.' Analyse the feeling, and you will find most of it unreasonable; but it is there nevertheless, deep-seated and inextinguishable. The loss of liberty, of course, is the bitterest ingredient in it.

The young men's dormitory is situated at the top of the main building, and is the only one which is not supplied with steam-pipes. Consequently, although the beds are good and well covered with clothing, it is very cold up there under the rafters and stormy ventilator-shaft in cold or windy weather. Here thirty-four young men, several of them heads of families, lie down nightly at eight o'clock, when the voices of children at play are heard in the street below—an inversion of the natural order of things which is not without its sting.

It is obligatory on all Protestant young men to attend divine service on Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening in the chapel over the dining-hall. To some of us not in sympathy with the tenets of the Anglican Church it smacked of injustice to be dragged to church in a chilly building, on a week-day, to pass the last hour of our day in going through alien religious exercises.

During my enforced sojourn in the workhouse two grievances were especially irksome to the young men. On Sunday mornings, when the weather was fine, one's legs cried out for exercise, and this was impossible in the narrow bit of a yard at our disposal, even this space being curtailed by a large wood pile erected at one corner of it. Again, the large dining-hall, which is fitted at one end with a little stage with scenery, and which should have received its annual coat of paint in common with the other parts of the building during the summer, underwent such an endless process of painting and decorating during the ten weeks preceding Christmas that, what with the smell of paint, the constant wet scrubbing, and the many windows kept open over our heads in all weathers, it was simply misery to go in to meals there. And all this messing and fussing and general discomfort was inflicted on the sneezing, coughing people who thronged hatless into it three times a day, just in order that it might blaze forth brilliantly as a concert-hall for one or two nights at Christmas, before the Guardians and their admiring friends, and before the newspaper reporters.

I have not a word to say in disparagement of the officers. The nature of their duties no doubt compels the Master and labour-master to adopt a rough and masterful tone towards the men under their charge, many of whom are of a decidedly

difficult character; but at bottom these officers seemed to me to be just and reasonable men.

One word in conclusion. Drink contributes its full quota of victims to the workhouse; but there are other well-known factors at work in the same direction, independently of drink, and not even favoured by it, which it is to be hoped a more enlightened law will in the near future rigidly discountenance.

THE INCANTATION OF IONE.

Oh, yellow sands and shifting purple sea,
And murmuring music of the crescent tide!
I charge you, lure my lover back to me
Before my heart has died.

Oh, little ships that press the barren foam
With eager breasts, or woo the wanton breeze!
Spread your white sails and whirl my lover home
Across the glinting seas.

Oh, golden poppies! dashed with the clean, clear surf,
Where the pale sea-flower with the land-flower blends,
And in a tapestry of thyme and turf
The earth's luxuriance ends:

Oh, pallid poppies! charm him, lure him hither;
He loved your dusky leaves, your delicate gold,
And sighed to see your wilted petals wither
When Boreas blew acold.

Oh, sea-birds! ye who furl your weary wings
Where the grim nesses scowl across the waves;
Oh, swallows! from the eaves of swarthy kings
And Attic architraves,

Fly south and find the boy who snared my soul
And burnt my body with his cruel lips;
Whether upon the long and lonely mole,
Amid the silent ships,

He loiters, when the fruit-sellers have gone,
Watching the kindled lamp of Ptolemy
Paint a broad riband of vermilion
Across the placid sea;

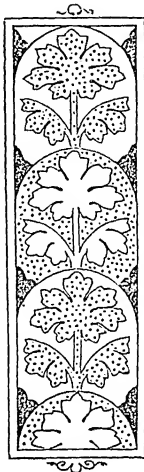
Or, lying in the bosky Latmian shade,
He hears the bees hum in the noontide heat,
And sees the flickering sunshaft in the glade
Flash on the nimble feet

Of woodland nymphs who run from Pan's embrace;
Or dreams there till the milky moon's return
Weaves snares of silver round his resting-place
Of moss and fragrant fern;

Whether he taste the spume of the farthest sea,
Or tread with fearful step earth's ultimate rim,
Or eat the sad fruit of Persephone,
I charge you, summon him.

Oh, southward-faring wind and wandering waves,
And birds as fleet and fair as blown sea-foam!
Clamour my grief in all your resonant caves,
And lure my lover home.

ST JOHN LUCAS.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE DUEL.



IN the month of May 1657, I, Captain John Hawthorne, obtained leave to visit my estate in the country, from which I had been absent for several years. I was mighty well pleased to do so, for indeed the old house, with its ivy-covered walls and the dear ones dwelling there, from whom I had so long been separated, had been much in my mind of late. It was, therefore, with boyish eagerness that I mounted my horse and rode forth upon my journey. Such speed did I make that on the next evening I was once more in the old familiar room, my dear mother, spectacles on nose and book on lap, sitting opposite to me, and my pretty sister Patience, seated on a stool at my side, holding my hand in hers and listening with wide eyes and bated breath to the story of my adventures.

Ah, it was good to enjoy a season of rest in that peaceful, quiet haven, after the storms through which I had passed, and to be flattered and caressed and made much of as though I were a person of very great importance! Indeed, I think that in the loving eyes of Patience and my mother, Fairfax and Lambert and Ireton—yea, even the Lord Protector himself—cut but a sorry figure in comparison with a certain Captain John Hawthorne. Nay, I doubt not they were firmly convinced that it was mainly owing to my presence, and to the great valour and wisdom I had displayed, that the Cavaliers had been finally overthrown, and those who had drawn the sword for liberty and freedom of conscience had sheathed it in triumph.

I soon discovered that if my humble exploits in that grim and bloody struggle between King and Parliament gained me favour and sweet, if foolish, flattery at home, it was far otherwise among those of our standing in the neighbourhood, who were, with scarce an exception, open or secret Royalists. Even those who had been my dear friends and playmates in earlier years passed me by with averted

faces, or made so cool and curt a response to my greeting as I own cut me to the heart. Nay, some of the younger men would jeer openly at me as I went by, and more than one attempted to pick a quarrel with me. Now, I have ever scrupled to draw my sword in a private quarrel, my conscience not assenting thereto; and, moreover, I was most unwilling to do aught to prejudice my mother and sister in the eyes of their neighbours. Therefore I swallowed my wrath as I best might, though there were times when my fingers itched to chastise them for their insolence. This was so in the case of those for whose friendship I cared little or nothing; but it was sorrow and pain I felt rather than anger when those I loved and honoured turned their backs upon me.

Among these was Sir John Woodville of Oakwood Hall, who had been the dear and intimate friend of my dead father, and was, indeed, a most worthy and excellent gentleman. He had impoverished his estate to aid the late king's cause, and had himself fought most gallantly under Prince Rupert. Being wounded and taken prisoner at Naseby, he had been kept in confinement for a year or two, and then released through the influence of relatives upon the winning side. But no misfortunes could shake the good knight's loyalty. It was well known that but for the breaking out of an old wound he would have struck a blow for the King of Scots at Worcester; and it was whispered, though I tried to turn a deaf ear to such rumours, that he had a finger in every Royalist plot that was formed to restore the young man Charles Stuart to his father's throne. Indeed, I was told that some who had chanced to pass by the Hall at night had heard the clank of arms, and had seen men drilling in the park by moonlight. They also affirmed that they had clearly recognised the voice of him who gave the orders as that of a certain Colonel Montague, who had been a guest for some weeks at the Hall, and was suspected of having come but recently from

France with a commission from the late king's son. I strove to put these tales aside as so much idle gossip; but there were times when they troubled me greatly, for I could not blind my eyes to the fact that in our neighbourhood at least there was much disaffection to the Lord Protector, which might lead in the end to renewed strife and bloodshed.

Now, I had no doubt that sooner or later news of what was going on would come to the ears of the Protector, and that the punishment of all concerned in the business would be swift and certain; but though I longed to give a word of warning to Sir John, I knew well that it would be worse than useless for me to do so. At one time I had been a frequent and welcome guest at the Hall; but those days had gone by, as it seemed, for ever. Whenever I chanced to meet Sir John, for whom I had always cherished the most sincere esteem and affection, he passed haughtily by me, his blue eyes stern and cold, and his face set as though carved in stone. Moreover, his son Frank, a fine, tall young man of twenty, who, as a curly-headed boy, hand-in-hand with his little sister Dorothy, had trotted gladly at my side when I went fishing or shooting, gazed stonily at me in answer to my greeting, and then turned on his heel with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. But worse was to come, though I little foresaw it.

I had gone forth one day, as my custom was, to take the air, and going farther afield than usual, I passed through the small village of Farmby, a mile or two from the Hall, in which I do not believe there was a man, woman, or child who was not an avowed Malignant. A group of unruly urchins were playing in the road; and as I passed they began to jeer at me, calling me, when I was at a safe distance, a 'crop-eared rebel' and such-like scurrilous names. Presently, as I went on without deigning to glance at them, a stone whizzed past my ear, and, wheeling round, I saw a hulking youth slink into a doorway.

Now, you may think this a small matter to speak of, and yet it hath much to do with what followed; for, though I could not with dignity resent the insolence of these brats or even of their elders, my anger was kindled by it, and I was in no mood to submit meekly to any further insults.

My way homeward led through the fields, and presently I came to a stile on which sat two men—none other, I perceived to my dismay, than Master Frank Woodville and the Colonel Montague about whom I had heard so many strange particulars. I had seen the man before, and taken a dislike to him at the first glance. Yet, like or dislike him, I could not but own that as far as looks went there was but little to complain of. Indeed, he looked the very picture of a dashing Cavalier, with his slashed velvet doublet, long-fringed breeches, broad lace collar, and wide plumed hat, and the Spanish rapier dangling at his side from an embroidered sword-belt. He had a singularly handsome face, with

bold, dark eyes, and long black moustaches beneath which glimmered his white, even teeth. Moreover, he was tall and well built, and carried himself with a supple grace that betokened both strength and agility. I had more than once thought that he would be a very formidable antagonist to deal with in close combat. It was said that he had seen much foreign service and was a noted swordsman, and from his appearance I could well believe it.

Though I was in no very pleasant mood, I was most desirous, for divers reasons, to escape being dragged into a brawl, and would willingly have avoided them; but it was impossible to do so unless I had turned back and retraced my steps, and that I could not bring myself to do. I saw them whisper to each other, and look at me and laugh; and, though I could not pass over the stile unless one of them made way for me, they both remained seated, gazing at me with a cool, insolent smile. I waited for a few moments in silence, but they still continued to stare at me without moving.

'Will you be pleased to allow me to pass, gentlemen?' I said at length.

Whereupon Montague turned to Frank.

'Do you not hear, Frank?' he said coolly. 'The gentleman wishes to pass.'

Frank, who looked flushed and excited, shrugged his shoulders with a foolish laugh.

'Faith, I hear him well enough,' said he; 'but I am very much at my ease. Make way for him yourself.'

'I am weary,' rejoined Montague, with a yawn, 'and this worthy gentleman's legs are long. If he jogs back some fifty yards he will find another path.'

It was no longer possible to doubt that they spoke with the deliberate intention of insulting me, of forcing me into a quarrel. I felt the blood come to my cheeks and my heart throb quickly, and so held my peace that I might speak the more mildly.

'Gentlemen,' I said at last, 'this is a public footway, and you have, as you are well aware, no right to dispute my passage; therefore be so good as to stand aside and allow me to go about my business.'

'Here is much ado about nothing,' cried Frank. 'Why, man, you wear a sword. If you consider yourself aggrieved we shall be happy to give you satisfaction.'

'Frank! Frank!' I exclaimed, amazed at the young man's heartless speech; 'is this the way in which you carry yourself to an old friend?'

'The tool and parasite of a regicide, and the enemy of my king,' replied Frank, his clear young face flushing hotly, 'is no friend of mine.'

'Come, come, Frank, speak not so harshly,' said Montague in his cool, sneering voice. 'Remind the good gentleman that the path I spoke of is but fifty yards away: it will be enough. He is of a prudent turn of mind. It is not the first time that he has thought it wise to turn his back when there has been talk of sword-play.'

I had, indeed, on more than one occasion refused to take part in a duel, finding it, as I have said, against my conscience to do so; but there was something indescribably insolent in the fellow's tone, and this last taunt stung me to the quick. My hand went to the hilt of my sword as I faced him. But Frank—God forgive the kind, brave, hot-tempered lad for his folly!—was determined that it was with him I should have to deal, and so leapt from the stile and interposed between us.

'I will ask you a plain question, Master Hawthorne,' said he: 'will you fight or will you not?'

Now, it was one thing to cross swords with the sneering bully at his side, and quite another to engage in what might well prove a fatal struggle with the lad I had loved for his kind heart and merry ways when he was but a laughing, rosy-cheeked boy.

'I have never yet shed blood in a private quarrel,' said I, 'and God forbid, however ungenerously you treat me, that I should shed yours, Frank. The way is now open, and I will leave you to reflect at your leisure upon your unkindness to one who hath done little to merit it.'

I put my foot on the stile to pass over it; but he caught me by the arm and swung me round.

'You coward!' he cried, and struck me across the face with his open hand.

I had hitherto mastered my wrath, but now it overpowered me. I clutched him by the wrist, and glared at him for some moments speechless with anger. Presently, as hath ever been my wont in battle, I grew very calm and quiet, with a strange feeling as though I were some other person who was very cold and polite, and yet, God forgive me! utterly ruthless. I loosed his wrist, and stepped back with a smile and a bow.

Montague laughed out sneeringly.

'Try the other cheek, Frank,' cried he. 'My faith, if the meek shall inherit the earth, this good gentleman should own all broad England.'

'Hold your peace,' said Frank irritably. 'Enough has been said and done for all purposes.'

Then he turned to me.

'Will it please you to settle the matter here and now,' he asked, 'or do you wish to procure a second?'

'There is no time better than the present,' said I, 'and I am entirely at your service. I would, however, venture to point out that this place is somewhat public, and for the matter in hand a more private spot would be preferable.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied, and hung his chin in his hand thinking. 'Would the glade in the oak-wood suit you?'

'The very spot,' said I. 'Lead the way, and I will follow you.'

So they got over the stile, and I after them; and we strode along the path through the fields in the peaceful afternoon sunshine, with the corn rustling beside us and the larks singing overhead. As for me, so cold and light of heart did I feel that I

smiled as I walked along, and seeing some scarlet poppies growing in the corn, I wondered what flowers the boy's sister would plant above his grave. It is a thing very extraordinary to me that I should have thought about such a matter, yet so it was. I had no more doubt that I should kill him than I had that I could see the bees and butterflies flitting about among the flowers, and at that moment no more pity for him than for some wretched insect that might be crushed beneath my foot upon the path. I only thought it strange that he should step along so briskly and gallantly when in a few minutes he would be lying white and still like the corpses I had seen at Tredah and Preston, Dunbar and Worcester.

At last we came to the glade. 'Twas a spot exactly suited to our purpose. Not a living thing was visible, save the birds hopping about among the trees or a rabbit scampering through the underwood, and the turf was smooth and level as a bowling-green. Many a time had Frank and his sister been with me to this very spot in other and happier days.

We took off our doublets and rolled up the sleeves of our shirts; and I, for my part, had never been more cool or unconcerned. Indeed, I felt a strange uplifting of the spirit. The grass seemed greener, the sky bluer, the song of the birds clearer and sweeter than they had been for many a long day before. I carried my head high and smiled, and the ground seemed very firm beneath my feet. I stepped into the glade, sword in hand; and the sunshine sparkling on the polished steel, and the swelling muscles of my naked arm, made my heart throb quickly with a sure foreknowledge of victory.

Now, by this time Frank was greatly sobered. A braver lad never breathed; but it was his first affair of the kind, and, though he showed not the least sign of fear or hesitation, his face was pale, and more than once he spoke irritably to Montague, who was whispering advice and warnings into his ear. He stepped boldly forward, and yet I cannot but think that my absolute unconcern a little daunted him, for his eyes looked anxious, and there was now not a trace of the jeering smile with which he had at first regarded me.

We saluted, our swords crossed, and—— Well, what would you have? He was but a raw youth, and I a veteran soldier who had been through some half-dozen pitched battles and innumerable sieges and skirmishes. I could scarce forbear smiling at the ease with which I foiled him. To this day I marvel why, in my then mood, I spared him; for, God is my witness, I could have taken his life a dozen times as he dashed recklessly in at me, striving to end the business at a blow. And he knew it. His breath came in quick gasps; the perspiration stood in great drops upon his brow. I saw the fear of death—it comes to the bravest at such moments—growing in the kindly blue eyes that had so often smiled into mine. And presently—I fervently thank my God for it—I came as it

were to my better self. Yet it seemed but a trifle that moved me. I chanced to hear the musical splash of a brook some twenty yards away, and remembered how the boy and his sister, having one day found a kingfisher's nest would have me go and see it, and were beside themselves with longing to take the eggs, and yet would not do it from pure kindness of heart. And this memory, even while our swords were clashing and grinding, awakened a score of others; and, thinking of the past, my heart was melted, and I could not slay the lad though my cheek still tingled with the blow he had given me.

He paused for an instant to take breath, though standing vigilantly on guard. Whereupon I lowered the point of my sword.

'Come, Frank,' said I, 'let us have done with this. Put up your sword, and be wiser and kinder in the future.'

His pride would not let him consent. 'No,' cried he with tears of rage in his eyes, 'I would rather die a thousand times than you should go and boast that you had humiliated me thus.'

He attacked me again so suddenly and unexpectedly that but for a swift leap backwards I had been sped.

'Well,' said I, 'then it seems that I must teach you a lesson.'

Whereupon a few moments later, seeing no other course open to me; I ran him through the sword-arm. I can see before me now his white, bewildered face, and the blood trickling down his arm as the sword slipped from his fingers and he staggered backwards. I was stepping forward to support him when there came a sudden patter of light hoofs, and out of the shadow of the woods and into the open glade came a young girl on a very slim and dainty black mare. It was Frank's sister Dorothy, whom I had not seen since I went away to the wars. I recognised her at a glance, though my little friend and playmate had now grown into a tall and beautiful maid. I think I have never felt such shame as I did at that moment, as I stood before her with my bared arms, and the blood dripping from my sword. In the presence of that fair and gracious child, with her sweet face and dainty garments, I felt like a

butcher come from the shambles, and flushed and hung my head.

She was on the ground in a moment; but by that time Montague had caught Frank in his arms as he fell back in a dead faint. Thereupon she turned to me. I can see her yet as she stood by the mare's head with pale, fierce face and flashing eyes, and hear again her clear, ringing voice as she spake such words as made me quiver and wince like the strokes of a whip. I scarce know what she said, for I was bewildered with shame and the shock of seeing her there; but the wounds she gave me stung and rankled for many a weary day as no sword-cut or bullet-wound hath ever done. When at last she bade me begone I looked stupidly at my crimson sword, and slunk away without uttering a word in my own defence. Picking up my hat and doublet, I moved off through the wood like one dazed.

Presently I heard a footstep behind me, and felt a tap on my shoulder. Wheeling round, I saw that I was face to face with Montague. There was no sneer about his thin lips—nay, rather, he eyed me with the air of one who had been guilty of an error of judgment, and was surprised to find himself mistaken.

'I will fight no more to-day,' I said gloomily, and my eyes fell again on the clouded steel, and I shuddered, as I had not done at Tredah or Dunbar, because it was Frank's blood, and his sister had seen it.

'I ask you not,' said he coolly. 'I have other business on hand. I am going to get a couple of men to carry the youngster to the nearest house. 'Tis a forward cockerel, and a little blood-letting will do him no harm. But you and I will meet again, sir. Had I guessed you were a swordsman you would have had to deal with me, and that, let me tell you, would have been no easy task. Have a care when next we meet, for I will not spare you. *Au revoir, monsieur.*'

I let him go without a word, and saw him stride jauntily away, whistling some profane melody he had picked up in the wars. There have been times when I have wished that I had struck him, and fought it out with him then and there; but God knows best, and He willed it otherwise.

MONTENEGRO.

By REGINALD WYON, Author of *The Land of the Black Mountain*.



TWO years ago chance led me to Dalmatia, that beautiful, half-forgotten summer colony of the Romans, and latterly an important possession of the Venetian Republic, rich in architectural treasures and possessing scenic beauties unrivalled in Europe. The proximity of Montenegro induced me, like many other tourists, to take the drive up the mountains, chiefly, I think, to be able to say that I had been there, for

I knew nothing whatever about the country. It is an impulse which leads many of us to travel. A week was allotted to the tour, which I carefully planned should comprise a drive *viâ* Cetinje and Podgoritza to Niksic. I reached Podgoritza, stayed ten days, and then went back to civilisation, bought an outfit, put my affairs in order, and returned to Montenegro, staying there off and on for two years.

Montenegro certainly does not belong to the well-known countries of Europe, and I dare wager that

very few of my readers could tell me exactly where it lies. We British are notably weak in geography; but that is not very strange. Austrians, whose land borders on Montenegro, have spoken very vaguely to me as to its position, and have described its geographical situation with a wave of the hand and the remark that it is 'somewhere down there.' As a matter of fact, it lies half-way down the Adriatic, though its sea-front is very small. Austria borders it by her kingdom of Dalmatia and the occupied provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria and Turkey separate it from the parent country of Serbia in the sanjak of Novi-Bazar, and Albania completes the circuit. For these reasons I received letters while staying in Montenegro from certain friends, who evidently prided themselves on geography, addressed to Montenegro 'in Serbia' or 'in Austria.' The latter designation must have proved a bitter pill to the Montenegrin postal officials, for whom the spectre of ultimate Austrian annexation looms ever dark and threatening.

However, it is not my intention to deal with the present Balkan problems in this paper. Rather, I would endeavour to give a rough idea of that unique little nation—of some of their glorious traditions, of their present mode of life—who live on the very borders of Western civilisation, yet know nothing of it.

To understand the heroism of the Montenegrins in the past it is necessary to take a map of Eastern Europe. Glance at this, and, finding Montenegro—it looks even to-day ridiculously small—reduce it by an imaginary border-line exactly one-half; then please colour—mentally, of course—the rest of the map red around this dot, to represent the Turkish Empire of the past few centuries. This will comprise the whole of Albania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, part of Dalmatia, Serbia, Roumania, and even part of Hungary—the Turks once, you remember, nearly conquered Vienna—all of which lands acknowledged the sway of the Turks. The inhabitants of this little dot round about Cetinje, the capital, mustering in all some ten thousand fighting-men at the most, held out about five hundred years, and maintained their independence against the Moslems, even forcing the Sultan ultimately to acknowledge it, and wresting a tract of land as big again as their original principality from their mighty foes. This last and most glorious episode happened, too, in comparatively recent times—namely, in 1876–78. Since then Montenegro has enjoyed a spell of peace whose length is only a quarter of a century, yet unprecedented in its history.

I do not propose to give a cut-and-dried treatise on Montenegro, its law and administration, products and imports. Facts concerning these can be gleaned from any encyclopædia, and will be found more or less reliable; if I can conjure up a few scenes, and with my pen put them before you as I saw them, then I shall be satisfied.

It is a scorching midsummer morning; the sun is flaming down upon a small, treeless plain with

a town in its midst, the half-ruined bastions and crumbling walls surrounding dilapidated houses, high-walled gardens, two mosques, and narrow alleys. Upon the other side of a little stream flowing between deep banks is another town, of plain one-storied houses, the broad, right-angular streets planted with young trees. In its centre is a market-place crowded with a strange people, and on the outskirts, towards the lofty banks of another river, broad, deep, and swift-flowing, is gathered together a vast concourse of mules, donkeys, and small horses, some laden with chopped wood. The former was the old Turkish town of Podgoritza, ceded by Turkey in 1879, and the latter is the new town, which has been built since the last war.

Several thread-like paths radiate from the town in all directions; and along them proceed, with long, swinging strides, tall men, each with a rifle on his shoulder. There is a broad road, too, traversing the plain; it branches off beyond the great river to Cetinje and Niksic, and is Montenegro's only high-road. At one end of the plain, playing quaint tricks with our vision because of the ever-constant mirage, rises a misty distance where simmers the vast Lake of Scutari. The other three sides of the plain are closed in by great mountains, climbing tier upon tier into the glassy firmament. Snow-topped, wild, and forbidding on the one side, these are the Albanian Alps, home of the fiercest nation in Europe, and as unknown as Central Africa. It is a magnificent mountain panorama, which grows upon us day by day, increasing in grandeur and wild beauty.

Upon the road patient oxen are drawing clumsy carts with huge wooden wheels emitting piercing shrieks from their oilless axles. Grave men, clad in red jackets, baggy blue breeches, white gaiters, and wearing little red-and-black caps, accompany them; a magazine-rifle over their broad shoulders, a gay sash round their waists containing a huge revolver.

Along one of the many thread-like paths coming from the snow-peaked mountains stride half-a-dozen men in single file, each carrying a Martini rifle, at exactly the same angle, on a sling over their shoulders, a brawny hand upon each butt. They are attired in tight-fitting white serge jackets, and trousers with fantastic broad black braiding, a bandoleer of snub-nosed cartridges round their waists, with a revolver and a yataghan in the middle. About their heads are swathed long cloths, leaving only their fierce faces visible. They are Albanian clansmen going to market, as are the Montenegrins with the screeching carts.

Let us accompany them into the town itself. Market-day in Podgoritza is one of the most wonderful sights in the country. It is full of these white-clad Albanians, whose frontier is but half-an-hour's walk from the outskirts of the town. The border runs across the small plain, where to walk is sometimes to court death. Yet we are quite safe amidst this crowd of implacable foes who meet together twice weekly to buy and sell in peace. It is custom that ordains that they shall come armed;

a never-broken law forbids shooting in the town itself, and the bitterest of enemies jostle each other in the market-place, each sworn to kill the other at sight—but outside.

Here we have them all: the gorgeous gold-embroidered Montenegrin officials and landowners; tattered plainmen, tanned to a mahogany tint, small and wiry, some in great sheepskins in spite of the heat; red and blue clad mountaineers of Kuc, famous warriors; huge, lean men in white costumes, resembling those of the Albanians, but with narrower braiding, and wearing the Montenegrin cap, the inhabitants of the most dangerous border district of Vassovic; Mohammedans in loose, baggy trousers and red fezes; Scutarines in flowing skirts of spotless white and wearing red skull-caps with enormous blue-silk tassels; Albanian mountaineers, a short black-tasselled cape over their white dress; careworn women staggering under huge loads of wood or sacks of maize, slovenly and slatternly attired; wonderfully pretty girls in tight, bell-shaped skirts reaching to the knee, white and black trimmed like those of their Albanian fathers; fearless-looking, dapper Montenegrin gendarmes, distinguishable by the metal shields on their caps, keeping ever a watchful eye on the passing, haggling crowds.

Men are squatting beside a handful of fruit or tobacco, a loaded rifle at their side; boys scarcely in their teens, with thoughtful faces, nonchalantly carry long rifles; every sash displays at least a revolver, and many carry a heavy sword or yataghan as well. There is little noise. The men bargain in even tones, musical and self-contained. Here and there a Turk becomes excited at his customer's obstinacy, and raises his voice; but it has no effect upon the imperturbable buyer. In a few hours' time the crowd will melt away, those travelling towards Albania walking in larger parties, with the incessant watchfulness which becomes natural to a man when the time of his death may be now, to-morrow, or next year.

Before we leave the plain of the Zeta let us look at another picture.

Upon the dead level, two hours' walk from Podgoritzta towards the misty outlet, flocks of sheep are grazing, eating their way slowly towards the 'Black Earth,' that neutral stretch of land on both sides of the border-line. Shrilly singing songs of dead heroes and past battles, two shepherd-boys, armed with rifles nearly as long as themselves, accompany their charges, half-dreamily. They are very proud to-day, for they have just attained the age when they are judged worthy of carrying rifles like men. They do not notice that a little distance away are more flocks attended by grown men clad in Albanian garb. It is foolish of them; but they are thoughtless boys, and now it is too late. The Albanians have hailed them, telling them to drive away their sheep, and that they have no right to graze here on land belonging to better men. It has not been tactfully expressed; many insults have accompanied this otherwise harmless request.

The boys answer fitly as the sons of fearless warriors, and bravely shout that where an accursed Turk can graze his sheep so can a Montenegrin. Hoarse laughter follows, and a Turk expresses a desire concerning the boys' female relations. A rifle rings out, and the Turk flings up his hands. It was a good shot, and has pierced his heart. The other boy bravely seconds his comrade; but an irregular volley crashes out, and both boys fall, riddled with bullets.

The shots have been heard. To the plainmen of the Zeta this is no new thing, and they are ever prepared. From all directions they come doubling swiftly to the spot where lie the dead children; so also do the Turks, and here they meet for a short, sharp battle which costs the Turks seventeen lives, till at last they scatter before the deadly magazine-fire of their hereditary foes. It is soon over, and is only an insignificant episode in these men's lives. A few may be imprisoned—rather an honour than otherwise—and a sharper lookout will be kept by the border guards for the next few months. Not that this will avail anything. Sooner or later, be it in a week or ten years' time, the kinsmen of those fallen Turks will come and claim their debt of blood.

Let us away into the mountains, out of the heat and the bloodshed. I know a spot, the farthest village of Montenegro to the north, where live a body of quiet men, under the shadow of a mighty mountain. For a day we must drive in a carriage to Niksic, past St Vasili's resting-place at beetling Ostrog, where at Whitsuntide gather together a vast concourse of pilgrims from every country in the Balkans: Serbs, Macedonians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Dalmatians, Albanians, Greeks, and Turks in a truly marvellous mass of quaint, brilliantly coloured national costumes. The monastery is far away from us, but we can distinguish its white-washed walls perched in a cranny of those giddy heights.

In Niksic, a sedate and prosperous town, we hire horses, and for two long days we ride over rich grassy uplands, sleeping at night in sweet Savnik, hidden away in a deep ravine at the junction of three small rivers. Then up, ever higher, the wind cutting keenly over the lofty passes which we scale, a wild but fascinating panorama of rugged hills around us, through a dense forest of giant beeches, until our goal looms up, grand, awe-inspiring, and sombre. That colossus, a confused jumble of snow-clad peaks, is the Durmitoz, Montenegro's highest mountain. At its very base we shall find Zabljak, a village in the midst of pines, alone and forsaken.

It is evening as we ride noiselessly down the grass-grown path between the rows of log-built huts, and we gather our cloaks tighter about our persons, for we are now over five thousand feet above the sea and the scorching plain we left but three days ago.

Save for the telegraph-poles, which link us uncannily to civilisation, we are here literally at the

end of the world. Silence reigns supreme on this pine-clad wold, visited once a week by the mail-carrier in the summer, and snowed up for the other nine months. High, conical roofs, massive timber huts, a little church on a hillock outside, and the Prince's log-house, as simple as that of the villagers, for he loves to come to Zabljak to revel in these vast solitudes.

When the clouds drive down, enshrouding us in an impenetrable mist, we can gather round the fire and watch the flames lighting up the stern visages of the lonely men who spend their lives on these heights, knowing and asking for nothing else. Rough, good-hearted giants, showing a fine scorn of the cold which nips us to the very marrow, they will eat feasts of lamb with us, play cards, and drink *raki*, till we return to our own homes once more.

Or we will go up into the mountain itself, and climb its loftiest peak, being rewarded by a view worthy of ten such ascents. Bosnia, Herzegovina, the whole of the sanjak of Novi-Bazar, distant Serbia, little Montenegro in its entirety, and the snow-clad mountains of savage Albania are at our feet.

If we are very hardy we will swim in the Black Lake, rivalling the famous Koenig's See in beauty and grandeur, and itself deserving the wearisome ride thither. Its limpid, unruffled depths reflect the snow-clad heights which rise abruptly from its bank and its fringe of primeval pine-forest, perhaps the most perfect scenic gem of Montenegro.

This rough stone bench is where the Poet-Prince loves to come and sit as we are now doing, marveling at the wondrous splendour so lavishly set before us. There are ducks to be shot, or shy mountain goats up the giddy slopes; and at the conclusion of the day a lamb is roasted whole and served to us by hospitable mountaineers in a forest glade. This is the Montenegro that I love, and that draws me like a lodestone back again to those open-hearted men.

However, the most fascinating life of all is in summer-time on the great pasturages of the Brda, whither the shepherds migrate with their flocks during the hot months. Forsaking their substantial stone houses in the sheltered valleys, they journey into the uplands, living in the rudest of wooden huts a life of primeval hardness and simplicity. We have ridden from dawn till sunset across the limitless downs and through beautiful forests, tired, jaded, and starving, when the smoke of the evening cooking-fires curls in welcome from a cluster of huts. Gone is the fatigue of the day as we gather round the comforting smell of a bubbling cauldron, coughing and wiping our eyes, maybe, at first as the penetrating smoke envelopes us in that chimneyless abode. Our host, a brawny giant, offers us his tobacco-tin; and as we roll cigarettes of the fragrant weed, the welcoming cup of ceremonial black coffee is presented to us by a shy maiden. Youths have hastily caught a lamb in spite of our protest that we have food sufficient in the maize-meal porridge in the cauldron; but it avails us nothing, and the

sacrifice is slaughtered. The children stand around holding in their chubby hands sticks of flaming wood, patiently and contentedly acting as living candlesticks, and regarding us with wondering, half-frightened eyes the while. Juicy steaks of meat are cut from the still-warm carcass, deftly spitted on a long rod, and roasted over the fire. The bottle of *raki* is produced—ours, for one of our saddle-bags must always be reserved for the national spirit of the land—and we quaff each other's healths in liberal tots, answering strange questions to the best of our ability.

Then the meal is served, and with twelve-hour appetites we rejoice our hosts with the heartiness thereof. Indifferent eaters are looked at askance by these generous people. Afterwards we sit round the fire, other men come in, and the bottle is soon finished; but no matter, for to-morrow it will be replenished in Kolasin, famous for its *raki*. Courteous hands roll us cigarettes, others hand us glowing embers, and we feel that the world is very good. A stifled yawn is the signal for bed. Piles of rushes or half-dried grass spread over with a blanket of felt is all that is necessary. A maiden draws off our riding-boots; and, covered in our cloaks and a sheepskin, we compose ourselves to rest.

The young men and maidens, some half-dozen of them, servants of our host, retire likewise to the farther side of the hut, their preparations consisting, as in our case, solely in the removal of their shoes, and under rough blankets they are soon snoring side by side. It is the final picture that we see in the flickering light: the row of sleeping figures; the housewife, busy to the last, cleaning a pot with a stick; our host lingering before the fire with another visitor over a final cigarette, and conversing in low tones; and then sweet sleep presses down our eyelids and we sink into deep slumber.

We are in a town once more. Plain, substantial red-roofed houses of gray stone line the broad, right-angular streets, of the same dull hue as the surrounding barrier of rock. Patches of rich green only intensify the grayness of the long, narrow, rock-bound valley.

Before a simple one-storied house, facing without protecting railings upon a square, is gathered together a great concourse of men. They are from every part of the land, and have an expression of eagerness, tempered with an unwonted air of deference. Half-a-dozen broad steps lead up to the main entrance of the house, and upon a chair sits a huge man, of stern yet kindly visage, weather-beaten and fringed with close gray hair. His apparel is gorgeous: a white surcoat, over which he wears a sleeveless jacket of black silk stiffly embroidered with gold; a scarlet undercoat covering his broad breast, likewise rich in gold-work; a multi-coloured silk sash holding the inevitable revolver; and wide blue trousers gathered at the knee into a pair of patent-leather boots. He wears the little Montenegrin cap, with the black

border signifying mourning, its red centre symbolical of the field of blood, and the five semi-circular rings of gold proclaiming that the fifth century has come—and gone—since the fatal battle of Kossovo was fought, that battle which shattered the once mighty Serb Empire for ever. It is Prince Nicolas, Sovereign Lord of Montenegro, and the day is one of feasting, when the lowliest of the land can fearlessly approach the 'Gospodar' and tell what he will. A group of men surround the Prince in equally bright array—ministers, *voivodas*, and the captains of the land.

Listen. A rough peasant is standing at the foot of the steps in the only clear space, and, cap in hand, is speaking to his Prince. His ragged yet clean clothes are in grave contrast to the gorgeous red-and-gold uniform of the young man standing near him in the dress of a personal adjutant of the Prince; yet there is not a man there who thinks the less of him for that. The poorest peasant is often related to the Prince himself; and as for nobility, there are none.

The man is speaking in clear tones, stating his petition boldly, and it is that he has—no revolver. See! he touches his empty *kolan*, or weapon-girdle. He has no money, he says, with which to buy himself a revolver such as every man should carry, and this wounds his pride far more than the lack of good clothes.

'I, who have fought for thee and for the land for which my fathers have fought and died, have no weapon. It is not right, Lord, and I ask thee to give me one that I may go armed as a free man.'

The Prince gravely answers that the request shall be noted, when a boy comes impulsively forward from behind the Prince's chair, clad as are the men, even to the little revolver at his waist.

'I will see that thou hast one, friend, even if I buy it with my pocket-money,' he says in a boyish voice, and a great, hoarse shout of delighted laughter goes up from that crowd of men, for it is Prince Petar, youngest son of the Gospodar. His father frowns and orders his son back; but the boy has not reached his place before the Prince's face relaxes, and he gives a low command to an orderly standing near. The man springs down the steps and hands the waiting applicant his heavy revolver.

'I thank thee, Lord, and thee, Prince Petar. My wish in life has been fulfilled. S' Bogom, Gospodar' ('With God'—the Montenegrin farewell). So saying, the man joyously places the revolver in his belt, adjusts his cap, and with a smart military salute he mingles in the crowd, his hand upon his new possession. He will remember his annual visit to Cetinje to the house of his Prince and father. In his lonely mountain home he will tell this tale with his dying breath, unless Fate wills that he shall die with the treasured gift still smoking in his hand. It is a fate which each true Montenegrin would envy.

Small as is the country, each district is different, presenting other characteristics, illustrating

other customs. We may journey to the sea, and find an almost entire Turkish population, yet with Montenegrin hearts which centuries of Turkish rule have not altered. We may stand before the shot-riddled walls of the fortress of Antivari, and listen to the tales of heroism performed there; of reckless deeds of 'derring-doe,' where men played with death in order to win the name of *junak*, or hero; and of the wild enthusiasm when the mighty fortress fell, and the Prince led his victorious army to the sea, theirs once more after centuries of deprivation, and upon which they had gazed with longing from the giddy heights of their mountain homes. Or we may go farther, to Dulcigno, and hear of a man who, after weary weeks of hopeless siege, went alone under a murderous fire from a thousand rifles and blew up the aqueduct, causing the town to capitulate at once. This same man we can see in the market-place of Podgoritza shouting in terrible tones, and hurling awful curses at every passing Turk, who but shrugs his shoulders and laughs. The old man is hopelessly mad, his brain turned by that reckless deed of his twenty-five years ago.

There are the men of the lake, earning their bread by fishing half the year in the vast swamps or out upon the treacherous waters that have claimed too many victims in their sudden storms; and tilling the ground when in summer the water recedes, leaving acres of fertile earth—brown men, often shaking with fever, yet happy and contented, living for generations one day under the rule of their Montenegrin brethren, the next as Turkish serfs.

Best of all are the Albanian border mountains and the fierce clans who live there. We can journey to Medun, home of the once mighty chieftain of the Kuc, who in 1876 fought and worsted with his little clan a great army of Turks on the heights of Fundina, overlooking the valley of the Zeta. That memorable battle fired the whole of Montenegro, and inaugurated the last brilliant campaign; and now Chief Marko—poet, historian, and soldier—rests upon the little hill of Medun, in the heart of his native country, round his grave the battered walls of a fortress which he wrung from the hands of the Turks in a wild, reckless onslaught.

Beyond the mountains of Kuc lies the Vassovic, in the farthest corner of the land, surrounded on two sides by bitter foes, yearly threatened by invasion, and where border raids are summer pastimes. Here we must proceed circumspectly. Sturdy mountaineers will accompany us wherever we turn, eying watchfully each boulder lest a foe should be concealed, bent on border vendetta. Their shame would be unspeakable should aught happen to us, their guests, whose safety is in their hands till once more we leave their hospitable frontier. Then they will crowd around us with many hearty hand-shakes and kisses—for here men kiss and are not ashamed. They will bid us come

again, and right soon; and as we swing into the saddle we hastily loosen our revolver in the holster, for we know what is coming—the heartiest and most eloquent of all farewells—a volley of pistol-shots: ‘S’ Bogom!’—*crack, crack*—‘S’ Bogom!’ Our ponies start; and, amidst a storm of bullets flying upwards, the rattle echoing round the ravines, we empty our weapon in return, and a sense of something lost steals over us.

Ah, it is a good life in the border-lands of Montenegro, amongst the stupendous majesty of those silent mountains, and the valiant, simple children who live there!

There lives a hermit on the heights of Ostrog. He is over eighty years of age, and there he has

built himself a tomb. Often have I accompanied him to it, and helped him to water the flowers he has planted there, listening the while to the stories he tells. Six years ago he came to Montenegro—‘came back,’ as he would say, though he had never before set foot upon it; but his father and his father’s father were Montenegrins, and for him it is his native land. Upon the white stone are engraved his name and date of his birth; then there is a suggestive space to be filled in hereafter; and in conclusion: ‘Farewell, Montenegro! May thy leaves turn to gold. I go to my eternal rest and leave thee here all that I have—my poor bones.’ It is characteristic of the love which every Montenegrin bears his land.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE TRIAL OF ALAIN CARBONEC.



ALL Plenevec went to Alain Carbonec’s trial; and if the jury had been drawn from the Plenevec men Barbe’s heart might have been eased of part of its fears. But the trusty panel was all Plouarnec, and Plouarnec knew not Alain, and sat there proud and grim, with determination in its conscious eye, prepared to do its duty to the last letter of the law, and with perhaps somewhat of a bias against the accused, or at all events a leaning towards the belief that if he were found guilty the reproach of an undiscovered crime would be wiped out.

When the court had taken its place with all due ceremonies, Alain was led in by the same two gendarmes who had arrested him that day at Plenevec. He was pale still, but no longer pallid. He seemed, in fact, in better bodily case than when he first issued from his prison in the rock. His bearing was easy and confident, as of a man satisfied of his own innocence and trustful of the law to give him justice. The unjust imprisonment by his fellows had tried him less hardly than the nerve-shattering experiences of the caves. His eye swept round the room and settled instantly on Barbe’s. A smile of pleasure flashed into his face, and Barbe’s pale face filled responsively with momentary colour. But it passed and left her pale and anxious as before. Noel Bernardin sat with a face like a hawk, and waited for the fray to begin. He looked once at Barbe, and then sat back in his seat and watched the jury.

‘Tell me your name, your age, your profession, and where you live,’ said the president of the court to Alain.

‘Alain Carbonec, twenty, sailor, Plenevec.’

‘Listen to the charges brought against you.’

The clerk of the court proceeded to read them.

‘You have heard the crime of which you are accused,’ said the president. ‘Answer clearly the questions I shall put to you.’

‘I am ready, monsieur. I have committed no crime, and I have nothing to fear.’

‘We shall see. For the present confine yourself to answering my questions. You knew George Cadoual?’

‘Yes, monsieur.’

‘On what terms were you with him?’

‘On good enough terms at first. We were partners in the boat.’

‘And afterwards?’

‘Not so good. He was not too easy to get on with.’

‘You quarrelled?’

‘Occasionally, of course.’

‘What did you quarrel about?’

Alain hesitated.

‘Answer,’ said the president.

‘*Eh bien!* monsieur, it is known. We both loved Ma’m’selle Barbe of Grand Bayou;’ and Barbe jumped at the mention of her name and went momentarily red again.

‘And which of you did the young lady favour?’

‘Myself.’

‘You are sure?’

‘Quite sure, monsieur.’

‘Did you ever come to blows?’

‘We have done.’

‘Why?’

‘He used insulting words about her one night, and I struck him.’

‘What words?’

‘Monsieur—I wiped them out. They are forgotten.’

‘*Bien!* You had other reasons for hating him?’

‘I do not think so.’

‘He found out your real name, and told Pierre Carcassone who you were.’

‘That is true. But I did not know it till he told me so himself—in the cave, you understand. He told me that and other things to try and make me angry enough to kill him.’

'How then? He asked you to kill him?'

'He was in terrible pain—all his bones broken, you understand—and he cried to me night and day to kill him and end his trouble.'

'And how came he there with all his bones broken?'

'That, monsieur, I do not yet understand. He told me it was he who threw me into the cave. But I did not believe him, for I could not see why he should be there himself in that case.'

'How did you think you got there?'

'Candidly, monsieur, I thought it was Pierre Carcassone who put me there;' and Pierre in the audience smiled grimly.

'Ma'm'selle Barbe's father?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'And why should he put you there?'

'I do not think he wanted either of us. You see, monsieur, Cadoual being there too made me think it must have been some one else who put us both in there. If I had been alone I might have believed it was Cadoual who did it; but I could not see why he should be there too if he did it himself.'

'Quite so. Very ingenious. And how do you suppose he got there?'

'That I know no more than how I got there myself, monsieur. I swam ashore from the Light after returning the boat'—

'Why had you taken the boat?'

'To take ma'm'selle ashore.'

'You had carried mademoiselle away from her father?'

'Yes and no, monsieur, if you will permit me. Pierre, you see, said he was not her father, and if that was so he had no right to keep her.'

'Who did he say was her father?'

'He said she was the daughter of Paul Kervec, whom I then heard of for the first time as *my* father.'

'He said you were sister and brother, in fact?'

'Exactly, monsieur.'

'But you took her away all the same.'

'As her brother I had better right to care for her than a man who said she was not his daughter, and who hated the man whose daughter he said she was.'

'And did you believe she was your father's daughter?'

'*Mon Dieu!* no, monsieur, not for a moment.'

'Why?'

'We did not feel to one another like that.'

'But you took advantage of the position to remove her?'

'Assuredly. Would not you have done the same? which raised a ripple in the court.

'Don't trouble yourself about me. It is you who are being tried—for your life, remember. Now, continue. You took back the boat; you swam ashore. What next?'

'I climbed the Cap by my usual road, and went along the Head among the stones. The next thing I remember I was lying in darkness with great pain

in the head, and then by degrees I came to myself, and found I was in the upper cave among the doves' nests.'

'And Cadoual?'

'I knew nothing of Cadoual. It was two days before I found him in the cave below, with all his bones broken.'

'And when you found him?'

'*Mon Dieu*, monsieur! I did what I could for him, as any one else would have done. I bound him together as well as I could. The leg and the arm and the head I could manage, but the breakages inside his body I could not get at and could not understand.'

'He was stabbed in the throat.'

'That was later. He suffered horribly, and begged me night and day to kill him and put him out of his pain. That I could not do, of course. I fed him and gave him water and did what I could. Then one night when I was tending him he plucked my knife from my belt and stabbed me in the back—here'—and he put his hand up behind under his right shoulder-blade—and then plunged it into his own throat.'

'That is a strange story. Do you expect us to believe it?'

'It is the truth, monsieur.'

'You say he told you it was he who threw you into the cave.'

'He said that when he wanted to make me mad enough to kill him.'

'Did you believe him?'

'I did not. I believed he said it only to anger me.'

'Do you believe it now?'

'I do not know, monsieur. It is possible. I know absolutely nothing of how I came into the cave.'

'You know there is a cave under the menhir on the Head?'

'We found it the day I got out of the cave.'

'You had never seen it before?'

'Never, monsieur. If there is an opening from it into the lower cave, that is doubtless the way I was thrown in. It could not have been by the way I came out.'

'There is such an opening.'

'Ah! then that explains that part of it.'

'And you cannot explain how Cadoual got into the cave?'

'No, monsieur, I have no idea.'

'However you got in,' said the president insinuatingly, 'the rest is simple enough and not unnatural. Each of you thought the other had put him there, and you fought about it. Was it not so?'

'No, monsieur. Cadoual was in no condition to fight; he was in pieces.'

'He was able to stab you, however?'

'It was his last effort. The pain had crazed him. He had made up his mind to die. I would not kill him, so he tried to kill me as well as himself.'

'And you can cast no further light on the matter?'

'None, monsieur. I have told all I know.'

The surgeon was called who had examined both Cadoual's body and Alain's wound. He stated that the breakages of Cadoual's bones and head were the result of a fall from some great height.

'And the wound in the throat?' asked the president.

'That of course was from a knife.'

'From your observations would you say it was caused by another or self-inflicted?'

'It is impossible to say for certain. Ordinarily, however, a blow from one in front would land on the left side—that is to say, the side facing the right side of a right-handed man.'

'Is the prisoner right-handed?'

'He is.'

'And if Cadoual had inflicted the wound himself it would ordinarily be on the left side also, would it not?'

'Ordinarily yes, but not invariably so.'

'Or, again, if the prisoner had struck round from behind?'

'It might fall anywhere; of course.'

'Quite so. What do you say about prisoner's own wound?'

'It could not possibly have been self-inflicted. It is a blow from above downwards. It ripped open the shoulder-blade and went in below.'

'Supposing they had fought together?'

'Then prisoner must have turned his back to receive the blow. Moreover, it is impossible Cadoual could have fought. Almost every bone in his body was broken.'

'Could he have made such an exertion as prisoner states?'

'As a supreme—a final—exertion, he might.'

'The wound in prisoner's head?'

'It might have been from a fall or from a direct blow from behind. It would produce slight concussion of the brain.'

'Can you incline one way or the other—to the fall or the blow?'

'I incline to the blow, for this reason: a fall down an incline, such as I understand is the alternative, would produce an abraded wound, tending up or down according to whether he fell head first or feet first. This blow shows no such symptoms. It was a blow straight from behind, straight in towards the centre of the head, so to speak.'

'How soon would such a blow produce unconsciousness?'

'Instantly, and it might last for hours or days.'

'So that a person receiving such a blow could do nothing after it?'

'Not till he recovered consciousness.'

'Returning for a moment to Cadoual's wounds: could a man so broken inflict such a wound as that in prisoner's head?'

'Certainly not—not after he was broken.'

The president intimated to the surgeon that he

had finished with him; but as he was stepping down Bernardin desired to ask him a question.

'You examined the body of Cadoual. Had any attempt been made to cure his breakages?'

'Yes, undoubtedly; and it caused me great surprise. The arm and leg had been, and indeed still were, tightly bandaged to keep the broken bones in position.'

'Could Cadoual by any possibility have done that himself?'

'Not unless he was left-handed, and then I doubt if his broken ribs would have allowed him to do so.'

A score of voices in the audience exclaimed that Cadoual was right-handed, and the President threatened to clear the court.

The evidence so far was in prisoner's favour. So, evidently, was popular feeling.

Madame Cadoual, a smouldering volcano in black, was briefly examined, and stated that her son and prisoner were on bad terms because of that girl at the Light. Her son had started one morning for Landroel to do some business, and she had never seen him again till his body came ashore. She had employed detectives from Paris, and they had given it as their opinion that Alain Carbonec was responsible for the murder. She never took her eyes off Alain, and they flamed and blazed as though they would scorch him out of existence.

One of the Paris detectives—the other was man-hunting in Algeria—told of their researches in and round Plenevec, and how they had come to the conclusion that the missing man was the murderer. But when Bernardin took him in hand the smart gentleman from Paris had a bad five minutes. With questions that struck like blows in the face, the barrister ripped to pieces the other's assumptions and laid bare the poverty of the land.

'Can you produce one single iota of fact that you yourself discovered which in any way connects Alain Carbonec with the death of George Cadoual?' asked Bernardin in a scornful voice.

'The fact that Carbonec disappeared on the very same day as M. Cadoual'—began he from Paris.

'We know all about that. Nothing else? Thank you. I will not detain you;' and the detective regretted he was not in Algeria with his colleague.

Then: 'Pierre Carcassone!' called the president, and Pierre stepped forward and took the oath.

'You objected to prisoner coming to the Light after your daughter?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'You forbade him to come?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'But he continued to come all the same?'

'He did.'

'And in the end—what?'

'I took my own way of separating them.'

'You did not know the prisoner was Paul Kervec's son?'

'Not till Cadoual told me.'

'And then?'

'I made use of it. I told them they were brother and sister.'

'That was not true?'

'*Mon Dieu, monsieur!*'—with a shrug—'it might have been. It was good enough to use, anyway.'

'Prisoner, however, took advantage of the relationship you ascribed to your daughter and himself to take your daughter away?'

'He did.'

'He took her away in the lighthouse boat to Plenevec. What happened when he came back with the boat?'

'We quarrelled. He jeered at me for what he called the failure of my plan, and told me I had lied.'

'And you?'

'I struck him.'

'You fought?'

'No. He went away down the ladder and swam ashore.'

'And you?'

'I followed him as soon as I got the boat down.'

'What was your idea in following him?'

Pierre hesitated, and then said in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, 'I intended to kill him.'

'Well? Continue.'

'He was ashore before I got there. He dressed and climbed the Head, and I followed him.'

'You climbed the Head? Continue.'

'It was new to me, and I was a long time after him. When I reached the top I could not see him at first. Then of a sudden I caught sight of his head coming up out of a hole in the ground close by one of the stones. His back was towards me, and I lay down behind another stone and watched.'

'What did you see?'

'His head was bleeding. He seemed stupid. He looked about till he found his cap; then he kicked the grass and bushes about with his feet, and then he went into the hole again.'

'How long were you behind him?'

'It might be a quarter of an hour or more.'

'The surgeon tells us Carbonec would be unconscious for a considerable time after the blow he had received.'

'I know nothing about that. I tell you only what I saw.'

'After that?'

'He did not come out again, and I walked away, and went back to the Light.'

'Now, tell me: did you, while quarrelling with prisoner, tell him who gave you the information as to his name and parentage?'

'I did. It slipped out.'

'What did he say?'

'He said I was a fool and Cadoual was a bigger one.'

The president had done with Pierre. But Bernardin had not.

'You come here,' said he, 'telling us that you tried to separate Carbonec and your daughter by a lie which you knew to be a lie'—

'It was as likely true as not,' said Pierre gruffly.

'When you brought the children ashore eighteen years ago, after murdering the father of the one and the mother of the other, you took them to Sergeant Gaudriol, and said, "This is my child, and this is his." Is it not so?'

'*Ma foi, monsieur!* Eighteen years is a long time to recall one's very words.'

'Have you ever during these eighteen years hinted, in any way or to any one, that Barbe was not your daughter?'

'I had no occasion to do so.'

'And you wish us to believe that for eighteen years you have fed and cared for the child of the man you murdered?'

'She was useful to me.'

'For many years she could not possibly be useful to you, and you could easily have got some one who would have been, and who also would not have had the disadvantage of being Kervec's child.'

To that Pierre had nothing to reply beyond a shrug.

'You say you climbed Cap Réhel from the sea, and went back the same way. Doubtless you can show us whereabouts you climbed, and could do it again. I ask the court to send you in custody of two gendarmes and an officer of the court to climb it again in their presence. If you succeed and come back alive— But you will not. Your mouth is full of lies. When Sergeant Gaudriol went over to the Light to inquire into the disappearance of Carbonec you told him you had not seen him when he returned with the boat. Was that true?'

'Obviously not, in view of what I have stated.'

'You lied to an officer of the law in the pursuit of his duty?'

'He was trying to fix on me a crime I had not committed.'

'So you lied to him?'

'He showed he did not believe me.'

'It is to his credit. No sensible man would believe you. I have here,' said Bernardin, 'the record of your daughter's birth, which took place six months before you parted with your wife when you started on your last voyage to Newfoundland. This story of Barbe being Kervec's daughter was a lie, and you knew it to be a lie, and used it simply as a means to an end—namely, the getting rid of Kervec's son, whom we know as Alain Carbonec. Your evidence now given is a lie from beginning to end—with the same end in view. You come here with a mouthful of lies, capped by the statement that you followed Carbonec with the intention of killing him, and you expect the jury to believe a single word you say. Faugh! You are rotten—putrid. In the sight of all honest men you stink. In the sight of God'—

'Gently! gently!' said the president.

'It is not easy, M. le President,' said Bernardin with warmth, 'in the presence of carrion such as this—come here to swear away the life of an

innocent man to satisfy an old grudge against the father'—

'May God strike me dead,' cried Pierre, foaming at Bernardin's words, 'if'—

Then, in the sight of all of them, his eyes fixed wide in a stare of frozen horror on something behind

the barrister—something which was invisible to any other. His face grew white, and then the colour of lead. The arm he had flung up in vehement assertion dropped to his side. He swayed for a second, and fell with a crash like a falling tree. When they picked him up he was dead.

RAINBOW-TROUT IN BRITISH WATERS.



THE introduction some years ago of foreign trout into our waters received a well-deserved check through injudicious stocking with *Salvelinus fontinalis*, a fish generally believed in this country to be the American brook-trout, but really one of the handsomest of all the chars. English fish-culturists and the owners of fishings were much impressed by their apparent suitability for our waters; and had their peculiarities been thoroughly ascertained and provided for all would have been well; for, without doubt, certain British waters would profit by their introduction. Instead, they were distributed without the slightest regard to the suitability of the various waters in which they were placed. The inevitable result followed: on the whole, they did more harm than good, and were ultimately voted a failure, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of a few prominent fish-culturists who knew their value under proper conditions.

It is a fact that *fontinalis* delights in clear, cold mountain streams and lakes of low temperature. A water that warms up to anything above sixty degrees means the decimation of a stock of *fontinalis*, if not, indeed, their total destruction. In their native habitat they leave the streams in hot weather and seek shelter in the deep water of lakes; and they thrive only under such conditions of temperature.

I do not think our fishings lost much by the failure of *fontinalis*; and certainly the owners and not a few fish-culturists learned a lesson in stocking that has been profitable to them ever since. The pity of it is that a creditable carefulness has in some cases degenerated into extreme prejudice against the introduction of any foreign trout whatsoever, with the result that at one time we were very near condemning rainbow-trout (*Salmo irideus*), whereas time has proved that caution only is necessary. Thus, with the exercise of caution and common-sense, we may add to our sport and to our food-supply one of the handsomest and gamest of all the *Salmonidae*. In my opinion—and in that I do not stand alone—the rainbow has come to stay.

Some time ago, in a paper read before the members of the London Piscatorial Society, Mr William Senior ('Red Spinner') expressed an opinion that the rainbow had been tried once at least in fish-culturists' hands in England, and had not been continued; and he ventured to doubt if any further effort would be

successful. Now, as there is no more staunch supporter than I am of the gifted editor of the *Field*, and no more sincere admirer of his work and methods on behalf of the sport which, equally with himself, I love to uphold, I hope that my venturing to differ from him somewhat on this matter of the rainbow-trout in British waters will not prevent careful considerations of the opinions I submit. But, first, I would like to know if Mr Senior has or has not seen cause to qualify that opinion since it was expressed. There would appear to-day sufficient evidence to prove that at least one important reason why the cultivation of the rainbow-trout was not entirely successful in the hands of British fish-culturists was because it was declared proven that the fish was an uncertain breeder. This objection arose principally because—as Herr Jaffé has pointed out—'the rainbow-trout, on its introduction, was taken, both in planting and rearing, as being on all-fours with the old favourite brown trout, which it certainly is not.' Therein lies the cause of failure, if failure it was; and therein lies also the curse of trout-culture even to-day. Fish-culturists, for the most part, will consider the rainbow-trout only as 'on all-fours' with the brown trout; whereas they are quite distinct, and in their culture that issue should be kept quite clear. Then it might—nay, it will and does—prove profitable.

For some time an opinion obtained in England, America, and Germany that the rainbow-trout (*Salmo irideus*) was identical with the steel-head salmon of the Pacific coast (*Salmo gairdnerii*); and when it is remembered that such prominent pisciculturists as the late Sir James Maitland and Mr Fred Mather inclined towards this opinion, the great difficulty of successfully combating it can easily be realised. As a matter of fact, the rainbow-trout is quite a distinct variety, and must no more be confounded with the steel-head or any other variety of salmon than with any of the chars. This, again, brings to mind the action of those who would cross *irideus* with *fario*. It is difficult to understand what can be gained by such a cross; whereas the harm done by this useless crossing of distinct varieties is quite apparent. Brown trout are quite distinct from rainbow-trout, and it should be the constant care and study of pisciculturists to keep the varieties as nature has intended them, and, what is perhaps of even more importance, keep each variety as pure in strain as possible. Nothing is to be gained by crossing either of them with any-

other, for each species is absolutely perfect after its own kind.

In this connection it is as well to remember that even the spawning of *irideus* is not and never can be 'on all-fours' with the spawning of *farío*. Here I quote from Herr Jaffé at some length, merely adding as a preliminary that my experience and observation go to prove his opinion to be correct: 'Rainbows are not *faríos*, and want quite a different treatment in the hands of the pisciculturists. . . . I used to lose at the start 50 per cent. and more of my rainbows from imperfect impregnation, as I thought; and I put it down to the fish not being fitted or not fitting itself to European conditions, and for this same reason English fish-culturists dropped the fish as being too uncertain a breeder. Rainbow eggs at that time were impregnated much the same as *farío* eggs—namely, by stripping the female fish, and carefully avoiding every drop of water before the milt was added. Now, two things are noticeable in opening rainbows when near their spawning-time—namely, the very large, comparatively, size of the milt-sacs of the rainbow male (nearly four times as much as the *farío*), and the comparative large amount of a watery fluid which surrounds the ripe ova of the rainbow female. Further investigation showed that if kept in this fluid the rainbow ova would not lose its capillary power anything like so quickly as the dry brown trout eggs will when spawned into water, and since then this fluid has been carefully spawned along with the ova, securing nearly perfect impregnation. As to the unusual size of the rainbow milt-sacs I have not been able to arrive at definite conclusions; but I can only state as a fact that the milt-sacs of rainbows caught on the natural redds in a wild state show a much larger quantity of really good milt ready for immediate use than is present in the brook-trout male, and that this is perhaps one of nature's kind provisions for counteracting the loss of the watery fluid unavoidable under natural spawning circumstances, by providing an unusual amount of useful milt.'

In this way one important difficulty, at least, has been overcome, and the trouble that beset the efforts of British fish-culturists in connection with the cultivation of *irideus*—notably Sir James Maitland and Mr Thomas Andrews—exists no longer. But should not Herr Jaffé's experience prove a warning to those who would endeavour to cross *farío* and *irideus*, for herein is a natural and all-important objection to such useless experiment?

It is not only in spawning and rearing rainbows that fish-culturists and the owners of fishings err most lamentably; indeed, I am inclined to think that in the 'planting' of the fish—that is, in the distribution of the fish over certain waters—occurs the greatest mischief. But before proceeding to discuss why and where I think rainbows should be introduced, I would express the emphatic opinion that wherever brown trout will thrive, they, and they only, should be planted. I do not make this

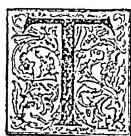
assertion idly. I have made most careful inquiries, and have visited fishings and fish-hatcheries all over the United Kingdom, and it has always been my most earnest effort to ascertain the conditions under which certain fish thrive and others do not. It may be taken for granted that in many cases where only troutlings are found in a water, the remedy lies rather in the introduction of more food than in stocking with some other variety of trout. The judicious introduction of new blood—that is, brown trout from some other British water—is, however, at times advisable. It is quite possible, also, that a water may be overstocked; and if so, the fish are sure to degenerate in size and condition. In such a case the remedy is obvious. I think I am right in asserting that the brown trout proper (*Salmo farío*) has reached a higher state of perfection in this country than in any other. It is one of the noblest of game-fishes, and as a surface-feeder has no peer. This latter fact alone should, and does, endear it to every British angler; and therefore, I repeat, wherever it will thrive, there it should be encouraged and the strain kept as pure as possible.

However, after the whole of the suitable waters in the British Isles have been stocked with British trout, there will still remain many thousands of acres of water in which brown trout will not thrive; and where it is possible to stock these waters with some other variety of *Salmonidæ* the work should be done. There are many coarse-fish waters in this country that could be stocked with rainbow trout, and still there would remain sufficient for the purpose of the coarse-fish angler. There are also many waters stocked with brown trout that could be improved in value without any interference with *farío*. In its native waters the rainbow-trout is found to thrive in a wider range of temperature than any other of the *Salmonidæ*; its habitat is by no means limited to slow, deep, and warm-running rivers, although it certainly seems to thrive better in such waters in this country. It is this adaptability to a high or low temperature of water that has made stocking with rainbows in this country not only possible but actually profitable; and it is the fact that they will stand a much higher temperature than the brown trout that has made it possible to stock with rainbows where the introduction of brown trout is impossible. In big rivers and lakes they will thrive side by side with *farío*, and I see no objection to their introduction there. They would certainly thrive in such rivers as the Itchen, the Test, the Darent, the Derwent, the Coquet, and other similar waters, but only at the expense of *farío*; therefore their introduction is unadvisable. Lakes and reservoirs, however, best profit by their introduction, especially if there are feeders up which the fish can mount at spawning-time. Rainbows are easily reared; and, granted two conditions—plenty of food and plenty of shade—they will repay cultivation. The condition of shade may arise from depth of water or from the presence

of trees or aquatic plants; but it is most important that it should exist, otherwise ophthalmic troubles occur. Rainbows hold their own in waters containing pike and perch; but under these circumstances they must have plenty of range. Where waters communicate with the sea, rainbows sometimes will migrate, but, apparently, only when food is insufficient in the waters into which they are introduced. The rainbow-trout would starve on the amount of food sufficient for the brown trout. I cannot see any particular objection to the development of the migratory instinct. They are pretty sure to return to their old quarters in due season, and their journey to the sea makes them much bigger, handsomer, and more valuable fish. The rainbow-trout matures at the third year, but is of

most use for spawning purposes from the fourth to the seventh year. They are very game fish, and rise freely to the artificial fly, but would seem to prefer fancy patterns rather than the orthodox duns, gnats, and spinners. This is another reason why they should not be introduced side by side with *fario* into a dry-fly fishing stream, although they might ultimately settle down to a dry-fly diet. Approved patterns of flies for rainbow-trout are: a silver body with black wing and red feather tag, claret and grouse, woodcock wing and red feather mixed and yellow reddish wool body with silver twist, black wing and light blue and silver body, coachman, partridge and green, woodcock and peacock herl, alder, zulu, red tag. All flies should be dressed fairly large, about the ordinary size used on Scottish lochs.

HOW MARY M'GILLIVRAY'S COW ATE THE PIPER.



THIS is the story as it is still told round the peat-fires of Strathnairn and Stratherrick, and as it was told to me.

Angus M'Leod, piper to Dunvegan, was fleeing westwards with the spray of the broken clans after black Culloden, where he had cut his red swath with the bravest—fleeing westward for a long day, when he was free to fly, and needs not hide in the hags or among the long heather, where the English troopers quartered the ground like pointers on hot scent of the game.

Having got as far as the heights above the Faragaig, where the ground begins to slope down to the Great Glen, he stopped to draw breath, and was debating the comparative chances of safety in Cluny's country or across Loch Ness in the wild region which lies beyond Strathglass, when the clattering of hoofs and the jingling of accoutrements bade him stand to his arms once more. Sorely wearied was Angus; but, like a stout clansman, he still had his claymore with him, though he had cast away his great pipes among the heather, and indeed he felt like piping no more. He had supped his fill the day before of war and war-piping; but he could still strike a good blow for freedom against the *sidier deary*. The horseman drew nearer, and at sight of the tartan broke into a furious charge. A trooper of Hawley's Horse, Angus! So now strike hard, and strike swift, if you would see the heights of Drummoocher or far Loch Laggan. One upward sweep of the broad blade, and the horse is scouring away wildly northwards, with the empty stirrups lashing at his sides, while Angus has his foot on the breast of one trooper who will ride no more for King George.

Now, as our piper stood grimly contemplating that foot, he realised for the first time that he had flung away his brogues a good ten miles behind, that he might run the lighter, and that the way was long to Badenoch, and rough. But here was a good pair of King George's boots on the cursed trooper!

Long military boots and the philabeg do not exactly constitute full Highland dress; but Angus was far from the lassies of Skye and their criticisms, so he essayed to make spoil of the Sassenach foot-gear. The devil was in the boots! Off they would come by no manner of tugging; and time was flying, and there might be more troopers to come the way of their comrade.

The Gaelic, and especially that spoken by the Skyeman, with a Scandinavian eke to it, is as full of expletives as any language that is Aryan; so the moorfowl had the benefit of some of it, and that of the fullest flavour. '*Diaoul!* but I will be taking the pody's legs, too then;' and, sure enough, when Angus continued his march, under each arm he had a dragoon's long boot, but these not empty, and on his track for a time were left gruesome traces of the contents. The dragoon had been a stout fellow, and the burden was heavy; so, it being dusk when Angus reached the change-house hard by the side of Loch Ness, he thought he would risk demanding a lodging, and before morning he might get rid of the weighty and compromising contents of the boots, and get them on.

All was bustle and confusion at the little clachan as Angus strode up to the door, and the steaming horses of a small detachment of cavalry were hanging wearied heads in the yard after their long day's chase of the flying tartans.

'In here with you, man!' reached him in a frightened whisper as he passed the byre-door, where a tall old woman stood beckoning him to the friendly darkness of the interior.

'You will be the *caillach*; who is the mistress here?' said Angus as he stooped to enter the low doorway.

'Ay, I am Mary M'Gillivray, wife to Ian Mhor of Clan Chattan, or I was yester morn; but sorely I fear me Ian lies over yonder on the black moor. And who may you be, my lad? Is it your life you will be tired of to be offering your throat to these

gentry there for the cutting? Or maybe you left your brogues where better men left their lives before you clashed swords with Hanoverian riders? How else is it you do not know the cattle of the murdering dragoons there in the yard? Hark to the black villains within, how they carouse, as they may who have gralloched a rare stag-royal over there yesterday.'

From the kitchen within the house came the stormy chorus of rough voices:

And, oh, the bluid o' the rebels rude
Alang the field that ran!
The hurdies bare we turned up there
Of mony a Highland clan.

'Oich, oich, mistress! but I am sore spent, and must rest a while till morning; and may the tiel breakfast on the loons. Though I was piper to M'Leod when the western clans made head, and might have looked for a better billet, yet I'll be fain to make my bed here in the byre-straw. Hap me up, mistress, in the hake at the cow's head till morning, for I am heavy with sleep.'

'Ay, ay! and that will be best too. Lulan is a discreet beast, and will annoy you not at all, be sure.'

Angus was fumbling with his spleuchan for a coin or two as a grace-penny.

'*Hanail! hanail!* Not from one of Prince Charlie's lads will I have anything at all; but mind and be up and beyond the Fechlin by dawning.'

Soundly Angus slept that night, with the fragrant smell of hay and the sweet-scented breath of his bedfellow Lulan in his nostrils. Long ere morning he was up, and wrestling with the boots, to make them available for the journey, finding it an easier task than he expected, as their contents had somewhat shrunk by the keeping. You may be sure he lost no time in drawing on what was literally his booty; and, flinging the *disjecta membra* of the erstwhile dragoon into the rack at Lulan's head, was soon speeding away in the direction of Badenoch and safety.

Mrs M'Gillivray was also up betimes in the morning, so that she might be assured of the safety of the piper. Going into the byre, she said, 'Well, he's away, to be sure; but I'll chust be giving Lulan's fodder a shake up where the pody has been lying.' On looking into the rack, it was not long before the good woman was speeding to the door, skirling with fright, while her scanty locks were crinkling beneath her mutch.

All the herds ran out, and all the serving-wenches, with King George's men in close attendance, as is the manner of the bold dragoon, to hear the good wife's skirls of 'Oich! oich! But ta coo ate ta piper! But ta coo ate ta piper, all but ta leg-banes and ta nails!'

'What's this, mistress?' said the sergeant. 'A piper here all night, and we did not know of it?'

'Well, well, and you can take all that the coo has left of him in the byre there,' said Mrs

M'Gillivray, now a little alarmed for the consequences of this disclosure. Sure enough, in the straw-rack, where Lulan was contentedly making her innocent meal, lay, for all men to see, portions of two unmistakable legs; 'well nourished,' as the doctors say, and which might well have belonged to a piper.

'This beats all!' said the sergeant. 'Do you really mean to say the animal has devoured the rest of him? It looks like it.'

'Sure the beast must be possessed,' groaned Mary, 'and to think that I have milked her this five year; but into the loch she goes this very day with a tow and a big stone at the end of it.'

'No, no, goodwife; let the beast be. I see the cow is a good Hanoverian cow, who knew the smell of a stinking rebel, and has kept his legs to show for the bounty.'

To make a long story short, the trooper's legs got the burial from the natives that was due to all that was left of a good patriot piper, and the tale passed into a tradition in the neighbourhood.

It was not till long after that Angus M'Leod heard from a wandering packman, in his home in Skye, whither he had crept when the hunt for rebels had subsided, that, among other fearful portents after the battle of Culloden, a cow in Strathnairn had eaten a certain piper from Skye, blood and bones, all but a small bit of the legs. Many a laugh had Angus over it before the fire on a winter's evening, with the girls, and a potent stoup of usquebaugh.

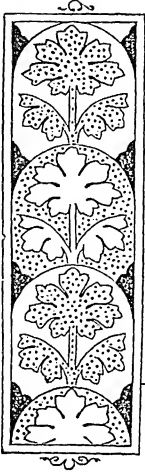
DANDELION.

STARRY-RAYED, and a heart of gold,
Looking up to the sky,
A lifted face to the sun and rain,
A smile to the passer-by:
Wayside warder, sentinel flower,
What is your password—say?
You know the seasons, you tell the hour,
And you hold a title, in sun and shower,
To a simple right-of-way.

You have sisters inside the garden wall,
Tended with human care;
They grow up graceful and fair and tall,
But naught of your freedom share.
Their beauty is hid from the vulgar gaze,
They pine in a wilting ease;
But you—you are light of the lowly ways,
You shine on the common, you star the braes:
Boon-comrade of the breeze.

A lifted face to the rain and sun,
Eyes moist with the morning dew,
A nod and a smile for every one,
And the joy of living for you.
Starry-rayed, and a heart of gold,
Planted by God's own hand;
Too poor you are to be bought or sold,
Too free to forsake the heathy wold:
Star-flower of No Man's Land.

WALTER C. HOWDEN.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

BURNS AS COMMENTATOR. SOME ORIGINAL NOTES BY THE POET.



AMONG the valuable Burnsiana collected by the late Mr Craibe Angus, and sold in Edinburgh after his death, was a volume of the 'Works of Laurence Sterne,' with marginal notes in the poet's handwriting. The volume was purchased for the trustees of Burns's Cottage at Ayr, where it will soon find a permanent place of exhibition among the many relics collected in the Cottage museum.

The volume is entitled *The Koran; or, The Life, Character, and Sentiments of Tria Juncta in Uno, M.N.A., or Master of No Arts*, and abounds in tales, quotations, and sentiments such as must have influenced Burns.* His many annotations on the margin prove that he read the book somewhat carefully, and these notes of his show much of the real man.

The first note is certainly very emphatic. Sterne suggests a new style of poetical composition, in addition to 'the many difficult conceits of the ancients'—namely, that the *first* and *last* words in a line should rhyme! 'The last word in every line is always made to chime to the first throughout the poem,' thus joining the strength of blank verse and the shortness of rhyme together. Specimens are given, such as 'Love is the pivot on which all things move.' Burns wipes out this fanciful conceit with one emphatic word—'Nonsense!'

He enlarges in his next comment. The paragraph marked reads: 'I never drink. I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day; but me three: the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.' Underneath this sentiment the poet places *his* view of the matter. 'I love drinking now and then,' he admits. 'It defecates [purges] the standing pool of thought. A man perpetually in the paroxysms and fevers of inebriety is like a half-drowned, stupid wretch con-

demned to labour unceasingly in water; but a now-and-then tribute to Bacchus is like the cold bath: bracing and invigorating.—R. B.' This is the only comment to which he adds his initials. Perhaps he thought it rather good. It certainly describes his own sentiments most forcibly, and it is a frank exposition of one of the principles which shaped his character.

On the same page this sentence occurs: 'Free-thinkers are generally those who never think at all,' and against it the bard has written 'Quibble.'

'St James says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations,"' arrests him, and he writes 'Ah!' in the margin. The poet is evidently not quite sure of it. How much of Burns is in that single exclamation! Is it pity that he cannot resist temptation, or sorrow that he has so often fallen a victim to it, or a question of the virtue of the process—or all three together? In any case, the poet's 'Ah!' seems somehow strikingly pathetic.

Here is a story which pleased him, and opposite it he has written 'Good:'. 'A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy that she had got a parcel of most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. "They call them *Plutarch's Lives*," said she. I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship that they were deemed authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them!' We can easily picture Burns chuckling over this anecdote as his pen marked it. Perhaps he had some presentiment of the public library!

If the above anecdote pleased him, the next must have tickled him greatly: 'A servant-maid I had once,' writes the author, 'returned home crying one day because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.' 'Human nature!' observes Burns; and it could not be more neatly and effectively hit off.

In his next brief comment Burns turns philosopher. The paragraph which delays his pen says: 'The Lex Papia forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty. I think the law was wrong

* *The Koran* is now admitted to be a literary forgery, but was included in the first collected edition of Sterne's works. Richard Griffith, the author, has reproduced in a clever style the thought and language of Sterne.

in the first article, because men may have children long after that age, or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community.' Could Burns have been true to himself if he had given any other opinion than 'Follow Nature,' which he has boldly written on the margin? Underneath, in smaller letters, he writes 'Oracle,' as one would add an author's name to a quotation from his works. 'Follow Nature'—might not that stand as the poet's motto? In varying interpretation, it covers his life.

To a long paragraph on 'determining ourselves'—the necessity of inclining to take one side of a question more than another (two men boxing, two horses running, or even two fishwomen quarrelling)—Burns adds the remark that 'whim enters deeply into the composition of human nature, particularly of genius.'

On the next leaf mention is made of an Italian nobleman, Count de Bonarelli, who had never written one line of poetry till he was threescore years of age, and then he wrote a pastoral poem which he executed with a fame equal to Tasso's *Aminta*. The fact strikes the poet, as it would strike any reader, as very unusual and even unlikely, and he writes 'Strange' on the margin. From his own letters it is evident that while poetry was the inspiration of his life, yet he laboured sedulously to perfect his verses and train himself in the art—and he had so striven from his youth; and yet here was the Count, undreaming of it for sixty years, and then sitting down to win fame! Little wonder that even Burns thought it 'strange' that such a performance were possible.

On page 178 of the volume the poet breaks out strong on Queen Elizabeth. A paragraph states that a letter by Mary Queen of Scots has come to light which makes Elizabeth's character not so problematical as general history has left it; and at the bottom of the page Burns writes in pencil: 'I would forgive Judas Iscariot sooner than Queen Elizabeth. He was a mercenary blackguard; she was a devil, genuine, real as imported from Hell.' These are almost cruel sentences, even from an ultra-patriotic Scot; but they illustrate the native independence of the poet's mind and the extraordinary vigour of his thinking. The writing is much blurred, and 'real' is very like 'neat,' with a comma after it. Queen Bess as a *neat* devil would be a quaint and not unfit characterisation, from the poet's view-point.

One anecdote is recorded by Sterne which secures Burns's approval so completely that we may give it as it stands. 'I asked an hermit once in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile away from any habitation? He replied that Providence was his next-door neighbour.' To this fine reply the poet appends his praise in the single but sufficient word—'Admirable!' He was not ready to give himself away without cause. Several of the paragraphs are specified as 'Nonsense,' 'Good,' 'True,' while others are marked by a simple cross; but to this one alone he adds 'Admirable!'

A very characteristic note is appended to the tale of a certain count who was taken prisoner by the Saracens and condemned to work in the Sultan's garden. The Sultan's daughter fell in love with him; but, although he informed her that he already had a wife, she proposed to marry him notwithstanding, lest he should never regain his liberty—stipulating that if he recovered his freedom and found his first wife, she would retire. He agreed, married her, secured his freedom, and sought his first wife; but the two wives were so drawn to each other that they declined to separate, so the three lived together and were buried in the same grave. To this strange tale Burns adds a query: 'Query—Is Love like a present of ribbons, that you cannot share it among womankind without lessening the quantity each should receive?' The argument is a curious one, even for Robin.

There is only one other annotation worthy of notice. 'A friend of mine once conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair,' writes Sterne. 'He used to say that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this complexion, for that the men were false and the women frisky.' Burns writes his comment in pencil against this paragraph; but, lest it should fade, he repeats it in ink at the bottom of the page (the only instance in the volume). His comment is: 'Golden locks are a sign of amorousness;' and then he adds: 'The more love in a woman's composition, the more soul she has.' One wonders at first why the bard so carefully rewrote his defence of red hair; but Highland Mary's hair was red or auburn! The Bible which Burns gave her (now in the monument at Ayr) contained a long lock of her auburn hair.

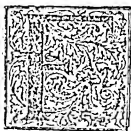
The volume has been thoroughly thumbed, and in looking through it the reader is struck with the similarity of its sentiments with those of the poet. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp' is only a finer casting of this paragraph on page 109: 'Titles of rank are like the impressions on coin—which add no value to gold or silver, but only render brass current.' 'Holy Willie's Prayer' was written on a real character; but it might have been suggested by another paragraph on the opposite page, which avers that 'some folk think it sufficient to be good *Christians* without being good *men*, to spend their lives in drinking, cheating—and praying.' To an imagination like the bard's, all the features of Holy Willie are in that paragraph. Such passages as the following seem to have been written by Burns himself: 'I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women (and ever had) than men or even women themselves generally have;' 'Love and friendship form the only natural alliances,' &c. And it is not altogether improbable that

Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O,

may have been suggested by 'Man was originally made of the dead earth, but woman of the living man—therefore of a more excellent nature.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER II.—THE COMING OF CORPORAL FLINT.



FOR some days after the duel in the wood I kept within the house in order to avoid any further quarrels, which I knew would certainly be thrust upon me by hot-headed young Royalists when the result of my encounter with Frank became known. Moreover, I had no heart to go abroad, being much cast down in spirit, and troubled to an extent which I should formerly have believed impossible. In what way was I to blame? The quarrel was none of my seeking. Indeed, I had done all that lay in my power, short of accepting a blow, to avoid it. Nay, I would have let the lad escape in the heat of the combat had he not forced me to wound him in order to preserve my life. As for his sister's bitter speeches, they were made in ignorance of the truth, and should have had no power to rankle as they did. So I reasoned with myself; though such reasoning brought me but little comfort.

I was also troubled by another matter. An account of the duel had been carried to my mother and Patience, and I was astonished and grieved to find that from that moment Patience avoided me, or, when that was impossible, treated me with a coldness which contrasted strangely with the affectionate warmth of her first greeting. Indeed, I would have taken her to task about the matter; but whenever I began to question her, my mother, who seemed full of pity for her, would interpose, and I could get no explanation of her strange conduct. So it came about that, what with my duel with Frank and Patience's coldness, the visit to which I had looked forward so eagerly brought me but little pleasure, and I was glad when the time came for my departure.

How well I remember the events of the night on which I announced my intention of setting out for London the next day! Indeed, I have good cause to do so, for it was then that the extraordinary adventures began which I here set down for the first time.

My poor mother was in tears, and even Patience, who looked pale and thin, was kinder to me than she had been since the news reached her of my unlucky combat with Frank. We were sitting together, talking quietly and somewhat sadly—for who could tell in such times as those whether we should ever meet again?—when I heard the trampling of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching the house. I think that from the very first moment I heard that ominous sound I had a foreboding of evil; and it was with a sinking heart that, going into the hall, I found myself face to face with a grim-visaged trooper, one Corporal Flint, who handed me a letter addressed to me, as I saw at a glance, by the Lord Protector himself. Ordering some refreshment to

be provided for the corporal, I withdrew to read the letter. It was, as I had supposed, from Cromwell, and the contents troubled me greatly:

‘WHITEHALL.

‘To Captain Hawthorne: These, in all speed.

‘SIR,—I desire you to take command of the troopers accompanying the bearer of this letter, Corporal Flint, and to proceed instantly to Oakwood Hall, the residence of Sir John Woodville, and arrest one Colonel Montague at present residing at the Hall. This Montague is hand-in-glove with the wretched creature Colonel Sexby, and others of a like nature, who are endeavouring once more to plunge this poor, distracted country into the horrors of civil war. I have information from a sure source that he is now engaged in raising and drilling the Malignants in the neighbourhood, and hath collected a considerable store of arms and ammunition at the Hall. Fetch them off; but move not Sir John's old weapons of his fathers or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes, of one gentleman to another. It is credibly reported that Montague brought moneys with him from France, a large sum in gold, to further the conspiracy. I require you to make diligent search for the same, and also for such papers as may relate to the business.

‘Sir John, coming to London yestereve, hath already been taken and lodged in the Tower. As to the members of his family: should you find proof that they are concerned in the plot, I desire you to arrest them and to send them hither.

‘You must act lively. Neglect no means. The Lord direct you what to do.—I rest your friend and well-wisher,

OLIVER P.

‘Corporal Flint will inform you of other particulars which I hold it not prudent to set down in writing.’

It was with infinite dismay that I read this letter. Sure there was not a man in all England who would have undertaken such a task more reluctantly. Strive as I would, it seemed as though I could not avoid being forced into appearing as the enemy of those I would so willingly have served as a friend. First had come the duel with Frank, and now I was ordered to seize the Hall, and it might well prove to be my duty to arrest both Frank and his sister. These were things that could never be forgiven; and I saw that the friendship that had existed between our families for so many years was now finally to be put an end to. It was, therefore, with a sad countenance that I went to bid farewell to my mother and sister, and to inform them of the orders I had received.

To my astonishment, Patience rose to her feet with a white face and flashing eyes.

‘And you will do this?’ she cried.

'Why, what choice have I in the matter?' I answered impatiently. 'I have the Lord Protector's orders, and must needs obey them.'

'What!' she exclaimed. 'You will act thus to our oldest and kindest friends? I would not do it for fifty Lord Protectors.'

'Nay, Patience,' said my mother, laying her hand gently on the child's shoulder, 'John must do his duty, come of it what will. Go, my son, and God be with you.'

The kind voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes as I stooped and kissed her, and went forth from the room with a drooping head and heavy heart.

The corporal was waiting for me in the hall, a thin, tall, gaunt man, with small, cold blue eyes, close-set lips, and a hard, shaven, weather-beaten countenance which might have been carved out of wood, so expressionless did it seem. While my horse was being brought from the stable he informed me that the troopers were waiting on the high-road some hundred yards from the house.

'Are you acquainted with the Lord Protector's instructions?' I asked.

'Partly,' said he. 'I know that we are to arrest a certain Colonel Montague, who is now at Oakwood Hall, and search the place for arms and papers, and so forth.'

'But His Highness informs me that you have some information of a private character to impart to me which he holds it not prudent to set forth in writing.'

'Even so,' said he, and glanced quickly round and lowered his voice. 'It relates to Jacob Watkins, a serving-man at the Hall, who will supply you with full particulars as to the sayings and doings of Montague and the rest.'

'In plain words, the fellow is a spy,' said I, with a gesture of disgust, for I could never reconcile myself to the employment of such creatures. I speak not of the soldier who, with his life in his hand, enters the camp of an enemy, but of the base wretches who, for a few pieces of gold, betray those whose roof they share and whose bread they eat.

'Doubtless he is a spy,' said the corporal dryly; 'but it is expedient that none should know him to be so. His Highness therefore desires you to hold no conference with him except in private, and to treat him harshly in the presence of others.'

Never was there a man who could speak more bluntly to his enemies or strike at them more boldly and openly than Oliver Cromwell; but when aught was to be gained by cunning, few could match him. His spies were everywhere, and again and again the most ingenious conspirators were caught like flies in a spider's web. They would be taken and clapped in prison at the very moment when they had no longer any doubt that their plots would succeed, and that a bullet or dagger would put an end to him and place Charles Stuart upon the throne. Well, I think he had no choice but to fight them with their own weapons, to circumvent them

by craft and cunning, and by employing those to spy upon them who were as subtle and treacherous as themselves. Still, I could not endure the idea of this Watkins playing the spy at the Hall, and it was with difficulty that I checked the angry and imprudent words that rose to my lips.

'Come,' said I curtly, 'my horse is at the door, and we must be jogging. I will decide upon our plan of action as we ride forward.'

A few minutes later we joined the troopers standing silent and motionless on the highway, and bidding them ride as quietly as possible, I led the way to the Hall. Little as I liked the business—and, indeed, it became more distasteful to me at every step we took—I was determined to go through with it and do my duty, come of it what might. Many a time I had faced death on the battlefield. Now I was called upon to face the pain of wounding my once dear friends, and truly I would rather have charged Prince Rupert's fiery horse or stormed again the breaches of Tredah or Wexford. Still, the thing had to be done, and I set my face as a flint and resolved to do it.

Oakwood Hall was some four or five miles distant, the lodge gates opening on to the highway along which we were trotting. Now, I had no doubt that the gates would be closed, and that Montague would be warned and have time to make his escape before we could force our way through them; but I knew of a gap in the wall a mile or so nearer, and through this I decided to take my men, and follow a cart-road through the wood that would bring us within fifty yards of the Hall. By proceeding in this way it would be easy to surround the place without fear of an alarm being given.

We reached the gap without meeting any one by the way, and, passing cautiously through it, rode silently into the dark wood beyond. The stars were shining bravely above us, and the sky in the south-east beginning to brighten with the coming of the moon; but we rode in the black shadow of the tall trees that grew on either hand, and at times it seemed as though we could scarce see a yard before us. To me that ride through the gloomy wood hath ever appeared like an evil dream, so heavy of heart was I, and so little did I relish the task which had been thrust upon me. Yet I scarce knew why I so shrank from it. Sir John had treated me with haughty insolence, Frank had forced a quarrel upon me, and his sister had uttered words that still made my cheeks flame to think of. Moreover, the loss of other friends, brought about by the war, had disturbed me but little in comparison. Why, then, I asked myself, should the widening of the breach between myself and Sir John and his family occasion me such misery? I could find no answer to the question.

There was but one thing in the whole business which brought me any comfort, and that was that I should presently put a stop to the crafty schemes of the man Montague. I had heard rumours with regard to his character which made

my blood boil when I thought of him as the companion of those I loved and esteemed. Yet it was said that he had acquired very great influence over Sir John, and even rumoured—though it seemed well-nigh incredible—that there was some prospect of a marriage between him and Mistress Dorothy. Well, it comforted me to think that, whatever enmity I might gain by it, I should put an end to any such project, for I doubted not that Master Montague, once in custody, would take a voyage to the Barbadoes or have his career cut short by a rope or bullet.

At length we halted at the edge of the wood, and saw the Hall, still screened from the moon by the thick trees, rising darkly before us. Not a creature was visible, not even a dog barked, and there were few lights to be seen in the windows. I felt sure that no warning of our approach had been given.

I gave my orders in a whisper, and slowly and noiselessly—the horses' hoofs almost inaudible on the soft turf—we encircled the Hall, still keeping in the shadow of the trees. Then we began to advance stealthily towards it, listening intently for any suspicious sight or sound. As I rode forward, pistol in hand, I more than half expected to see the door thrown open and Montague rush forth to break through the ring of steel that was gradually closing round him. But the door remained shut, and no sound but the low murmur of hoofs and the faint jingling of spurs and scabbards broke the profound stillness.

When I dismounted within a few paces of the doorway I found Corporal Flint beside me.

'I think we have him safe,' I whispered.

'Ay,' said he grimly, and I heard his sword grating in its sheath, and saw the naked blade glimmer in the starlight.

Stepping quickly forward, I knocked at the door, and for a few moments we stood in breathless silence, waiting, sword in hand, for what might follow. Presently we heard the sound of approaching footsteps and the clash of a bolt, and the door was slowly and cautiously opened. Instantly I thrust forward my foot, and, forcing my way inside, presented a pistol at the head of the serving-man who had answered my summons.

'If you move a step or cry out,' said I, 'you will get a bullet through your head. Answer my questions, and no harm shall come to you. Is Colonel Montague within?'

'Nay, your honour,' he stammered, shrinking backwards.

I put the cold barrel of the pistol against his forehead.

'Is this the truth?' I asked. 'If you lie to me, as God lives, I will'—

I stopped suddenly, for the lamplight fell full on the fellow's face—a thin, crafty, fox-like face—and I guessed at once with whom I had to do.

'What is your name?' I asked.

'Jacob Watkins,' he answered in a low voice, and with a hurried glance behind. I caught a glimpse

of the pale countenances of the other servants in the background, and once more raised the pistol, giving him a meaning look as I did so.

'If you attempt to deceive me,' said I, 'you will do so at your peril. If Montague be not within the house, where is he? Come, out with it!'

'I know not. Indeed, I know not, sir,' he replied, affecting to be overcome with terror; 'but he said he would return before ten of the clock, and it wants but a few minutes of the hour.'

This was a situation I had not foreseen, having been confident that we should find Montague in the house, and for a moment I hesitated, scarce knowing what to do.

'Bid them close the door,' whispered Jacob. 'If he sees it standing open he will take the alarm and ride off.'

'You speak truly,' I muttered, and hastily beckoned the corporal and the troopers, who were lingering in the doorway, to enter.

'And now,' I continued in a louder voice, 'are Master Frank Woodville and Mistress Dorothy within?'

'Master Woodville is from home; but Mistress Dorothy is in her chamber, your honour,' he replied.

Whereupon I ordered him roughly to stand aside, and bade the rest of the servants retire, which they very gladly did. When they were beyond earshot I turned again to Jacob.

'Listen,' said I, 'and take heed that you do as I bid you. You will remain here and open the door for Colonel Montague without informing him of our presence, and close it instantly behind him. It will be understood that you act thus in fear of your life, and none will suspect you.'

'Yes, yes, sir, I will do this, or anything you desire,' he said eagerly.

I then instructed the corporal to bring in the rest of the men, leaving three or four to watch that none escaped from the house, and to guard the horses, which were to be kept carefully out of sight. Our preparations were quickly made, and presently we were lurking in the rooms and passages about the hall, ready to spring upon Montague the instant he was admitted. But minute after minute dragged slowly by, and he did not come. So intense was the silence that we could hear the ticking of the clock in the hall and the faint chirping of a cricket in the servants' quarters. It comforted me to think that Mistress Dorothy was asleep in her chamber, and would know nothing of the business until we had Montague safe in our clutches; but as the time went by and still he came not I grew restless and uneasy.

'Sure he cannot have been warned of our coming?' I whispered to Corporal Flint.

'Nay, I know not,' he muttered, and in the dim light I could see his eyes fixed gloomily on the motionless figure of Jacob, who was seated in the hall. 'I would never trust the word of a spy. Such vermin are ever ready to betray those who employ them if it be made worth their while.'

'Hush!' said I, clutching his arm. 'What is that?'

'I hear nothing,' he replied.

'Twas but the wind perhaps. Nay, there it is again. As I live, 'tis the trampling of hoofs.'

Far away in the distance, but rapidly approaching, I could hear beyond doubt the murmur of a horse's hoofs.

'He is coming,' said I. 'Be ready, men, to leap

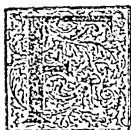
out on him the moment the door closes; but remember that, if possible, he must be taken alive.'

There was a low shuffling of feet and a faint tinkling of steel as the men drew their swords and prepared for action, and then silence reigned again. Even the cricket had ceased chirping, and we could hear nothing but the ticking of the clock and the hammering of the hoofs coming up the avenue.

(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

By W. BEACH THOMAS.



FOURTY years ago men at the universities were unacquainted with football and knew little of athletic sports; and it was not until 1863 that there was first a talk of an inter-university meeting. Considering that running races is one of the first forms of competition among children, it is astonishing that athletic sports came so late, and, having come, developed so little. Much of this is due to the fact that even to-day athletic sports are not regarded in our schools as they should be—that is to say, as a game. The majority of boys think of such sports only in relation to a one or two days meeting at the end of the Easter Term; but there is no reason at all why athletics should not be played as a game, like football, day after day. Here and there, indeed, it is so. At Rugby, for instance, there are few more popular forms of amusement than a form of cross-country running, in which those who take part have to cross and recross two streams that wind in the valley. Now and again a headmaster has either prohibited this sport, or else has sanctioned it only on condition that the boys do not get wet feet; but, despite edicts, it has flourished for generations, and there is one particularly muddy jump which local tramps are said to fish regularly, and not unprofitably, in search of cast-off shoes.

There is no better form of amusement of its kind, though singularly neglected, than a sort of 'follow my leader' expedition with jumping-poles. Half a century ago boys of all sorts used to practise this excellent exercise in the neighbourhood of the towns of South Wales; but for some reason it has fallen into disuse. Rugby ought really to set the example of restoring the pole-jump to favour. The school runs at Rugby were primarily looked upon as training for the school steeplechase, the prettiest race perhaps of its kind, if not also the most difficult, unless perhaps it is excelled by that at Shrewsbury, with its element of stiff hedges. The one water-jump is so easy as to be hardly worth training for. Hence the preparation used to consist in great measure of what were not too euphoniously known as 'belly-hedging' trials, in which mixed parties of seniors and juniors went forth protected by thick hedging-gloves, and the junior candidates were in-

structed by their elders in the gentle art of jumping on the top of a stiff hedge and swinging over by a peculiar hitch of the legs. Shrewsbury—thanks perhaps to the encouragement of its two steeplechases—has a unique system of cross-country runs, which are of weekly occurrence through one term, and organised on the principle of a hunt. Thus there are the gentlemen, the whips, the pack, and the huntsman. Runners of promise are duly promoted from 'hounds' to 'gentlemen,' an advancement associated with certain valuable privileges; while the post of huntsman, which is associated with the privilege of managing the school sports, is perhaps the most autocratic position in the school.

From time to time, though not often, runs on the Rugby model are tried at Bradfield, where the water-meadows are very favourable to the game, though the introduction of the jumping-pole would have popularised it much more. Its finish is usually through a pool of the Pang, best of Berkshire trout-streams, up the sluice, and so to the winning-posts on the football-field. Old Bradfield boys remember long after they have gone to other scenes of activity the original grammar of the notice-board, which informs the outside public that 'the start of the steeplechase will be on the Reading road, and will finish on the football-field'!

It is commonly assumed that Americans have done much to improve athletics in England; but those who examine the facts will find, instead, that they have destroyed them—as a game at any rate. In the States there is no such game as cross-country running, though races as short as sixty yards are common. They get to have a most exaggerated respect for times and records, and, in consequence, they train so strictly that the line of demarcation between amateur and professional becomes blurred. Their university athletics are never without their professional overseer, who talks of the university team as his own. When the teams went across the Atlantic from our universities they were assailed by hordes of newspaper reporters, and all manner of ludicrous tales were related of them. One very young and nice-looking runner was amazed to learn from the local paper that it was his practice to play every evening on his banjo the sad refrain of 'The

Girl I left Behind Me,' with the tears coursing down his smooth cheeks. Another was described as 'running as if he carried a fairy princess on his back.' As long as the Americans look on athletics as a business, our teams are likely to be beaten by them; but they have not yet won the long races, and it is not likely at present that they will. If they have taught us anything, it is that we should view athletics like other games. They are the best pole-jumpers and the best throwers of the weight and hammer in the world. We do not sufficiently practise these sports in this country. Not many years ago there was a huge athlete in the university sports so thoroughly at the mercy of the hammer, which with practice he should have managed with ease, that it finally slipped from his hands and nearly felled an umpire, who, poor man, amused the crowd by covering behind his umbrella! A sixteen-pound hammer would be too much for most school-boys; but there seems no legitimate reason why smaller weights and hammers should not be as much a part and parcel of the ordinary school equipment as bats and wickets.

If boys and their elders could only be got to believe it, no game is much better fun than athletics if properly played. Curiously enough, the big London schools have done more for athletics than those in the country, and form-sports are a recognised amusement at two of them. The London Athletic Club always has a race or two for schoolboys; but there are obvious reasons for their not being very widely patronised. Yet it is difficult to understand why our public schools should not play each other at athletics as they do at cricket or football. It is possible that the increasing number of inter-university challenges noticeable during the last few years may before long find an echo among the schools; but the improvement seems long in coming.

One of the beauties of school-sports is that they are run on grass, which is almost as fast as a cinder-track, and infinitely more pleasant. Charterhouse used to run a school mile on the road, the gradient of which was found so favourable to times that one boy was famed for doing the distance in four minutes twenty-seven seconds! He afterwards, by the way, made a famous runner; but he never repeated that school-time at Oxford. The writer also knew (and beat!) a Haileybury boy who was said to have run his one hundred yards at school in nine and three-quarter seconds! Has not, when one comes to think of it, a school long-jumper cleared his twenty-three feet? School time-keepers are, indeed, a class by themselves. A famous master at a northern school once possessed a stop-watch as old and as cantankerous as himself. It always needed a shake to start it. When each race was over, this gentleman would slowly calculate the time, reckoning so many minutes, so many seconds, so many fifths, and so many *shakes*; but he never could be made to determine accurately how many shakes went to a second. Still, the times do not matter much, and not even winning is everything

—that is to say, with those who look upon athletics in their right light, as a game.

One advantage of athletics, viewed in this way, is that they afford a deal of exercise in a reasonable time. 'Remember,' said the wise Oxford tutor to an athletic pupil, 'that he who runs may read;' and it is common knowledge that those who excel at the universities in the gymnastics of the body more often than not excel in those of the mind.

As a proof, moreover, that athletics can be learnt like other games—a fact which is often questioned—it is only necessary to watch the steadily increasing records. Once it was regarded as impossible to jump twenty-two feet; but now twenty-four feet have been cleared. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that W. G. Grace taught himself in early days to be a good hurdler. Among other heroes, he raced Mr C. N. Jackson, so long treasurer of the Oxford University Athletic Club, the last time the latter ran. Mr Jackson writes of this occasion: 'I brought to an untimely end a promising career by spiking a hidden oyster-shell when going "full bat" in a hurdle handicap after the seven-leagued legs of W. G. Grace. From that day forth I have never run again, never tasted an oyster, never spoken to W. G. the Great!'

It is interesting to remember that on Marston Moor, where Mr Jackson learned his athletics, Lord Jersey also began his; and it is one of the anecdotes of this historic ground that he was on one occasion called upon to dig out an Oxford long-jumper, who had pitched into a clay-pit and there lay embedded and helpless.

It is the prize system that kills athletics. It is less atrocious at schools than at Oxford, where the winners go to a specified shop, and, like any professionals, order prizes up to a certain value; but it is bad enough. This business of winning prizes has gradually induced in the athlete a conviction that running, jumping, or throwing can only be practised effectually under the stimulus of a bribe. The exact value of the first and second prizes is usually printed boldly on the programme-cards at local meetings: surely a most humiliating practice. Every one having the control of school-sports should make the list of events as wide as possible. Even an obstacle-race is a good test of endurance. Pole-jumping and throwing the cricket-ball should find a place.

People are apt to laugh nowadays when they are told how, when Lord Alverstone was running, in his young days, the hurdles were roughly trimmed with a bill-hook to the requisite height. But is it certain that we could not, even to-day, get a good deal more genuine fun out of the 'game' of athletics if the arrangements were a little less precise, less Americanised? In America you can knock down the hurdles with a touch; in fact, they are swung, not fixed in the ground. How ludicrous this is when we remember that they are primarily supposed to be obstacles!

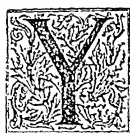
If athletics are to make any headway in our

public schools, let them be approached in the spirit of a game and not with any view to prizes. The hope to win is harmless, though we have known at least one veteran athlete who entered in the long-

distance races out of sheer enjoyment of the exercise. He invariably came in last, but always with a smile and a vow that he could have beaten all the rest if they had gone on long enough.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE GOLDEN WAY.



YOU may find twenty men this day in Plenevec who saw Pierre Carcassone fall and die, and they tell of it yet with bated breath. For, you understand, one does not see the good God stretch out His hand like that every day in the week—happily for some folk!

The court adjourned while the doctors gathered over Pierre's body like birds of prey, and debated as to the actual cause of his death. But if all the doctors in Christendom had proclaimed it anything whatsoever other than that which it so manifestly was—the direct reply to Pierre's blasphemous challenge—no single man in Plouarnec or Plenevec would have listened to them. Doctors are but men, and this was the finger of God. It was like ants arguing about a thunderbolt, as Noel Bernardin tersely put it when he got over the first shock.

Barbe had sat through it all, growing colder and colder, till her very heart was chilled with fear, and her face was like the face of a Madonna carved in white marble. She did not believe a word of what Pierre said; but she saw how terribly it must tell against Alain if the jury believed it. And she sat with her dark eyes fixed on them, and learned every line of their faces, and saw them in her dreams for many years after. Bernardin's voice rang in her ears. His fiery words stirred her heart and chilled it, for every word brought the end nearer. She heard the crash of Pierre's fall. They told her he was dead, and her heart cried 'Thank God!' and the colour came slowly back into her face.

Alain had stood watching her until Pierre's lying evidence forced his attention. Then he watched Pierre, and his eyes blazed as he saw the net the unhappy man was trying to weave round him. He was watching him intently to the moment when he fell. And when they told him he was dead his heart too cried 'Thank God!' for it seemed to him that God had indeed spoken for him.

All the time the doctors were discussing Carcassone, Noel Bernardin sat with his arms folded, staring before him with gloomy eyes which saw not. It was his attack that had provoked the man to his death; but it was not of Pierre Carcassone he was thinking. He did not give one thought to him.

When the court met again, an hour later, the president intimated that the prosecution would call no more witnesses.

'I call Sergeant Gaudriol,' said Bernardin quietly. 'My client is innocent, and I will prove his inno-

cence beyond all questioning. He was very pale, and spoke very gravely, and was evidently labouring under strong emotion.

The old Sergeant stepped up.

'You searched the cave under the stone on Cap Réhel. What did you find there?'

'These,' said Gaudriol, and produced from a cardboard box three cigarette-ends, a ring of wax on a flat stone, and Alain's stocking-cap.

'Tell the jury, if you please, what these things tell you.'

'The cigarettes are the same as George Cadoual smoked, and no one else in Plenevec could afford them.'

Ordinarily the president would have said, 'Yes, the prisoner took them from Cadoual's pocket and smoked them after felling him.' Gaudriol was prepared for that, and waited for it.

'Continue,' said the president.

'M. Cadoual always smoked with a holder,' said Gaudriol. 'His humour was such that he could not smoke as others do. If he tried he bit the cigarette to pieces. If you wish, M. le President, you can have twenty confirmations of both these facts.'

The president only bowed and murmured, 'Continue.' He had had enough of the business, and desired only to see the end of it.

'If M. le President will have the goodness to examine those cigarette-ends, he will see that they have been smoked with a holder.'

The fag-ends were handed up to the president, who glanced at them and passed them to the jury.

'I say, therefore,' said Gaudriol, 'that it was George Cadoual who was in the habit of using that cave—not Alain Carbonec. Next I produce a ring of wax, the remains of a candle—that is it, M. le President. I found that also in the cave. The wax is similar to the candles used in the Cadoual household. It is of a quality used nowhere else in Plenevec. M. Cadoual, therefore, had light in his cave.'

M. le President might have had something to say on that head also; but he only bowed wearily and said again, 'Continue.'

'This,' said Gaudriol, handing up the blood-stained cap, 'is Alain Carbonec's cap. The dark stain is the blood from the wound on his head. He was struck from behind, probably by a stone, dragged into the cave, and flung through the opening in the long passage into the lower cave. Why and how Cadoual came to follow him God only knows.'

No word from the president, and Sergeant Gaudriol's evidence stood unopposed.

The prosecution declined to address the jury, and Bernardin took the same course. Without leaving the box the jury pronounced Alain Carbonec 'Not Guilty,' and the two gendarmes fell back and left him a free man.

A buzz of satisfaction ran round the court; but the sense of what had just happened was upon them all, and it scarcely rose above a murmur.

Alain strode across to Barbe, and taking her white face between his hands, looked into her eyes and kissed her on both cheeks. He thought the strained whiteness of her face, on which her eyes looked like two great black stains, arose from the shock of her father's sudden death.

There was only one man in the room who knew what it meant, and what anguish of heart lay behind it; and he rose, his face almost as pale as hers, and he spoke through his clenched teeth. He came quickly to them, took Barbe's cold little hand in his, and felt the agonised throb beat through the coldness of it as she lifted her heavy eyes to his and waited his pleasure.

'She is yours, Carbonec,' he said, and the sharp ring of his voice was gone, and it came huskily through his teeth. 'God has spoken it. Take her, and be very good to her,' and he placed Barbe's hand in Alain's and turned and went. And Alain never knew why Barbe reeled and almost fell. He had turned to load Bernardin with his thanks for all he had done for him, when the twitch of Barbe's hand drew him to her. Before he looked up again Bernardin was gone.

Morally, Bernardin had been guilty of an atrocious wrong, but it was never accomplished. At the very moment when the prize for which he had been willing to sell his soul was in his hand, God spoke and turned him from his purpose. I like to think that, even without that, he might, when it came to the point, have refused the sacrifice to which Barbe had pledged herself; and I like, too, to think that perhaps his training at Merchiston and the Scottish strain in his blood might have helped towards that end. Of the depth and strength of his feeling for Barbe there could be no doubt. Years afterwards, when he had attained to a high position in the land, and was happily married, and had his children growing up about him, I have seen him fall suddenly silent at a casual mention of Barbe Carcassone's name; but I had seen Barbe myself, and I was not surprised. One did not soon forget her.

The Plenevec men gathered round Alain and Barbe, and gave them hearty congratulation, and Barbe's face was no longer white, for all the warmth of the new-given life beat in it and shone through her eyes.

'And who tends the light to-night?' asked Sergeant Gaudriol, returning from an ineffectual chase after Bernardin.

'*Ma foi!* I forgot the light,' said Alain.

'I will tend it,' said Barbe valiantly.

'I go with you,' said Alain.

'But no,' she said, with a charming timidity, 'that could not be, Alain.'

'*Allons, donc*, you two,' cried the jovial Gaudriol, beaming on them like a ferocious tiger who sees his meal approaching. 'Come straight away to the Maire, and we will have you married at once, or something else will be coming between you. The good God intended you for one another from the very first, and we're bound to help Him if we can.'

The neighbours in their enthusiasm clapped the official uniform on the back, a thing no man had ever dreamt of doing in his life before, and Gaudriol did not resent it.

Alain looked at Barbe with a great eagerness in his eyes; and Barbe looked up into them, and putting her hand trustfully into his, said, 'I am ready;' and the neighbours shouted aloud and streamed out in a vociferous throng to the Maire's office. And, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, M. le Maire consented to marry them on the spot, and did so, and thereby saved himself from possible indignity and the smashing of his windows.

The sun seemed hesitating for his evening plunge when the crowd which escorted them came crunching down the shingly beach at Plenevec. Perhaps, after all, he was only waiting to see these two, who had suffered so much, and were at last united, and desired to add his mite to the proceedings. He did his best, and it was up a shimmering pathway of gold that Alain Carbonec rowed his bride home, while all the people stood on the beach and watched them go.

Barbe waved her hand to them and then turned her face to the Light and to her husband, and Alain saw nothing of the black throng behind, but only the face of his girl-wife; and her face shone in the glory of the setting sun, as it had shone that other morning in the glory of the rising sun. But, then and always, there was in it for Alain a glory and a brightness that no suns could put there, and which shone for him in foul weather as in fair, and shone for him alone.

Barbe sat quite still, with her hands in her lap, till they had passed out of the bay and were approaching the Plenevec side of the Pot. Then she kicked off her unaccustomed shoes and drew off the suffocating stockings, and the little round toes worked comfortably; and Alain, with a joyful laugh, drew in his oars, and stepping cautiously to her, knelt before her, and kissed first her feet, and took advantage of her jump of alarm to fold his arms about her and draw her down to him in the bottom of the boat. And he kissed her—hair, and eyes, and ears, and mouth, and shielding hands and arms, everywhere where a kiss could be planted.

'Little sister! Little sister!' he cried. 'You are mine, mine, mine—the gift of the good God'—

'The good God has been very good to us, Alain,' she said, all rosy red with joy at his vehemence.

'We will never forget it,' said her husband.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF THUGGEE.



AMONGST the mass of reports in which Indian officialdom has always delighted, there is one of absorbing interest: the report of Major Sleeman on the Thugs (1840). Compared with the atrocities revealed in this report, the barbarous deeds of Italian brigands, West Indian pirates, or Greek bandits sink into insignificance. Apart from the fascination of its horrors, the report is interesting, because it shows the quaint differences which exist between Eastern and Western methods of thought.

Thuggee had, it is believed, been practised in India since the thirteenth century, and was therefore an organisation of great antiquity. The first allusion to the Thugs by a European author occurs in Thevenot's *Travels*, published in 1687. The worthy Doctor thus quaintly speaks of a noted Indian highway: 'Though the road from Delhi to Agra be tolerable, yet it hath many inconveniences. One may meet with tygers, panthers, and lions. The cunningest robbers in the world be also in that country. They use a certain rope with a running noose, which they can cast with so much sleight about a man's neck when they are within reach of him that they never fail to strangle him in a trice.'

From the days of Thevenot we find no mention of the Thugs by European authors till British rule became established in India. At the beginning of the last century, however, it was found that a large number of sepoys, when given leave of absence, failed to return to the army. Careful inquiries were made about these supposed deserters, and after a time it was discovered that a vast system of organised murder existed in India.

The Thugs were the most curious of all India's curious sects. They professed to worship the goddess Káli, the wife of Siva; yet quite half of them were Mohammedans. From their ancestors they had inherited the profession of murderers, yet in private life they were the most estimable of men. They never had the smallest scruple in taking life and property when on their murderous expeditions, and they would never take property unless they had first murdered its owner. They were of different races, but were firmly united in a blood-brotherhood; they had a mystic freemasonry by which they could recognise each other, and a secret language in which Thugs of different races could converse. The semi-masonic signs and the secret language enabled the Thugs to recognise each other at once, although strangers, and thus prevented what they regarded with particular horror—the accidental murder of a Thug by a gang of Thugs who did not know him. They carried out the rites and ceremonies of their religion with scrupulous care, and in their own quaint way were the most religious people in India. It is stranger still to the English mind to

find that these murderers had an intense horror of cruelty, and that in their own homes they were models of honest dealing. Only in India, that land of contradictions, could Thuggee have existed.

It must be remembered that Thuggee was essentially a religion; though the Thugs took property—that was a detail—their main object was to sacrifice victims to their goddess Káli. Perhaps the simplest mode of describing the religion of the Thugs will be to give an account of one of their expeditions. The leader of each band of Thugs always carried about his person a consecrated pickaxe; presumably this was much smaller than the English pickaxe, or it must have occasioned the chief considerable personal inconvenience. Before he called his companions together a sacrifice was offered, and the pickaxe was anointed with costly oils. This ceremony completed, the leader summoned his companions from their peaceful occupations: the linen-seller from the bazaar, the water-carrier from the river-side, the indigo-grower from his plantation. All the members of the band then purified themselves and offered sacrifices in order to be in a sufficiently holy state of mind for their truly religious work. Then, after the consecrated pickaxe was twirled in a cloth, the expedition started in the direction in which the sharp end of the pickaxe pointed.

The conduct of the Thugs whilst on an expedition was regulated by a most complete set of signs and omens. Every member had to wear a turban, and if a turban dropped to the ground the expedition was given up; if a drop of blood fell on a Thug's clothes, the expedition ceased for two days till the gang had purified themselves by sacrifice. The cry of nearly every animal or bird was significant of meaning to the superstitious gang: the howl of the jackal heard in the day-time was a sign that they must instantly leave the neighbourhood, and the squeak of the lizard promised success in their undertakings; if a wolf crossed the road from right to left, they might proceed on their murderous journey with confidence, and if it crossed the road from the left to the right side, then it was a most evil sign. The bray of an ass on their right at the outset of an expedition was a sign of great success; but the most noteworthy omen of all was the sight of a dog by moonlight, which signified death and destruction to the gang. Thunder without rain caused expeditions to be abandoned; but thunder with rain was most favourable. There were a multitude of other signs and omens, so it would seem that it was a difficult matter for the Thugs to pursue their holy vocation; as a matter of fact, it is believed that evil omens caused them to abandon quite half of their expeditions.

Let us suppose the great omen difficulty overcome, and the gang fairly on the road. There are perhaps a dozen, or a score, of unarmed, amiable

men anxious to be friendly with other travellers, and to join company with them in order to avoid the perils of the road. They overtake a gang of labourers in an indigo-plantation journeying towards their home in the hills, with the hoarded wages of the last six months. The Thugs, most courteous and friendly of men, are soon on intimate terms with the travellers, first ascertaining where they had come from and whither they are bound, as it would be impolitic to kill residents in the neighbourhood. When they get to know that the travellers are from a distance it is then necessary to ascertain what their occupations are, for a Thug is bound by strict rules not to kill certain classes of people at the start of an expedition—for example, he must never kill a deformed person or a seller of oil; and, in addition, the first victim of an expedition must not be of the female sex, a religious mendicant, potter, blacksmith, goldsmith, carpenter, elephant-driver, any person having a domestic animal with him or carrying the bones of his parents to the holy river, musician, or dancing-master. By another self-denying ordinance, the Thugs were ordered not to take as their first victim any person wearing gold conspicuously about his person: this was in order to avoid covetousness.

When fully informed as to the occupations of their fellow-travellers, and that they were fully qualified to be victims, the Thugs travelled with them till one of their favourite *beles*, or places for murder, was reached. Superstition played a great part in the selection of these spots. A Thug would rather let his victim escape than kill him at a place unsanctified by some favourable omen. On arriving at the *bele*, the Thugs suggest that they should camp there for the night. The poor travellers fall in with the suggestion of their amiable companions, the camp-fire is lit, and all sit around it and eat their evening meal together. All was good fellowship and friendliness. One of the Thugs usually answered to the name of Bajaid Khan, another to the name of Mohammed Khan. If the Thug who was on the watch saw that the coast was clear, he called out, 'Bajaid Khan;' if, on the other hand, he saw the likelihood of interruption, he called out, 'Mohammed Khan.' If the fatal cry 'Bajaid Khan' was heard, the Thugs nearest the victims proffered them hookahs, and in Eastern phrase asked them to drink tobacco. As the victim bent forward to take the hookah he was seized by a Thug on each side, whilst another who had crept up behind dexterously flung a fine cloth round the victim's neck, and with a quick turn of the wrist strangled him. Perhaps in all the records of crime there is nothing more horrible than the descriptions of these murders: the wearied traveller seated by the fire, the friendly meal partaken in common, the hospitable offer of the hookah, and then the devilish, cat-like spring of the murderers and the distorted faces showing ghastly by the firelight. So expert did the Thugs become in this art of strangling that when they have had an inconveniently large party

of travellers to deal with they have strangled all those on one side of the fire without the friends of the victims seated on the other side being aware that anything out of the common was happening till their turn came. Directly the murders were completed, the bodies were stripped of all valuables and carefully buried. Heavy stones were laid upon them to prevent their disinterment by wild beasts, and noxious herbs were strewn in the neighbourhood of the graves to keep the jackals from scenting the corpses. Then the Thugs, conscious of having done a good day's work, went to sleep by the graves of their victims. They could sleep with quiet consciences, for had they not offered a highly acceptable sacrifice to their divinity and made an honest profit for themselves?

Even in the midst of murder, however, the Thug could be checked by some evil omen. A graphic narrative remains to us of one Gunga Din, who was travelling alone to Benares. He fell in with four fellow-travellers, and unsuspectingly journeyed with them. It was not till they reached a lonely camping-ground that Gunga Din suspected that his fellow-travellers were Thugs. With Oriental resignation, he calmly awaited his fate. He heard the fatal cry, 'Bajaid Khan,' and then the head-Thug offered him the hookah. The men on each side had seized him, the cloth was already round his throat, when there came from a neighbouring wood the cry of a screech-owl. Immediately his fellow-travellers released him, and pretended that they had only acted in jest. Another interesting item in the Indian judicial records is the full confession of a Thug. It gives an account of a fortnight's journey of one gang, which was verified by the disinterment of all the buried corpses. During that fortnight the gang of eleven men murdered fifty-three persons. One passage is of special interest to English readers. Whilst companies of a dozen natives were summarily murdered, a solitary unarmed Englishman was allowed to pass in perfect safety, secure in the terror of the English name. It is believed that the Thugs never dared to murder an Englishman.

It may be asked why this hideous state of things was allowed to continue so long in India? It must be remembered that Eastern ideas of the value of life differ strangely from those current in European countries. The ordinary Hindu cares as little for the murder of an unknown stranger passing through his district as he does for the death of a dog. The Thugs took great care only to murder travellers from a distance, and were excellent neighbours. No men cultivated with more care the esteem of their neighbours or courted with more assiduity the goodwill of all local authorities. To men who did not know them, the Thugs appeared to be amongst the most respectable, the most amiable, and the most intelligent of the lower orders of society. The local landowners encouraged Thugs to settle on their estates; and the gang, in acknowledgment, paid a commission on their murderous gains to the landowners. It is on record that this commission was

always paid with scrupulous regularity. The Thugs always had some ostensible occupation; and many, by the careful investment of their ill-gotten gains in their business, became wealthy. However, wealth never induced them to give up their criminal expeditions. The Thugs viewed roadside travellers in exactly the same light as an English sportsman views hares and pheasants. The wealthy merchant went forth to his sport of murder exactly as his English prototype frequents the golf-links or the grouse-moor. A Thug who had killed a traveller who was not a fit subject for murder was looked on by his companions with the contempt which English sportsmen extend towards the man who has shot a fox. The love of the sport of murder grew on them, and it was a saying with them, 'Once a Thug, always a Thug.' There were even among them wealthy amateurs who only sought the excitement, and charitably divided their share of the spoil amongst the poorer members of the gang. They had quite a pride in their *beles*, and when two gangs of Thugs met, angry discussions often arose as to which gang possessed the best *beles*.

When the Indian Government began its investigation into Thuggee the extent of the evil was scarcely appreciated. The following quotation from the report of a most active and efficient magistrate will show how artfully the Thugs worked: 'When I was a civil magistrate at Nursingpore in 1822, no ordinary robbery would take place without sooner or later coming to my knowledge; and if any one had told me that a gang of assassins by profession lived within four hundred yards of my court-house, and that a hundred murdered travellers were buried by the roadside, I should have called him a fool or a madman.' Yet this was actually the case at Nursingpore. The Indian Government had to establish a special department for the suppression of Thuggee. Major Sleeman was placed at the head of it, and in a few years Thuggee was extinct

within British India. A thousand Thugs were executed, two thousand transported, and a large number placed under strict supervision. Of those who were executed it may be observed that they had committed amongst them some four thousand murders, for as many bodies were exhumed. It may be noted, however, that the English authorities only exhumed a sufficient number of bodies in each locality to prove that the prisoners' confessions were founded on fact. Thus if the Thugs said a hundred bodies were buried at a certain *bele*, the magistrate merely exhumed ten or twenty bodies to convince him that the confession was correct. It was calculated that the convicted Thugs had murdered some twenty thousand people altogether; and as this system of murder had been in operation for six or seven centuries, its victims must probably be reckoned by millions. A crushing blow was given to Thuggee when the leaders of the gangs were all executed; and it is now believed to be non-existent in India, unless a few devotees practise it in the worst-governed native states.

We must not omit to mention the river Thugs who ran murder-boats on the Ganges, and ingeniously adapted their methods to suit a nautical career. Perhaps if the English Government had not dealt Thuggee such a crushing blow we should now have had an admirably organised society of railway Thugs.

We cannot quit the subject without alluding to the loyal conduct of the supervised Thugs during the great Mutiny. They remained loyal, because—surely a very quaint reason—they had a horror of bloodshed! It may also be stated, as a curious exemplification of the striking differences between Eastern and Western ideas of humour, that wealthy Thugs often left legacies to pay for the digging of wells for the benefit of thirsty travellers.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RADIUM.



HE rare element radium shares with a few other substances the curious property of being radio-active—that is to say, it continually emits radiations which act upon photographic plates, and have penetrative properties like the X-rays. More than this, the radiations are accompanied by a sensible amount of heat, and scientific men are now endeavouring to solve the problem of the source of this heat. One well-known physicist suggests that radium itself is not hot, but that it emits particles which are arrested by the surrounding air, and thus a rise in temperature occurs, just as in the case of those larger particles, the meteorites, which are heated by

friction with the earth's atmosphere. Unfortunately radium is so rare that at present it costs £250,000 per pound. Pure radium, as a metal, does not exist, only its salts being known; and it is said that an impure specimen of one of these, weighing about half a gramme, can be purchased from a manufacturing chemist in Paris for the trifling sum of one thousand pounds sterling. The only specimen of radium which is chemically pure is owned by Professor Curie; it is the size of a buck-shot, and of very great value. Radium is found in pitch-blende, and many tons of that material contributed to the tiny specimen owned by Professor Curie. He is the discoverer of radium, and from his researches into its physiological action, he has been led to express the opinion that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogramme

of the material, as it would probably destroy his sight, shrivel up his skin, and even kill him.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

Doubts having arisen as to the feasibility of sending messages by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic without paralysing the action of the Marconi apparatus which is now installed on so many ships, it was recently determined to settle this important point by experiment, and Professor J. A. Fleming has lately published the results recorded. The power-station at Poldhu, Cornwall, for transatlantic communication is six miles from the Lizard, where there is a Marconi mast for intercourse with ships, and one hundred yards from the big installation at Poldhu is another mast which is used for experiments. Professor Fleming prepared sixteen messages, half of them being of the kind which would be used for intercourse between ships, and the other half (some of which were in cipher) of the kind that business men would despatch across the ocean. These messages were enclosed in sealed envelopes and entrusted to a reliable man at Poldhu, who undertook to see that they were sent off simultaneously from the two stations there, Professor Fleming waiting at the Lizard to receive them. Arrangements were also made to receive the long-distance messages at Poole, two hundred miles away. The Lizard mast was furnished with two receiving apparatus, each specially tuned to the two transmitters at Poldhu, one of which represented about twenty-five horse-power, and the other only one-tenth of a horse-power. The messages were received at the Lizard without mistakes, and the one apparatus did not interfere in the least with the other. The receiver at Poole intercepted three of the long-distance messages, and repeated them to the Lizard by ordinary wire.

HONITON LACE.

East Devon became famous for its beautiful lace nearly three centuries ago, and it received fresh impetus from the arrival in this country of a number of Flemish workers; but the next century saw a decline in the industry. Gradually the caprices of fashion brought about a deterioration in the artistic qualities of the product, and finally the machine-made article all but extinguished it. The Devon County Council has recently drawn up a report with reference to the present condition of the lace-making industry and the best means of reviving and encouraging it. The Education Acts of 1870 and 1876 drew the children away from the work; and, although this was regarded at the time as a misfortune, if not an injustice, the change was good for the little folk, who exchanged the close air of the cottage workshop for that of the healthy school. Queen Victoria always took much interest in Devon lace, and her own wedding-dress, as well as those of her daughters, found its chief adornment in that material. Last year the prospects of the Coronation saw the workers with more orders

than they could fulfil, so at least there seems to be a revival in the trade. About seven hundred persons are now engaged in it; and as the initial expense of embarking in the industry is very slight, and the product of much value, it has great attractions for the industrious cottager. The Council is now employing a staff-teacher to give and organise instruction in lace-making; and, with the introduction of new and approved patterns, the old industry is likely to have a fresh lease of life in spite of the rivalry of the cheaper machine-made article.

THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.

The feat of 'looping the loop,' as it is now called, is not quite such a new thing as many persons suppose, and the centrifugal railway at the Crystal Palace, in which visitors have the opportunity of rapid transit on a car which at one stage of its course is literally upside down is by no means the first of its kind. *La Nature*, the French scientific journal, reproduces a woodcut which appeared in the year 1846, showing how the idea was carried out at that time in the Jardins de Frascati at Havre, and it differs very little from the modern appliance. The car starts from a high tower down an inclined plane, where it gains sufficient impetus to carry it round a loop, after which it runs up another incline to a similar tower, where the passengers disembark. To the best of our belief, a centrifugal railway on the same principle was shown at a place of entertainment in London about the same period. To our American cousins is due the idea of replacing the railway by a bicycle track, thereby adding to the excitement, but introducing an element of danger which did not exist when a car on guide-rails was the moving object.

HELIGOLAND.

The island of Heligoland, which was ceded by Great Britain to Germany in 1890, has become an important base for the navy of that country, and has been fortified with guns of the most modern type; but although it does not anticipate attack from any foreign Power, the ocean is doing its best to swallow it up piecemeal. According to tradition, the island was once five times its present size. The work of destruction still goes on, and in the opinion of many no human power can stop it, for the disintegration is due to geological causes. The rock is sandstone, and the waste is most perceptible on the western side of the island. Heligoland is a favourite seaside resort, and ranks among the most fashionable watering-places in Germany. It is said that the Emperor recently appointed a committee of experts to report upon the incursion of the sea upon the coasts of the island, and that these gentlemen took a very gloomy view of the situation.

CANCER.

While that terrible scourge phthisis, or consumption, seems to be now better understood, and there is every prospect of its mortality-table being checked,

another dreaded malady, cancer, seems to be rapidly increasing the number of its victims; and the report of the commission which was appointed to deal with the subject will be anxiously awaited by many others besides the medical profession. It has been hinted that the forthcoming report will recommend the 'high frequency' electrical treatment of the disease, while others contend that the Röntgen ray treatment has achieved such good results at the Middlesex Hospital and elsewhere that it would be unwise to drop it. It cannot be said that either mode of treatment has effected a cure of malignant cancer; but the Röntgen rays have apparently cured that form of cutaneous cancer known as rodent ulcer. On the whole it would seem that the X-rays give more hope of success than the high-frequency apparatus. In both cases the treatment is absolutely painless.

PROSPECTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The divining-rod, around which so much romance has gathered, will, it seems, now be displaced by an instrument of a more scientific nature. A demonstration of a new system of ore-finding by means of apparatus invented by Mr Leo Daft and Mr Alfred Williams has been made at a mine in North Wales, where it was shown that a hidden vein of lead ore could be clearly located. This mine, the Telacre, is situated at Prestatyn, and for some little time it has ceased working for the reason that it could no longer be kept going except at a loss. The tests applied foretold the presence of ore in new places and in the deeper workings, and borings are now to be made in order to corroborate the predictions of the instrument. At another mine, at Cwmystwyth, Mr Williams had similar success, a lode of lead and blende being found in an unsuspected place. The system seems to depend upon the production of electric waves which are affected by the near presence of metallic ore in the ground, the position being judged by that wonderful detector of delicate sounds, the telephone receiver.

COLOURED SILK.

A curious experiment in silk-culture is described in a German paper. Silk, which is a secretion of two glands situated close to the digestive canal of the silkworm, is colourless when it first issues, and hardens into a thread by exposure to the air. Sometimes, however, it is straw-yellow or greenish in tone, and this colouration has been attributed to the tint of the mulberry-leaves upon which the worms feed. This opinion would seem to be correct, for it has been found that when the leaves are saturated with a non-poisonous red or blue aniline dye the worms assume the same colour and secrete silk to match.

PNEUMATIC MESSENGERS.

Large establishments are obliged to employ methods to expedite business which would have considerably astonished our forefathers. In our drapers' shops and stores, for example, we no

longer see boys or girls running to and from salesmen and cashier. The bill and money paid are enclosed in a wooden ball which runs along a miniature railway, and presently rolls back with the receipt and change within it. In America the pneumatic tube system is the one generally adopted, the tubes being two and a quarter inches in diameter and sometimes even five hundred feet in length. The money and purchase-check are placed in a brass cylinder by the salesman, which is inserted in the tube and drawn by suction to the cashier or bookkeeper at a rate varying from one thousand to two thousand five hundred feet per minute, according to the power of the air-current available. The air is exhausted by fans, and the engine is generally of such a size as to afford a half-horse power for each tube in use. This pneumatic system has a hygienic value in that the air of the room in which these tubes are employed is constantly being sucked away and changed. Perhaps the largest installation of this kind in the United States, says the *Scientific American*, is in Philadelphia, where a plant of one hundred and fifty horse-power is utilised for the service of nearly twenty miles of tubing!

FLUORINE AND HYDROGEN.

M. Moissan the eminent French chemist, who was the first to isolate the element fluorine, has recently given to the French Academy of Sciences an account of certain interesting experiments which he has made in collaboration with Professor Dewar. These experiments dealt with solid fluorine and its behaviour with liquid hydrogen at a temperature as low as two hundred and fifty-two degrees centigrade. As most of our readers are aware, hydrofluoric acid is used for etching glass, the vapour from that liquid eating into the material where it is not protected from its action. It is now ascertained that fluorine gas when pure and free from moisture does not attack glass, so that it has become possible to seal up pure fluorine in a glass tube, and by immersing that tube in liquid hydrogen to cause the contents to solidify. It was next determined to ascertain whether, at the low temperature to which both the hydrogen and fluorine had been reduced, chemical action would be suspended, as is the case with most other bodies, and the dangerous experiment was tried of breaking the fluorine tube while immersed in liquid hydrogen. The result was a violent explosion accompanied by a sheet of flame and a shattering of the apparatus. The question was most effectively answered.

ICE-CREAM.

Fifty years ago the confection known as an 'ice' was, like champagne, a luxury only obtainable by the well-to-do; but about that time Carlo Gatti laid the foundation of a fortune by selling penny ices in London. Since that time the taste for ices has so spread that they are now commonly sold from barrows in the streets of London and elsewhere by

the hap'orth and even by the farthingworth. Some of these cheap compounds, which hitherto have mostly been made by the foreign purveyor in the retirement of his not-too-clean habitation, have been analysed, and have given results which it is best not to describe too minutely in print. The London County Council has now passed a bylaw forbidding the manufacture of ice-cream in dwelling-rooms under a penalty of forty shillings, and so the young children who are the patrons of the street barrows are protected from a very grave danger to health. Possibly the itinerant vender and small shopkeeper will now find it to their profit to cease the manufacture of ices, and to obtain supplies from a company which has recently been formed with the object of supplying an article of guaranteed purity—that is, a mixture of new milk and fresh eggs compounded as for custard, and frozen by refrigerating machinery. This establishment, the largest of its kind in the world, is capable of manufacturing six thousand quarts of ice-cream daily. That the taste for this comestible is very popular is shown by the circumstance that at one place of amusement alone a hundred and fifty pounds per week is the average amount spent upon it by pleasure-seekers.

ELEPHANT-STEALING.

At first sight an elephant would seem to be the last thing in the world to attract the attention of any of the light-fingered gentry; and yet, judging from some interesting statements made by the British Consul at Chiengmai in his annual report as to the trade of Northern Siam during 1901, there are places where, if you happen to have a few domestic pets, no matter what their size, you have to keep an eye always on the stable door. Elephant-stealing in Siam was very prevalent during 1901, and is still a source of anxiety to the foresters. Regulations were made as recently as 1897 by the British and Siamese authorities with a view to the repression of this crime. Later on these were supplemented by other regulations, laying down definite rules for the purchase and sale of elephants, and imposing penalties on all persons in possession of these animals who are not provided with sale-papers properly executed before the local authorities; yet, in spite of these precautions, somewhere about fifty elephants were stolen from British foresters during the year, representing a loss of, roughly, eight thousand three hundred pounds. The Karen tribesmen are the chief offenders; but though their somewhat inaccessible villages are well known to the nearest *lwen*, or district official, in no single instance has the assistance rendered by the Siamese officials led to the discovery of the elephants stolen or of the thief. In short, recovery, when effected, has been due to the activity and energy of the British foresters themselves and the search-parties sent out by the British companies who employ the foresters. It is feared that the evil practice, like dacoity, will continue until more intelligent administrative cohesion exists between the different officials forming links in the

recently introduced village system, or until the present unworkable skeleton system is filled up with a more intelligent class of officials, carefully selected for their knowledge of the country, and who take a more sympathetic interest in the commercial welfare of the districts under their charge.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

It was once a widespread belief that the beautiful pearl was formed in the oyster-shell by the solidification of a drop of dew. Pliny the naturalist fostered the idea, and many a poet has descanted upon it in flowing language. Columbus found the same notion prevalent among the semi-savage tribes of the New World. But since science dealt with the question in her usual matter-of-fact manner, it has been generally believed that the formation of a pearl is due to the presence in the shell of some small fragment of foreign matter, such as a grain of sand or a small particle of drift-wood. This intruder irritates the mollusc, which pours forth an extra quantity of nacre, the secretion which solidifies into mother-of-pearl, so as to cover it, by which process it gradually becomes a pearl. In other cases the valuable product may be formed in the shape of a hillock to defend the inmate of a shell from the incursion of some boring creature. Professor Herdman, who was recently requested by the Colonial Office to investigate the conditions of the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon, in a lecture before the Royal Institution differentiates between a pearl produced by the irritation of a foreign substance and what he calls a true and natural pearl, which is stated to be due to the presence of a parasitic worm. Professor Herdman illustrated his remarks by a very beautiful series of slides which demonstrated the life of the pearl-oyster from the young freely moving spat to the time when it becomes a fixture upon old shells or other convenient objects.

A NEW GRAIN-LIFTER.

There will shortly be seen in London a novel appliance for unloading grain. This is a large floating structure which carries machinery and air-pumps, by means of which grain is sucked up from the holds of vessels, and either delivered to weighing-machines or emptied into barges alongside. The grain is sucked up along with air through pipes into an air-tight chamber on board the 'unloader,' and falls into a hopper below. From this hopper the grain is taken by an automatic valve, which lets the grain out without destroying the vacuum in the chamber, and the grain is then lifted by a bucket-elevator to the upper deck, where it is delivered. As a great deal of dust comes along with the grain, this has to be separated from the air to prevent damage to the air-pumps. The grain is separated from the air in the first chamber by means of a large box of perforated material on the end of the suction-pipe, so that only air gets through.

The suction-pipe leads into a second chamber, inside which is also a partial vacuum, and which is about half-full of sea-water, kept at a constant level by means of pumps in the engine-room. The air in the suction-pipe passes through this water and so gives up the dust which it carried, goes to the air-pump, and is discharged. The apparatus, which is the invention of a Mr Heugh, and has been built at Leith, is said to be capable of lifting a hundred tons of grain per hour. The compound horizontal engine on board is capable of developing five hundred horse-power, each cylinder driving a pump tandem. The grain-lifter can be taken to any part of the docks, and its use should effect a great saving in manual labour and expense. In this connection it may be mentioned that at Portland, Maine, there is a monster elevator, the largest on the Atlantic coast, three hundred feet long. It was built last year, and has a capacity of one million five hundred thousand bushels. By it grain can be run into three vessels at one time.

TWO ITALIAN INVENTIONS : A SUBMARINE SALVAGE-BOAT AND A HYDROSCOPE.

Two very ingenious inventions of Guiseppe Pino, an engineer of Milan, promise to be of great importance in the work of salvage. One of these, a boat for examining the bottom of the sea, has been tested by Signor Pino before the Italian authorities with the greatest success in the Gulf of Genoa. The engineer descended in his boat to a depth of two hundred and ninety-two feet, and ascended in ten minutes with a small barque which had been sunk there. Divers cannot work at a greater depth than thirty mètres (about a hundred feet) on account of the great pressure of the water, which at forty mètres is about one hundred and twenty-four pounds to the square inch; but the vessel of Signor Pino can withstand any pressure, and consequently can work at any depth. It is in the form of a spheroid nine feet nine inches in diameter, is constructed entirely of steel, and is in one single piece. Having two mechanical arms which can be extended, withdrawn, or doubled up, and are capable of acting like human arms, it can perform all the work of divers; while, by an ingenious contrivance, dynamite can be placed at any desired spot, and damaged ships and cables repaired. Two men are required to manœuvre the boat, and an experiment at a depth of nearly two hundred feet showed that it can be kept shut up below water for twelve consecutive hours. The vessel will descend or ascend at the rate of eleven feet six inches a minute; it can be set in motion, stopped, and kept stationary with the greatest ease; and, by means of a wheel driven by an electric screw, it can be moved on the sea-bottom. By the use of special crystal glasses the men can see where they are going, and communication with those at the surface is kept up by means of a telephone.

The other invention of Signor Pino also deserves

notice. This is a hydroscope, by which objects at a great depth can be seen from the surface of the sea. An experiment made in the Mediterranean gave very excellent results. A volume of water of over sixteen thousand square yards of a surface at the bottom of the sea, with a perimeter of over sixteen hundred square yards, was so brilliantly illuminated that everything could be distinctly seen. As the instrument used was small and inexpensive, it is evident that still more wonderful results might be achieved. Not only will botany, geology, and zoology be greatly enriched; but the mineralogy of the ocean is henceforth open to scientists. The hydroscope may render the torpedo-boat useless, as should the captain of a cruiser see the projectile he could destroy it before any damage was done. In navigation the instrument should also be serviceable, as rocks and sandbanks will be clearly seen, the cause and extent of many disasters ascertained, and sunken vessels examined; while the coral, the sponge, and the pearl-oyster will be more fully available. Then, all over the world, a very large number of ships sink with their treasure every month; and the salvage of these, as well as the immense wealth lost by the wreck of vessels long ago, should prove a rich harvest for those who adopt the inventions of the Italian engineer. It is stated that the Greek Government has been in communication with Signor Pino as to the recovery of the treasures carried off by Pompey; and the remains of the great Persian fleet in the Dardanelles and part of the Spanish fleet sunk in 1702 by the British in Vigo Bay still await exploitation. In recent times the loss of the *Bourgoyne* alone amounted to twenty-four millions of francs (nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds).

MY HEART AND I.

O HEART of mine! The golden days are drifting
Too swiftly by.

I watch the perfumed lilacs proudly lifting
Their plumes on high.

O heart of mine! So full of sweet suggestion
Are these spring hours;

I find an answer to Love's every question
In books of flowers.

O heart of mine! In Love's glad garden ever
My feet would stray.

'Mid blooms that Time's destroying touch can never
Blight or decay.

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

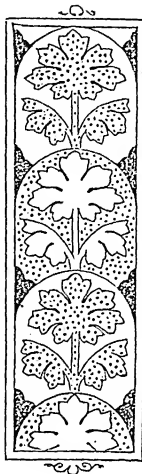
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1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

By W. E. CULE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Earl of Cumberwell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was in a most enviable condition of mind. Even the most prudent of men may sometimes feel it safe to laugh at Fortune, and such a moment had come for him. He toyed with the slip of paper which he had been reading, and smiled benignly through the window of his cab.

'Now,' he thought, 'everything is within my grasp. Nothing can possibly happen to mar my plans—nothing!'

He had every reason for his confidence. Our relations with two of the Powers had lately reached an extremely critical point, and he was now on his way to the third meeting of the Cabinet which had been summoned in the course of a week; but on this occasion he felt that he could meet his colleagues with a light heart, for he had just made himself master of the whole position. He had nothing but favourable intelligence to offer, and knew that the brilliant plan he intended to submit would be received with approbation. Then in the course of three days the country would ring with the story of his official success and the national triumph.

Always inclined to be sanguine and self-confident, the Minister felt now that he might safely disregard even the possibilities of circumstance. 'And nothing,' he repeated confidently, 'can happen to spoil my plans. I can laugh at Fortune!'

The cab rolled into Downing Street, and he caught a glimpse of the crowd of idlers which usually collects on such an occasion. He picked up his handkerchief, which lay upon the seat of the cab, and hurriedly restored it to its place. A moment later he alighted; his despatch-box in his hand.

Several persons saluted him as he crossed the pavement, and he responded courteously. In his present mood he was inclined to value those signs

of popularity as good omens, and even as compliments fully deserved. In a few days the nation would declare him worthy of much more.

When he entered the room where the meetings were usually held, he found himself engaged for a few moments in greeting those members who had arrived before him. The entrance of another Minister presently enabled him to turn aside, and he laid his despatch-box down upon the table. When he had done this he drew a small bundle of papers from his breast-pocket.

With quick fingers he turned them over, once and again. Evidently none of them was what he required, for he made another search in his pocket. Finding it empty, he examined several other pockets without result, and even lifted his despatch-box to look beneath it. Then he paused to consider, and a sudden look of uneasiness appeared upon his face.

A moment later he was speaking to the attendant in the hall. 'My cab,' he said hurriedly; 'is my cab gone?'

The man stepped to the door. One glance was enough.

'It is gone, my lord.'

Lord Cumberwell advanced to the door himself, and glanced up and down the street. He seemed quite unconscious now of the gaze of those upon the pavement.

'You did not observe which way it went?'

'No, my lord. But perhaps some of those people noticed. Shall I inquire?'

The Minister gazed at the group of spectators. 'No,' he said; 'it does not matter. Did you see the number of the cab or the name of the owner?'

'No, my lord. I am very sorry; but I did not notice.'

'It does not matter,' repeated Lord Cumberwell; and he returned at once to the room in which his colleagues were waiting.

The business of the meeting commenced soon afterwards, and everything went as he had anticipated. The value of his information was fully acknowledged, and the plans which he had mapped out to meet the crisis were received with cordial approval and admiration. Not a word was said, not a suggestion was made, that tended to hamper his intentions or to cast a doubt upon his triumph, and the general attitude was one of confidence and congratulation. Yet no one could help observing that even in the moment of his success Lord Cumberwell seemed strangely anxious and uneasy.

This was due to a circumstance of which his companions were totally ignorant. Just before leaving his house that afternoon he had written out, upon the back of a letter addressed to himself, an outline of the plan he intended to lay before the Ministers. He had done this in a careless way, proposing to keep the slip for reference at the meeting. During his journey he had taken it out to look it over, and had probably laid it down upon the seat beside him. In the hurry of alighting he had forgotten to pick it up.

The consequent position was intensely disquieting. That slip of paper had contained information of the utmost importance with regard to the intentions of the Government towards Austria and Spain. If this information were made public too soon the situation would be complicated beyond hope, and every hard-won advantage lost. A whisper in London would be flashed across the Channel, and the enemy would find himself in a position to deliver an effective counter-blow. The folded letter, travelling about the City on the seat of a public conveyance, might fall into the wrong hands at any moment. Perhaps it had fallen into them already!

It was not surprising, therefore, that the Foreign Minister was uneasy during the meeting. For a time, it is true, he was obliged to concentrate his attention upon the work in hand; but at every opportunity his thoughts persisted in returning to that most unfortunate accident. He saw the conclusion of the business with sincere relief.

He was not the man to take a hazard if he could possibly secure himself, and he set to work at once to retrieve the situation. Proceeding in haste to Scotland Yard, he soon found himself face to face with an attentive and capable official. To this person he made everything clear.

'I must say at once,' he explained, 'that I am not able to help you in the least. The cab was not called from a stand, but was hailed as it was passing my door. Further, I did not notice the number of the vehicle or the name of the owner.'

'Perhaps your lordship observed the driver,' suggested the official. 'Even the slightest description may prove useful.'

The Earl gave all the information he had, and the points were carefully noted. Then he described the lost document.

'It was a letter,' he said; 'a printed circular, I believe from the National Club, on small-sized note-paper. My remarks were written in ink upon the back of the fly-sheet. They were very brief; but of course their brevity would present no obstacle to an intelligent reader.'

'And there are so many intelligent readers just now,' said the official.

'Exactly: four men out of every five would grasp the situation at a glance. My own name upon the first page would make everything clear to them.'

The official made further notes. 'I think I must tell you what I fear,' proceeded the Earl, anxious to leave nothing unsaid that might strengthen his efforts. 'It is simply that the paper may fall into the hands of some one whose interest it would be to publish it. That would be fatal.'

The official saw this clearly enough. Probably both he and the Minister had in mind at that moment the name of a daily newspaper to which such a discovery would be an absolute godsend—the *Hour*. At the same time he suggested that there was no reason to despair. It was quite possible that the person who found the slip would be some one quite unable to see its value, some one who would throw it away and think no more about it. There was also the chance that an ignorant cabman would cast it out with the dust, or that the paper itself might slip to the floor of the cab and so escape observation.

These suggestions were only slightly comforting. A cab passing through the Westminster district was less likely to be hailed by a so-called outsider than by some indolent but intelligent clubman, some hasty journalist, or some inquiring member of the Opposition. In either case the result would be much the same.

'Very well, my lord,' said the official. 'What you say is certainly true. I need not assure you, however, that we shall do our best. Any result shall be made known to you immediately.'

'Thank you,' said Lord Cumberwell, rising. 'I shall be at the Foreign Office for the next two hours. After that I shall be at my own house, 41 Baynton Square.'

'Very good, my lord.'

The interview over, the Earl drove to the Foreign Office, where he set in operation the plan which had been approved by his colleagues. He did this with the painful knowledge that before many hours had passed the whole design might be thrown into utter and shameful confusion. For the present, however, there was nothing to do but to go straight on and await events.

He then reached his house in time for dinner, a quiet and informal repast at which his private secretary was his only companion. Indeed, everything connected with the Baynton Square establishment might be described as quiet and informal, for the Earl had no family, and had chosen his residence and arranged his household with a simple regard

for convenience, comfort, and proximity to the Government offices and the Houses of Parliament. His home and his heart alike were in a northern county, and he only came to town when his presence was absolutely necessary. In every sense, therefore, his sojourn in the Square was purely a convenience, and there was no sign of state in connection with it.

He did not disclose his difficulty to his companion. He was naturally reserved, and the Honourable Philip Lombard was quite a new acquisition as a private secretary. Further, he felt painfully conscious that his action had been foolishly, criminally careless, so that it was no pleasant subject to discuss. For these reasons he kept silence, dreading the worst but hoping for the best.

After dinner an adjournment was made to the study. There a sheaf of correspondence was dealt with, and after a while the secretary retired with his papers. When he had gone, the Earl turned to an uninterrupted survey of the position.

As was his custom when alone with his books, he had divested himself of his somewhat imposing evening attire, and had slipped on an old and comfortable garment which his valet was accustomed to describe contemptuously as his 'study-coat.' He had been quite unable, however, to throw off the doubts and fears which had haunted him since that unfortunate incident occurred. Unable to sit still, he paced the room restlessly, working himself rapidly into a fever of apprehension and self-reproach.

Again and again he counted the probable cost: the public outcry, the Opposition laughter, the general excitement. He thought of the leader which would appear in the *Hour*—a leader which the editor, possibly, was at that moment engaged in writing, with that priceless slip on the desk before him. He found himself picturing the startling placard which would face the public in the morning, the sensational headlines on the fifth page. He tried to picture the faces of his colleagues when they should discover that the finest diplomatic triumph of the decade had been ruined by an inexcusable blunder. The thing was awful!

In his growing nervousness he strained his ears to catch sounds from without—the footsteps of Prettiman in the hall, the distant clang of the door-bell. He had given orders that only messengers from Scotland Yard or from the Foreign Office should be admitted; but now he almost regretted these instructions. On ordinary occasions they were necessary for his own protection; but to-night even the incursion of a troop of interviewers would be something of a relief.

At that point a brilliant idea flashed upon his mind, and brought him to a sudden pause in the middle of the room.

What if some one should bring back that paper? It might have been picked up by an altogether harmless person, one whose first idea would be to

return it to its owner. As his name and address were both upon it, such a person would proceed at once to Baynton Square. And then?—and then the placid but inflexible Prettiman, acting on his instructions, would bar the way, and turn the welcome visitor from the door. Perhaps he had done so already!

He must be told at once. Lord Cumberwell stepped in the direction of the door; but at that moment he heard once more the clang of the bell. He paused and listened.

It was an unfortunate pause. He heard Prettiman cross the hall to the door, and then he heard a murmur of voices. It lasted some moments, for the visitor was evidently importunate; but Prettiman at last prevailed, and the door was closed.

Lord Cumberwell met the man as he came back. 'What was it?' he asked hastily. 'Who called?'

Prettiman was taken by surprise. 'It was a lady, my lord,' he stammered. 'She had a letter'—

'What!' cried the Earl.

'A letter, my lord. She'—

Lord Cumberwell strode to the door, threw it open, and stood on the steps without. Bareheaded and excited, he glanced to right and left.

'Which way did she go?'

'I don't know, my lord. I did not notice.'

Lord Cumberwell blamed heavily, at that moment, the man's stupidity and his own unfortunate pause in the study. But just then he saw a woman's figure pass under the light of a lamp some little distance away; otherwise the Square seemed quite deserted. Turning into the hall, he snatched up a hat which was lying on the table, crushed it upon his head, and went out in pursuit.

Prettiman, filled with amazement, was left in the hall alone. He realised that his master had gone out in his study-coat, a thing which had never happened before during the whole period of his service.

CHAPTER II.

SUCH was the way in which Lord Cumberwell went out to his humiliating lesson. If he had paused to reflect at that critical moment, he might have been

saved; he would have ordered Prettiman to recall the visitor, or he would have assured himself, at least, that there was misapprehension on his own part. But his last pause had been so ill-timed that he saw only danger in another, and he was in such a state of nervous irritation and excitement that he could not act with his usual caution. His only thought was to overtake the woman and to recover the paper at the earliest possible moment.

By this time, however, she had gone some little

distance. He could see that she was walking rapidly, making apparently for a short street called Baynton Gardens, which led from the Square into a large and moderately busy thoroughfare. He quickened his steps, but without visible advantage. He did not care to call, and he could not forget himself so far as to run. In that point his natural dignity did not forsake him.

A minute later the woman turned the corner. There was a lamp at the corner, and the Earl caught a better glimpse of her as she passed beneath it. As far as he could see, she was a person of medium height, of somewhat slender build, and dressed in dark-coloured garments. As soon as she had turned the corner he again quickened his steps. If she passed beyond Baynton Gardens he might lose her altogether.

He had not travelled with so much haste for some time, and before he reached the corner himself he was almost breathless. Then he began to see the hopelessness of his attempt to overtake her. She was already half-way down the Gardens.

What was to be done? Beyond he heard the murmur of traffic and saw numerous lights. The woman seemed to be increasing her speed, and if he intended to stop her he must call.

He prepared to shout. The place was very quiet, and that was an advantage; but he suddenly realised that he had not shouted for a considerable time, and that the act required some courage. However, there was no time to lose, and so he made the effort.

'Hi!'

It was not an effective shout. It did not by any means startle the Gardens, as he had almost expected it to do. In fact, no one seemed to hear it but himself, and the woman held on her way. He tried again.

'Hi!' he cried, panting. 'Hi!'

It was useless. The noises of the thoroughfare beyond were growing louder, and his feeble shout never reached its object. Two or three moments later that object had passed out of Baynton Gardens, and it was too late to shout at all. She paused at the corner, and then vanished abruptly.

Her pause had given the Earl just a chance, and he felt sure that he would not lose her. When he reached the corner he saw that an omnibus had pulled up a few yards farther on, apparently to receive passengers. One of these was a woman of medium height, dressed in black.

Lord Cumberwell saw this figure, and did not trouble to look in any other direction. It was necessary to make another effort, and he gave a last shout. Several passers-by heard it, and stared at him; some one laughed, but some one else whistled to the omnibus conductor. Directly afterwards the Earl, breathing hard, was at the foot-board.

'Room for one inside,' said the conductor.

Lord Cumberwell had not intended it; but, as the woman had gone in, he could do nothing but

follow her or give up his quest. No thought of giving it up occurred to him, so he entered the vehicle and took the only seat that was left. Yet he had a vague feeling that he was going farther in this affair than he had meant to go. Everything was moving in a hurry.

The bell rang; the omnibus started with a jerk. He thrust aside his feeling of helplessness and a dim sense of the absurdity of his position, and thought of the lost document. Before that thought all else faded into insignificance.

He glanced at his fellow-passengers, but did not examine them closely. They seemed to be a miscellaneous party, mostly of women. On the other side, and two or three places away, sat the woman he wanted, and from the moment he saw her he paid little attention to any one else.

She was still a young woman, and was quite neatly dressed. Her face was ordinary, but not at all unpleasant in expression. 'In fact,' said the Earl to himself, 'she seems a good-natured person. She is just the person to return a lost document to its owner at the first opportunity.'

The woman carried in her hand a small ornamental bag of crocodile leather, and his eyes fastened upon it eagerly. He had not the slightest doubt that it contained the paper which he would have given so much to recover. It was impossible to speak now, because he had no intention of letting half-a-dozen omnibus passengers get scent of this affair. Neither this woman nor any of the others appeared to recognise him, and he could not help feeling slightly surprised at the fact. One might have supposed that his face was familiar enough to at least one in ten of the London public.

At that point he found that the woman with the hand-bag had become aware of his scrutiny, and that she was looking at him in a questioning way. It was certainly unwise to make himself remarkable, so he transferred his attention to another passenger. This was a stout, middle-aged man in the farther corner, who was endeavouring to read a copy of the *Evening News* by the light of the lamp. The vehicle jolted so heavily that reading must have been impossible; but he continued to hold the paper before his face. The Earl regarded his efforts with natural interest until he saw that the man was only using the paper to conceal a face full of amusement.

Then he saw more. Two other people in the omnibus were smiling in the same furtive way. Two others, who were not smiling, were looking at him curiously. What did it mean?

He soon discovered its meaning. While he was wondering, he suddenly caught a glimpse of his own reflection in the glass before him, over the shoulder of one of the passengers. It must be his own reflection, because he recognised the features; but what was that curious object which surmounted his face? A hat—could it be a hat? Then, with a shock, the truth came home. In his haste to leave the house he had caught up some one else's hat.

It was, in fact, the hat of his private secretary, a soft, gray, almost shapeless affair which he had often remarked with strong disfavour.

The general amusement was natural enough. He had never dreamed that a man could look so absurd simply by a change of hats. As far as he could see in the faint reflection, his whole appearance was subtly but certainly altered, and his usually sober, grave, and statesman-like demeanour had been changed for one which was only to be described as rakish and sporting.

His first sensation was one of annoyance and discomfort. His feeling of self-respect and dignity had received a shock; but in a few moments he perceived that the matter had a brighter side. He did not wish to be recognised while on this quest, and Mr Lombard's hat made recognition less probable. His discomfort wore off by degrees, and when a diversion came he was almost himself again.

'Fares, please,' said the conductor.

Fares? The Earl started, and began to search his pockets hastily. By the most fortunate of chances, he found in one of them a stray shilling. It was while searching for it that he noticed the coat he wore, that comfortable but ancient garment which had not seen the streets for years. Well, it did not matter—he was all the less likely to be singled out as a Minister of State!

'Orl the w'y?' asked the conductor, looking steadily at the private secretary's hat.

'Ye-es,' answered Lord Cumberwell.

He received his ticket and the change. Although he had agreed to go all the way, he had not the slightest idea of what that way was. His knowledge of London outside Baynton Square was extremely vague.

They jolted on for twenty minutes, and he saw that they had left the better residential quarters well behind. Once they changed horses, and halted more than once to deposit a passenger on the pavement. Still the woman in black held fast to her corner. Apparently she, too, was going all the way.

They passed through another business thoroughfare, and turned into a series of quiet streets, consisting of what seemed to be a very modest class of villa property. He was just wondering how much longer the journey would take when some one called:

'Stop here, please.'

It was the woman in black. The conductor signalled, and the omnibus stopped. Briskly the woman descended, and as soon as she had reached the road her pursuer also prepared to alight. He was not precipitate, because he did not wish to make his object noticeable; for this reason he slightly delayed the bus and attracted the unfavourable attention of the conductor.

'Yer not goin' orl the w'y, then?' said that gentleman crisply.

The Earl did not answer, but alighted.

'Orl right,' said the conductor, with increased irony. 'We don't charge any hextra for gettin' out 'ere!' And then, with a noisy jerk, the horses moved on.

Lord Cumberwell found himself standing at a corner, beneath a lamp. The woman with the hand-bag had turned off into a rather dark street containing small villas of the kind he had already noticed. She was walking rapidly, and had now gone some distance. He hurried in pursuit.

At first he gained a little, but then she began to walk more quickly. He fancied that she had observed him, and he therefore decided that it would be better to speak out. This ridiculous business had gone far enough, and it only required a few words of explanation to end it.

'Excuse me!' he said loudly.

The woman did not turn; instead, she seemed to increase her speed.

'Excuse me,' said Lord Cumberwell again; 'just a moment'—

There was no satisfactory response. But the woman positively began to run.

Puzzled and irritated, Lord Cumberwell fell back a little, and the space between them increased. Just then they were met by a policeman, who looked curiously after the hurrying woman. She turned a corner abruptly, and he then transferred his attention to the Earl. His scrutiny was somewhat close and careful.

Lord Cumberwell reached the corner just in time to see the woman enter a house five or six doors away. His irritated feelings thrust aside the suggestion that he had better give up the quest at this awkward point, and he walked on till he reached the house. She had entered in such haste that both the gate and the door had been left wide behind her. After a moment's pause he advanced to the door.

Within he saw a narrow hallway, with the stairs facing it. A narrower passage ran beside the stairs to a coloured-glass door, which was closed. On the other side of this door was a lighted room, evidently the kitchen of the house.

'This is absurd!' thought Lord Cumberwell; 'most absurd!'

He referred chiefly to the curious action of the woman in running away when he had addressed her. There was nothing for it now but to knock at the door and interview her formally. He looked for a knocker or a bell, but found neither; consequently he was obliged to knock with his knuckles. There was no reply. His knock was drowned in a noise of voices which reached him from behind the coloured-glass door; and before he could knock again he heard a sound behind him which at that moment was most unwelcome. It was the heavy, measured tread of the policeman.

He remembered the close scrutiny which he had received just before, and guessed that the man had turned back to keep him in sight. The fright of the woman and his own excited appearance

gave sufficient room for inquiry, and he saw that complications were imminent. What was to be done?

A prudent man would have awaited events, and knocked again; but he was in anything but a prudent

mood. Perhaps he recollected at that instant that he was a Minister of State, and that he need not always act by ordinary commonplace rules of conduct. He stepped quietly, into the house, and pushed the door after him.

PAYING GUESTS AND THEIR ENTERTAINERS.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.



THE outsider who possesses a modicum of common-sense is chary of offering advice on professional matters to the professional; but the writer of this paper is emboldened to set forth a few suggestions by the fact that those who offer a home, temporary or permanent, to paying guests are essentially amateurs, being a class entirely apart from keepers of lodgings or boarding-houses.

Paying guests and those who cater for their entertainment are a product of comparatively recent growth. As to the guests, the cause of their supply is easily accounted for. The number seems increasing yearly of those who, while desiring a change from home, are unwilling or unable to pay the frequently high prices of hotels and lodging-houses at popular resorts, and, moreover, do not care for a holiday the pleasure of which is so often heavily discounted by expense or discomfort. The solitary, too—the 'unprotected female' in particular—often prefers something of a home-circle to the loneliness of lodgings or the isolation of a crowded hotel.

The demand for such guests has so far fallen short of the supply, and the reason is easily found in our national character. John Bull and—though perhaps in a less degree—his womankind like to 'keep themselves to themselves.' The idea of strangers at the domestic fireside and round the family mahogany revolts honest John; but of late many circumstances have combined to break down this British reserve. However plentiful money may be in general, there are many with whom it is not so in particular. It is scarce with the farmer; scarce with the once well-to-do tradesman struggling against co-operation and 'multiple-shops;' scarce with bank-clerks and cashiers, whose salaries do not rise with dividends; scarce, above all, with many clergymen, widows, and so-called retired people 'living on their means.' Meanwhile, expenses frequently move in inverse ratio to income. Not only are most necessities as dear as ever, but what may be termed either necessary luxuries or luxurious necessities increase upon us. It is hard to miss the pleasures so common around us: the seaside holiday, the bicycle, the camera, the much-needed new frocks or new carpet. Never, in a word, was money scarcer or more wanted than at the present time in ten thousand homes; and at the doors of not a few the paying

guest is tapping with a welcome 'remedy against this consumption of the purse.'

It goes without saying that the paying guest is but an aid to income; as the sole means of support the guest becomes a boarder in a boarding-house. This understood, it may be said boldly that there are comparatively few well-ordered middle-class households where, with proper management, a little contrivance, and much tact, such a visitor may not be satisfactorily accommodated. Children, it is true, will be a practically insurmountable obstacle to the reception of paying guests. They may be unfeathered angels—though such are unfortunately, under present-day management, rather scarce; but people will not risk the spoiling of their holiday. One really well-bred girl of twelve or more might, indeed, be of help in entertaining and amusing visitors.

It is an entire mistake to imagine that in places of popular resort alone can paying guests be hoped for; that London for the country cousin and watering-places for the dweller in town are the only happy hunting-grounds for the would-be entertainer. England is, for its size, perhaps the most varied country under the sun. Hardly two counties possess entirely identical features. Devon joins Somerset, Worcester joins Shropshire, yet the boundary-lines can soon be identified. The tamest of scenery on the Welsh marches will be a revelation to a dweller in the Fens, the 'rine'-divided pasture-lands round Bridgwater a novelty to a 'dalesman' from Westmorland. There are thousands in London and the great manufacturing cities to whom the little country town which you think so dull, with its cobble-stoned and empty streets, its feeble bustle on market-day, and its gossip, will be a delightful surprise and relaxation. The beauties and interests of our islands are so crowded together that one is never more than a mile or two from something that will interest somebody. Stafford, for instance, is not famed as a pleasure-resort, is perilously near the Black Country—a much-maligned region, by the way—and to all appearance contains little else but shoemakers. Yet we have but to stroll down the main street to be in touch with George Borrow at the Swan Hotel; while within a four-mile circuit lie Cannock Chase, a Highland grouse-moor in miniature; for the artist, some of the finest black-and-white houses in the kingdom; and, for the antiquary, the battlefield of Hopton Heath, and Tixall Hall (at the gates of which ill-fated Mary of

Scotland was arrested at a sham hunting-party on the explosion of her last conspiracy). Something there is, in short, for every one; and many other apparently commonplace towns are centres of equal interest.

Having shown, or at least suggested, that sufficient out-of-door attractions to suffice as bait for a guest may be found almost anywhere in this tight little island, let us proceed to matters of internal economy. And, first, to demolish a popular bugbear. I hear some one say, 'A paying-guest or two would be a great help; but we could not manage the late dinner; we've never been accustomed to it.' My dear, simple friend, no more, if you will believe me, have one in ten of the boarders and hotel guests who dine so demurely at seven, as if they had never in their lives sat down to roast mutton and turnips at one. It is a popular middle-class delusion that every one but ourselves and our immediate acquaintance dines at the fashionable hours; and with all the style and accessories of the *beau-monde*. The lady who is preparing her guest-chamber for a prospective occupant can set this trouble, if trouble it is, behind her. If she dines late, her guests will doubtless assume a virtue if they have it not, and appear as if to the manner born; but if she adheres to her midday dinner, substantial tea, and moderate supper, that arrangement will be to the taste of more visitors than may admit the fact. To many old-fashioned people the late dinner of the boarding-house or the hotel is a decided drawback, and they will welcome a *ménage* run on less pretentious lines. A late dinner, however, has the advantage of leaving the whole of a summer day free for excursions. It also offers to young people the chance of a little extra display in the matter of dress, if only to the extent of a pretty blouse. In this, circumstances will be your guide.

As in all new enterprises, so here it is the first step that counts. You will perhaps have uphill work in establishing a connection, will advertise and answer advertisements to little purpose. Your hopes will be raised by writers of apparently eager letters who will 'cry off' at the last moment. The knowledge that there is 'always room at the top,' and that your arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of prospective guests are the best of their kind, will sustain you.

Foresight in these arrangements must embrace mental pleasure and physical comfort. The absence of either will be fatal to success. 'Musical society,' 'quiet family,' are well-advertised attractions. But the association of a coming prima-donna and a lady whose musical masterpiece is 'The Battle of Prague,' or its modern equivalent, will not give mutual satisfaction; nor does it follow that the lady who finds conversation beyond monosyllables a difficulty will desire associates equally tonguetied. The speechless one will enjoy a lively companion; 'The Battle of Prague' may please some one whose music lies in the soul rather than the fingers. Skilfully arranged contrast is the secret

of successful millinery, tea-blending, and—other things.

In some matters, however, like to like will be a golden rule to follow. A rigid total abstainer will not care to sit daily at a decanter-covered table. Many abstainers are either shy or else enthusiastic to a degree; if the former, the skeleton at the feast will be uncomfortable; if the latter, some one else—yourself probably. A house known to be run on abstaining principles, with a liberal and choice regimen of non-alcoholic beverages—tea, coffee, and cocoa of the best, with milk and lemons always at hand—will be sure of support.

Which leads us to creature comforts and domestic arrangements in general. We will suppose that you are possessed of a fair-sized house in the country; with garden, orchard; and *et ceteras* to match. Your house, if picturesque, is probably old-fashioned, and the sanitary arrangements will be an immediate stumbling-block. Suffice it to say that you cannot hope for return visits and recommendations unless everything necessary is provided within doors. You may put up with what contented your grandparents, but paying guests will not. A moderate sum laid out on lavatory and bathroom, with an ample cistern—filled daily by a force-pump if needful—will not fail to repay you. And do not, for the sake of a 'hap'orth o' tar,' spoil the ship by omitting a good-sized fixed washing-basin—a great boon, especially to gentlemen visitors, and a considerable saving of labour to your servants.

These and other details yet to follow may be accounted trifles; but trifles make the sum of life. It will be your aim, especially with your first guest or a new one, to leave a good impression. It is the minutiae of the entertainment, the trifling conveniences, the absence of petty annoyances, that will count so strongly in your favour.

Be sure to have the bedroom of the visitor furnished to some extent as a sitting-room; however attractive your drawing-room, a retired hour spent in comfort will be sometimes welcome. A thoroughly comfortable but not necessarily expensive easy-chair, a small table steady enough to write at; and a few books. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* need not be among these! Five per cent. of solid reading to ninety-five of fiction will suit most of your visitors. The former can perhaps be found on the top shelf of your bookcase; while a few shillings laid out occasionally on cheap editions of popular novels will be a very acceptable addition.

A word about the bed. Most people nowadays wisely prefer the cool and healthy spring mattress; and young visitors need not be consulted on the subject. To those past middle age, however, a fortnight on a mattress after fifty years of feather-bed is very unwelcome; and one of the latter should be available. Most people, it is true, can put up with a mattress; but if the paying guest is to return, the less to 'put up with' the better.

If the bathroom is impossible, a bath must be

provided in the bedroom. A small box-ottoman couch is convenient, inexpensive, and a great boon to tired limbs; but do not let it exclude the easy-chair.

A study of newspaper advertisements will to some extent enlighten the would-be entertainer on the subject of terms, which will of course adjust themselves to the style of your accommodation. Charge a remunerative but not a fancy price. The paying guest is often a person of limited means; therefore, make your terms as inclusive as possible. It goes without saying that no such 'extras' as boot-cleaning are admissible. Let your charge include as much outdoor amusement as you can manage, especially if you intend to attract young people. If there is a stream near with anything resembling a fin in it, if possible secure the fishing; if your house is on the bank of a river, have a boat, or at least obtain the use of one for the summer. People holidaying wish to take advantage of every novel attraction, and will come again where such amusements are included *ad libitum*.

In the country, if a pony and trap are kept, and the station is within reasonable distance, the guest should be fetched and taken without charge. Ladies will enjoy a drive occasionally; more than this will hardly be expected *free*; but many non-cyclists, when spending a country holiday far from shops, will be prepared to pay pretty freely for the use of a horse and trap, perhaps to visit distant ruins and similar attractions. To such, nothing is more annoying than to be compelled to loaf about, money in pocket, because of a lame horse or a cast shoe.

You must know all about these ruins, too. If you don't already, find out before the arrival of your first guest. 'Can't' and 'Don't know' when asked for anything, from blankets to information, are replies your visitors must never hear. Know your local history and legends thoroughly.

And—I speak with bated breath—don't altogether taboo a little gossip, local and other. We can't all be wholly cultured and scientific, or emulate the 'blue' lady who commenced conversation at breakfast by asking her neighbour what she knew about cephalopods. You may have as a guest a quiet old lady who, besides appreciating your offer of the feather-bed, will find not unpalatable a little such village scandal!

Your catering must, of course, be good and plentiful, well cooked, and unimpeachably wholesome. Such joints as pork and veal must be provided sparingly, and with an alternative dish. Many besides the Sage of Chelsea are powerless to digest even veal. Beef should not appear too often on your table—certainly not six days weekly, as once occurred in the writer's experience. Mutton is always a safe dish; those unable to digest it are far gone indeed; and spring chicken will be welcome to any one accustomed to the tender mercies of London poulterers. Do not attempt elaborate sweets, especially pastry, unless you are conscious

of a perfect 'hand.' Even then daintily prepared fruit, jellies, and milk-puddings will be safer, and simplicity will be the surest road to general satisfaction. Well-made oatmeal porridge is a popular breakfast dish; so is fish, which in the country you will have perhaps some difficulty in procuring. Try to give your guests something novel and unexpected every few days; variety is the spice of life.

Have fixed times for meals, and keep to them; this will give satisfaction all round. Many elderly people eat and drink by clockwork, and suffer much by even a brief delay—or think they do, which is the same thing to you; while to young folk, eager to set off on a cycle or boating excursion, nothing is more aggravating than to see the cool morning slipping by because breakfast is half-an-hour late. Always remember to offer sandwiches, biscuits, &c. to those who may be going for a day's excursion; and never send your guests away empty to bed, especially after an evening at theatre or concert. It looks more hospitable to receive them yourself with a cup of coffee and a biscuit than to keep up a tired maid, besides being safer with a view to a punctual breakfast next day.

It is well to have a few simple rules as to meal-times, &c., hung in a conspicuous place or in each bedroom.

If your guests number more than one or two, the servant question will be a crucial one. Secure, if you can, 'biddable' and good-humoured maids. Better have a little more to look after yourself than to 'go softly' day by day in fear of an explosion from a capable but cross-grained cook. Our own experience is that a smart boy to clean knives and boots, carry coals, and do rough work generally is a good substitute for an extra maid. Above all things, avoid what is not uncommon, a crisis with the entire domestic staff on the eve of a houseful of guests. Good servants are scarcer than they were; but they are not, as many mistresses seem to believe, quite impossible to procure, nor difficult to keep if treated with due consideration. Many girls prefer a lively household, and the trifling gratuities of the parting guest are some inducement to them to remain.

To ensure thorough success in this undertaking three qualifications will be necessary: tact, more tact, and still more tact. You will not have sufficient for your task without possessing most other gifts and graces. You have a part to play, delicate if not difficult; a course to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. What you give for your guests' money must be punctually rendered, and yet so rendered that the visitor shall detect no *souppon* of the boarding-house, but must feel a happy blending of home-comfort with friendly hospitality.

Avoid the least approach to dull evenings as you would the plague. Music will probably be your chief stand-by in the matter of amusement. If you have among your visitors a performer whose voice or touch is decidedly pre-eminent, be careful that you do not call upon her for a display too often.

You will thus avoid a double peril: that of extinguishing your less gifted guests, and the equally undesirable suspicion that the much-praised singer or pianist renders her services for a consideration. You may safely leave the 'pressing' of a favourite visitor to the fellow-guests.

Inexperienced hostesses and amateur poultry-feeders have a fault in common: they usually overdo their work with disastrous results. The hens give up laying; the guests sigh for a little peace and quiet. The paid hostess must guard specially against this excess of zeal, because, while the invited guest, conscious—more or less—of duties towards her hostess, will suffer smiling, the paying guest will, save in rare cases, consider that her

duties begin and end with the monetary 'consideration' paid, and will, after a week or two of your well-meant attention, depart bored to death. Your kind feelings and desire to give value for money will be more likely to lead to excess than lack of attention; the more so that to many people a great benefit of change is the opportunity for throwing off the restraint of social duties and enjoying a little vegetation.

Always offer or suggest any sort of excursion or amusement, especially if your own company is included, in such a way as to leave room for a refusal. Where such offers are accepted *con spirito* you will know you are on the right track; then lay yourself out to give your guest a 'real good time.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER III.—THE PEARL NECKLACE.



HE trampling suddenly ceased, and for a few moments we stood waiting and listening in breathless suspense. Had some sight or sound aroused Montague's suspicions? Would he wheel round and ride off ere a bullet

from one of the watchers, crouching in the shadows outside, could bring him down? I knew him to be crafty and quick-witted; and such men can, as it were, scent danger in the air, and avoid ambuscades and lurking foes by a kind of instinct. Every moment I expected to hear the clash of his horse's shoes on the flying pebbles as he spurred headlong into the darkness. I moved a step forward, a finger on the trigger of my pistol, and then drew back with a sigh of relief. He was coming. There was the sound of footsteps approaching the door. He was stepping into the trap, and we should be upon him ere he was aware of our presence. He knocked loudly. Jacob, who was pallid with fear and excitement, drew back the bolt and threw open the door. A figure stepped out of the gloom beyond, and into the brightly lit hall. I was about to cry out to the men to spring forth; but the words died on my lips, and I stood dumb and motionless, scarce able to believe my eyes.

It was Mistress Dorothy!

I was so sure that she was asleep in her chamber, and so confident that Montague would enter through the doorway, that the sight utterly bewildered me. Followed by a brisk, rosy-cheeked servant-maid, she advanced into the middle of the hall, and glanced quickly round her. Truly I thought I had never seen so comely a sight as she stood there in her brave apparel and white-plumed hat, the lamp-light falling full upon her fair young face and glimmering among her waving curls. Yet there was something about the way in which she carried herself that greatly discomposed me. Her cheeks

were pale, and she held her head very high in the air and glanced about her with flashing eyes. So she might have looked had she known of our presence there. It seemed impossible that she could do so; but my doubts were quickly set at rest.

'Well, Jacob,' said she in a clear, loud voice, 'what has become of the guests you have had the honour of entertaining during my absence? Sure they are not of so timid a disposition as to fly at the approach of a woman.'

There was no help for it. Forth we had to come, and I cannot think that in all my life I ever cut so sorry a figure. It is many a year ago now, and I can smile at the terror which took possession of me; but, by my faith! 'twas no laughing matter at the time. I confess without shame that I have ever been afraid of an angry woman, and I felt as I crept from my hiding-place that I would rather have crossed swords with a dozen Montagues than be compelled to listen to what Mistress Dorothy might have to say about myself and my proceedings. To judge from the hang-dog countenances of my companions, their feelings were as little to be envied as my own. We looked like a pack of truant schoolboys in the presence of a master with a ferule rather than a company of veteran soldiers.

'I will not profess to bid you welcome, sir,' said she, 'for I see you have already made yourself at home as self-invited guests are in the habit of doing. I came but to bring you a message from Colonel Montague, who regrets that business of some importance will prevent him from enjoying the pleasure of meeting you here to-night.'

As she spoke she regarded our bewildered and chop-fallen countenances with a triumphant smile, and the maid tittered, and I for one wished myself at the other end of the world. Finding us all

struck speechless, she made some signal to the girl, who tripped swiftly up the broad staircase. Then she turned to me.

'And now, sir,' said she, 'may I venture to ask whether your errand is accomplished, or whether you propose to take up your residence here during my father's absence?'

Stammering and flushing, and with much the same air, I suppose, as that of a criminal confessing a crime, I told her of the orders I had received from the Lord Protector. I ended by declaring that, however much it might appear otherwise, she could always count upon me as a friend.

'A friend?' cried she, and her eyes rested upon Corporal Flint and the rest of the troopers, who were standing about the hall. 'You choose a very singular method of showing your friendship, Master Hawthorne.'

'Tis one of the unhappy necessities of war that a soldier must perform his duty however painful it may be to him,' I answered. 'Yet if there is aught in which I can be of service to you, I trust that you will not hesitate to command me.'

'Oh, sir,' said she, with a bitter smile, 'you are indeed most chivalrous; but it becomes the vanquished to act with all fitting humility. It is for you to command. For our part we have no choice but to obey.'

It would have been best, I think, that I should have remained silent; for what could I say that would excuse my presence there on such an errand? But I longed so ardently to induce her to think less unkindly of me, that I could not hold my peace.

'If you will put me to the proof, Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'you will find, I trust, that you have cruelly misjudged me.'

At that she drew herself up, and her eyes flashed scornfully.

'Put you to the proof?' she exclaimed. 'Sure we have already received sufficient proofs of the sincerity of your friendship. My brother's blood is on your sword, and but for a timely warning, my father's guest would be your prisoner, on his way, I doubt not, to the gallows. You come here to spy and pry for money and arms and papers, and so forth, that you may convict us all of what you are pleased to consider treason against the usurper; and then, forsooth! you expect us to regard you as an old and trusted friend, who would do aught that lay in his power to be of service to us. You mock us, sir, with these pretty speeches, and indeed I think your acts speak very eloquently for themselves. Pray do not hesitate to fulfil your duty to the uttermost. What more would you have? As I will not spend one night under this roof while you remain here, I have sent my maid to bring a few small necessities of the toilet; but if I have presumed too far—— Or stay, I believe I have myself some trifling article of value about me, which should no doubt be demanded by one so scrupulous in the performance of his duty.'

Before I could speak she had unclasped a slender necklace of pearls she wore around her neck. It had been a favourite ornament with her as a child, and as she held it out to me, her face pale and quivering with pain and anger, I knew not which way to look or what to say.

'Come, take it,' said she. 'Do your duty.'

'Oh, child!' said I, cut to the heart that she should so cruelly wrong me, 'do you take me for a highwayman, or think that I serve one, that you treat me thus? Not only your trinkets, but all the things that you possess are entirely at your own disposal, and shall remain here, or be sent wheresoever you please. Your slightest wish in the matter shall be respected and instantly complied with.'

'Let me tell you, sir,' she replied scornfully, 'that I will accept no favours from either you or your master.'

Whereupon she let the necklace fall from her fingers, and having, as I suppose, broken the string in hurriedly detaching it from her neck, the little white pearls rolled here and there about the marble flooring. Then she gathered her skirts about her, as though she feared they might touch me and be polluted, and so swept past and out through the doorway, the burly, grim-faced troopers shuffling right and left to get out of her way.

When she was gone I stood there gazing stupidly at the scattered pearls, very sore and wrathful, and yet feeling that the child had much excuse for the bitterness with which she regarded me. It was as I had expected. There could be no other end to the business, and at that moment I raged at the Protector for selecting me of all men to perform such a task, and at myself for consenting to undertake it. So distraught was I that when the corporal whispered in my ear that it would be well to detain Mistress Dorothy I scarce heard him; and when he doggedly repeated what he had said I curiously bade him be silent. So far we had no proof that she had taken an active part in the plot, and, moreover, I was fully determined that unless circumstances arose that would force me to act otherwise I would arrest none but Colonel Montague. The corporal drew sulkily back, and we stood silently waiting until the rosy-cheeked maid came hurrying down the stairs. She carried a bag and some wearing apparel in her arms, and the corporal eyed her suspiciously.

'How now, mistress,' said he, 'what have you there?'

She courtesied profoundly as she half-opened the bag, though I fancied there was a mocking twinkle in her eye.

'Nought but some changes of raiment and articles pertaining to my mistress's toilet; if it please you, sir,' said she.

'Ay,' said the corporal grimly, 'paint and powder, and jewels and laces, and such-like vanities, I warrant you, stumbling-blocks for the unwary.'

pitfalls for the blind; but in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'

'Indeed, sir,' she said demurely, with her eye on his glum, wooden countenance, 'it would be a bold maid that should presume to set a snare for such grave and godly men as you.'

'Not a muscle of the corporal's face moved; but he eyed her dubiously.'

'You are young,' said he, 'and therefore foolish and light-minded; a woman; and therefore vain and fickle. Put aside the vanities of this world, and take heed lest ye fall, for the day of reckoning is at hand.'

'Truly I hope so,' answered the maid pertly, 'and

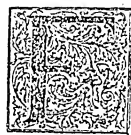
I trust that when it comes there will be good stout rope in store for you, Master Corporal.'

'Begone, you impudent jade,' cried the corporal. 'I might have known that to speak words of counsel to such as you was but casting pearls before swine.'

'As for that,' said the maid, with a glance at the floor; 'I am not the only creature of the kind before which pearls have been cast this day.'

With that she dropped us a mocking courtesy, and sailed away with bag and baggage, and, it seemed to me as I looked at the corporal's glum countenance and the grinning faces of the men, with most of the honours of war.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE COTTON INDUSTRY IN SCOTLAND.



EW, if any, among the thousands of visitors who annually resort to Rothesay, the *soi-disant* Madeira of Scotland, in search of health, amusement, or beautiful scenery, are aware that the ancient royal burgh, now given over entirely to catering for the strangers within her gates, can boast of an industrial past of no little interest. Yet it was in this town that the cotton industry of Scotland, which has done so much to make the country prosperous and wealthy, had its beginnings.

In one of the back streets, away from the Esplanade and the haunts of the day-tripper, stands a dilapidated old building which, until recently, was used as a dwelling-house. It has now, however, become too decrepit and squalid even for its slummy neighbourhood; and with its broken windows, mouldering wooden stair, and battered roof, uselessly encumbers the ground. It seems too disreputable and down-at-heel to call for even a passing mention, and yet this despised 'auld biggin' is the veritable cradle of the Scottish cotton industry, for here the first cotton-spinning machinery in Scotland was set up.

A muddy path and a stone wall shut it off from the lade which in the old days supplied the motive-power for its water-driven machinery. A little higher up, and on the other side, stands the tall Ladeside Mill—one of the many successors of this first little cotton-mill—now partly used as a steam laundry, the upper floors being empty. It is the only large cotton-mill left standing in the town. Now there is not a spindle here, the last mill having been shut down about ten years ago, although at one time the cotton industry was the mainstay of Rothesay, as many as a thousand hands being employed during the first half of last century.

The story of the establishment of the industry in this island-town of the West Highlands is rather curious. It very aptly illustrates how important

events are often brought about through apparently trivial accidents. If Robert Oliphant of Rossie had chosen any other time to pay his visit to the Earl of Hopetoun it is extremely improbable that there would ever have been a cotton-spinner in Rothesay, except among the holiday-makers of these later days.

As the cotton industry of modern days had its first beginnings in Lancashire, we must start our story over the Border. Up till 1767 the spinning of cotton was still done by the old-fashioned hand-wheel. About that date, however, Kay of Bury introduced the fly-shuttle; and the demand for yarn was thus increased to such an extent that it became impossible to meet it by hand-labour. Necessity is ever the mother of invention, and in 1770 Hargreaves patented his spinning-jenny. The thread of the jenny, however, was only suitable for weft, and the roving process still needed to be done by hand. Even before this the construction of a spinning-machine had been exercising the mind of an ingenious Bolton barber; and, after a deal of thinking and experimenting, Richard Arkwright set up his first spinning-frame in the parlour of a house belonging to the Free Grammar School of Preston. This famous spinning-frame of Arkwright, epoch-making in its importance, is worth describing here, as it was machinery of this pattern that was first set up in Scotland. The frame consisted of four pairs of rollers acted by tooth and pinion wheels. The top roller of each pair was covered with leather to enable it to take hold of the cotton, while the lower one was fluted longitudinally to let the cotton pass through. By one pair of rollers revolving quicker than another the rove was drawn to the requisite fineness for twisting, which was accomplished by spindles or flyers placed in front of each set of rollers. This original invention of Arkwright has neither been superseded nor substantially modified to this day, although it has, of course, undergone various minor improvements.

The elaboration of his machine reduced Ark-

wright to sore straits, while the secrecy of his movements and the secluded situation of the house he worked in, surrounded as it was by an old garden full of large gooseberry-bushes, aroused in the minds of the good folks of Preston suspicions of witchcraft and of league with the Evil One. At last, however, he was satisfied as to the value of his invention; and, having patented it in July 1769, he moved to Nottingham, where he entered into partnership with Smalley, and erected a small spinning-mill between Hockley and Woolpack Lane. It is curious to note that this spinning-mill was at first driven by horses.

The privilege of spinning the yarn by machinery in England was thus by his patent secured to Arkwright and his assigns for a term of years. The monopoly, however, did not extend beyond the Tweed, and it occurred to James Kenyon, a shrewd Sheffield merchant, that he might secure some of the profits of the new industry by setting up machinery in Scotland. Accordingly, in 1779 he succeeded in buying off from Arkwright's works some men who were known to understand the construction and the working of the spinning-frame. The next step was to secure a suitable site for the erection of the proposed mill; and with this in view Mr Kenyon sent two of his friends to interview the Earl of Hopetoun, who at that time had the management of the Marquis of Annandale's estate. This domain, being near the Border, seemed likely to contain a suitable spot, as the idea at that time was merely to have the yarn spun out of England and taken back immediately for sale or to be wrought up. Such, however, was the situation of the Annandale estate at the time that, although the Earl of Hopetoun had the management of it, he could not grant leases to endure for more than nineteen years. The scheme thus looked as if it might be wrecked at the outset.

Among the Earl's visitors, however, there happened to be his kinsman, Robert Oliphant of Rossie, the then Postmaster-General of Scotland. This gentleman was concerned in the management of the Earl of Bute's Scottish estate; and, finding that Hopetoun could not afford Mr Kenyon's friends the accommodation they sought, he directed their attention to the island of Bute. This, he assured them, was a more eligible situation than Annandale. The Englishmen could not readily believe that this western island would prove suitable until Mr Oliphant described it as situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenock, where raw cotton could be procured in any quantity, and through which their yarns, if not in demand in Scotland, could be speedily transported to England by the numerous vessels which sailed from that port. He assured them; however, that a ready market for an infinitely greater quantity of yarn than they could produce would be found in Glasgow, Paisley, and other manufacturing towns in the west of Scotland, with which there was constant and cheap communication by water to and

from Rothesay. In addition, he pointed out that there was an abundant supply of water-power.

On the strength of these representations, the deputation proceeded to Bute, where they found that Mr Oliphant had in no way exaggerated the advantages of the situation. Negotiations were accordingly entered into for the leasing of the requisite amount of ground, and for the command of the stream to drive the machinery. The Earl of Bute was sufficiently wide awake to appreciate the importance of the proposed undertaking; and, foreseeing that the establishment of the cotton-spinning industry in Rothesay would greatly help the development of the town, he granted very liberal terms. Mr Kenyon and his partners were thus enabled to commence the construction of their new mill without delay.

While this building was still incomplete, the enterprising Sheffield merchant constructed machinery, with the help of the workmen bought off from Arkwright, and placed it in an old flax-mill which he acquired for the purpose. This flax-mill, till that time engaged in the then staple industry of Rothesay, the production of coarse linen cloths for the Indian market, is now in its old age the decrepit ruin above referred to. Thus it was that it became the first cotton-mill in Scotland. The new mill built by Kenyon & Company was the first erected in Scotland for cotton-spinning machinery.

As Mr Oliphant had pointed out, a ready market for the cotton-yarn which Rothesay now began to produce was found in Glasgow. The weaving of cotton was just beginning to develop in that city, and it only required the impetus of a good supply of yarn to become important. The calico-printing of Glasgow was even then famous, as that branch of the industry had been founded as far back in the century as 1738, fully thirty years before it acquired any importance in Lancashire. So readily did the Glasgow manufacturers buy up the Rothesay yarn that there is no record of any of it being sent to England.

The use of the fly-shuttle, however, was at that time not generally known among the manufacturers of Scotland. As the introduction of this contrivance had led to such an increased demand for yarn in England, the enterprising Rothesay company now set about procuring its introduction among the weavers whom they supplied. Among other ingenious servants of the company was a man named Thomas Rogerson, who was well acquainted with weaving with that shuttle. At the same time he could not only make that implement, but could also direct the making of the loom and all its apparatus. This man was accordingly sent as an industrial missionary to the lagging journeymen of Glasgow. Like other pioneers of new methods, Rogerson was at first by no means as successful as the importance of his work deserved. The Glasgow journeymen were haughty and very averse to receive instruction from a new-comer. However, he succeeded in getting several looms constructed, and on these he wove

some webs to show the new method of working; but it was not until the masters began to encourage the use of the fly-shuttle by increasing the price for each piece that the conservative weavers took kindly to amending their ways.

The result of the adoption of the fly-shuttle by the weavers of Glasgow had the looked-for result, and the demand for yarn soon taxed the limits of the Rothesay mill. The success of the venture was assured, and it soon became evident that the foundations of the cotton-spinning industry in Scotland had been firmly laid. The erection of the New Lanark mills by David Dale, the introducer of the famous Turkey-red dye in 1784, marks the close of the first stage of the story and the beginning of the long years of prosperous expansion. It is worthy of

note that Arkwright visited Scotland in that year, and it was by the help of his experience that the New Lanark mills were planned.

A few years afterwards, when a party of gentlemen were enthusiastically discussing the growth of the cotton trade in the west of Scotland, Mr Oliphant, who happened to be present, caused some surprise by jocularly remarking, 'I am the father of these fabrics.' His claim to that distinction was, however, readily admitted when he recounted how he had introduced Mr Kenyon to Bute, and how it had been principally by his advice that Rogerson had been sent to teach new methods to the weavers of Glasgow. To Robert Oliphant of Rossie, therefore, Scotland owes thanks for no small share of her present wealth and prosperity.

IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON, St John, New Brunswick.



MANITOPAWAH—or Manitoba, as it is now called—was, until within the last few years, a part of the Hudson's Bay Territory, that Great Lone Land of which the outside world knew so little. Beyond the fact that its woods abounded with fur-bearing animals, and that over its widespread prairies the buffalo herds roamed at pleasure, its capabilities were unknown and its resources undreamed of. Indeed, it was the policy of those who managed its affairs to discourage settlement by representing the soil as unproductive and the climate as rigorous. The object was to keep the entire region as a fur-producing preserve; and as it lay far away in the interior, and the facilities to reach it were of the most primitive kind, the policy pursued was a signal success.

However, the organisation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 introduced a new order of things. As the safety and success of the new confederation required the acquisition of British Columbia and the North-West, the necessary steps were taken to bring this about. British Columbia demanded the building of a transcontinental railway, and the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to surrender its rights for a cash payment of fifteen million dollars and some minor considerations. The burdens to be assumed were tremendous; but the Government of the day was composed of men of broad thought, practical sagacity, and progressive ideas, who, having great faith in the future of the country and in the enterprise and patriotism of the people, took the responsibility and closed the bargain. The cry of recklessness and folly was raised, and the Government denounced in all the moods and tenses; but the course then taken has been abundantly justified by the logic of events. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been built, the money paid, and the entire North-West now belongs to Canada. When Manitoba thirty years ago became a province of the

Dominion only eleven thousand persons were found dwelling upon its ten million acres; to-day there are over five hundred thousand, and the population is now increasing by leaps and bounds, and will ere many years be the home of millions. Winnipeg—then Fort Garry, with a population of two hundred and fifteen persons, made up of the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company and a few Indians and half-breeds—has now over forty thousand inhabitants.

In the early days the most conspicuous character in the land was the hunter and trapper; and many a stirring tale is told of wild adventure and of heroic daring. As the trappers' business was to kill the animals from which the aborigine largely obtained his food and raiment, the white man was not too favourably regarded by the lords of the forest. The 'pale-face' had always to be on his guard, to be careful not to give offence, and to pay his dusky neighbour due consideration and respect. The latter had some noble qualities, appreciated kindness, and had a high sense of honour. As a rule there was very little friction between the 'red man' and his white brother, and the Canadian Indian has never given the authorities a tithe of the trouble the Americans have had in dealing with the Indians under their care. But in spite of all this precaution difficulties have arisen, and many unwary whites have fallen beneath the blow of the tomahawk.

About the aborigine a few words seem necessary. When or by what route his ancestors came to Canada no one knows; but the new-comers on their arrival found the 'red man' in possession. He never took kindly to the ways of the 'pale-faces'; for him the blessings of civilisation had few charms, and he would have much preferred to be left alone. However, he has had to bow to the inevitable; and though his experience under the Union-jack has been much happier than that of his race beneath

the Stars and Stripes, extinction awaits them both. There is something pathetic in the passing of a whole people; but apparently there is no help for it, and the day is coming when the North American Indian will have for ever disappeared from the land of the living. The Indians numbered ninety-three thousand three hundred and nineteen at the 1901 census.

It was, however, in the animal realm that the greatest difficulties were encountered and the most serious dangers met with. To escape scathless out of the track of a herd of buffaloes running up into the hundreds, to grapple with a bear, to keep a pack of wolves at bay, or to resist the attack of some other ferocious brute required a knowledge of the habits of the animals, a fleet foot, a clear head, a steady hand, and great presence of mind. Did space permit, instances could be given of courage, of patience, and of endurance seldom excelled; of a resourcefulness in moments of peril truly surprising; and a generosity and self-sacrifice, even to enemies, of the loftiest type. But these are largely things of the past. The Indian is now the ward of the Government, cultivating his farm or working at some trade. The buffalo has disappeared, a herd owned and cared for by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company being the sole survivors of the vast numbers that once roamed in undisturbed quiet over the prairie; and other animals grow fewer and fewer yearly, either by being cut off by the increasing population or by retreating to the uninhabited regions beyond.

To-day, instead of the hunter is the farmer, and not furs but golden grain is the chief product of a country that as lately as 1884 was described in the *London Standard* as a region of snow and ice, and as utterly unfit for a white man to live in. It is now found to be one of the richest, if not the richest wheat-producing region in the world. The soil is so rich that for years after it has been broken up it requires no manuring whatever. While it is specially adapted to the raising of wheat, all the cereals and roots are raised in abundance. The wheat is very heavy, weighing from sixty-two to sixty-six pounds per bushel, while the average yield per acre in 1901 was twenty-six bushels. In the harvest of 1902 the cereal products were over a million bushels, and of this considerably more than the half was wheat. For a population numbering some five hundred thousand this was a respectable result, but it by no means indicates what immense increases are yet possible. Large sections of these richly productive lands are yet unoccupied, waiting the arrival of the industrious toiler to afford them the opportunity to swell the great aggregate. Manitoba and the North-West Territories have many other resources that later on will be developed; but the present demand is for the farm, and every fresh acre brought under cultivation increases the output.

Nature has not devoted all her energies to the

utilitarian; she has not forgotten the beautiful, and the prairie has a charm and loveliness of its own. Recently a tourist, after speaking of the grandeur of the Rockies and the prairie as seen by day, thus expressed himself: 'Towards the day's end the miracle of the sinking sun is revealed on a stage fit for such a spectacle of glory. It is as if He who made prairie and hill, coulée and river, earth and sky, had spread all His rainbow colour over the face of the heavens. A great Painter as well as great Architect is the Creator of worlds. With the blossoming of the stars the true spell of the prairie is woven, when the little villages—tiny specks on the measureless levels—shrink behind the veil of night as twilight does into darkness, and the world of men and houses, trees and farms, is blotted out of sight. But in this vast Canadian picture-gallery there is still another scene of matchless beauty. Can the earth show anything fairer than a world of waving grain? A sea of wheat!—food for the hungry ones of earth, recompense for the toiler, prosperity for the state, are all involved in the forests of yellow stalks that dip their grain-laden heads to every passing breeze.' Such are some of the nature-pictures to be seen as one journeys westward with the sun across our fertile Canadian prairies.

While the people of Quebec are overwhelmingly French, and those of Ontario, British Columbia, and the Maritime Provinces are very largely of British origin, the people of the Prairie Province are of quite a cosmopolitan character, the representatives of nearly forty nationalities. In Winnipeg alone some twenty-five different languages are spoken, and on its streets and in its places of business all colours may be seen. In their costumes they are as varied as in their complexions; and in their manners, customs, and habits of life the differences are very striking. To blend all into one people will require time and much practical sagacity on the part of the dominant race. Fortunately that race has proved its ability to do this in many lands, and will doubtless do so in Canada. In this Canadianising process various agencies will be employed; and none will play a more important part than language. Few things are more reluctantly surrendered than the speech learnt at a mother's knee; but the process of assimilation and absorption will go on until the universal language of the people will be the one that was sung in lullabies over our cradles and will be sobbed in requiems over our graves.

Among the many strange peoples who have sought homes in this Western land, the strangest of all are the Doukhobors. They came here about four years ago, and number about eight thousand. All that was known concerning them before their arrival was that they refused to bear arms and restricted themselves to a vegetable diet; but as they were represented as honest and industrious, it was hoped they would make good citizens. Much sympathy was felt for them because of the per-

secessions it was said they had suffered at the hands of the Russian authorities; and the Government and the people vied with each other in giving them a hearty welcome, and in addition to the free farms allotted them they were generously cared for until after their first harvest had been garnered. To-day the feeling regarding them is one of disappointment. They soon developed communistic ideas; refused to obey the laws relating to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths; declined to hold their lands as individuals but as a people and in common; and in various other ways displayed a spirit of insubordination.

In the autumn of 1902 the Doukhobors became ultra-Millennarians, were seized with a religious craze, would neither eat the flesh nor wear the product of any animal, clad themselves in cotton garments, and deemed it sinful and wrong to employ either horse, ox, or dog to work for them. The cattle were turned loose upon the prairie. They locked up their houses, abandoned their belongings, and started out on a pilgrimage, as they put it, 'to see Jesus.' It was a picturesque but painful sight to see detachments of from five hundred to a thousand marching on a bleak November day, weirdly chanting a psalm, with occasional halts for prayer and exhortations, the infants borne in their mothers' arms, and the sick carried on litters. Argument was wasted upon them, persuasion was of no avail, and threatenings had no effect; the one and only answer was, 'We go to see Jesus.' The settlers along the route they took were exceedingly kind, and freely furnished such food and clothing as they would use; but so infatuated were they that mothers dashed the cup of milk, so generously and thoughtfully provided, from the lips of their perishing babies. Such conduct seemed cruel—was cruel; but it was not so intended. It was not because they were devoid of natural affection, but because of the supreme though mistaken sense of duty of which they had become possessed. What had at first been treated with derision became a serious question, and to save the poor demented ones the Government had to interfere. The wretched people were stopped, compelled to go on board the trains, and taken back to their deserted homes. It is to be hoped they will abandon many of their extreme notions. A people who will eat neither flesh, fowl, nor fish, and regard milk, butter, and cheese as divinely prohibited, and will wear neither woollens, leather, nor furs, cannot be tolerated by the Canadians. They have made application to the authorities of other states for permission to remove thither; but in each case the request has been met by positive refusal. Just lately they have shown symptoms of settling down, and have applied for the rights of British subjects.

Public attention in another way has recently been called to this peculiar people in connection with a romantic love-affair, in which a member of the British aristocracy and a Doukhobor maiden

were the parties concerned. The Hon. Arthur Fortescue, a nephew of the Duke of —, was led through curiosity to visit their reservation, where he saw a young woman of rare beauty harnessed with others of her sex to a plough. With him it was love at first sight. He sought an introduction, proposed, was accepted, and according to the usages of her people Olga Varinhoff became the wife of the Englishman. It has been suggested that he aspires to leadership among them; and if he is possessed of the necessary ability and tact he may possibly lead them to take a broader and better view of things.

While the people of the Prairie Province are intensely practical and seek to make the most of their opportunities, they are not unmindful of the social side of life. As all work and no play is good for neither body, brain, nor heart, the play is provided for, and their sports and pastimes are as numerous and as varied as their races. Lovers of music, the drama, and other popular amusements are catered for all through the year, while sleighing, skating, curling, and other sports of kindred character cause the duller days of the winter to pass cheerily away. In these outdoor sports there is rare enjoyment, and whether it be in skimming along to the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, in the skating tournaments, in 'the roaring game,' or at the grotesque carnival, the pleasure is participated in by old and young. Christmas, New Year, Dominion Day (the 24th of May), Hallowe'en, and other festive occasions are devoted to family reunions, social gatherings, and general pleasure-seeking, and at such times one wonders what has become of the toiling thousands met with on other days.

Religious interests are well looked after, and while the lawless and the disobedient are not unknown, there is a very general respect for what is good. 'Next to London,' says a recent visitor, 'Winnipeg is the most orderly city I was ever in, and this is as true of the Province as a whole.' All denominations are earnestly seeking to establish regular religious services wherever a few settlers make their home. This is especially the case with the Presbyterians and the Methodists, whose adherents number nearly one-half of the entire population. Between 1891 and 1901 the Presbyterian increase was twenty-six thousand three hundred and forty-seven, and that of the Methodist twenty-one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine, while the Anglicans during the same period have run up from thirty thousand eight hundred and fifty-six to forty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine. The smaller denominations make a creditable show, and each is doing good service in the public interest. The Roman Catholics, who have been labouring there for centuries, are as zealous as ever, and have the spiritual oversight of thirty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-two—an increase in the above period of fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-one.

No account of the North-West would be complete that did not make mention of Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, who has been a great benefactor to Canada, and whose record is truly noble and inspiring. When a lad of eighteen he left his father's house on the banks of the Spey in Scotland, and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Almost the first work he had to do after his arrival in Montreal was to go to Labrador, a journey of hundreds of miles, which had to be performed on an Eskimo sled or on snowshoes. The following thirteen years were spent among the aborigines, among whom he discharged the duties of pastor and doctor, in tying the nuptial knot, and in ministering to the sick and at the grave. Step by step he pushed his way to the front, and won the best positions in the gift of that great organisation. He rendered such important service to Canada in connection with the suppression of the Riel rebellion as to receive the thanks of the Dominion Parliament. Later on he entered the Canadian House of Commons, was knighted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was sent to London as High Commissioner for Canada, and was raised to the peerage under the name and title of the Right Honourable Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal and of Lochneil Castle of the United Kingdom—the one Scotch, the other Canadian. His princely contributions to educational and philanthropic objects and institutions, aggregating over fifty million dollars, have won for him enduring fame; but nothing so touched the national heart as his fitting out at his own cost a force of five hundred men to assist the Motherland in her war with the Boers. It was a splendid gift laid on the altar of patriotism, and Canadians everywhere were proud of the man who had outdistanced every Colonial contributor to the strength of the nation. He is still in active service, and his influence is great both in Britain and in Canada. It must be exceedingly gratifying to him to note the wonderful development of the territory in which he served as a clerk and ruled as a governor.

Lord Strathcona continues to be keenly interested in the development of Canada, where last year eighty thousand persons from other countries established new homes in the North-West. As High Commissioner he would like to see the tide of emigration set in more strongly thither, and for this purpose he thus summarises the advantages which Canada offers to the emigrant: (1) A free grant by the Government of one hundred and sixty acres of land to every male settler of eighteen years and over; (2) a healthy climate; (3) a country where law and order are most strictly observed and enforced; (4) a system of education and educational institutions equal to those of any other country; (5) churches of various denominations, which are established, even in new districts, as rapidly as the country settles; (6) excellent transportation facilities for carrying to market the products of the farm; (7) good local markets and

fair prices for products; (8) the fullest recognition of civil and religious liberty. To those who have an aptitude or liking for agricultural pursuits, who are willing to work and to exercise reasonable economy, especially during the first few years, farming is undoubtedly more to be relied upon as an industry in Canada than in any other country in the world.

In order to keep pace with the requirements of the country, the Grand Trunk Railway proposes to construct another transcontinental line between two thousand five hundred and three thousand miles in length, running from Ontario, through Manitoba and the North-West Territories, to the British Columbia coast. Another scheme is the Trans-Canada Railway, which it is proposed should have two termini on the St Lawrence, one at Quebec and the other at Chicoutimi on the Saguenay River, and winter ports at Halifax and St John's; the terminus on the Pacific coast is to be at Port Simpson. A British colony has also been organised under the auspices of the Canadian Government for the Saskatchewan Valley, where townships are being planted.

The future of Manitoba is bright and promising. Nature has given her a generous supply of fuel and water, and she has millions of acres of the richest lands still unoccupied, and a pure, healthful atmosphere. The privileges of an unexcelled school system are within the reach of all. The people govern themselves, and the laws are just and wisely administered. Railway, telegraphic, and postal facilities are being amply furnished; and the multitude of church spires that meet the eye indicates that Christianity and civilisation have gone hand-in-hand in all directions. In the eloquent words of the late Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of the Dominion: 'Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, is the peer of any power on the earth,' and 'the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the continent from ocean to ocean.'

IS THIS GOOD-BYE.

Is this Good-bye, dear Love—is this Good-bye;

And have we reached the parting ways so soon?

The larks still carol in a cloudless sky,

The rose still holds the secret of Mid-June.

No shadow falls around us where we stand,

No hint of harvest haunts the waving grain;

'Mid all the summer splendour of the land

There seems no room for our dark hour of pain.

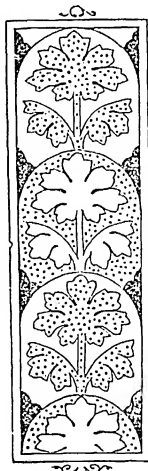
Is this Good-bye, O Love!—is this Good-bye;

And have we reached the parting ways so soon?

Oh, hush your rapture, songsters of the sky;

Have pity, rose: forget that it is June!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART V.

IT was through the introduction of our uncle, Mr W. H. Wills, that my parents became acquainted with Charles Dickens. They were then living near Sheffield, and the great novelist was on a visit to the town with his dramatic company. I have no record of this first meeting; but a family legend has it that Charles Dickens and I became very intimate friends—I was then about two years old—and that he adopted me as his nephew. Indeed, he so refers to me in the following letter to my mother:

'GADS HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, Twenty-first June 1860.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—As to Tuesday evening, the 26th, your slave is a mere helpless Beast. I shall have Mr — here, and shall abstain from Wellington Street in consequence, and shall (I fear) indubitably "put on a bored aspect" long before then, and keep it on for a week. I should have been delighted to come to you otherwise, but Destiny is too heavy for me. I beg to send my regards to Lehmann, and my love to my Nephew, and the most inflammable article to yourself that it is lawful to transmit by post.—Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.'

Between my father and Dickens there was a special bond of intimacy: they were both great walkers. During the first half of the year 1862, as I find from my father's notes, while Dickens was living in Hyde Park Gate South, he and my father used regularly to take long Sunday walks together. On April 2 of that year a dinner was given at the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, to celebrate John Forster's birthday, and when it was over my father and Dickens walked back to town together. For two pedestrians so determined and so well trained

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this was, of course, a mere trifle. In November of the same year Dickens was in Paris with his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, and his elder daughter, and my father and mother ran over and joined them there for a short time. My father notes that he and Dickens did a course of restaurants together. Of this course I possess one very pleasant memento. It is a *carte* of the Café Voisin, not a mere *menu* of the day, but a substantial catalogue, extending to many pages, of all the dishes and wines provided by that establishment, printed in French and English, with all the prices added. On the title-page are written in pencil these words: '19th Nov. 1862.—In grateful memory of a wonderful dinner at the Café Voisin, from [here follow the signatures] Nina Lehmann, Charles Dickens, Georgina Hogarth, Frederick Lehmann, W. H. Wills, to Mrs Wills.' The whole, encased in one of the red morocco leather covers of the restaurant, was sent as a peace-offering to Mrs Wills, who had remained in London while Mr Wills was away on a jaunt. As a matter of fact, he had gone over to arrange the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round* with Dickens, and had taken with him a gift of a boxful of flowers from Miss Burdett Coutts to the Empress Eugénie. This is his account, written to Mrs Wills, of how he executed his mission:

'27 RUE DU FAUBOURG ST HONORÉ, PARIS,
Sunday, 16th November 1862.

'I had a queer passage across. A rough sea, though there was no wind; but arrived comfortably at Creil at six o'clock in the morning. Of course I was anxious about the contents of the big box, and set to work unscrewing it with my pocket-knife. It got an awful *clite* at Dover. It being low tide, it was shot down into the vessel as if it had been a pig of lead, and turned quite over. Well, in the gray, mysterious dawn of morning, half-

JUNE 13, 1903.

asleep, I could not help feeling, as I undid the screws, as if I were exhuming a dead body out of a coffin. However, though there had been a little crushing and one or two heads had tumbled out, the corpses were in very good preservation. By this time the buffet-women and porters crowded round me, and, as I watched them looking inside the box—some admiring, some pitying the accident, others awed by the fact that the bouquets were so gigantic and for so great a person as the Empress—I felt more like a body-snatcher than ever. They screwed down the half-alive flowers, however, and I went off at eight to Compiegne. At this station I found that the entire hireable locomotive power of the town was one omnibus, and that continually plying between the inn and the station. However, I hired that on the spot, went off to titivate, dressed in a delightful little bedroom out of a courtyard gallery prettily trelliced and covered with creepers, and finally departed triumphantly in the omnibus for the Palace. The driver, before I started, asked me with a kind of humour whether I wished to be driven into the *cour d'honneur*. I answered with dignity, "Decidedly." I can't say that my reception was encouraging at the *conciergerie*. However, a frown and some bad French sent off a valet with my letter and card to the Duke of Atholl, and I was shown into the apartments he occupied. They are gorgeous, but self-contained, exactly as in an hotel or *étage* in a private house. His Grace was not up. Would I wait? And I was shown into a bright, comfortably furnished room where tea and coffee were set for two. By-and-by out came his Grace, attired in a dressing-gown. Would I have tea or coffee? He poured me out a cup of tea, took a little for form's sake himself, and talked away about whatever he could muster as a topic. Then he sent for his servant, who sent for the box, which was brought into his private passage. The bouquets were exhumed, and pronounced to be in wonderful preservation considering. He would undertake everything: deliver Miss Coutts's letter to the Duchesse de Bassano, get the imperial gardener to touch up the bouquets, and save me all bother. Then the Duchess was sent for to see the flowers. She came in simply but most elegantly dressed, in a dove-coloured silk. A handsome woman whose gestures, if she were sweeping the stairs or opening oysters, you would call lady-like, about Miss Coutts's height, and a good deal of her sweetness of address. A little chat about the flowers, and I took a graceful leave of both. At my hotel (*de la Cloche*) I found a capital fillet-steak and fried potatoes, and was off again for Paris at one, having written meanwhile to Miss Coutts describing my mission as having been a perfect success; which I think it was.

'The omnibus brought me to the room Dickens had ordered for me; a capital one with a good fire, and I went over the way. I found Mary and Georgina, Dick being out (it was half-past four). Very glad to see me; inquired after you very

cordially; didn't know that Nina and Fred were on their way. Dick, when he came in, very cheery. We had a capital dinner at 6 P.M., from the house at the corner of the Place Madeleine, where you remember we dined twice; they have all their dinners from there.

'Didn't I sleep last night! and here I am in the middle of the Xmas Number, writing this between whiles as Dick goes over his proofs.'

One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as if it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial-scene from *Pickwick*. I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, puffy little man, with a plump imbecile face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness—everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation. When the reading was over my father and mother took me round with them to the room behind. As soon as Dickens caught sight of me he seized me up in his arms and gave me a sounding kiss. And so it comes that,

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew,

this particular recollection comes up bright and delightful and unfading out of the chambers of my mind. 'To have earned the goodwill of the great is not the least of merits,' even for a little fellow of six or seven.

I must now hark back a little in order to give a selection from Dickens's correspondence with his assistant-editor, my uncle, W. H. Wills. The first two letters are concerned with *Household Words*. They show not only how carefully and sympathetically Dickens discharged the task of reading manuscripts submitted to him, but how fertile he was in suggestions even when he was busy with his work of novel-writing:

'FOLKESTONE, Sunday, Twenty-second July 1858.

'DEAR WILLS,—I have been so very much affected by the long story without a title—which I have read this morning—that I am scarcely fit for a business letter. It is more painfully pathetic than anything I have read for I know not how long. I am not at all of your opinion about

the details. It seems to me to be so thoroughly considered that they are all essential and in perfect keeping. I could not in my conscience recommend the writer to cut the story down in any material degree. I think it would be decidedly wrong to do so; and I see next to nothing in the MS. which is otherwise than an essential part of the sad picture.

Two difficulties there remain, which I fear are insurmountable as to *Household Words*. The first is, the length of the story. The next is, the nature of the idea on which it turns. So many unhappy people are, by no fault of their own, linked to a similar terrible possibility—or even probability—that I am afraid it might cause prodigious unhappiness if we should address it to our large audience. I shrink from the responsibility of awakening so much slumbering fear and despair. Most unwillingly, therefore, I come to the apprehension that there is no course but to return it to the authoress. I wish, however, that you would in the strongest language convey to her my opinion of its great merits, while you explain the difficulties I now set forth. I honestly think it a work of extraordinary power, and will gladly address a letter to her, if she should desire it, describing the impression it has made upon me. I might, perhaps, help to soften a publisher.

Miss L—'s story shows to considerable disadvantage after such writing. But it is what she represented it in her draft, and it is very clever. Now, as it presents (to cursory readers) almost the reverse of the medal whereof Miss J— presents the other side, I think it will be best to pay for it at once, and, for the present (say even for a few months) to hold it back; not telling her the exact reason, but merely saying that we are pledged first to the insertion of other stories in four parts, already accepted. Miss J—'s is more wholesome and more powerful, because it hits the target (which Miss L— goes a little about) with a rifle-shot in the centre of the bull's-eye, and knocks it clean over. Therefore it should have precedence—both on its own account and ours.

But observe—I do not conceive it possible that Miss J— can alter her story within the time you mention. What I want done to it is much too delicate for such swift jobbing-work. I question, on the other hand, whether it may not be politic just now, to have *one monthly part without a long story*—merely for the sake of variety.

My thoughts have been upon my books since I came down, and I do not know that I can hit upon a subject for the opening of the new volume. I will let you know, however, by to-morrow night's post.

I have written to Mr B—, whose paper *will do*. I expect my brother down to-day, and, if he comes, will send it and the pathetic story up to you by him.

Miss L—'s notions of a criminal trial are of the nightmarish description. The prisoner makes

statements on oath, and is examined besides!—
Ever faithfully,

C. D.

49 CHAMPS ELYSÉES,
Thursday, January tenth, 1856.

MY DEAR WILLS,—

H[ousehold] W[ords.]

Forster does not think those two little poems are otherwise than original. That is to say, he cannot find them anywhere, though he has my general impression about them. Therefore, get them back from him, and insert them.

My head is necessarily so full of my own subjects that I have not thought of that point to any advantage, though I have thought of it at various times. The police inquiry was never done, though I spoke to you about it when you were here. Accounts of the constitution of foreign armies, especially as to their officering, and as to the officer's professional business being his professional pride and study, and not a bore, are highly desirable. An article on the prices of fares on foreign railways, on the cost of making them, on the public accommodation, and the nature of the carriages, &c., contrasting their law with our law, and their management with our management, would be highly desirable. I suppose D— could do it directly. Would it be possible to strike out a new man to write popularly about the monstrous absurdity of our laws, and to compare them with the Code Napoléon? Or has Morley knowledge enough in that direction, or could he get it? It is curious to observe here that Lord Campbell's Acts for making compensation to bodily-injured people are mere shreds of the Code Napoléon. That business of the Duke of Northumberland and his tenantry: couldn't Sydney do something about it? It would be worth sending anybody to that recalcitrant farmer who leads the opposition. Similarly, the Duke of Argyll, whom the papers drove out of his mind by agreeing to consider him a phenomenon, simply because he wasn't a born ass. Is there no Scotch source from whence we can get some information about that island where he had the notice stuck upon the church door that "no tenant under £30 a year was to be allowed to use spirits at any marriage, christening, funeral, or other gathering"? It would be a capital illustration of the monstrous nonsense of a Maine Law. Life assurance: are proposals ever refused; if so, often because of their suspicious character as engendering notions that the assured life may possibly be taken? I know of policies being refused to be paid on the ground that the person was murdered—and could insert an anecdote or so. Poisoning: can't Morley do something about the sale of poisons? I suppose Miss Martineau's doctrine of never, never, never interfering with Trade, is not a Gospel from Heaven in this case.

For a light article, suppose Thomas went round for a walk to a number of the old coaching-houses, and were to tell us what they are about now, and how they look. Those great stables down in Lad

Lane whence the horses belonging to the "Swan with Two Necks" used to come up an inclined plane—what are they doing? The "Golden Cross," the "Belle Sauvage," the Houses in Goswell Street, the "Peacock" at Islington—what are they all about? How do they bear the little rickety omnibuses, and so forth? What on earth were the coaches made into? What comes into the yard of the General Post-Office now at five o'clock in the morning? What's up the yard of the "Angel," St Clement's? I don't know. What's in the two "Saracens' Heads"? Any of the old brains at all?

'Mr Payn might do this, if Thomas couldn't.—
Ever faithfully, C. D.'

The next letter gives an inimitably graphic description of a scene that took place at one of Dickens's readings in Edinburgh:

'CARRICK'S ROYAL HOTEL, GLASGOW,
Tuesday, Third December 1861.

'MY DEAR WILLS,—From a paragraph, a letter, and an advertisement in a *Scotsman* I send you with this, you may form some dim guess at the scene we had in Edinburgh last night. I think I may say that I never saw a crowd before.

'As I was quietly dressing, I heard the people (when the doors were opened) come in with a most unusual crash, and I was very much struck by the place's obvious filling to the throat within five minutes. But I thought no more of it, dressed placidly, and went in at the usual time. I then found that there was a tearing mad crowd in all the passages and in the street, and that they were pressing a great turbid stream of people into the already crammed hall. The moment I appeared fifty frantic men addressed me at once, and fifty other frantic men got upon ledges and cornices, and tried to find private audiences of their own. Meanwhile the crowd outside still forced the turbid stream in, and I began to have some general idea that the platform would be driven through the wall behind it, and the wall into the street. You know that your respected chief has a spice of coolness in him, and is not altogether unaccustomed to public speaking. Without the exercise of the two qualities, I think we should all have been there now. But when the uproarious spirits (who, as we strongly suspect, didn't pay at all) saw that it was quite impossible to disturb me, they gave in, and there was a dead silence. Then I told them, of course in the best way I could think of, that I was heartily sorry, but this was the fault of their own townsman (it was decidedly the fault of Wood's people, with maybe a trifle of preliminary assistance from Headland); that I would do anything to set it right; that I would at once adjourn to the Music Hall, if they thought it best; or that I would alter my arrangements, and come back, and read to all

Edinburgh if they wished (meantime Gordon, if you please, is softening the crowd outside, and dim reverberations of his stentorian roars are audible). At this there is great cheering, and they cry, "Go on, Mr Dickens; everybody will be quiet now." Uproarious spirit exclaims, "We *won't* be quiet. We won't let the reading be heard. We're ill-treated." Respected chief says, "There's plenty of time, and you may rely upon it that the reading is in no danger of being heard until we are agreed." Therefore good-humouredly shuts up book. Laugh turned against uproarious spirit, and uproarious spirit shouldered out. Respected chief prepares, amidst calm, to begin, when gentleman (with full-dressed lady, torn to ribbons, on his arm) cries out, "Mr Dickens!" "Sir." "Couldn't some people, at all events ladies, be accommodated on your platform?" "Most certainly." Loud cheering. "Which way can they come to the platform, Mr Dickens?" "Round here to my left." In a minute the platform was crowded. Everybody who came up laughed and said it was nothing when I told them in a low voice how sorry I was; but the moment they were there the sides began to roar because they couldn't see! At least half of the people were ladies, and I then proposed to them to sit down or lie down. Instantly they all dropped into recumbent groups, with the respected chief standing up in the centre. I don't know what it looked like most—a battlefield—an impossible tableau—a gigantic picnic. There was a very pretty girl in full dress lying down on her side all night, and holding on to one leg of my table. So I read *Nickleby* and the Trial. From the beginning to the end they didn't lose one point, and they ended with a great burst of cheering.

'Very glad to hear that Morley's American article is done. Rather fagged to-day, but not very. So no more at present.—Ever faithfully, C. D.

'Will you reply to enclosed letter? 200 stalls let here for to-night!'

Finally, here is the record of a hospitable bet:

'OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"
NO. 11 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.

Wednesday, Twenty-second January 1862.

'Dick bets Stanny that *Masaniello* was produced, as an opera, at Drury Lane, Theatre thirty years ago; reference is supposed to be had to the date of the year, without reference to months. The bet is, a Dinner for four at Greenwich, Richmond, or elsewhere, for the party present—that is to say, Stanfield, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Wills.'

Here follow the signatures. On the document somebody (I think Mr Wills) has added in pencil:

'I think C. D. lost, for *Masaniello* was produced as a *ballet*.'



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SECRET PASSAGE.

WE stood motionless and silent until the sound of the departing horses' hoofs died away in the distance, and then I stooped to pick up the scattered pearls, which I thrust into my pouch, the corporal watching me with a very sour expression.

'Bring this Jacob Watkins to me presently,' I said in a low voice as I stepped into an adjoining chamber. 'I shrewdly suspect the fellow of having played us false.'

'I doubt it not,' said the corporal grimly. 'Tis ever the way with such as he.'

A few minutes later they entered. I motioned to the corporal to close the door, and beckoned Jacob to approach.

'How is this, Master Watkins?' said I. 'Did you not expressly inform me when I entered the Hall that Mistress Dorothy was in her chamber? Let me tell you that if this be the manner in which you perform your duties I shall be forced to deal with you in a way that will be little to your liking.'

'I told you the truth,' he answered doggedly.

'Take care, fellow,' said I sternly. 'If you lie to me, or play me false—and, let me tell you, I grievously suspect you'—

'Nay, sir,' he interposed, 'why should I tell you a lie by which I could gain nothing, and one, moreover, that could so easily be discovered? You have but to call in the rest of the serving-men and women, and they will tell you the same tale.'

'But the thing is clearly impossible,' I answered impatiently. 'If Mistress Dorothy were in her chamber when we entered the Hall, how could she afterwards ride up to the door with a message from Colonel Montague?'

'You must take us for fools or children,' said the corporal grimly, 'if you would have us believe so plain a falsehood.'

'Come, sir,' said I, 'have you no more plausible lie? This will scarce serve your purpose.'

'Nevertheless it is the truth,' rejoined he, 'and it but proves that which I have long suspected—namely, that there is some secret passage out of the house. That Mistress Dorothy was in her chamber when you arrived can be attested by all who were in the house, and that she did not escape openly your own sentinels will, I doubt not, bear witness.'

'That is an old story,' said I incredulously, 'and is told of well-nigh every hall and castle in the land; yet have I rarely met with such passages, though they should be as plentiful as blackberries if common report be accepted.'

'I do not claim to know it as a fact; but I cannot otherwise explain that which has taken place,' responded Jacob. 'By some means Mistress Dorothy

escaped from the Hall and warned Colonel Montague of your arrival. If she did it not by the aid of a secret passage, for my part I know not how she accomplished it.'

Little as I liked the appearance of the fellow, there was that in his manner which induced me to think that he was telling what he believed to be the truth, though the corporal half-turned away with a contemptuous gesture.

'It is possible,' said I; 'yet if there were such a passage I should doubtless have heard of it, having been acquainted with the Hall since boyhood. What hath led you to suspect the existence of one?'

'There have been divers meetings held here of late,' said Jacob. 'At midnight, when the servants have retired to rest, I have heard the voices of strangers that none but the members of the family ever saw enter or depart. The doors remained bolted—that I know for a truth—and not a horse or man was to be seen or heard outside, coming or departing, and yet at times the dining-hall hath been thronged with guests who came none knew how, and passed away as silently and secretly.'

'Yet you never discovered the passage?'

'Nay, sir, though I have searched most diligently for it.'

I looked at him keenly, but he returned my glance without betraying any signs of discomposure.

'Well,' said I after a moment's pause, 'I think you speak the truth as it appears to you. Now let us pass to other matters. I am instructed by the Protector to search for arms and money and papers. Know you where these things may be secreted?'

'As to the arms, sir,' he replied, 'there are some few muskets and swords in the cellars, but I think no great store of them. The moneys and papers of which you speak may, for aught I know, be in the Hall; but I have never been able to discover their whereabouts.'

'They are of importance,' I answered; 'but the capture of Colonel Montague is of more importance than aught else. What think you is our best plan? To scour the country night and day till we run him to earth, or wait till we have news of him before moving?'

'Had you a thousand horse at your back, or were the country-people devoted to His Highness, you might soon run him to earth,' replied Jacob; 'but by attempting to pursue him with the troopers under your command you would never see so much as the skirt of his coat. Every man and woman about the place would act as his scout, and would give him warning of your approach, and doubtless he hath many a hiding-place at his disposal. Nay, sir; as you would, leave it to me; I have a better plan. Turn me out of the Hall as though displeased with

me, and I will go to Mistress Dorothy at Poplar House, where the maid told me she was going to reside. My story will get me a welcome, and I warrant I shall soon have news of him. While she is there you may be sure he will not be far distant.'

Two things in the man's speech pleased me but little—namely, the suggestion that Montague was known to take pleasure in Dorothy's society, and that I should have any hand or part in placing a spy about her person. But the anger I felt concerning Montague enabled me to consent the more readily to Jacob's plan. Think of me what she would, I should do Mistress Dorothy good service by ridding her of such a friend. So, after some further discussion, I agreed to the matter being carried out as Jacob had suggested. Thereupon the corporal, to whom it appeared a labour of love, took Jacob roughly by the collar and bundled him out of the Hall, roundly abusing him as he did so.

When he returned later to report that he had duly posted sentries about the place, he found me gazing at the little heap of pearls lying on the table before me, and brooding over the strange events which had recently taken place. Indeed, they kept passing like pictures before my mind; but one stood out more clearly than all the rest. It was that scene in the hall when the little white pearls beside me lay scattered on the floor, and Dorothy with pale face and flashing eyes had scorned my proffered friendship. Why did I return to this scene again and again, and ever with the same feelings of remorse and regret? I scarce knew myself. Whence came this new-born indecision, these scruples and regrets? Hitherto the path of duty had often seemed rough and stormy to me, but plainly marked, and ever, God knows, the path I was ready to choose of my own free-will. Long lines of glittering steel, tossing manes, and thundering hoofs, squares of gleaming pikes, or shattered breaches vomiting fire and smoke: these I can affirm without vanity no soldier in Cromwell's ever-victorious army had faced more readily than I; and now, though most clearly fulfilling my duty, I shrank back cowed and abashed before the frown on a young girl's face, and sat gazing pitifully at a broken bauble, as wretched and remorseful as though I had committed an unpardonable crime.

I experienced a sense of relief when the door opened and Corporal Flint came in. I noticed his eye dwelling upon the pearls.

'I shall take upon myself to return this pretty bauble to its rightful owner,' said I. 'His Highness likes no war on women, and would not desire us to retain it.'

'Even so,' said the corporal dryly.

I know not why I should have spoken as I did; but my mind was full of what had passed, and it seemed as though the words fell from my lips in spite of myself.

'She is a brave maid and a comely,' I said. 'It is

a pity she is so ill-disposed to the cause; but it could scarce be otherwise, seeing she is the daughter of so staunch a Royalist.'

'I have been young and now am old,' replied the corporal grimly, 'or if not old no longer young, yet have I never known a woman—maid, wife, or widow—who was not, to my way of thinking, a snare to those who walk unwarily, and a stumbling-block to the most godly. Take heed, your honour. The Evil One hath no bait more tempting than the bright eyes of a maid.'

I could not choose but smile at the solemn countenance and the ominous shake of the head with which he uttered these words.

'Have you no wife yourself, corporal?' I asked jestingly.

'God hath seen fit to visit me with many afflictions,' said the corporal solemnly; 'but that is one which He has hitherto been graciously pleased to spare me.'

'And you do not know any maid that you would desire to wed?' I continued.

He turned on me a countenance so wooden and expressionless that I could not but feel somewhat abashed.

'Does your honour consider me to be of a frivolous and light-minded disposition?' he asked coldly.

'Nay, nay, none would accuse you of being that, corporal,' I answered hastily.

'It becomes not me to boast,' said he, 'for none of us are free from human frailties; yet from my youth upwards have I escaped all the wiles of women. Ay, ay, they have striven and toiled in vain. Many's and many's the time they have smiled and sighed and flattered, yet have they but had their labour for their pains.'

As I looked at the corporal's lean, ungainly figure and his grim, weather-beaten countenance, I could scarce refrain from laughing outright, so impossible did it seem that he could ever find favour in the eyes of any woman. It seemed to me that he could claim little credit for resisting temptation which could only have been of the slightest. But it was evident that he thought otherwise.

'Ay ay,' he continued, 'they have had but their labour for their pains, I warrant you. Tall or short, stout or thin, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, it was ever the same with me. Sigh and ogle and flatter as they might, I was ever too wise to put my neck in a noose to please the fairest woman that ever walked on two feet.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed I, for I could contain myself no longer.

'You are pleased to be merry, sir,' said he in high displeasure; 'yet I see no matter for mirth in that which I have said. It is ill jesting about matters of such serious import.'

I turned away to hide the laughter in my eyes.

'You speak truly, corporal,' said I, 'and I think I may claim to be much of your way of thinking. I too am a single man, and like to remain

so, for women, thank Heaven! have little attraction for me.'

He looked dubiously at the pearls, and shook his head solemnly.

'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,' rejoined he. 'It is scarce likely that you have been tempted as I have been, and so gained wisdom by experience. I have known many who were puffed up with vanity, confident of their ability to resist temptation, become backsliders in the end. This same Mistress Dorothy is fair to look upon, I grant you—yea, exceedingly fair, most comely and pleasant to the eye—yet may she prove to be an instrument of the Evil One to'—

'That will do, corporal,' said I shortly. 'I will detain you no longer, for I am very weary, and would sleep while I may.'

'Ay, even so,' said he; and with another glance at the pearls, and a deep sigh, he went slowly out of the room.

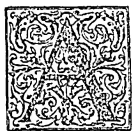
Truly I was in no mood for jesting, and yet I caught myself smiling again and again at the queer conversation which had passed between us, the last I should ever have expected to have with Corporal Flint. In

particular I smiled at the thought that I should ever cherish any other feeling than that of friendship for Mistress Dorothy Woodville. Fair, indeed, she was, as the corporal had said, but possessed, I could scarce doubt, of a very hasty temper and a bitter tongue. Moreover, she was a most ardent Royalist, in whose eyes I was a traitor and a rebel, unworthy even to be regarded as a friend. Besides, women had no attraction for me, and I had no intention of burdening myself with a wife in such troublous times, when the head of any man who took up arms on either side rested most insecurely on his shoulders.

I was still smiling as I laid myself upon a bed in one of the upper chambers, without putting off my clothes, in order that I might be prepared for action at a moment's notice. 'No, no, Master Corporal,' thought I, 'you may set your mind at rest. I am as little likely to yield to such temptation as yourself. If that be the only danger I am like to meet with in this business, I shall come through it, I doubt not, with some degree of credit.'

So saying I turned on my side, and, being very weary, was soon fast asleep.

AN ANCIENT METHOD OF EEL-CATCHING.



FEW years ago the life-history of no fish in the rivers, lakes, or ponds of Great Britain was less known to naturalists than that of the common eel, the study of this familiar fish having been neglected by early ichthyologists. Lately it has received due attention, a good many interesting facts concerning it having been brought to light; and, although the problems relating to its migration and reproductive process have not all been solved, the eel can no longer be considered the most mysterious fish frequenting our inland waters.

With one phenomenon in connection with eels naturalists and fishermen have for a long time been familiar—that is, the migration of these fish every autumn. That this movement had something to do with the reproduction of the species few naturalists had any doubt; but until recent years it was not realised that the migration was not merely from the fresh-water of the rivers to the brackish water of the estuaries, but a migration into the deep water of the sea. That such is the case has been conclusively proved; and, thanks to Dr Jacoby, Dr Grassi, and other investigators, we may now confidently accept the following facts: (1) that during certain weeks of the year great numbers of female eels descend the rivers and enter the sea, (2) that these eels do not arrive at maturity until they reach the sea, (3) that they deposit their spawn in the sea, (4) that in developing from the eggs the young eels pass through a curious larval stage of existence, and (5) that when the fry have passed through

this larval stage they become the so-called 'elvers' which in the spring may be seen making their way up the rivers from the sea. What becomes of the females that enter the sea in autumn is uncertain; but there is no evidence that they ever return to the rivers.

The fact that the eels deposit their spawn in the sea accounts for the annual migration of the females down our rivers. With this migration eel-catchers have long been acquainted; and in East Norfolk, where the rivers and broads swarm with eels, it led to the adoption, centuries ago, of a curious and interesting method of eel-capture—namely, the taking of eels by means of contrivances known as 'setts,' which is still practised by a limited number of marshmen living near the banks of the rivers Yare, Bure, and Waveney, and their tributary streams.

In East Norfolk the migration of the eels begins during the latter part of summer, when small numbers of silver or sharp-nosed eels, as the females are called, begin to pass down the rivers to the sea. The purpose of the eel-setter is to catch them on their way; and to do this he fixes a 'sett,' which is a large and somewhat complicated net, consisting of a wall of network stretched across the river, and varying in depth according to the depth of the stream. To the bottom of this net lead sinkers are attached, so that it always rests on the bed of the river. Cork buoys or wooden floats are fixed to the top to keep the net upright, and the ends are fastened to stakes driven into the banks of the river. In this long network-wall there are two, three, or

four openings, which, to the eels descending the river, appear to offer passages through this unexpected barrier, but which lead into fine-meshed purse-nets or 'pods,' from which there is no escape. The position of these 'pods'—which are, of course, extended down-stream—is marked by buoys; and the entrances to them are like those of ordinary bow-nets or crab-pots.

Such a net spread across a navigable river would seem to be an obstacle not only to eels but to navigation. The latter, however, is not obstructed, for, by means of ropes passed through blocks or pulleys fastened to stakes in the river-bed, the owner of the net can lower the whole or any part of it, and so permit of the passage of a boat or wherry.

To gain a better idea than the above description affords of the working of a sett, let us accompany an eel-catcher to his sett, and spend a night with him. It is an autumn evening, and we have timed our visit so that we reach the sett just before the tide begins to ebb. It is useless, the old fisherman tells us, to use the net when the tide is 'making'—that is, flowing—for then the eels do not 'run.' They only run with the ebb, and at night; and dark nights are best for eel-catching, for then the eels cannot see the net.

The position of the sett is indicated not only by the stakes driven into the river-banks, but by the eel-catcher's house-boat moored in a little inlet by the riverside. Such house-boats are a characteristic feature of the East Norfolk waterways. This one, like most of the others, is an old smack-boat, on which a little ark-like house or cabin is built, and fitted up with a small stove, two or three cupboards, and a couple of long lockers, which serve the occupant for chair, table, and bed. It makes a snug enough retreat for the eel-catcher on cold nights, provided the door is shut; but while the sett is 'raised'—that is, spread—he usually leaves the door open so that he may keep a lookout for boats and wherries.

It takes very little time to light a fire; but when this is done the tide has turned, and it is time to raise the sett. The way this is effected is simple enough. Since early morning the net has been lying at the bottom of the river, held down by the ropes used to lower it when a boat goes past. All that has to be done is to slacken the ropes, and in a few moments the long line of buoys attached to the top of the net is seen stretching across the river. The network wall is now raised, and unless the bottom of it happens to be resting on a large stone, a sunken log, or some similar object in the bed of the river, it is practically impossible for the migrating eels to get past it. On coming in contact with it they will seek for some opening by which they can get through, and will only find those openings which lead into the imprisoning 'pods.'

There is nothing to be done for several hours except keep on the watch for passing wherries. Of

this we shall no doubt soon tire; but for a while we are glad to chat with the old fisherman and learn something about eels and eel-catching. Some very big catches, he says, have been made by the owners of East Norfolk setts, though not of late years, owing to the 'growing up' of some of the broads and the reclaiming of the swampy tracts having caused a considerable decrease in the number of eels. Forty years ago it was no uncommon occurrence for twenty or thirty stones of eels to be taken in a sett in a single night, and even catches of sixty and eighty stones were not uncommon. The biggest catch he has ever known to be made in a night was one of ninety stones. This huge haul was made by the owner of a three-pod sett in the Thurne. The pods on that occasion were so full and heavy that three men were required to raise them. Nowadays, if a man takes from ten to twenty stones in a week in the height of the season he reckons he has done very well. Curiously enough, very few fish besides eels find their way into the setts; but fishermen who spread their setts across the lower waters of the main rivers not infrequently find scores of shore-crabs in their pods, and occasionally a few pints of sea-shrimps, which during the autumn and winter months often ascend the rivers in vast numbers.

Among the men of the marshes some curious myths concerning eels were at one time current. One of these was that chopped horsehair if thrown into the rivers became transformed into eels. Even now there are eel-catchers who believe eels to be viviparous—that the females give birth to their young instead of depositing spawn. The occasional presence of worm-like parasites in the intestines of eels is no doubt responsible for that belief. The assertion of marshmen that eels were capable of making their way across marshes in order to get from one river or dike to another was for a long time discredited; but it is now known that they can accomplish such overland journeys with comparative ease.

About eleven o'clock, acting on the eel-catcher's advice, we turn into the cabin with the intention of obtaining a few hours' sleep. The sibilant whispering of the riverside reeds is a sound conducive to slumber; but the novelty of our surroundings has a counteracting effect, and it is some time before we become unconscious of the rocking of the house-boat whenever a passing wherry sets a slight swell running into the creek.

An hour before sunrise the old man rouses us, and, still half-asleep, we stumble out of the cabin and into his flat-bottomed boat. It is time, he tells us, to get up the pods; so, rowing towards one of the buoys, he seizes it, and, by means of the rope with which it is attached to the pod, hauls the end of the latter into the boat. In a minute or two the whole pod is hauled on board, and by the faint light of early morning we can just see that it contains about a couple of stones of squirming eels. These are shaken down into the end of the pod,

which is then untied and its contents deposited in a tub kept in readiness in the boat. The pod having been emptied, the end is tied up again, and it is sunk once more to the bottom of the stream. The other two pods are then raised, emptied, and sunk; and, together, they produce about three stones of eels. Most of these are small, ranging from twelve to eighteen inches in length; but about half-a-dozen weigh from two to three pounds each. As the catch is not to be sent off to the London market until the next day, it is deposited in a large square trunk or 'eel-box,' having the sides and top perforated with innumerable small holes. This box is submerged in the river, and the eels are thus kept alive until the time for sending them away.

Such is the method by which most of the eels sent to London and elsewhere are captured by the

East Norfolk eel-catchers. That it is a very ancient one is evident from the fact that in 1576, when a dispute arose about the letting of 'certain fyshinge groundes and places called settes,' it was asserted that setts had been used in the Norfolk rivers, and had been let to fishermen for very small sums since 'time out of mynde.' In an old report of the proceedings in connection with this dispute, we find mention made of a curious custom of the eel-catchers of that time in regard to the claiming of setting-places along the rivers. 'Yerlie, on the day of St Margaret,' it is stated, 'every fysherman that could that daye, after the rysinge, firste come to anye of the said ele-settes in anye of the said ryvers, and there stayed and pytche a bowghe at the said ele-sette, the same fysherman should have and enjoye the same ele-sette that year.'

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER III.



ORD CUMBERWELL stood immovable, listening anxiously. The footsteps approached, slowly and more slowly as they drew nearer. Opposite the door they paused, but only for a moment.

Then he drew a breath of relief. As soon as the policeman had gone to a reasonable distance he would carry out his plan. He would return to the other side of the door, and knock until he received an answer.

Still listening to the departing footsteps, he looked around him curiously. From the kitchen he heard the voice of a child, apparently a boy. Just before him, on the left, was the open door of a room, probably a small sitting-room; and opposite this entrance was a hat and umbrella stand. Lying upon this stand was something he had seen before. It was a small hand-bag made of crocodile leather. There was no need for a second glance, for it was certainly the one which the woman had carried. He remembered his conclusions in the omnibus—that it contained his priceless slip of paper!

Here was the end of his trouble just within his grasp. Instantly he saw that he could avoid an interview with the frightened woman, and could avoid also the bother which would be caused by a revelation of his identity. The way he saw was short, simple, and immensely easy. He could open the bag, take out the document, and 'vanish without a sign.

In justice to the Earl, it must be said here that he really did hesitate for a brief while; but the temptation was too strong. Perhaps, too, his fall may be regarded as a simple result of his long diplomatic training. He stepped forward silently, and laid his hands upon the bag. Hastily and nervously he tried to open it, but it was in vain that he fumbled with the clasps and metal-work. He had

never touched such an article before, so it is not surprising that he failed; and while he was still engaged with it he heard heavy footsteps cross the floor of a room above him and approach the landing above the stairs. Some one was coming down.

The position was an extremely delicate one. There was hardly time to think, much less to escape through the front door. The Earl of Cumberwell saw one alternative which looked promising. Still clasping the hand-bag, he stepped backward into the doorway of the sitting-room.

He was just in time. A man came heavily down the stairs, and paused at the bottom. Lord Cumberwell moved silently farther back among the shadows of his hiding-place. Then he heard the man advance to the front-door, which he closed and fastened noisily. After that he returned, and strode towards the kitchen.

'Dear me!' thought Lord Cumberwell, perplexed; 'he has fastened the door. I wonder whether it will be easy to open.'

There was worse to come. When the man reached the kitchen he addressed some one in a loud tone.

'Laura,' he said, 'you left the front door-open.'

'Did I?' asked a woman's voice. 'Well, it was no wonder. I was so frightened'—

At that word the coloured-glass door was closed, and the voices were lost. Again Lord Cumberwell breathed more freely, for the danger seemed to have passed. He must make one more effort to open the bag, and if he failed this time there was only one thing to do: he must carry it away with him.

It was his mistake, at this point, that he did not pause to consider; but the whole affair had been so hasty that consideration had scarcely come into it at all. If he had paused to think now, he would

have seen that if the lost document was at this time in the hand-bag it would be just as well to leave it there. In that simple hiding-place it was safe alike from the members of the Opposition and the editor of the *Hour*; while, seeing the nature of its surroundings, it was not likely to fall into the wrong hands soon enough to work harm. But Lord Cumberwell did not think of this, and saw nothing but the necessity of getting it into his possession. He was excited, and in no mood for sensible calculation.

So he fumbled again with the fastenings, losing in this way his only opportunity for escape. Scarcely had he worked for ten seconds when there broke upon his ear simultaneously the sound of the hurried opening of the kitchen door, the voice of the man, and his footsteps in the passage. All these sounds were full of haste and anger.

'I'll precious soon see,' said the man as he reached the door; 'and if I find him there I'll just let him know it. You may take my word for that!'

The woman followed him up the passage. There were other footsteps also, probably those of the boy. Lord Cumberwell held his breath.

'I can't see any one,' said the man, speaking from the gate. 'There's only a policeman within sight. What was the ruffian like?'

'He was rather stout,' answered the woman, 'and clean shaven. He had a soft gray hat on, and he was a queer-looking figure altogether.'

A queer-looking figure altogether! The description only added an extra pang to the discomfort which the listener was enduring already. This was most humiliating.

'Well, I'll walk to the corner,' said the man doubtfully. 'Just wait a minute.'

His steps receded rapidly, and his wife was left at the door. For an instant Lord Cumberwell thought that this might be his chance; but he gave up the hope. There was no time; and besides, he could not summon up courage to face such a situation. He stood mute, clasping the bag in his hands.

The man returned. 'I can't see any one,' he said. 'Perhaps he cleared away when he saw you enter the house.'

They came in, closing the iron gate as they did so. The man passed down towards the kitchen, evidently rather disappointed. 'You can lock the door,' he said, pausing on the way. 'It won't be wanted again to-night.'

His wife remained behind and turned the key in the front-door with a click which was distinctly audible to one person near at hand; then, on her way to the kitchen, she paused at the door of the room in which the Earl was standing. It was her usual habit, and one which she had in common with many good housewives, to give a last look round before locking up for the night. She paused on the threshold, thrust the door back a little, and peered into the room.

Lord Cumberwell had no time to retire out of view. He could only stand in his place, helpless and confounded. The woman gave a start and a scream.

'James! James! Quick!'

With the cry she ran back, and her startled husband met her in the middle of the passage. To his amazement, he saw a large, portly figure emerge from the sitting-room and advance towards them. The woman screamed again.

'I really beg your pardon,' began Lord Cumberwell. 'I am sorry to have alarmed you'—

His stately apology was interrupted. 'What are you doing in this house?' demanded the householder with vigour.

'I will explain,' said Lord Cumberwell hastily. 'I will explain. The fact is, my dear sir—the fact is, I came in to see your wife—this lady.'

It was, at the least, an unfortunate way of putting it. The woman gave an exclamation of amazement, and her husband stared. He was a man of heavy but athletic build, one who would evidently stand no nonsense.

'To see my wife!' he echoed, with darkening face.

'Oh James!' gasped his wife tremulously; 'it's the man I told you of—the one who stared at me in the bus, and then followed me here. And look—see what he has in his hand!'

Every one looked, the Earl included. Clasped tightly in his right hand was the little hand-bag of crocodile leather!

It was an awful combination of circumstances, and he was so utterly taken aback that he could not find a word to utter. It was the husband that spoke first.

'Charlie,' he said, addressing his son, a boy of about ten years, 'there's a policeman up the street. Run round through the back door, and fetch him.'

The boy disappeared at once, before Lord Cumberwell had recovered his presence of mind. Directly afterwards he found strength to utter a horrified protest.

'My dear sir'—he began, advancing.

'If you move another step forward,' said the householder calmly, 'I'll knock you down.'

The Earl stopped, aghast. 'My dear sir,' he began again, with an effort, 'you must let me explain. I came here to see your wife. She called at my house little more than an hour ago.'

'Called at your house?' interrupted the man.

'Oh James,' cried his wife, 'what an awful untruth! I haven't called at any house—you know I haven't.'

'What!' said Lord Cumberwell. 'Did you not call at my house this evening with a letter?'

'Your house? Why, I haven't called at any house. I don't know your house.'

This was a blow indeed. It had entirely failed to suggest itself to the Earl that he might have made a mistake at the beginning, that this woman in black was not the woman who had called at his

house. Now he perceived, with a feeling of despair, that he had been following up the wrong person all along.

He was bewildered and dismayed by this new turn in affairs; but his captors saw only guilt in his face. 'Perhaps you can think of a better story than that,' suggested the man offensively. 'I don't think it will do.'

'Sir!' cried Lord Cumberwell indignantly.

'Please, don't "sir" me. What about the hand-bag?'

Things were growing worse. 'I—I thought the letter was in it,' explained the guilty Minister. 'I was about to look. That is all.'

'Indeed!—Laura, what is in that bag of yours?'

'Nothing but my purse,' answered the woman quickly.

There was a disagreeable pause. The Earl glanced at the door, but there was no chance in that direction. Then he made one final effort.

'It's a mistake,' he began—'a foolish and ridiculous mistake. You don't know who I am.'

'Never mind that. The police will know, no doubt. They'll be here in a minute.'

It was a hopeless affair, and the Earl groaned in his heart. For a few moments he contemplated the idea of taking the two entirely into his confidence, but was forced to relinquish it. His case was already prejudiced beyond recovery as far as these people were concerned: they would regard his story as a wild fable, and he would simply be exposing himself to ridicule without any good effect. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to wait for the police. Then things would come right.

The wait was not a long one. A back-door was suddenly thrown open, and a constable appeared, with the boy at his side. To the Earl's dismay, this was the officer whose conduct so short a time before had brought all this misfortune upon

him—the one whose suspicious scrutiny had forced him to enter the house. Circumstances were inexorable.

'Well?' said the constable, striding up the narrow passage in a leisurely way. 'What have we here?'

'A burglar!' cried the woman excitedly.

'Something of that kind,' added her husband.

'It is a mistake,' protested the Earl—'a most absurd mistake.'

The officer looked at him closely. 'Ah!' he said; 'it's you, is it? I had my suspicions.'

'What!' cried the householder; 'do you know him?'

The constable gave a wise smile. 'I saw him enter this house a little while ago, and I thought then there was something queer about him. How did you get hold of him?'

'We found him hiding in that front-room, and he had my wife's hand-bag. That's burglary, isn't it?'

The officer took out his note-book. 'It's bad enough, anyhow,' he replied. 'It's being found on enclosed premises—namely, a front sitting-room—for the purpose of committing a felony.' Then, turning to the Earl, he said, 'You'd better keep all your talk for the inspector. And I warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you.'

This was horrible. The man's tone and manner were so galling that the Earl's last grain of patience vanished. His dismay, irritation, and bewilderment, his humiliation and his contempt, all became merged in a sudden rage. The blood rushed to his brows, and in the heat of the moment one hasty word escaped him. He had not used such a word before since his old electioneering days. He regretted it the moment it had gone; but his regret was swallowed up in renewed wrath when he saw the man calmly enter it in his note-book.

THE FUTURE OF SPAIN.



HE future prosperity of Spain is a wide subject, and can only be touched on here very superficially; but it is occupying the attention of those who are interested in that country, for a crisis is at hand.

Quite recently in Great Britain our instincts were deeply stirred by the Coronation of our King, and we read with interest of the preparations made for the great event—preparations that gave an impetus to all our industries—for example, the weaving of the gold-embroidered mantle in the ancient little town of Braintree in Essex, and the Honiton lace supplied as fast as the lace-makers of South Devon could produce it. Thus the whole country received some benefit. However, it is very different in Spain, where, on the 17th of May last year, King Alfonso, a lad of

sixteen, ascended the throne of his fathers. We were then struck by the entire absence of enthusiasm; but this may be partly because coronations have been more frequent in Spain than with us, three having taken place there during the reign of the late Queen Victoria: that of Isabella II., Amadeus I., and Alfonso XII. Probably, however, it is also in a measure due to the many factions and parties all striving for pre-eminence.

During his minority Alfonso XIII. has been trained under the personal supervision of his mother. Owing to the delicacy of his health, great care and attention were necessary; and it is certain that his education, both moral and intellectual, has been superintended more strictly and judiciously than that of most of his predecessors. That advantage he owes to his mother;

over his dead father's faults we draw a veil, for he had no such privilege.

Alfonso was born in 1886, some months after his father's death; and those who were living in Spain at the time will remember that there was little enthusiasm at the event. In the smaller towns in the south hardly any notice was taken; there were no flags or other demonstrations of joy. Groups of workmen, however, gathered at the street corners and discussed the occurrence in somewhat excited tones. For them, the Republican party, the birth of the heir to the throne meant only, they declared, more taxation, heavier duties, greater oppression, in order to fill the royal coffers. There has been discontent ever since—a ferment which on the slightest pretext is ready to break out in disorder.

In some respects the Queen-Regent ruled wisely and well. She surrounded her son while young with admirably chosen attendants and governesses, one of the latter being an Irish lady. Those who know something of the Queen's regency and her difficulties admire the loyal and devoted spirit which actuated her, and her complete self-surrender in the performance of arduous duties. It has been rumoured that she had had a long-standing attachment to one of high birth in her own land; and at one time there may have been a slight wavering between inclination and duty. If so, the world never knew it; and perhaps none will ever know how much the Queen-Regent gave up. She made herself thoroughly respected—perhaps more respected than loved; the Court underwent a much-needed reform, and was purified and purged of many abuses; the fine arts, music, and religion took the place of somewhat undesirable amusements; and order and decorum reigned supreme.

The Republican party, which is very numerous, is always on the alert for revolution; and there are certainly some grounds for the popular discontent. One grievance is the Jesuit influence under which the Queen allowed herself to come. She gave the invitation, and made them welcome to all the most lucrative posts. This ascendancy of the Jesuits has had disastrous effects on the people, for as soon as a footing was gained factories were built by the order, and a monopoly secured of all the most profitable industries. Then, as the management of all the machinery and mechanical appliances, as well as the cultivation of the soil, had been in the hands of the lay-brothers, thousands of Spaniards were deprived of the opportunity of earning a livelihood. In fact, the confraternity can undersell every competitor, even the making of lace and embroidery having almost entirely fallen into their hands. These articles have always been a speciality of the convent, though formerly poor women could thereby make a fair living.

The discontent caused by the Jesuit régime pervades all classes. A resident in one of the

southern towns declares that the Jesuit rule is fatal to every interest in the country; and, though a whole-hearted Roman Catholic, he abhors the order. It may be said, as it was of old, that the Jesuits 'lead captive silly women,' for in the town to which we refer there is a large Jesuit settlement, and it is the fashion for all the ladies to confess to the Jesuit fathers. They seem to spend their whole morning—from two to three hours at least—in confession. The street in front of the convent of the Jesuit fathers is thronged with carriages every day from ten till two o'clock, sometimes even later.

The Jesuit fathers are very popular with certain sections of the community, their charming manner and gentlemanly bearing giving them immense influence. It is said that the heads of the order are so well aware of this that these qualities are indispensable for admission to the confraternity. Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that the fathers are very polished and highly cultured men, and that they are adepts at the extraction of family secrets, including even the husband's political opinions.

Many of those who recognise the evil are attempting to put a stop to attendance at the confessional of the Jesuit fathers. The husband may endeavour to persuade his wife to go to the ordinary parish priest; but the devout lady is so endued with a sense of what she owes to the Jesuit fathers that she manages to evade all restrictions. The Jesuit considers that 'the end justifies the means,' and thinks he does no wrong in encouraging the wife to deceive or disobey her husband; in fact, the influence of the order, which pervades the whole country, hampers political and material progress to an almost inconceivable extent. These animadversions, however, are not applicable to the ordinary parish priest.

By encouraging the Jesuits the Queen unfortunately made herself very unpopular. In consequence democracy is gaining strength and power; and the newspapers frequently report meetings of 'societies' of workmen, and discuss the opinions there expressed. Nowadays the mass of the people will not submit to misgovernment or oppression; as a speaker at a recent meeting said: 'We will make ourselves respected to-day, but feared to-morrow.' The firm attitude they have assumed has evidently had some effect, for the Queen-Regent recently signed a decree fixing the day's work at eight hours, and directing that for time worked beyond that limit one-eighth of a day's wage be paid for each hour.

Another grievance touching the working-class very nearly is the attitude the *alcalde*, or village mayor, takes up in matters affecting their welfare. He has considerable power: he can see that sufficient wages are paid, that the houses rented by the poor are kept in proper condition, and that the labouring classes are not unfairly treated.

These officials, however, are generally too intent on the study of their own interests to give heed to such matters. Quite recently, in a town in the western provinces, the fearfully insanitary condition of certain houses was notorious. A sanitary inspector on visiting the town detected effluvia in some of the poorer class of houses, and brought the *alcalde* to convince him. In one of these tenement-houses thirty people slept in one large room, and the condition of that room and the straw used as a bed defied description. The houses were vacated, and one of them, if not more, demolished. Then the *alcalde* was severely reprimanded, as these conditions had been permitted for some time unchecked; he had always put off interference till 'to-morrow,' as the Spaniards are so prone to do. *Maniña* ('To-morrow') may be called the Spaniards' watchword, and 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow' their motto.

An incident illustrative of this slothful inclination may be mentioned. A party of travellers were going by a merchant-vessel from Cadiz to London. They had sailed across the Bay of Cadiz in a leaky and clumsy little boat, and, the day being stormy and the sea rough, they were drenched with spray. They were already behind time, and afraid the vessel would sail without them; but on arriving they saw their jovial captain, with a grin on his face, leaning over the bulwarks. He was dressed in a smart frock-coat, with a flower in the button-hole, and wore a silk hat: he was evidently bound for the shore. 'No going off to-day,' he said, with a humorous wink. '*Maniña, maniña!* We are in Spain, don't you know?' He seemed to enjoy the situation, though the drenched passengers did not.

The procrastination of the Spaniards has sometimes cost them life and treasure. In the time of the cholera in 1884, the spread of the epidemic might have been prevented had proper precautions been adopted and sanitation attended to. Complaints were made of the terrible condition of some of the tenement-houses and of the *corrales* (yards) in certain villages in the south, and day after day promises were made that the matter would be investigated; but until the cholera broke out nothing was done. It was then discovered that the back-yards in some of the slums were in a frightful state; they were receptacles for the carcasses of dead animals, refuse vegetables, rotting bones, and every kind of abomination. In Cadiz, which is a beautiful and apparently a clean town, it was ascertained that some places were in a similar state. In a certain street the air was fetid with sewer-gas. When—after days and weeks of delay in carrying out the promise that the main drain would be opened up and cleared—the cholera made its appearance operations were commenced; and on the drain being opened a tin box carefully soldered was found to be blocking it up. The box, which contained tobacco, had

probably been placed there by a contrabandist, and forgotten!

This dilatoriness of the Spaniards injuriously affects not only the ordinary affairs of life but even the simplest pleasures. For example, there is a seaside town almost facing Cadiz, on the opposite side of the bay. Yellow sands and pine-woods line the coast; and it is delightful on a warm evening to go down to the beach and watch the breakers as they roll in white and foamy on the golden sands. The fragrant scent of the pines is wafted on the evening breeze; but suddenly a less pleasant smell is felt, and you gasp and put your handkerchief to your nose. There lies the carcass of a donkey, and it has lain there for some days. A little way off, perhaps fishing or idly smoking a cigarette, is a man, in the uniform of a *garde champêtre*, who is supposed to be responsible for keeping the place clean and in proper order. When you complain to him of the carcass and the offensive smell he will only smile and, putting his hands to his head, exclaim, '*Ya! ya!*'—a favourite exclamation—'what a memory I have! Day after day I have intended to remove it; and yesterday I went for the dust-cart and could not get it. To-morrow, señores, without fail, it shall be removed.' Then he spreads out his hands and smiles, as though conferring a favour. Yet on the morrow we notice that the carcass has not been removed.

An urgent desire for reform is frequently expressed in the Spanish newspapers, many of our methods and institutions being highly commended and recommended for adoption in Spain; and this is perhaps somewhat remarkable, as the Spaniards have no love for Britain as a nation though they respect us, and during the war in South Africa they were distinctly pro-Boer in their sympathies. The remodelling of the Spanish army is much discussed, the general opinion being that the British system should be copied as closely as possible, and conscription abolished, as the result has been the enrolment of a very undesirable class of recruits from the lowest grades of the population, men with no soldierly qualities and hating their *métier*. It is because exemption from the three years of military service costs from sixty to eighty pounds that conscription falls heaviest on the most inefficient class. Some of them, with the assistance of friends, scrape together ten pounds for a substitute; others resort to such trickery as maiming and drugging themselves to evade military service. During the war in Cuba conscription was very severe. Soldiers were needed, and mere lads who had never handled a rifle and had no military training were taken—some even from sick-beds—and shipped off. They had, it is true, to pass a medical examination; but it is hinted that some of the examining officers were not above accepting petty bribes from the men they examined, and

showed little consideration for those who could not give them some recompense.

The life of the Spanish soldier is very hard. Many of them are inefficient; and some of the officers are quite unqualified for their position. The American vice-consul, who lived in a southern town where troops were quartered, said that he saw a soldier who was very slovenly in appearance attacked by his officer on the parade-ground. In his passion the officer struck the man in the face, knocking him down, and he lay for a time partially stunned. Such brutality often occurred, with sad results, sometimes, for the officers themselves. The same gentleman one day overheard two soldiers discussing their officer. 'If he does not take care,' said one of the men, 'he may be served the same as Colonel X. at Oran'—referring to an officer who had been assassinated by his men.

The marriage question is also occupying attention in the press. Soldiers are not allowed to marry till their term of military service expires; consequently there are many irregular marriages, which are seldom, if ever, verified, and are the cause of much misery and immorality.

The Spaniards are now adopting certain English words. We sometimes see a notice in the newspapers of a 'meeting' *de los labradores* (labourers' meeting), the heading 'Parish' to local news, and many other words.

The Republican party is perhaps the strongest; but the Carlists are formidable rivals. The Queen displayed great tact in her dealings with them; but by permitting the 'Casa' marriage she gave offence to the Republicans. It would seem that an attempt to pacify one party had the effect of immediately stirring up the jealousy of the other. However, there has been quiet preparation for dealing with Don Carlos and his followers when the opportune time arrives. An able writer in the *Impartial*—which, by-the-by, does not invariably merit the name—expresses the hope that the Prime-Minister and his Cabinet will consider mainly the welfare of the nation rather than personal aggrandisement or advantage. Meantime all parties are anxiously waiting to see what influence the young King will have on imperial policy. In February 1902 Queen Maria spoke for the last time, on the eve of relinquishing her regency. In a short but dignified speech she said she had done her best for the King and the nation.

Up to the present time little mention has been made of the young King. He has only been a figure associated with stamps and the coins of the realm; but we may expect that in a short time it will be seen whether he will assume any personal control or become only a tool in the hands of the Prime-Minister and the Jesuits. It is to be remembered that the King is but seventeen years of age; and although at that age a Spaniard resembles, in appearance and

manner, a British youth of twenty-two or twenty-three, the early development is only physical.

Many improvements and reforms are needed. In medical science there has certainly been an advance; but improvement in hospital management is urgently needed, as all these institutions are very far behind the standard maintained elsewhere. The people are afraid to enter them, and many piteous stories are told of their inmates. The popular distrust is expressed in the following lines:

When I put my foot inside your door
I may say to my little body,
Farewell for evermore!

Better nursing, better food, and more skilled medical treatment are certainly much needed. One of the strange tales told by discharged inmates is that when a patient is incurable but likely to live for a long time some tiny pilules are invariably administered, with the result that death occurs shortly afterwards. The writer asked a Spanish doctor if this was true. He admitted that it was, but added that he had never felt he would be justified in adopting such treatment. Many of his *confrères*, however, would not admit there was any wrong done in administering the pilules in hopeless cases—for example, to dying babies to prevent prolonged suffering. He said, in conclusion, that he often wished his conscience would allow him to do likewise.

This practice is the more striking because human life is highly valued in Spain. Capital punishment is very rare. Whenever possible the criminal is sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in chains—that is, in many cases, chained to a pillar in an underground dungeon. Some time ago, at Granada, a party of tourists were shown the outside of one of these dungeons, in which a young parricide had been chained for some years. Surely death would be more humane than perpetual imprisonment in a noisome dungeon into which light cannot penetrate, and where the prisoner is chained like a wild beast.

Spanish prisons generally are by no means up to modern requirements. A German gentleman who was touring through New Castile was arrested as a spy, and thrown into prison; and his experiences during the few days he was there defy description. He was thrust into a cell beside a number of the lowest vagabonds, the place being indescribably dirty and evil-smelling, and having only filthy straw for them to lie on. The only food supplied was badly boiled rice, potatoes, and bread; and, though the prisoners were permitted to buy food, the gentleman had to subsist on the prison fare, as he had been robbed of all his money. In the larger towns, however, prisoners are better housed and fed.

When capital punishment is carried out it is by garrotting—that is, strangulation by means of a brass collar tightened by a screw, whose point enters the spinal marrow. This to our mind has

all the horror of the barbarous punishments of the past. There is a great deal of false sentiment on the subject of capital punishment. Some years ago a man had been convicted of robbery and murder—only one of the many crimes it was said he had committed. The criminal was sentenced to death, and lay in the prison of a small town in the south, awaiting execution. Then, on a day of public festivity, an amnesty was granted, and this murderer was liberated among the other lesser criminals. The townspeople were frantic with delight; the man's crime was forgotten, and crowds of people of all classes, including many members of aristocratic families, hurried to his cell, embraced the filthy criminal, gave him food and clothing, and some even shed tears of joy at his liberation!

While this false sentimentalism exists crime will not be diminished. Every Spanish paper

contains reports of stabbings in wine-shops and in dark streets, and the finding of the bodies of murdered or drowned persons, yet the criminals are rarely arrested; and men suspected of having committed more than one murder may even be seen walking in public places unmolested.

It is difficult to predict what the future holds for Spain, once a great nation, and even now a land of boundless resources; but until the Spaniards effect considerable reform in their laws and public institutions, put down bribery and other corrupt practices, and pay more attention to sanitary requirements, their country will never prosper. The Spaniard has many faults: he is prompt to take offence, hot-blooded, impetuous, and often insincere; but he is capable of warm friendships, and is generous, genial, and pleasant to deal with. In fact, we as a nation might with advantage imitate him in some respects.

THE ICE-CHEST.



THE ice-chest in America is such a common household article that the average person seldom thinks of any other way of keeping things except with the frozen liquid. Really, the amount of ice used for cold-storage purposes nowadays, when contrasted with other methods of refrigeration, is so small as to be really insignificant, although hundreds of thousands of tons are still utilised in various ways. The fact is, cold-storage has now become almost universal in the United States, and is as much a necessity as steam or gas. Every meat-salesman and greengrocer has his big refrigerator either cooled by ice or by some other process; the cold-storage warehouses of the great packing-companies throughout the country are familiar to every one; ice is indispensable in the undertaker's business; the modern dairy-farm could not exist without it; while ice-cream has been converted from a luxury into a common article of food. Ice is even used for one form of amusement: the artificial ice-rinks which have been opened in various cities.

Cold-storage has also become a great factor for other industries besides those specified above. Plants for generating cold air are now installed in chemical-works, sugar-refineries, places where molasses is made, paraffin-works, oil-refineries, stearine-factories, steel-mills, blast-furnaces, laundries, glue-works, dynamite-works, paint-factories, soap-factories, and india-rubber works. In works for the manufacture of dry plates and other photographic material the refrigerator is also utilised. The manufacturer of wines and liquors cannot do without it. Every modern steamship has its refrigeration compartments, where thousands of carcasses can be kept an indefinite period, as well as the delicacies supplied to the table of

the cabin passengers. Most of the refrigerator-cars used for carrying perishable freights are cooled with ice; but a new method has recently been introduced which will probably take the place of ice.

Experts believe that fully four-fifths of the space cooled artificially in the United States is kept in this condition without the use of an ounce of ice, by the modern refrigerating apparatus. The refrigerating-engine has been developed to such an extent that plants ranging from three or four horse-power to five hundred horse-power are installed. Some of them have what is termed an ice-making capacity of but three or four tons, while others represent five hundred tons. This apparatus is not used to freeze water, but merely takes the heat from the air and thus reduces it to the temperature required by utilising ammonia gas or brine. Ammonia is one of the greatest heat-absorbers known, and if it were not for ammonia many industries in the United States would not be in existence. Experiments have been made which enable the engineer to know just how much gas a machine of a certain type can discharge in twenty-four hours. The heat is termed the ice-melting capacity, and the measurement of refrigerating apparatus is based upon what is called the refrigerating capacity or the number of tons of ice which would be melted by the ammonia discharged in twenty-four hours. The cooling effect of a ton of ice is equal to two hundred and eighty-four thousand thermal units of the British standard—in other words, it will cool two hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds of water one degree. Consequently a machine which ordinarily would extract enough heat from the air, by use of the ammonia, to melt a ton of ice every twenty-four hours would cool one hundred and ninety-seven pounds of water one degree every minute. It is

by this formula that the cold-storage experts estimate the size of the refrigerating-engines required for various spaces, much of this kind of apparatus being required in slaughter-houses, breweries, &c. Tables have been compiled which show what can be done by a machine representing one ton of refrigerating capacity every twenty-four hours. In packing-houses such a machine will preserve ten oxen, sixty calves, twenty-five hogs, and seventy-five sheep. It will cool six thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of thirty-two degrees, necessary to preserve eggs; three thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of twenty degrees for butter; two thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of ten degrees for game—the various substances requiring different temperatures. These temperatures are all above zero. It will also keep forty barrels of beer at a temperature ranging from seventy to forty degrees, as required in aging the liquid. Consequently a comparatively small refrigerating-machine is a substitute for several tons of ice, and is more advantageous in many ways.

In arranging cold-storage compartments, the refrigerating-engine may be at a considerable distance from them. The pipes conveying the ammonia or other substance for cooling the air are laid like ordinary steam or water pipes, with the exception that the fittings or joints are made specially tight. They are arranged in various ways in the cold-storage compartment, depending upon the area to be cooled as well as the temperature required. Sometimes they are suspended from the ceiling, sometimes run along the sides of the room, and sometimes distributed at equal distances around it and attached to hooks or shelves, so that the articles to be preserved can be placed near them. The engineer can control the temperature by regulating the flow of ammonia, or brine, or other heat-extracting substance, just as the engineer of the steam heating-plant can regulate the temperature in the apartment to be warmed. The ammonia, as it passes through the pipes and extracts the heat, is carried back to the refrigerating-engine, where by compression its temperature is reduced, and it is again forced through the pipe-system. Thus treated, the ammonia can be used over and over again, and this is one of the most economical features of the system. The refrigerating-machines are of various types; in the one known as the single-acting machine the gas enters the bottom of the compressor, passes up through the suction-valve, and is compressed and driven out through the pipe by a discharge-valve. The compressor is encased in a water-jacket, which keeps the walls cool and overcomes much of the heat generated in compression.

Refrigeration is used very extensively in chocolate-factories to keep the chocolate from melting after it has been moulded into the various kinds of candy. While warm from the moulds, the candy may be carried directly to a cold-storage chamber upon a moving platform, or exposed to a blast of

cold air generated by the refrigerating apparatus, which keeps it from 'running,' as it is called. Cakes of soap are treated in the same way after they are moulded. Green timber may be converted into material fit for building purposes in a short time by submitting it to a low temperature by refrigeration, the sap being dried artificially by this process, while by the natural processes it would require a much longer time. Refrigeration is very valuable for drying clothes in laundries, as the reduction of the temperature also dries the air, and clothes treated by it are dried more rapidly than when hung out on a line and exposed to the wind. It is of special value in tempering steel, which requires varying degrees of heat; the cold air is applied by fans, and the temperature can be regulated to a fraction of a degree.

The modern American dairy could not exist without refrigeration, for from the time the milk is received from the farmer until it leaves the building in bottles and cans for the consumer, or as butter, cheese, and ice-cream, it is passing through apartments which are artificially cooled. The great vats into which it is first poured, as well as the clarifiers which strain it automatically, contain pipes for this purpose. The separators which skim the cream from the surface are reduced nearly to a freezing temperature. When the milk is ready to be placed in bottles and cans it is passed over apparatus resembling a huge radiator, consisting of pipes filled with ammonia or brine. In some of the dairies a blast of cold air is used instead of ice for manufacturing ice-cream, a process having recently been invented for this purpose.

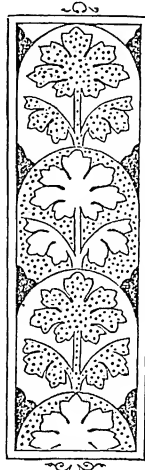
THE ANGELUS: CHARTRES.

THE day draws to an end; the evening light
Turns all the carven images to gold;
While round the spires, in interweaving flight,
The swallows wing as though they wrought, ere night,
To weave a sheer invisible fabric bright
Of sun and blue, to shroud the dying day
Ere she be laid in shadows dark and cold,
Ere all her beauty, withering, pass away.

From the high tower the angelus of rest
Rings out at last day-labour's passing bell;
While in the fields of harvest east and west
And north and south the reapers, head on breast,
Breathe their last prayer, and turn from toilsome quest,
Wherein since dawn they have laboured in the sun;
Full glad to see the clear sky promise well
For ending of their reaping well begun.

O Love! may we, when life draws near to eve,
And bright the sunset glows upon the brow,
Of all the world of toiling take our leave,
Forgetting all the woes that fret and grieve;
Remembering only flashing joys that weave
For love a sheer imperishable beauty bright,
And hear with happy hearts, as we hear now,
The angelus at failing of the light.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

THE HIGHLAND TOURIST A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.



CAREER of extraordinary promise and brilliancy was all too early quenched at thirty-six when John Leyden, in accompanying Lord Minto to Java, fell a victim to his own imprudence and the impetuosity of his nature by entering an unventilated and musty library in Batavia, which brought on the fever from which he died on 27th August 1811. Just eleven years before, in the heyday of health and activity, eager, intelligent, adventurous, he was conducting two sons of a German nobleman over the Highlands and Western Islands. It was known that he had kept a journal of this tour; but the manuscript had disappeared until four or five years ago, when the missing volume, neatly bound in russia leather, was picked up at Sotheby's sale-rooms in London by an Edinburgh bookseller. From him it passed into the hands of Mr James Sinton, by whom it has been edited with loving care, and published by Messrs W. Blackwood & Sons. For the first time we are here supplied with an excellent bibliography, a testimony to Leyden's industry and to the impression he made upon his contemporaries.

Leyden was a valuable assistant to Scott in glean- ing material for his *Border Minstrelsy*, to which he made original contributions, and was his companion in Ettrick at a memorable meeting with the Ettrick Shepherd. It has been suggested that Leyden may have introduced Scott to Constable. It was a fact that Archibald Constable knew Leyden's value, and employed him to edit and compile various volumes, as well as to conduct the *Scots Magazine* for a short time. The great publisher had Leyden in view, had he not gone to India, for the posthumous edition of the *Travels* of Abyssinian Bruce, which fell to be done by his friend, Alexander Murray. He did memorable things in poetry too, as witness his *Scenes of Infancy* and many shorter pieces, instinct with true feeling, illustrative power, and melody.

Leyden at Edinburgh University and in society, and as a divinity student, preserved his broad

accent and rustic bearing; he meddled with all knowledge in the eager, impulsive restlessness of a strong, self-reliant nature. Nothing seemed to daunt him; languages attracted him, and so he started to master German, Icelandic, French, Italian, Spanish, Persian, Hebrew, and Arabic. Before he passed away he was credited with a greater or less acquaintance with thirty-four languages and dialects. When reproved for his discursiveness by a friend, he retorted, 'Dash it, man! never mind. If you have the scaffolding ready you can run up the masonry when you please.' He proved his point, for when his going to India depended on his qualifying as a surgeon's assistant he prepared himself and passed the necessary exams. within six months, the usual period being three years. Greatly gifted as he was, Scott denied to him the possession of humour, which might have delivered him from not a few eccentricities of character and conduct; but he was pure, good-hearted, and immensely industrious.

It is a mistake to say that Scott alone discovered the Highlands, although amongst the first to point out to all the world their chief beauties. *The Lady of the Lake* did not appear till 1811, and *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* came later. The journal kept by Leyden of his autumn tour in 1800, and the letters to Scott, Dr Anderson, and others, were written before Scott was known as an author, and contain descriptions of scenery which he could not have bettered, nor his great successor John Ruskin. As Dr John Brown would say, these are 'done to the quick.' Thomas Gray, the poet of the *Elegy*, who was as far north as the entrance to the Pass of Killiecrankie in 1765, said that since he had seen the Alps he had seen nothing sublime until now. Interest in the 'northern savages' had been growing since the Forty-five, as Professor Knight points out; the controversy connected with Macpherson's Ossian poems had divided literary circles and sustained the interest. This last no doubt helped Dr Johnson to decide on his journey to the Hebrides in 1773, at the age of sixty-four. Perhaps he could do

something to extinguish Macpherson and his forgeries. Young Leyden, with an open mind, albeit slightly sceptical, wherever he was, wet or dry, tired and hungry, never forgot this quest, and cross-questioned every likely person as to the Ossian fragments, although he was sadly handicapped at first in regard to the Gaelic language. William Wordsworth and his sister Dora, with Coleridge, started one August afternoon in 1803 from Keswick in an Irish car. They did the Lowlands and Highlands very well, getting as far north as Blair-Atholl. Coleridge, who was ill at ease and in the dumps most of the way, and whose word, therefore, should not have undue weight, left them at Loch Lomond. He said the finest things in Scotland were Edinburgh, the antechamber of the Fall of Foyers, the Trossachs, and a distant view of the Hebrides, which he does not localise.

Leyden during his tour, between 14th July and 1st October, saw more of a kind than all the travellers we have mentioned, in that mind and body were continually in active exercise. He nearly perished in a boat off Lismore, when he sang 'Lochaber no more,' and made the Gaelic-speaking boatmen think they had the devil on board. He explored caves and discovered bones, got drenched in peat-bogs and below cascades and from creeping mountain mists, and was more than once given over as lost. The man who walked from Oban and back, a distance of fifteen miles, and climbed Ben Cruachan, was not likely to stick at anything. The ascents of Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis were mere incidents in the journey. A letter to Scott gives one a creepy feeling as he describes how narrowly he escaped being dashed over various precipices. Had Thomas Campbell read Leyden's journal, the poet, who never liked him, might have justified his own saying when he heard he was going abroad: 'When Leyden comes back from India, what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!' The journal was well worth reproduction, and is a genuinely human document, with the robust and independent character of the writer stamped on every line.

The most diligent search has failed to reveal anything regarding the personality of the two young German noblemen who accompanied Leyden. In fact, it is just here, where James Boswell is strongest, in the apparently petty and unimportant details of the journey, that Leyden fails. There are a hundred things in regard to manners, customs, food, and methods of travel that would be of great interest now. The poet, the student, the eager searcher after traditional fragments of poetry and story, dominates the traveller. One is thankful that Mr Sinton has given, although only in a note at the end, one solitary glimpse of the three travellers, from the pen of the Hon. Mrs Sarah Murray, who also wrote of the beauties of Scotland, and met Leyden and his companions at Loch Katrine. The few sentences are worth quoting: 'My friend and I had not walked a hundred yards on Loch Catherine's side, before

we saw behind us three active pedestrians skipping amongst the rocks, with hammers in their hands, striking here and there for curiosities. It was not long before they joined us; and, like sojourners in a distant land, we greeted each other with pleasure and freedom. The eldest [Leyden] was a clergyman, accompanying two sprightly youths through the Highlands. They had a horse for their baggage, and one between the three gentlemen to ride on alternately. The youngest had thus early in his journey gotten his foot sadly cut by scrambling amongst the rocks; but his ardent spirit made him think lightly of his wound.' We may feel sure that Leyden would not coddle him either.

The method of progression through the Highlands adopted by Leyden and his young friends, on foot, on horseback, and by chaise when the roads permitted, somewhat approaches the way of travelling recommended by Hazlitt and R. L. Stevenson in their discursive essays on walking tours. Alexander Smith, in his delightful *Summer in Skye*, is in sympathy both in method and spirit with these writers. The same literary results might not have been achieved in these days when there is a swifter connection by rail, coach, or steamer with most places that they visited. The impressions of the Highlands received by Scott, Gray, William and Dora Wordsworth, and Leyden were gathered in the pre-railway and tourist days, when places and people had not been overdescribed, if described at all. Ruskin, too, obtained his first impressions of Scotland in driving tours with his father. Now the impressions are more fleeting and evanescent. We might not have had Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl,' 'Stepping Westward,' and much else under modern conditions.

The narrative of the journey begins at Edinburgh, when the travellers struck north-west by Linlithgow, Falkirk, and Stirling for the central and west Highlands; in time they worked their way to Inverness; the weather prevented their entering Ross-shire. Then they journeyed eastward to Aberdeen, doing Deeside as far as Braemar. They came south by the Spittal of Glenshee, and coming on to Dunkeld, saw the Blair-Atholl and Loch Tay districts before coming south to Perth and Kinross, where the narrative ends.

Between Edinburgh and Linlithgow Leyden saw little to remark save Niddry Castle, on the estate of the Marquis of Linlithgow, which, although he does not say so, is memorable as the place whither Lord Seton conducted Queen Mary on the night of her escape from Lochleven Castle, 2nd May 1568. The picturesque details will be found in Scott's *Abbot*; but it is curious that the author leaves the crossing of the Firth of Forth, no small undertaking in the darkness, entirely to the imagination of the reader. Falkirk is described as inferior to Linlithgow in regularity, and needing a castle in order to compare with that town in respectability. The travellers did not remain long enough here to get impressions of this historically interesting district. At this point

the Roman Wall of Antoninus spans Scotland at its narrowest part between Bo'ness on the Forth and Kilpatrick on the Clyde. The curious beehive-shaped building near Carron known as Arthur's O'on had been destroyed some time before their visit, and the stones used by the proprietor for a dam on the Carron river. Here, too, was the scene of the battle between the Scottish forces, led by Sir William Wallace, and Edward I. in 1298. Hawley's dragoons were defeated by Prince Charles Edward at Bantaskine in 1746. Falkirk is now one of the most progressive burghs in the east of Scotland. It was the inception of Carron Works in 1760 by Dr John Roebuck (grandfather of the late J. Arthur Roebuck, M.P.) and his partners that laid the foundations of the prosperity of Falkirk, which has now two dozen foundries in and around the place, and is the chief centre of the light casting trade in Scotland. Now some six thousand people are employed in all the branches of the Carron Works, and some fifteen hundred tons of pig-iron are smelted weekly. The famous carronades ceased to be made about the middle of last century. Dr Roebuck befriended James Watt; and at his residence, Kinneil House, near Bo'ness, Watt made the working model of his pumping-engine. Less than two years after Leyden's visit William Symington made his important experiments in steam navigation under the patronage of Lord Dundas on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Our travellers, like Burns, only saw the smoke and flame of Carron foundries, and were never inside, but were indebted to Mr Cadell of Carron Park for an introduction to Kinnaird House, close by, the former residence of Abyssinian Bruce. The museum there, with its hundreds of curiosities gathered in foreign travel, was exactly to Leyden's mind, especially the Abyssinian manuscripts. We find him afterwards asking for a sight of his journal, ere he embarked for India in 1803, in order to read the catalogue of the contents of the museum, mainly on account of the manuscripts. These are now scattered, and a new house has been built at Kinnaird. The remains of James Bruce rest under a very dilapidated tomb in Larbert churchyard. Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, one of the most eminent divines in the reign of James VI., is also buried in Larbert churchyard.

The sight of the field of Bannockburn roused Leyden to such a pitch of patriotism 'that had an Englishman presented himself,' he says, 'I should have felt strongly inclined to knock him down.' At Ochertyre, near Stirling, the mansion of John Ramsay, the friend of Burns and Scott, they were hospitably entertained, and a walk by the Forth was enlivened by much talk on Scottish songs and literature, and on Ossian's poems. At Blair-Drummond they saw the water-wheel at work which helped to reclaim a large alluvial tract of fifteen hundred acres of land, then a peat-bog. To Leyden's eyes Callander had a striking resemblance to Copshawholm, which, it should have been explained, is the Border town of Newcastleton on the Liddel.

Walter Scott was in this region fourteen years before Leyden, but did not begin to give to the world his matchless impressions and idealisations in poetry and prose until the very year of our traveller's death. Yet here set down in Leyden's journal, in the freshness of youth and hope and first impression, we have pictures of Lochs Vennachar and Achray, the Trossachs Pass, Loch Katrine, the ascent of Ben Lomond and the view from the top, as well as the ascent of Ben Cruachan and Ben Nevis, and many a wayward adventurous bit of climbing and research done by the way. Leyden picked up the legend of the Water Horse at Loch Vennachar, one of whose exploits had been his carrying fifteen children, who had broken Pace-Sunday, into the loch. The horse was brown in colour, and could speak; the motion of its body agitated the lake with prodigious waves, and it only emerged in the hottest midday to the bank.

The travellers passed from Loch Katrine through the region which now furnishes a water-supply for Glasgow, and halted at Tarbet on Loch Lomond. The view from Ben Lomond Leyden found surprisingly beautiful. 'The eastern shore,' he says, 'displays a waving, undulated outline, while the western is steep and little indented. The lake shone like silver in the beams of the sun, and was beautifully diversified with numerous islands, green and covered with wood.' He saw a wonderful phenomenon, too, when the columns of white mist 'descended rapidly in all directions through the defiles of the mountains, and, closing in an immense ocean like the waves of the Red Sea round the Israelites, left for a time the tops of the hills swimming like islands in the obscure white, and these were soon enveloped in total obscurity.' As they passed Loch Long the herring-fishery was in progress, an industry that is now extinct there. At Inveraray they dined with the Duke of Argyll, Sir John MacGregor Murray being one of the guests. From a letter elsewhere to Archibald Constable, we learn that Leyden had the Duke's permission to examine his old books; but this permission was rendered useless by the absence of the steward, who had the key. They saw all and a great deal more than the ordinary tourist now sees under easier conditions when they travelled past Loch Awe and reached Oban. They visited Dunolly Castle and Dunstaffnage; and when they were on Mull, the huts of the peasants seemed the most deplorable of any that they had yet seen, with some of the doors hardly four feet high, the walls of sods, and the smoke issuing by the door. Hence the houses looked squalid and disagreeable. Potatoes and fish were the chief food of the peasantry. Staffa was visited, and Iona, in the 'dead calm of the most sickening heat.' Leyden thought that in minute finishing and 'elegance of fitterwork,' Melrose Abbey infinitely excelled every ruin which he had seen. The sight of the ruins filled him with melancholy feelings as he thought of their ancient grandeur. The inhabitants of Staffa as the travellers landed were kelp-making,

the kelp then being worth twelve guineas a ton; at ordinary seasons only five guineas. He noticed that 'in many places the distillation of whisky presents an irresistible temptation to the poorer classes, as the boll of barley, which costs thirty shillings, produces by this process, when the whisky is smuggled, between five and six guineas.' Hence the fish and potato diet in Islay and Tiree owing to the scarcity of grain. On Lismore he had many conversations with the Rev. Donald MacNicol regarding Ossian's poems, in favour of the authenticity of which he was almost a convert. He read MacNicol's remarks on Dr Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*, and told Constable that it might answer his purpose to reprint them.

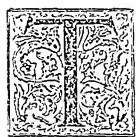
We can hardly follow the wanderings of our tourists through Glencoe, in Moidart, in Skye, on the island of Eigg, on to Inverness. Not the least hardship of our early travellers was to arrive at some wretched inn and find that there were neither bread nor potatoes to be had, after fasting for twenty-nine hours. Possibly Leyden was slightly prejudiced when he said that in its ordinary state the Spey is not superior to the Tweed; and while he feared the scenery of the Lowlands would prove insipid to him on his return, 'yet, after all the scenes of the Highlands,' he says, 'the Tweed and the Teviot still make a very respectable figure in my recollection.' Besides this narrative and the beautiful ballad of the 'Mermaid of Corrieveikin,' another literary result of this tour was his acquaintanceship with Dr Beattie while he was in Aberdeen,

who permitted him to transcribe *Albania*, a poem in praise of Scotland, for publication.

The issue of the journal of this tour has raised the question as to the prototype of 'Dominie Sampson' in *Guy Mannering*. There are those who contend that John Leyden furnished part of the portrait at least. That may be so. J. G. Lockhart's suggestion is that George Thomson, librarian to Sir Walter Scott, and tutor to his children, was the man. Thomson, who had a wooden leg, was tall and athletic, and once walked all the way from Edinburgh to Galashiels, climbed the Eildon Hills, and then spent the evening with a party of ladies. The Rev. James Sanson, once minister at Leadhills and Teviothead, has also been mentioned. The truth may be that Scott worked characteristics of these men into the portrait, and that no single individual sat for it. That Leyden so frequently used the word 'prodigious' in his tour is not proof enough that he was the original. As he appeared perched on a ladder in Constable's shop devouring folios or octavos, Leyden's conduct was suggestive of the Dominie; but that was only a small part of the character of Leyden, as his journal makes evident, for it shows his incessant alertness and eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge, and a brave and adventurous spirit. Once when ill, and told by the doctor that he must rest or he would die, he replied, 'Very well, doctor; you have done your duty, but you must now hear me. *I cannot be idle*, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last.' And it did.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER V.—THE CHASE.



THE next morning I was up betimes, and commenced a most diligent search for arms and papers, exploring the Hall room by room until it seemed as though every nook and corner had been most carefully examined. Yet, in spite of our pains, we found nothing but a few muskets and swords and pistols, such as any gentleman might have in his possession without arousing suspicion. As for the secret passage, we met with no proof of its existence. The servants, though they sulkily admitted that Mistress Dorothy was in the Hall at the time of our arrival, declared that they had never heard of such a passage, and for their part did not believe there was one.

In the meantime there was no word from Jacob Watkins, so that as the hours went by I became most restless and impatient, fearing that the man had played me false, and that I should cut a sorry figure in the eyes of the Protector when I came to give an account of my proceedings. The horses stood ready saddled for instant use, and again and again I was on the point of ordering the men to

mount and ride forth in the pursuit of Montague. But, after having waited so long, it seemed folly to do so, for if Jacob had indeed played the traitor I had little doubt that Montague was by this time far beyond my reach. There was naught to do but to wait with such patience as I could until I heard from Jacob or obtained certain proofs of his treachery.

Weary of my fruitless efforts, I had abandoned the search for the time being, and was pacing restlessly to and fro when I happened to glance out of the window, and saw a boy running swiftly towards the Hall. He ran as one in extreme haste, and seemed ever and anon to glance behind him, as though fearful of being pursued. In a few moments he was at the door, and presently Corporal Flint came hurriedly in.

'Well?' said I impatiently.

'Tis a boy with a message from Jacob Watkins, sir. He will deliver it to none but you.'

'Admit him instantly.'

The corporal put his head outside the door.

'Come hither,' said he.

The boy at once stepped inside, breathless and

somewhat abashed, but with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

'You come from Jacob Watkins?' I asked.

'If it please you, sir.'

'Well, well, what message do you bring?'

He fumbled in his pouch, and produced a scrap of paper. The following words were scrawled upon it in a vile handwriting:

'He whom you seek is here, at Poplar House, with Mistress Dorothy. If you would take him ride hither without an instant's delay.'

'Corporal,' I exclaimed joyfully, buckling on my sword, 'we must mount and ride. Or, stay—'twould be most unwise to leave the Hall unguarded. You will remain with two or three of the troopers; but bid the rest get to horse instantly. I think the game is near an end, and that one you wot of will be in our hands ere nightfall. Away with you, man. There is not a moment to be lost.'

I was following him out of the room when the boy's eye, wistful, expectant, reproachful, caught mine. I was in so merry a mood that I laughed outright.

'Ha, ha! I had forgot,' I exclaimed. 'There's for you, my brave little man.'

I thrust my hand in my pouch, and flung him the first coin my fingers touched. It was a piece of gold, and the lad's eyes flashed brighter than the coin as he caught it.

In another moment I was outside, with my foot in the stirrup.

'Farewell, corporal,' said I. 'I doubt not we shall bring you a guest when we return. See that you have all ready for his reception.'

The corporal smiled sourly.

'Let not him that putteth his armour on boast as he that'—he began; but I swung into the saddle with a laugh, and clattered away.

Off we went, down the avenue, past the gates, and out on the high-road, spurs and scabbards jingling merrily, headpieces and breastplates flashing in the sun. I knew from Jacob's message that it was a time for speed and not for secrecy. In broad daylight there was little hope of stealthily surrounding our quarry and catching him unawares. The neigh of a horse, the flash of a helmet, and he would be off like a fox to its lair. We must trust to our horses' legs to coming upon him with a rush ere he had time to get out of sight.

The house stood on level and open country, and as soon as we were past the wood that surrounded the Hall it would be well-nigh impossible for him to get away without being seen even if he were warned of our approach. Once he was in sight, we could hunt him down, following ruthlessly at his heels like hounds on the trail of a deer. For my part, I had no doubt that we had him safe as a bird in a net, and my heart beat high at the thought. It stung me to the quick to think that this swaggering gallant should be hand-in-glove with Dorothy, dragging her, an innocent, impulsive child, into schemes that could but end in ruin and disgrace,

and it might well be still more tragically. Moreover, my vanity was wounded by the ease with which he had previously slipped through my fingers, and I could not restrain my joy at the thought of turning the tables upon him.

Not a living thing was in sight until we swept round a clump of trees within a few hundred yards of the gates of Poplar House, which opened on to the high-road, and there—I ground my teeth with rage at the sight—stood Colonel Montague and Mistress Dorothy. He held the rein of his horse, which lifted up its head and neighed at our approach. Though I had never felt such a passion of anger against the man, I could not but admire his utter coolness and unconcern. He glanced up at us, and then turned indifferently away, shook hands with Dorothy, deliberately swung into the saddle, took off his plumed hat with a sweeping bow, half-reined in to wave his hand once more to her, and then cantered away in front of us. It was not until he had gone some fifty yards that he put spurs to his horse and broke into a gallop, so great was the man's love of bravado, and—I will own it—contempt of danger.

I never so much as glanced at Dorothy as I went past her. My heart was hot with anger that she should treat me with such bitterness, and make a friend and comrade of one like Montague, who was no fit companion for an honourable man, let alone a young and innocent girl. Moreover, I had no time for dallying. Our horses were somewhat blown by the swift gallop from the Hall, and I saw that if we took not great heed Montague might still slip through our fingers. His own horse could not have been very fresh, or he would have ridden away from us. As it was he gained but little, and after we had gone some few hundred yards not at all. With every bound of the good black charger I bestrode I grew more confident; and, wishing to take him alive, I ordered the men not to fire, though he was near enough for a pistol bullet to disable him.

So he went on, neither gaining nor losing ground for the best part of a mile. We had got out of the open country, and were once more among woods and lanes. That, of course, improved his chances of escape; but we were so close on his heels that I did not think it possible for him to get out of sight and hearing. Still, with so crafty a fugitive, I thought it well to risk nothing.

'We must close upon him,' I cried. 'Ride for your lives, men, or he will be among the woods.'

I was well in front, for my horse was fleetlier than any of the rest, and I half-turned in my saddle to urge on the troopers behind me. To my wrath and chagrin, I saw there were but two or three within call, the remainder straggling far in the rear. We had been going at no great pace, and at the moment I could not understand why they should lag so far behind; but the time came when I did.

We had come to the top of a steep, hedge-bordered lane that ran down into a shallow river. I knew the road beyond turned and twisted like a snake through thick woods, and that if Montague reached it safely he might still give us the slip. He knew it too, for he glanced over his shoulder, and waved his hand with a mocking laugh, and I saw his white teeth gleam in the level rays of the evening sun. Then he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides and went down the slope like a bird on the wing.

But he laughed too soon. Swift as a deer, sure-footed as a goat, with never a trip or a stumble, my charger, in answer to voice and spur, went thundering down the slope, and at so incredible a speed that I could scarce see or breathe, the black mane flying about my face, the wind roaring in my ears. I was within a dozen yards of him, sword in hand to cut him down if he refused to surrender, when his horse splashed into the stream. To this day I shame to tell what followed, for I think that neither age nor experience, temporal or spiritual, can ever wholly stifle the promptings of vanity. With a dexterous wrench of the reins, he darted on one side, plucked a pistol from his holsters, and held in his snorting, rearing horse, while I, unable to stop myself, went flying past him.

It is easy to understand what followed. He pulled the trigger as I flew by; and my gallant charger, with a bullet through its heart, fell with a mighty splash into the stream, and I along with it. Two of the troopers were galloping down the slope, or that would have been my last hour. As I lay there, half-stunned, choking and gasping in the stream, he rode over me. It was by God's infinite mercy that my brains were not dashed out by his horse's hoofs. And as he went by he fired a second pistol, and the bullet grazed my head. Then he rode on with a shout of triumph, and disappeared in the woods.

One of the troopers leapt from his horse and assisted me to rise, while the other pursued Montague. I was bruised, bleeding, bewildered, well-nigh beside myself with rage and mortification, and—I shame not to confess it—with grief for the noble animal that had carried me so gallantly at the battle of Dunbar and through the bloody streets of Worcester, and had ever been to me a most faithful and affectionate friend.

Had I not been so distracted I would have noticed with what deliberation the rest of the troopers were cantering down the slope; but I had good reason to remember it later. The moment my head cleared and I knew what I was about, I picked up my sword and bade the trooper help me on his horse, and I went splashing through the stream, up the opposite bank, and along the winding road beyond. If the other man had brought Montague to bay I told myself that it should go ill with him, for my blood boiled as I thought of the death of my charger and of his brutal attempt

to trample upon me and shoot me as I lay helpless in the stream.

But I had not gone a score of yards when I heard the loud trampling of hoofs, and presently round a sharp bend of the road came a riderless horse that swept past me ere I could make an effort to stop it. Then I knew but too well what had happened. A hundred yards farther I found the trooper lying on the road, with a sword-wound through the body. He was still breathing when I found him; but as I knelt beside him and took his hand in mine—for I had a great liking for the young man—he gave me a pitiful glance, and so passed away. As for Colonel Montague, he had entirely disappeared; and, several roads meeting at this spot, each running through the wood, and the sun being already on the verge of the horizon, I knew that all farther pursuit would be useless, though I ordered it to be made. The other troopers, who had by this time overtaken me, set about it with a great show of zeal; but we might as well have tried to catch a rabbit among sandhills honeycombed with burrows. Once more he had foiled me and escaped when he seemed to be within my very grasp.

Slowly and sadly we rode back again, carrying our dead with us. At the stream I halted for a moment, and gave a few coins to some rustics who were standing on the bank gazing open-mouthed at my charger, and bade them see that he was decently buried, and that the saddle and bridle were carried to the Hall. Then we went on, a sober and silent company, I, for one, musing upon the brevity and uncertainty of life. But a few minutes before I myself had been within a hair's breadth of death, and the poor youth whose body we bore along with us—a most brave and loyal comrade, who had ridden forth with a light heart and a merry jest—had been cut down in the very flower of early manhood. Truly it was a warning to be up and doing, to perform my duty without fear or favour while yet it lay within my power to do so. And that which should first be done, if God saw fit to grant me the opportunity, was to call the man Montague to account for the deed he had done that day. Until that was accomplished I felt that I should enjoy no rest or peace of mind. I already began to regret that I had not dealt with him on that unhappy day when I fought Frank in the wood, and, as will presently be seen, I had still more cause to regret it ere he came again within reach of my sword.

As we approached the Hall Corporal Flint appeared at the door with a very gloomy countenance. 'Well,' said I curtly, 'we have fared ill, corporal.'

'Even so,' said he, with a shake of the head. I knew very well that he meant that he had never expected anything else, and that had he been with us things would have gone very differently; but I was in no mood to bandy words with him, and so strode past him and into my chamber with a sad and heavy heart.

K I S M E T.

INCIDENTS IN THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

By LEWIS GOLDING.



DURING the memorable siege of Ladysmith, which lasted four months, hardly a day passed on which the beleaguered garrison and the civilian population did not hear of some providential hairbreadth escape or of a death or mutilation in which the inexorable hand of fate could be discerned. As some thousands of shells, large and small, were fired into the town during the bombardment, the instances of narrow escapes were innumerable; and so, alas! were those of misadventure. The following incidents, of which the writer has personal knowledge, are especially worthy of mention.

Dr X., who, by the way, was a rabid pro-Boer, landed in South Africa just after the declaration of war. On his arrival at Durban he made his way up to Ladysmith, being anxious to be as close as possible to the sphere of operations. In October 1899 the town was invested by the enemy, and Dr X. was shut up with the remainder of the civil population. Hearing that General Joubert had threatened to shell the town unless the garrison immediately surrendered, he industriously set to work and made a bomb-proof 'dug-out' in the bed of the river. For a fortnight he occupied his burrow, persistently refusing to vacate it day or night. But Fate is never balked of her prey. Having observed that the Boer gunners did not fire on the Sabbath, and being wearied to death by his damp, underground habitation, he plucked up courage to sally out one Sunday morning, and strolled down the town to the Royal Hotel. Here he had breakfast, and was just stepping out of the front-door into the street, intending to return without delay to his shelter in the river-bed, when a huge ninety-six-pound shell fired from Bulwan crashed through the building into the dining-room, which Dr X. had just vacated, and burst under his very feet. He was horribly mutilated, and succumbed within an hour. This was the only projectile fired by the enemy that day, and it was one of the very rare occasions during the siege that the Boers, forgetting their puritanical observance of the Lord's Day, desecrated it by shell-fire. Who dare say that the whole affair was a mere coincidence, and that there was nothing more potential than chance at work?

Tommy Atkins is, all the world over, a confirmed fatalist; so that when I heard a number of Gordon Highlanders, who were watching the deft fingers of a surgeon as he bandaged the torn and bleeding stumps of a little Zulu lad who had been struck, making use of the strange expression, 'He ran to meet his fate,' I was not astonished. On inquiry I found that the *umfaan* was busy cooking his morning *pollish* (porridge) just outside the High-

landers' lines, when 'Long Tom' on Bulwan Hill vomited into the still air a cloud of white, sulphurous smoke. A few seconds later the native lad, hearing the whistling of the approaching shell, took fright and dashed for cover under a neighbouring bullock-wagon. Passing the position just vacated by the boy, the huge missile fell under the wagon and burst with a deafening explosion within a foot of the child. Both his legs were smashed to a pulp. It is obvious that had the Kaffir boy remained where he was originally when the gun was fired, instead of running away, he would probably be alive and well now.

At times apparently the most insignificant actions have the effect of altering the whole course of one's life. The truth of this is fully illustrated by the following incident which occurred late in the siege. Whilst at lunch in their mess-hut, which was protected by sand-bags, certain officers were engaged in a heated discussion. In anger, one of the officers rose from the table and hastily left the hut. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when a shell came hissing through the air and pitched on the roof of the hut. Penetrating the insufficiently protected roof, the shell fell and exploded in the centre of the group of officers, killing or mortally wounding every one of them. The officer who a moment before had gone out of the hut did not receive the slightest injury!

The camp of that famous irregular corps, the Imperial Light Horse, was situated in a very exposed position in full view of the enemy's Creusôt gun on Bulwan Hill, and in consequence received a good deal more attention from 'Long Tom' than fell to the lot of better-concealed camps; but fortunately the huge cloud of blue-white smoke which issued from 'Long Tom's' muzzle when he spoke gave a good ten to twelve seconds' warning that an iron messenger was approaching. As there was no object to be gained by sitting still and being shelled, unable to reply to it, the men were instructed, on hearing the whistle blown by a lookout man, to run to cover in the adjacent river-bed. One of the troopers, more foolhardy than his comrades, persisted in remaining behind in his bivouac, though repeatedly told that he was not considered a bit the braver for such rashness. One morning, however, for no particular reason, on hearing the warning whistle, he rushed off with his comrades to cover. His feelings of thankfulness and wonder may be better imagined than described when, on emerging from shelter, he saw that his bivouac and belongings had been blown into shreds. Taking this as a direct interposition of Providence, that man was less foolhardy while the bombardment lasted.

Like every one else shut up in Ladysmith, the writer had at times several 'close shaves,' to use a colloquialism. One instance in particular is perhaps worthy of mention. As he was riding down a side-street leading into the main thoroughfare a shell crashed into the porch of the English church. Crossing the street, he drew up a few yards from the curb and sat looking on, and for a few moments considered whether it was worth his while to dismount and view the damaged edifice at closer quarters, as a little knot of people were doing. He decided to remain where he was; but a second later, impelled by a power he could not resist, he advanced

his horse up to the curb-stone, dismounted, and walked up to the ruins. Simultaneously a second shell from Pepworth Range was fired, and exploded on the exact spot where a few moments earlier he had sat on horseback. On looking round, after the explosion of the shell, the horse was not to be seen; but on inquiry he found that the animal was uninjured, and had only galloped away in mad terror. When the trembling horse was captured it was found that the saddle was slit from pommel to cantle, evidently by a fragment of shell. Had the owner then occupied the saddle his death would have been inevitable.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER IV.



FEW minutes afterwards a small party set out for the local police-station. Lord Cumberwell walked between a watchful householder and an equally watchful constable.

He had demanded a cab, but as he had nothing wherewith to pay for it, his demand had been ignominiously refused. It was now quite late, however, and the streets of that modest suburb were practically deserted. Undisturbed by the attentions of any curious foot-passengers, he tried to give his thoughts to a survey of the position.

This was a difficult matter. The events which had brought him to this pass had been so natural in one sense, yet so extraordinary in another, and the situation in which he stood was so painful and yet so ridiculous, that he scarcely knew how to regard it. Indignation and rage were succeeded by a strong sense of the absurdity of things, mingled with a vague perception of some possible consequences. If this affair got into the papers it might prove more serious for him than a premature publication of State secrets. It would be received with universal laughter; it would be exaggerated and misstated in every possible way; it would subject him to the banter of the whole nation. It would probably bring about his sudden retirement from public life.

Here was a suggestive comment upon his bright visions of that very afternoon. Well, the only thing to be done was to wait, and to make the best of it. Surely the business could not go much further in its present ridiculous course. As soon as he came face to face with the inspector all would come straight again; but he must, above all, try to keep the matter hidden from the world at large.

As for the lost document, it had receded into the background for the time. It was probably in Fleet Street by now; but he could not help it. There was something else to think of!

When they reached the station they passed into a room where two police-clerks were engaged at their desks. In a few moments the inspector made

his appearance, a sharp, severe-looking officer, whose brief manner was anything but encouraging. He gave the group a quick, comprehensive glance, paying special attention to the prisoner. The Earl tried to look dignified, forgetting the baneful influence of Mr Lombard's hat.

The inspector did not recognise him, and it gave Lord Cumberwell some sense of humility to reflect that through his whole adventure no one had guessed who he was. The Minister of State might have been a dustman for all that the people of London knew. As a matter of fact, however, there were many excuses for the blindness of the inspector and those about him; for, instead of the dignified and clean-cut nobleman known to the House of Lords, the clubs, and the illustrated papers, they saw only a guilty-looking person attired in a frock-coat that was sadly worn and ancient, and wearing a hideously unsuitable selection in hats. As for the face, Lord Cumberwell had nothing remarkable to show in that direction, while he affected neither a heavy stoop like the late Premier, a monocle like the chief Unionist leader, nor an unmistakable collar like that great Commoner who had lately died. In short, there was nothing at all in his person to render him a favourite with the cartoonists and a familiar figure to the public eye. So the inspector, after one long look, turned to the others and asked for the story.

It was given plainly enough, the constable speaking first and laying emphasis upon the fact that the prisoner, when arrested, had indulged in profanity. Then the householder, James Ellis by name, gave an account of what had happened previously.

In this account Lord Cumberwell saw arrayed against him an appalling mass of evidence. He had, it seemed, followed Mrs Ellis into an omnibus, and had immediately begun to annoy her by a prolonged and impudent scrutiny, paying special attention to the little hand-bag she carried. Her natural suspicion became alarm when he left the omnibus at the same corner, and followed her homewards; but alarm had changed to panic when he

had addressed her from behind. She had immediately broken into a run, reaching her house at last in an exhausted condition. The prisoner, taking advantage of the open door, had stepped into the house and concealed himself in a front-room. There he had been discovered later, holding in his hand the bag which contained Mrs Ellis's purse; and he had failed to account for his conduct except by a story which was absurd and false in every particular.

Such was the plain and straightforward narrative of Mr Ellis. When the Earl heard the last words his anger returned. It would have been better if he had kept his temper; but it was not in him to hear such a charge without indignation. He protested therefore, and soon found himself in further difficulties.

'My story was quite true,' he cried angrily. 'It was true from beginning to end. I can explain everything. I mistook this woman for one who had called at my house this evening, and had failed to see me. She bore a letter which I wanted, so I followed her directly she had gone. I must have lost sight of the proper person, and mistaken this man's wife for her.'

The inspector listened without emotion. When he had considered the matter he put a sudden question:

'Where is your house?'

It was most unfortunate. The answer was upon Lord Cumberwell's lips; but he held it back. If he gave it, his hopes of secrecy would be destroyed in one word. And while he hesitated, the face of the inspector hardened.

'Where is your house?' he repeated briefly.

The Earl recovered himself. 'Give me a word privately,' he said in the most dignified manner he could assume. 'I have no objection to telling you; but I do not wish this ridiculous affair to become public property.'

There was a pause. The police clerks winked at each other and smiled. Perhaps they had heard similar appeals before. Mr Ellis then made an observation in a sarcastic tone.

'He will tell you privately, inspector. No doubt he will also tell you privately why he hid himself in my house instead of knocking at the front-door, like any ordinary man!'

That was an effective thrust. The inspector looked at Lord Cumberwell with a kind of grim inquiry. 'Answer that if you can,' his look seemed to say; and Lord Cumberwell saw that he could not answer it. To say that he had slipped into the house to avoid the policeman would make an ugly case look still uglier.

'I can explain,' he repeated, 'if you will give me a moment in private.'

But the inspector, without reply, turned to a desk, and began, apparently, to make notes of the charge. Lord Cumberwell, glaring upon those around him, strove to keep his rage under control. He saw that in this lay his only hope of evading the

toils which seemed to be closing about his feet. Striving to calm himself, he waited for another opportunity.

'What is your name?' asked the inspector suddenly.

'I am ready to tell you in private,' answered the Earl after a brief pause.

'And you still refuse your address?'

'I have told you already that I do not refuse it, sir.'

These replies were given with a great attempt to be firm yet courteous; but the smiles of the company were painfully apparent. Lord Cumberwell felt rather than saw them, and tried to remember who he really was—a Minister of State, whose name was almost a household word in the country; and all this was taking place within a mile or two of his own house! It was worse than an absurdity—it was an outrage. Drawing himself to his full height, he said to the officer:

'Let me warn you, sir, that you are doing a foolish thing. Having refused me an opportunity to explain, you must be responsible for any consequences, however serious. Let me ask you to do one thing before it goes too far. Let me send for some one who will answer for me and whose word will satisfy you.'

The inspector gave no answer for a moment, and appeared to take no notice of the words. But when he had finished the sheet he showed that he had been considering them. Perhaps the prisoner's insistence had impressed him, though the case against the man was a perfectly clear one.

'Well,' he said curtly, 'who is the person you speak of?'

The Earl considered rapidly. It was his first impulse to send for his secretary, who would probably still be found at Baynton Square. He saw, however, that this step would be fatal to his desire for secrecy, for if Mr Lombard were named everything must come out. He tried to think of some one else, and immediately remembered a close personal friend, who was also one of his colleagues in the Government. This was a man who would do perfectly, and whose very name ought to be a sufficient guarantee for any one. He was also so prudent, so imperturbable, that no surprise, no ridiculous discovery, would have power to disturb his equanimity or move him to utter a word of astonishment. He would come at once, and he would not let the secret escape.

'The person I speak of,' he said calmly, 'is the Marquis of Leyshon. His house is in St James's Gardens.'

His words created a sensation. Even the inspector was amazed.

'The Marquis of Leyshon!' he echoed.

'The Minister for War!' added Mr Ellis.

'Yes,' said Lord Cumberwell, 'the Minister for War.'

There was a silence, and then the sensation had passed. Mr Ellis smiled oddly, and the police-

clerks bent over their work. They were beginning to see that this prisoner provided an interesting case, but that he was now going into the clouds. This was too much!

But as soon as the inspector had given the matter a moment's consideration he appeared to see it in a different light. He gave Lord Cumberwell what may be described as one of his official glances, keen, quick, and searching. Somehow he could not conceal the fact that he was impressed, and his next remark confirmed this. The tone was even thoughtful and considerate.

'I think,' he said, 'that I must consult some one else. Please take seats and wait. I shall be back in five minutes.'

He signed to the policeman, and whispered a few words to him at the door; then he went out, leaving the man standing where they had spoken. The police-clerks turned to glance at the Earl with renewed interest, Mr Ellis with some surprise. This turn in events had taken them aback.

Lord Cumberwell, however, was filled with relief. He took a seat with his back to Mr Ellis, and congratulated himself. This awful affair was closing at last; he had been exceedingly lucky to think of Lord Leyshon. The inspector had changed his tone at once, and even the constable, from his place at the door, seemed to regard his late captive with something like respect, something like apprehension. Well, they had been very stupid, very discourteous; but the affair had been a horrible misunderstanding from the first. There was some excuse for them.

He waited impatiently, wondering whom the inspector had gone to consult. Perhaps it was a superior residing in the neighbourhood—perhaps a magistrate. Then he began to think of the lost document again. Somehow recent incidents had minimised the seriousness of his loss, and he could regard it more reasonably. Perhaps the paper was now in the hands of the police, or perhaps the Scotland Yard man had been right after all. In any case, the chances seemed now to be all in his favour. He could hope that the thing was really lost, and that it would not reappear. In three days his *coup* would be made, and he could afford to laugh at every one.

At that point he really did laugh, to the amazement of all around him. Then he recollected his position, and looked up. The policeman at the door was gazing at him with visible apprehension, and the others with surprise. He sobered down immediately.

Just then the inspector returned with a companion. The policeman whispered to him as he came in, glancing sideways at the Earl. The inspector nodded meaningly.

His companion was an elderly gentleman of benign and cultured appearance. The Earl decided at once that he was a local magistrate, and prepared for a gentle examination. He rose to meet the stranger.

'Good-evening,' said the elderly gentleman pleasantly.

'Good-evening,' said the Earl with dignity.

'I understand,' said the elderly gentleman, 'that there is—well, a little difficulty, and that you wish to have some one sent for—in fact, the Marquis of Leyshon.'

Lord Cumberwell inclined his head with increased graciousness. This person's scrutiny was as keen as the inspector's, but it was kindly, sympathetic, benevolent. There was a pause, while he seemed to be considering further questions.

'Unless I am mistaken,' he went on, in an almost confidential tone, 'the Marquis is a personal friend of yours?'

'He is,' answered Lord Cumberwell with some surprise.

'And I suppose,' said the elderly gentleman, 'that you are acquainted with other eminent personages—the Premier, for instance.'

Lord Cumberwell stared. The words had been spoken softly—so softly that they had scarcely been heard even by the inspector. They had been spoken with a certain meaning—he could see that by the look which accompanied them. Then what was their meaning?

It flashed upon him at once. This gentleman had recognised him, and that was the explanation. Being a magistrate, he was likely to be acquainted with the Minister's personal appearance, and he had known him immediately. Why, there was one London magistrate, Charleston, whom the Earl regarded as a personal friend, and this, no doubt, was just such a man as Charleston, keen, cultured, and, above all, prudent. As soon as he had recognised the prisoner he had grasped the whole absurd situation, and had perceived the need of caution. The Minister's name and station must not be revealed to the eager watchers about him, and he was acting, therefore, with a forethought and consideration entirely creditable to him.

The Earl could have embraced him. Never before, surely, had there been such an instance of the right man turning up at the right moment. He stepped back a pace or two, so that their talk should not be overheard, and signed to this new friend to follow; then, leaning forward, he laid an eager finger upon his sleeve.

'I believe,' he whispered, 'that you know who I am?'

The elderly gentleman's face showed complete understanding; he simply nodded.

'Thank Heaven for that!' said Lord Cumberwell earnestly. 'I am intensely relieved. You perceive that I have become implicated in a most ridiculous affair—most ridiculous. My only wish now is to escape from it without being recognised. You will respect my desire for secrecy?'

'Certainly, certainly,' answered the elderly gentleman. 'Most certainly!'

'Then I leave it to you,' said Lord Cumberwell. 'I am in your hands.'

That was enough. With a reassuring look the elderly gentleman turned back to the inspector, and conversed with him in whispers for several moments. The Earl waited in grateful expectation. Then the inspector left the room, and the stranger returned.

'There will be one or two formalities to arrange,' he whispered. 'But you need not wait here. Come away into another room.'

The inspector reappeared almost at once, and they followed him out. Lord Cumberwell, if he could have done so, would have shaken the dust of the office from his feet with joy and thanksgiving.

They passed down a stone corridor until they came to an open door. There the inspector drew back, as though to give precedence to the others. Lord Cumberwell, all naturally, passed on.

Then the door was closed quickly behind him, and he found himself alone. With a shock of enlightenment he heard the door locked and barred. He stared at the place in which he stood, and one look was enough.

The meaning of what had just occurred was suddenly terribly clear. He sprang to the door, and vainly tried to open it.

'Good heavens!' he cried. 'Let me out—I am the Earl of Cumberwell—I am not mad—I am a Minister of State! You shall pay for this. Good heavens!'

A crowning indignity had been laid upon him. His request for the presence of the Marquis of Leyshon had suggested to the inspector that he was a lunatic at large; and the room in which he stood was a police cell.

THE OLD FURNITURE RESTORER.



STENSIBLY he keeps the village inn. His name appears over the door in the orthodox black letters on a white ground as a licensed seller of beer and tobacco. It is a pleasant little inn, and in the garden behind there are some choice plants of the old-fashioned kind in which the landlord takes a good deal of pride; but the trade in beer and tobacco is not very brisk. They keep a gramophone at the 'Swan' at the other end of the village, and its seductive tones seem to have an attraction for the thirsty. Such customers as fall to the quieter tap of the 'Lion' are served by the landlady, an active, bustling body with some little contempt for the slow, niggling work which her husband puts into the old rubbish that she would consign to the flames. Not but what she admits that the money that the old things fetch is a welcome addition to the family purse. The old man is not contentious by nature, but he enjoys a moment of quiet triumph. 'She took on about an old chair I brought home the other night,' he tells you, after glancing round to see whether the good lady is within hearing. 'I gave five shillings for it. Well, it didn't look up to much, certainly; but I tell you what, sir, it was a genuine Cromwellian chair, and I never saw another of the same pattern.' Then, with a twinkle in his eye of self-conscious justification, he adds that two days later a passer-by looked in, saw the chair, and promptly gave him three guineas for it, and sent it across the Atlantic.

At the back of the inn the old furniture restorer has his workshop, and in a loft over the stable he keeps a miscellaneous store of old chairs, tables, and chests in a shocking state of dilapidation. To the outsider, at any rate, they look shabby enough; but I do not think the old man ever sees them as they are. Like the poet, he 'looks before and after.' He always seems to have before him a vision of what they have been and what they may be again.

'There is a beautiful old table,' he says to you; 'genuine Queen Anne.' Then he rubs his hand caressingly over a dusty table with a cracked top and but three worm-eaten legs. His enthusiasm is hardly catching at the moment; but see the table again in a week or two, and you will admit it looks for all the world as if it had been carefully preserved in the homes of a series of maiden ladies since the day it was made. No vulgar shine or French polish about it, but the rich, sober glow of mellow and self-respecting mahogany. The crack has magically disappeared, and you would need a microscope to find which was the added leg.

The old man is a great stickler for style. Anachronisms pain him as false quantities the classical scholar. His quick eye notes at once an error in date of the locks and handles of an old piece of furniture. 'You must let me take them off, sir,' he will say. 'You can't have them Chippendale handles on that Jacobean cabinet.' In old cigar-boxes at home he carefully treasures all odds and ends of 'furniture,' as such brass-work is called, and can generally lay his hand on a lock or hinge that is just right; but sometimes he has to fall back on the people who make them for the trade, though he groans over their prices. When the brass-work of an old piece of furniture is not missing, but only broken, it is a pleasure to see him cutting and filing out pieces to make the old work perfect instead of pulling it off and replacing it by anything, however inappropriate, that comes to hand, as so many of the dealers do. The inaccuracies of the dealers vex him terribly. 'Those fellows are so ignorant,' he will say. 'They'll take a Chippendale table and restore it with Sheraton legs.'

The dealers, on the other hand, have a very great respect for the old man, though they grumble at the amount he charges for his work and the time he takes over it. But they admit that he does turn out good work; and if they have any specially fine

piece that wants restoring they come to him. Ordinary jobs they do themselves, and with a touch or two of the plane and a good deal of sand-paper and French polish can dress up the old things to suit their customers; but when they get hold of something that will fetch a good price they like his help and judgment.

Where he gets his old things from nobody knows. He seldom attends auction sales. It is not worth his while, he says; there are too many dealers about. Some old things come from the cottages round about. Probably conversation in the bar of an evening puts him on the scent of many an old chair and table. He will not admit that it is a pity that all the picturesque old furniture should be taken from the cottages to satisfy the demands of fashion. He will tell you that last winter he got three beautiful ball-and-claw Hepplewhite chairs from a cottage in the village. There had been nine of them, and six had been broken up for firewood before he saw them. He gave the owner half-a-dozen new Windsor chairs for the remaining three, and sold them for three guineas each to a collector. He admits that now and then he has made a good bargain. One of his triumphs was a bureau that he picked up for fifty shillings and sold for twenty-five pounds. 'But there was a lot of work to be done to that,' he adds reflectively.

If you ask the old furniture restorer how he learnt his trade, he will tell you that he never served any apprenticeship. In fact, when a young man he was a carpenter in the navy. He ascribes his success entirely to his love for the old stuff.

There are few things he prides himself on more than his knowledge of different woods. 'You don't know what that is,' he will say, showing you a square inch of inlay round the edge of a drawer. 'Apple; that's what that is, sir.' It is not often that apple is wanted; but he has by him a worm-eaten old piece of apple timber that will come in for that particular bit of furniture. One of his great difficulties is getting old wood for his work. In restoring old furniture, especially where there is much inlaying, he requires all kinds of wood; and from his point of view—and here he differs from many others of

his trade—it is essential that the wood shall be really old; preferably as old as the piece in which it is to be used. He buys up anything in the way of old timber that he comes across. If a beam is taken out of an old farmhouse chimney to make way for a modern grate he will bid for it. He made a great haul of old oak recently from the belfry of a neighbouring church where the bells were being rehung. In fact, so good a stock of old oak has he got that he is a little sore about the change which fashion has taken from oak to mahogany. The only wood he is spiteful about is a species of teak, which he declares is full of sand and blunts his chisel at each cut.

Besides what he earns by selling or restoring old furniture, he has a subsidiary source of income of rather a curious character. In a neighbouring town there is established a great chairmaking industry. The factories are well equipped with machinery, and turn out thousands of chairs a week for the furniture-shops all over the world. The owners of these factories are always craving for new ideas, and are willing to pay for them; and when the old man gets hold of an old chair of unusual design he takes it over to the factories, and they give him ten or fifteen shillings for the loan of it for a couple of days to copy. For an exceptionally fine example he has got as much as twenty-five shillings for two days' loan. 'But you know, sir,' he says, 'the old chairs were not made by chairmakers at all. It was cabinetmakers' work in the time of Chippendale and Sheraton, and that makes all the difference.'

Altogether, the old furniture restorer embodies a good many of the characteristics of an ideal craftsman. Working in the country among his roses and hollyhocks, his individuality quite unhampered by the limitations of machinery, he shapes and carves the best obtainable material undeterred by the bog of cheapness. Seen at his bench, surrounded by quaint home-made tools to fit the intricacies of his work, and by bottles of cunning stains for which he alone knows the recipe, he looks like one of the old workers whose individuality is so deeply imprinted on their creations that no one but a like craftsman can restore them to any satisfactory effect.

THE IRONY OF REVENGE.

By H. A. BRYDEN, Author of *Tales of South Africa, &c.*



SO you, too, want revenge? Well, revenge in due season is good for all of us—that is to say, if the cause be deep and bitter enough. I have nursed mine these twenty seasons past, in the far-away deserts to the north, alone, alone—always alone with the wild beasts and the birds and the creeping things, and the sun, moon, and stars—brooding over my wrongs; and now, at last, something tells me that the time has come.'

It was an old, lean South African native who uttered these words in the soft, liquid Basuto tongue. His woolly hair was grizzled, his face deeply lined and indented: the pitiless sun of the desert had manifestly not spared him; he looked withered and burnt up; folds of skin drooped down at the sides of his eyes in curious fashion, so that only a small part of the bloodshot white and the faded brown iris peeped from behind the leathery curtains.

They sat, the old and the young Kaffir—the latter a well-grown, well-nourished Basuto of three

or four and twenty—in a broad grassy kloof of the Eastern Transvaal. Amid the long green grasses, now flourishing since the recent rains, grazed, belly-deep, a herd of prosperous-looking cattle, the property of a rich Boer who had trekked into this fair region, and chosen himself a fat farm of twelve thousand acres, fifteen years before. The place lay far distant from his main homestead, and he camped here, for grazing, part of the year. Many lovely flowers starred the valley and the hillsides: big rose-coloured lilies by the stream, purple Berg lilies, and others of rich crimson or of white with roseate bands. Splendid gladioli, many lovely heaths, and quantities of heliophilas (white, rose-coloured, yellow, and sky-blue) bloomed in noble profusion about this favoured spot, one of the loveliest valleys in all the fertile Transvaal country.

It was the year 1860. Gold had not yet been discovered there. The population—almost entirely Dutch, the Voortrekkers and their descendants—was in those days thinly scattered about the land; the burghers only just able to hold their own, by the aid of their rifles, strong arms, and inflexible wills, against the difficulties of a new country and the large native population which, in a state of almost complete independence, maintained itself within the borders of what these rude and warlike farmers chose to call their State.

‘Revenge?’ said the young man passionately. ‘Yes, of course, I want revenge. Some day I mean to have it, too. Is it for nothing that I have been the slave of Baas Van Heerden all these years? I was stolen as a child, and have never known parents or friends. I am a full-grown man, yet I have never received wages, nor even owned a goat of my own. I cannot marry, because I am too poor. What father would give me his daughter, when I have not a head of stock to offer him in return? I love a certain maiden at Sequati’s kraal away in the hills yonder, three days’ journey distant, and I mean to have her, even if I turn thief or cattle-stealer. But first, before I fly from this place and join Sequati’s people, I want revenge—revenge for my life of slavery, for the insults, the blows, the floggings I have had to put up with all these weary years. I am eaten up with shame.’

The old man looked very oddly at him.

‘Perhaps I can help you,’ he said. ‘Listen, and I will tell you my story. We will see then what can be done, you and I. Long ago, when you must have been a baby, or a very young child, the Boers came up into this country. They had many wagons, and they brought with them their families and flocks and herds. After suffering some loss in the earlier fights, they defeated Moselikatse and his Amabaka Zulus [the old name for the Matabele], and drove him far north of the Limpopo. Then they turned their attention to the weaker tribes, we of the Makatse, who had had much ado to keep our heads above water while the tyrant Moselikatse and his murdering warriors were over-running the country. I was then a chief, living with

my clan in one of the richest parts of all this land. I had goodly herds of cattle, plenty of sheep and goats, and four hundred spearmen at my command. But the Boers came presently into my country, seeking to parcel out among themselves the best farms. They picked a quarrel with me—nothing was easier for them; it was and still is a part of their system of getting country. Although I and my people fought as well as we were able, we had nothing but assagais and men on foot to offer against mounted Boers armed with guns, and we were beaten. They slew sixty of my tribesmen, shooting after the fight those who were merely wounded. I myself, badly hit in the thigh, crawled away into the bush and so escaped them. I learned afterwards that, of my two wives, one was killed by a stray bullet, and the other became the house-slave of a Dutchwoman. My four children were parcelled out among the farmers’ like dogs. I hid among the mountains until my wound was healed, and then, getting the remnant of my people together, tried to persuade them to enter with me into a fresh warfare of harassment against the Boers, cutting them off by night, spearing them in small parties, and so trying to regain our own. But my people had had enough. They were beaten, and they deemed it useless to war with the inevitable. They would submit to their conquerors, as other clans had done, and try and eke out an existence under the protection of the Ama-Boona [the native name for the Boers]. At that, mad with rage and despair, I cast off my tribesmen from me, relinquished the chieftaincy to my brother, and betook myself away to the far northern deserts, there to live with the wild beasts. I hated the society of mankind, hated alike the white men who had destroyed me, and mine own people who were craven enough to submit quietly to the hard yoke of the oppressors. I abode chiefly in the great solitudes beyond Bamangwato, towards the Zambesi, alone, always alone, with the wild creatures of the wilderness. In one spot where, season after season, I made my headquarters, I sowed, before the rains fell, some Kaffir corn; here I reaped my supplies for the year. Flesh I had at need when I chose to snare a small antelope, and the desert gave me wild melons and other fruits in their season. Sometimes I grew restless and travelled to the great river, and, sitting by the mighty waterfall of Mosi-oa-tunya [the “Smoke-sounding,” the native name for the Victoria Falls], solaced my weary soul with the sound of its mighty roar (a roar heard twenty miles away), and the sight of the giant columns of spray rearing themselves skyward from the falls, and the glorious rainbows that arch the chasm into which the river leaps.

‘In these long, silent, and solitary years I came to know by heart the ways of every living thing about the desert. The lions knew me, and at first attempted to molest me; but I was always prepared for them, and gave them one or two little surprises which made them think better of it. At last they left me in peace, and for my part I tolerated them.

I knew their kills, and while they were away sleeping during the daylight, often took what I required of the flesh of an eland, or a zebra, or perchance a fat buffalo-cow. Even the shy giraffes knew me after a time, and finding that, unlike the Bushmen, I molested them not, often fed in their majestic way about the thorn-trees near my desert home. Every snake, every lizard, every tortoise of the parched veldt interested me, and I grew to know a thousand of their ways and habits of which even the black man, who understands something about the creatures of his own country, is ignorant.

'What can you tell me about these things that I don't know myself?' interposed the younger man.

'Do you see anything in yonder tree?' answered the old Makatese, indicating with his head a big, spreading acacia twenty yards away.

The young man looked, scrutinising keenly every portion of the *kameel-doorn*.

'Nay,' he said, 'I see nothing. Not a bird, not a lizard moves.'

The old man pursed his broad African lips together and uttered a strange, soft, fluty, vibrating whistle—such a whistle as the younger man had never yet heard. Then slowly from out the thick portion of the deep green foliage was reared the dark head and neck of a black *mamba*, the deadliest, fiercest, and most active of all South African snakes. The serpent was in its newest and most shining apparel; its old skin had manifestly been sloughed off but a few days previously. Its fierce, menacing eye surveyed the natives with a glittering alertness; its long, forked tongue flickered at intervals from between its lips. For a full half-minute it gazed at them; then the wicked head was lowered and the thing disappeared into its screen of leafage.

'Come!' whispered the young man; 'let us go. One can manage most snakes with a good stick; but when a *mamba* comes your way give him the road, says the proverb.'

'Nay,' rejoined the old man; 'she has eaten a dove to-day and will not stir. To-morrow or next day she will be abroad again, she and her mate. I know them both. They paired but a week since. Her husband, a snake of two seasons, fought and vanquished his rival upon the day I came hither. I watched the fight quite unseen; it was a great one. The conqueror sleeps not far away, amid the long grass yonder, in a shallow rain-pool warmed by the sun. Let him rest; I shall want him and his mate this evening.' The old African chuckled to himself, a strange, grating, hollow chuckle, which set his companion's teeth on edge.

'Who are you?' queried the young man, shifting his seat a little, and gazing doubtfully at the old fellow by his side, 'and what plan are you hatching? I misdoubt me you mean no good. Are you a witch-doctor?'

'Nay, my son, I am no witch-doctor; nought, indeed, but an aged, worn-out Makatese who wishes to pay off an old score before he takes his way to

the kingdom of the departed. Listen, and I will tell you more. Do *you* know who *you* are?'

'No,' said the young man, 'save that I too am Makatese, as any man may tell who looks at me. I know no more. Ask the old Baas Van Heerden. He may tell you. No one else can.'

'Look at the tip of the little finger of your right hand,' pursued the old man. 'It is broken, and the nail is gone. Is it not so?'

'It is even so,' returned the young man, gazing at the mutilated member. 'The finger has been so as long as I can recall things to my mind.'

'How many medicine-scars are there upon your chest?' asked the old man.

'I cannot tell,' said the youth, putting his hand inside the breast of his tattered and none too clean cotton shirt.

'I have not seen your breast since you were a child of three,' went on the old Makatese, 'but I know there are five scars, four in a row and one beneath.' He turned and bared the young man's chest. Five whitish cicatrices were there. He touched each one of them.

'Those scars,' he went on, 'were made by Imveezi, the witch-doctor or medicine-man of my clan, when you were a babe of two, just beginning to totter upon your legs. You had fever, and Imveezi cut five places with his knife to let the poison out. You yourself are Lopepe, the son of Lewana, once chief of the Makatese clan Bationa; and Lewana your father sits beside you!'

The two—the young, lusty African, vigorous with life, his eyes bright, his chocolate skin gleaming with the glow of health and strength, and the old, withered, broken man—sat looking into one another's eyes, their glances inquiring, responsive.

'So you are my father,' said the young man simply, taking the old man's hand and resting it for a moment upon his head. 'Well, I am glad to know that I have my own name at last. The Boers call me October, because, I suppose, Baas Van Heerden took me in that month, and the Makatese name me Mutla [the hare], because I am swift of foot. And now, Lewana, my father, what do you do here?'

'I am here on your business and my own, Lopepe,' replied his father. 'Revenge!—that is what calls me hither. It is not for nothing that I have lived these many years past an outcast, knowing only the wild creatures of the veldt. This night one of them shall obey my behests. For many months past I have wandered through the Transvaal, as they now call it, looking for mine ancient enemy Van Heerden, the destroyer of my race. Ten moons ago it came upon me in the desert that my time was approaching. Something called softly, softly, "Lewana, go south. Your time has come." It was the spirit of revenge crying to me in the deserts, and crying not in vain; and now at last I am here, and the hours speed to the conclusion. You, too, want revenge. Yours shall be mingled with mine!'

The old man's eyes burned fiercely; the flame of life seemed for the time rekindled within his

withered frame, scorched by the desert suns of twenty years.

'Listen! The old man Van Heerden sits for an hour after his supper smoking by the camp-fire—does he not? I have watched him these six nights past, and that seems to be his habit. Then he calls to you, and you go to his wagon and light a lantern so that he may see to take off his coat and *velschoons* and get under his sheepskin *kaross*. Is it not so?'

'Yes,' answered Lopepe, 'it is so. It is always his custom, out here in the veldt away from the house, during this season.'

'Well, to-night, Lopepe, go not on any account to the wagon. Hide yourself; disobey Van Heerden's voice—he is no longer your master—go not near the wagon or you are a dead man. Ask me no questions; but watch and wait. To-night after the old Boer has gone to his bed we shall leave this place and take our way to Sequati's or elsewhere.'

So Lopepe promised as his father desired.

The Van Heerdens' camp just at this season, when they trekked from the house and sought other pastures, was a marvellously pleasant one. Plenty of water and plenty of grass flourished around them, bush was abundant, and the giraffe-acacias and bastard yellow-wood timber furnished roaring fires at night. In the veldt adjacent, in the broad valleys and the deep kloofs, by the pleasant streams, and upon the mountain-slopes game ran everywhere. Buffalo and koodoo and sable antelope, vast troops of the graceful red pallah and noble water-buck, bush-buck and tsesseby, reed-buck, rhebok, and klip-springer, all were at hand for the shooting. The Van Heerdens—the old man, now verging on seventy years of age, and his *wrouw*, and their grown-up sons with their wives and families, and a daughter or two with their husbands and families—all these were outspanned here for a pleasant spell. The cattle were putting on flesh, the outing was an enjoyable one for all, the hunters daily brought in game, the flesh-pots were always full, and there was continual jollity and feasting.

Old Jacob Van Heerden had changed far less than the whilom Basuto chief Lewana, whom he had driven forth and dispossessed a score of years before. His frame was still strong, vigorous, oak-like; he seemed to defy time. His hair and beard were, it is true, now snow-white; but his cheek showed ruddy beneath its tan, and his great voice sounded forth commands and menaces, or roared with boisterous laughter just as it had roared more than two decades since. Jacob was a hard man still, feared by all his black servants; a man whom even his huge sons, stalwart men between thirty and five-and-forty, dared not to cross; at whose frown all quaked—all save one, the short, stout, bitter-looking, black-haired *wrouw*, Johanna Van Heerden, who cared no more for her husband's temper than the snap of a finger, and who was in truth the *baasraak* and tamer of the fierce old man himself. He feared neither man nor devil, nor anything else

upon this broad earth save his stout *wrouw*, whose will-power was stronger even than his own, and whose sharp, subacid tongue had routed him utterly in many a stormy debate. If Jacob Van Heerden was the master, Johanna, his wife, was truly the master's master of all that camp.

Supper was over. Night had fallen more than an hour since. The camp-fire blazed cheerily. Old Jacob Van Heerden was in his glory, smoking pipe after pipe, emptying basin after basin of coffee, telling yarn after yarn, sending his deep guttural notes and his ear-splitting laughter far out into the wilderness around them. Never in his stark old age had Jacob Van Heerden seemed in greater force or imbued with more abounding vitality than that evening.

Meanwhile the old Basuto, Lewana, had, half a mile away from the Boer outspan, been busying himself in various ways. An hour before sunset he approached very quietly the low acacia-tree, where, as he well knew, the black *mamba* still rested. This fierce and pugnacious serpent, the most dreaded of all reptiles in South Africa, has itself little fear of mankind, seeming to be conscious of its own deadly powers, and of the respect—the respect of terror—which its ready fangs and terrible venom ensures to itself. The snake still lay stretched along the tree-branch, a turn or two of her tail securing her position. She was not asleep; but her meal of the morning had rendered her inert, and she lay there digesting it at leisure. Again she heard that clear, low, vibrating whistle which she had heard in the heat of the afternoon. The sound, fluting softly among the leafage in which she lay, seemed very pleasant in her ears. Gently she raised her head and neck again to hear more of it and discover its source. In that instant a blow from a long, supple stick, wielded by Lewana, caught her full upon the neck and broke her spine. She fell struggling to the ground, fierce, writhing, but impotent. Another stroke or two and she was harmless; three thudding blows from the Basuto's heavy *knobkerrie* crushed her skull to a pulp and destroyed any life that remained to her. The old native retired to some bush and now waited patiently for darkness.

An hour after sunset he returned to the spot, picked up the dead *mamba* by the tail, and, trailing her nine feet of length behind him, made his way straight for Van Heerden's camp. The old Boer's wagon, as the Basuto well knew, stood upon one side of the encampment, half of it exposed to the ruddy glow of the great fire, the other half wrapped in gloom. Now creeping softly through the darkness, Lewana, still trailing his hideous burden behind him, stole noiselessly to the great tent-wagon, mounted unobserved to the box, and in a few seconds had coiled the dead snake deftly upon the farther part of the sheepskin *kaross* which covered the old Boer's sleeping *kartel*. Then, as swiftly descending, he hastened away unperceived.

His next move was one, as he well recognised, of some danger. But the full African moon was rising

from behind the line of mountain towards which he returned; there would be enough light for his purpose; and he was in his present mood prepared to accept any risk. He stole softly, swiftly towards the little pool where the male *mamba* had lain that afternoon. He knew that the reptile had quitted the water towards sunset, and lay snugly coiled in the grass hard by. Seeking a little elevation thirty yards away, Lewana, who had provided himself with a dozen stones, now began to cast them into the grass sheltering the serpent. This was the moment of peril. A male black *mamba*, with the breeding-fever full upon him—fiercer, more active, and more venomous by fifty times than was his wont—if he should turn haply in that direction would be little likely to spare his disturber. There would be no escape. But, as the crafty old native had confidently reckoned, the *mamba* sped away in the direction of the tree where he had last seen his mate. Something had happened there! What exactly the fierce serpent could not tell. Now, finding the scent of his beloved upon the soil, the snake followed the trail with amazing swiftness to the Dutch encampment, and, tracing it unerringly to Van Heerden's wagon, mounted in a flash to the *kaross* whereon lay coiled his dead mate. Lewana's dark plot had worked out exactly as he had intended it to do. Meanwhile, by another path, the aged Basuto made his way to the outskirts of the encampment, there to await what was to follow. Surely, surely, vengeance, after all these years, was now to be his own! The old man's heart beat more rapidly than was its wont; his hands, moist with the sweat of anticipation, opened and shut convulsively. He squatted there amid the shelter of a patch of bush, waiting, waiting, waiting.

Old Jacob Van Heerden was late to-night! As a rule he sought his *kartel* punctually at half-past eight. His *wrouw*, sleeping with two of her grandchildren at the rear of a buck-wagon, was already snoring peacefully. But to-night the old fellow had sat up half-an-hour longer than was his wont. He had shot a big buffalo-cow that day, besides a couple of reed-buck, and the achievement had set him talking after supper upon old adventures and ancient successful hunts. Now, at last, he called loudly in his great voice for October, his Basuto, to light his lantern for him. But October did not answer, did not come. The old man was sleepy. He would light his lantern himself; October should answer for his misdeeds in the morning. No doubt the rascal was away courting some Kaffir girl in the kraal a mile or two away. Van Heerden knocked out his pipe, walked to his wagon, climbed to the box, and then, stooping over the *kartel*, was struck twice upon the cheek by something that pricked him violently, painfully, like the sting of a wasp or a tsetse-fly. At the same instant something rustled past him from the gloom of his wagon interior and passed away outside. It was the *mamba*, which for an hour and more had been lying on the sheepskin

kaross close to the dead body of its mate. Something was wrong, the fierce reptile knew; what exactly it could not tell. It lay there waiting for the awakening of its spouse. When Van Heerden had crept on to his *kartel* and reached for his lantern, the fierce reptile had resented the intrusion, and with its deadly poison-fangs had struck him twice upon his broad, fleshy face. Then as swiftly it had disappeared. The old man knew instinctively that something terrible had happened. Rubbing his smarting cheek, he roared out for help, and, leaping from his wagon-box, betook himself to the camp-fire. The outspan was speedily in an uproar. From the assembled wagons there came pouring forth sleepy, unkempt Boers, natives, women, and the elder children.

Meanwhile the *mamba*, as it retreated from the wagon, had, by a strange stroke of fate, encountered the old Basuto's son, October, or Lopepe, as his father called him. Lopepe, attracted by the unwonted accents of fear in his master's voice, had sprung instinctively from his hiding-place beyond the fire-light, and run to the wagon. His path met the *mamba's*. The reptile poised itself for one fleeting hundredth part of a second, and, before Lopepe had even seen it, struck him upon the fleshy part of the leg, just above the knee.

In the morning two corpses, a black man's and a white's, both hideously swollen and discoloured, lay in the Boer encampment.

Lewana's long-delayed, long-hoped-for vengeance had recoiled upon himself. He had slain his ancient oppressor, it is true, but he had slain also his own son, that first-born son for whom he had planned, during his long years of exile, so many great things—the revival of his clan, a renewed chieftaincy, a new era of prosperity and power. He had made himself acquainted with the fell double disaster, the twin-fruit of his hatred and revenge. And now all, all was in the dust!

The old Makatse, more broken, more aged-looking than ever, crept away through the bush, heading for the north again, there to leave his bones in that desert in which he had so long and so fruitlessly nursed his vengeance.

VIGNETTE.

A SOLITARY pine-tree tops the hill,
And points a mocking finger to the moon—
The lady moon, that follows, weeping still,
Her lord across the opal west of June;

While, as she weeps, the dews, which are her tears,
Pearl the dry grass and feed the quivering corn;
And so, from out her grief of endless years,
A blessing for an alien star is born.

And thus may they who follow love afar,
With weary feet, while silent tear-drops flow,
Shed life and gladness on an alien star
Which drinks the dew, and never feels the woe.

M. W. M. FALCONER.



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

FIFTY-THREE SALMON IN A WEEK.

By W. A. SOMMERVILLE.

Then take your fortune as it comes,
Whatever God may give;
And through the day your heart will say
'Tis luck enough to live.



WITH all our philosophy, that's what it comes to: 'luck enough to live.' To be out all day on the river—'Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,' to play two rounds on the golf-links at St Andrews, following a stag in the Reay Forest, a ten-mile spin on your bicycle: anything that will give you exercise, making you strong, so that you may be able to say, 'Tis luck enough to live.' The wisest expenditure of leisure made by Mr Rhodes during the last years of his life, so far as he was personally concerned, was his residence on Rannoch Moor shooting. That might have saved him; but it came too late.

It is pleasant to sit in front of the Café de la Paix, in the Boulevard des Capucines, and to watch the crowd passing on your right towards the Madeleine, and upon your left up the Boulevard des Italiens towards the site of the Bastille. But I would not choose to live in Paris. I would rather live in Sutherlandshire—shall I say in Strathnaver?—and, when the evening light has fallen upon Ben Clibreck, walk home from Syre Loch to Dalvina Lodge, with, say, two spring salmon. I think if you have regard for the feelings of your brother-anglers you should be satisfied with two spring salmon in one day.

It was on the Corrib river in Galway that I killed my fifty-three salmon in a week.

Galway is an old town, with streets that are for the most part narrow, winding, and irregular. Now and again you pass a new building obtruding itself upon you, and seeming to break the harmony of the older buildings, like a false note in music. Galway has its romance. The story of the celebrated Warden of Galway might have suggested *Weir of Hermiston* to Robert Louis Stevenson. The Warden's name was James Lynch Fitzstephen. He condemned his son to death for killing his rival in

love. His son was popular, and no one would consent to hang him, so the Warden himself straightway did so. The town possesses a fine harbour, and for years it was the hope of the residents that a line of steamers would be established between their port and New York. The scheme for the line of steamers has unfortunately been abandoned.

I had been fishing for sea-trout and salmon on the lakes of Inagh, Derryclare, and Ballynahinch. If you care for sea-trout-fishing, spend your next holiday in Ireland, and go to Ballynahinch.

Upon my way home I stayed a night in Galway. I owed Mr Brown, who had charge of the fishing, thirty shillings for a Castle Connell rod; and in the morning I walked down to the river to pay him. I passed over the bridge, and for the first time I saw that wonderful sight: the salmon resting in the river below the bridge. At times they are there in hundreds. Galway is worth a visit if for no other reason than to see the salmon below the jail-bridge. At a first glance you would almost doubt that they were salmon, gray-like drifts of cloud resting in the bed of the river; then suddenly one of the fish will move, and as he turns swiftly on his side for a moment, there will be a flash like a sabre in the sunshine and mist of morning.

When I had paid Mr Brown I said to him, 'Do you think if I stay in Galway to-day, and fish the river, that I will kill three fish?' He answered by saying that I certainly would kill three fish. I thought the river was too low and clear, and I had been so often deceived. Pat is very sanguine. At last I said, 'Will you, on your honour as an Irish gentleman, promise me that I will get one fish?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'you will get one fish.'

The temptation was great. I decided to stay, and I told Mike, who was to be my companion, to put up my rod, and in a few minutes I had made my first cast for a salmon on the Corrib river.

I had two flies on my trace, both of them dressed in Galway. I made cast after cast, sending the two flies over the river, and letting them dance in the stream, gaily dressed like two ambassadors on their

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had to go. It was growing dark. There was an ominous sound from the river as it flowed between its banks:

All along the valley stream that flashes white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night.

I moved to the best cast on the water, and let my fly—a white wing—sink deep. Then there came the pull under water, and the indescribable feeling which comes to you when a fish turns downwards with the fly, but you do not see him. He played very wild, as all fish do at the darkening; but I succeeded in landing him. It is said that Lord Rosebery has attained the three ambitions of his life. I had attained one of mine, and killed ten salmon in a day.

On the next day we went one better, and killed eleven. One of them was foul-hooked. Why is it that a salmon nearly always goes down-stream when he is foul-hooked? This one did—full speed right under one of the arches of the bridge, much to the delight of the little group of spectators assembled there watching me. But Mike was equal to the occasion. There was a second bridge for foot-passengers immediately below. Mike went on to this second bridge, and, getting hold of my line, let it run through his hands. He told me to cut the line when it became exhausted. I did so, and joined him on the lower bridge; we passed the line again through the rings on the rod, and after an exciting run landed the fish.

When what is called 'the drain' is packed with salmon it is exceedingly difficult to fish without occasionally foul-hooking. Of my fifty-three, three were foul-hooked.

To see that you fish fairly, there is a water-bailiff. The water-bailiff and I became great friends. He was very proud of his wife. He told me that when he married her she weighed nine stone, but that now she weighed fourteen. She had been a good wife, kind to himself and to his children; and he had hopes that she would continue to increase in weight!

When you fish in Galway you do not enter 'the Gates of the Hills.' Here is no silent strath, with the shepherd with his sheep and collie dogs; you are fishing in a town. The length of the stretch of water to which I have been referring would not exceed four hundred yards, that being the distance from the bridge to the weir; and yet upon this short stretch of water as many as seventeen hundred fish have been killed with the rod in a single season. The fish are divided into three classes: peel (grilse), spring fish, and summer fish.

The average weight of the fish I killed would be nine or ten pounds. My heaviest fish weighed seventeen pounds. In April 1902 a salmon weighing forty-two pounds was killed, the heaviest ever got with the rod on the river.

What an art casting a salmon-fly is, sending a long line across the river and letting the fly fall like a snowflake upon the water! It is just as interesting to watch a good angler casting (on his

lucky day) as to watch Trumper the Australian batting, or R. B. Maxwell and John Ball playing a single at golf. The best amateur angler I have fished with is Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith, whose name will be familiar to you if you read the sporting papers. Once we had a record day. Fishing on the Sprouston Water, on the Tweed, we killed twenty-five salmon between us; Sir Robert (then Captain Griffith) killed thirteen fish, and I killed twelve. (The first fish I killed weighed thirty-three pounds). Fishing with him on the Dub, I have seen him, time after time, send his 'Childers' or 'Jock Scott' across the river right up to the oars of the boat in which I was fishing, and it would fall softly, like

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

I have had pleasant times in Ireland; played cricket in the Phoenix Park; visited Killarney and Punchestown; and an Irishman has written a poem

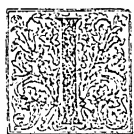
which has for me a fascination I cannot explain. Sometimes in a side-street in Paris, or in London, in the window of an unpretending shop filled with articles of virtu of little value, you may chance to see a copy of Millet's 'Angelus.' You are familiar with the two figures, with their heads bent as they listen to the sound of the bell as it comes to them across the plain. The poem I have referred to was written by F. S. Mahony (Father Prout). I like to think of Millet in Barbizon transforming the lives of the peasants amongst whom he lived into poetry; and I like to think of Father Prout, when a boy, pausing to listen to the bells of Shandon:

That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of these Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GOLD ON THE STAIRS.



FEAR I am not of those who can meet the calamities and reverses of life with a laugh and a jest, and eat, drink, and sleep with as light a heart as though fortune still smiled upon them. Sword in hand, I trust

I can front disasters with becoming fortitude, and even with a cheerful countenance, and strive as doggedly as most men to change defeat into victory; but when the time for action is past, and in solitude I brood over the causes of my failure, I confess I have rarely found myself in the mood for jesting. I, therefore, did but scant justice to the food set before me; and when I lay down to rest, weary as I was, I could not sleep, but tossed restlessly from side to side, upbraiding myself for things I had done and left undone, and perceiving little chance of achieving any greater success in the future.

If Montague remained in the neighbourhood there might, indeed, be some hope of turning the tables upon him; but was it at all probable that he would do so? After slaying the trooper, he could expect no mercy if he were taken; and, reckless as he was, it would be strange if he did not do his utmost to get out of the country as speedily as possible. Yet I was by no means sure of it. The man was famed for his cunning and audacity, and was not likely to abandon his plans while there was any prospect of carrying them out. The conspiracy of which he was the head might be more widespread than I had as yet any proof of; and though I had found but few arms and little ammunition in the Hall, there might very well be a store of both secreted in the neighbourhood. If a serious rising had been contemplated, it was quite possible—the chief conspirator being still at liberty—that it

might even yet take place. Instead of flying by the speediest road to France or Holland, Montague might at that very moment be gathering his forces together for one more desperate effort to seat Charles Stuart upon the throne. If that were the case, I should have little need to seek him, but would probably find myself attacked, and with vastly superior numbers.

Then I began to think of the gold that, according to the Protector's spies, Montague had brought with him from France. It was possible they were for once at fault, for so far my search had proved vain, and Jacob Watkins could give me no information regarding it. But it was also possible that, suspecting that an attempt would be made to seize it, Montague had removed it to a place of safety. He was the last man in the world—so I thought—to leave such an article behind him if it lay within his power to carry it away; more especially as the loss of it might interfere so seriously with the success of his plans as to put an end to the conspiracy. Still, I determined to renew the search next day, and to continue it with the utmost diligence until I had explored every possible hiding-place. If it still remained within the Hall, it should be through no fault of mine if it were not discovered.

Then a thought flashed across my mind that startled and troubled me. If, as Jacob Watkins suspected, there were really a secret passage, I might at that moment be in a position of imminent peril. What might not Montague, if still lurking in the neighbourhood, dare to attempt with a few score of hot-blooded young Royalist gentlemen ready to plunge into any desperate adventure to further the cause of the King? If the gold were in the Hall, and he acquainted with the passage, the first know-

ledge we should have of his presence might very well be the glimmer of steel at our throats. It was clear that I must post sentinels to guard against danger from within as well as from without. I determined that another night should not pass without the fullest precautions being taken.

Still, what would any precautions avail if the attack were made that night? The idea banished all desire for sleep from me; and, being fully dressed, I rose at once, resolving to satisfy myself that all was well, and to keep watch until daybreak. I had in my chamber, which was illumined by the moon, no means of kindling a light, and when I stepped outside I found myself enveloped in total darkness. How easy it would be for an enemy, thought I, to steal upon us unawares! Even now the place might be full of silent figures, lurking, sword in hand, to leap upon me in the darkness. I was beginning to smile at the notion as fantastic when I suddenly started, and stood listening intently. I heard, or thought I heard, the sound of stealthy footsteps. Standing motionless, scarce venturing to breathe, I heard it again, and round a corner of the passage in which I stood I perceived a faint gleam of light. I knew that the light came from the direction of a narrow and little-used staircase that led to the cellars beneath, and I stole noiselessly towards it, having now little doubt that the enemy were upon us. In another moment I had discovered that whoever bore the light was not mounting but descending the stairs. Thereupon I stepped quickly forward and looked down. I could see the figure of a woman enveloped in a cloak and carrying a candle.

'Halt!' I cried. 'What are you doing there?'

She turned with a faint cry, and for a moment I saw her face brightly illumined by the candle. Instantly I was struck dumb and motionless. It was none other than Mistress Dorothy! Before I could recover the power of speech or movement she had dashed out the candle and disappeared. At the same moment there was a crash on the stone steps, and a loud tinkling and jingling. I leapt after her, but tripped over some heavy object, and had well-nigh plunged head-foremost into the black depths below. As it was, I fell with a force that knocked the breath out of me and jarred every bone in my body.

'A light!' I cried at the pitch of my voice as soon as I had recovered breath. 'Bring hither a light. Haste! haste!'

I heard some of the men running hastily along the passages in the direction of my voice, and presently I could see several of their faces peering down upon me as they advanced, holding candles above their heads. It was indeed a strange spectacle that was revealed; for the winding staircase descending into the lower parts of the Hall was glittering from top to bottom with broad gold pieces, shimmering and twinkling in the light of the candles. The bag which had contained them lay at my feet, and was all but empty.

'Quick, quick!' I exclaimed impatiently. 'Follow me instantly.'

Down the stairs we went headlong, and searched with such care and diligence that I doubt if so much as a mouse could have escaped our notice. Yet not a sign of any living thing did we discover. I knew well that there could be but one explanation of what had taken place. I could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. It was no apparition that I had seen—that I was sure of—but Mistress Dorothy herself. Moreover, there was the gold scattered about the steps—a proof, if any were needed, that it was a human being and no spirit that I had seen; and yet no spirit could have vanished more absolutely. Clearly there could be but one explanation. Jacob Watkins was right. There must indeed be a secret passage, for only by means of one could Mistress Dorothy have disappeared as she had done. But where was it? How was I to discover it? I gazed helplessly at the walls around me, that seemed to the eye as impenetrable as though hewn out of the solid rock.

As I did so I became conscious that the men were whispering among themselves, and eying me curiously. They happened to be some of those who had followed me so tardily during the pursuit of Colonel Montague, and there was an expression upon their faces that I liked but little. One or two belonged to the more fanatical Anabaptists who had of late shown almost open enmity towards the Protector, under the belief that he was about to assume the Crown. The others were stout soldiers, but not of those who had taken up arms for conscience' sake. Indeed, I knew that one of them, Nicholas Rowe by name, had come near to dangling at the end of a rope for plundering after the battle of Worcester. I caught a glimpse of his lean, hawk-like face and his bold black eyes turned towards me; and, realising the awkward situation in which I was placed, I began most heartily to regret that I had summoned the men, especially as the search had proved fruitless. What satisfactory explanation of the matter could I give unless I told them plainly that I had seen Mistress Dorothy? That I felt an overpowering reluctance to do. Nay, I determined on the instant that nothing should induce me to do so.

At that moment Nicholas Rowe approached me.

'The man is not to be found, sir,' said he. 'I fear he hath given us the slip. Was it one of the servants, think you?'

Strive how I would I could not but show some confusion and hesitation.

'Nay, I—I think not,' I stammered. 'Yet I saw the person but for a moment—the light being put out the instant I appeared.'

'Tis passing strange indeed,' said he, nursing his chin in his hand and watching me with his keen eyes. 'Who think you could it be, sir?'

'Nay, how should I know?' I answered testily. 'Whoever it was hath escaped us. Go back to your

posts, and see that you keep a sharp watch for the remainder of the night.'

'And the gold on the stairs, sir?' he asked.

'I will see to it myself,' said I, and the fellow turned slowly away with a sneer on his lips that I thought it not prudent to take note of. Then he and his comrades went leisurely up the steps where the gold lay; and, if my ears did not deceive me, they helped themselves to some of the pieces as they passed: as they were out of sight I could not be absolutely sure of it, and they had disappeared before I could overtake them. Truth to tell I was glad to be rid of them on any terms, for I was infinitely disturbed in spirit, fearing that the business was like to end badly for those I fain would have shielded from further harm. It needed but a glance to discover that the gold was French, so that I had plain proof, as it seemed to me, that Mistress Dorothy was taking a very active part in the conspiracy. That she should have assisted Montague, as a guest in her father's house, to escape was a matter that might have been passed over; but this was a more serious business. I had been expressly ordered by the Protector to seize the moneys which Montague had brought from France, and it was clear that she was using her knowledge of the secret passage to remove it from its place of concealment. No further proof was needed to show that she was the friend and confidante, the aider and abettor, of those who were conspiring against His Highness.

What right had I to keep the matter a secret? Nay, it was clearly my duty to arrest her at the first opportunity. Of that there could be no doubt. Yet to do aught that might lead to her imprisonment was more than I could contemplate without infinite pain.

I had kept one of the candles which the men had brought, and by its dim, flickering light I gathered up the gold pieces, replaced them in the bag, and deposited them in my chamber. Then, rather than summon a sentry, and so provoke further comment, I kept watch myself, pacing restlessly about the dark passages, and spending a very miserable night, my thoughts turning this way and that, and no plan of action that seemed both just and merciful suggesting itself to my mind. The day was breaking when I came at last to the conclusion that I would seek out Mistress Dorothy, if she were still in the neighbourhood, and put the matter plainly before her, warning her of the danger she ran of bringing utter ruin upon herself and those she loved if she did not consent to point out the passage and the place where the remainder of the gold was concealed. If she refused, then I should have no choice but to arrest her. I should have done all in my power, and perhaps something more than I was justified in doing, to spare her. If she were too reckless and obstinate to listen to reason she would have none but herself to blame.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF A LONDON SALEROOM.



HERE are many auction-rooms in the Metropolis, some dealing with one class of property and some with another. If we want to buy or sell a house or an estate we must bend our steps to the Mart in Tokenhouse Yard. If pictures, jewellery, or rare china are the objects in which we are interested, to Christie's we must go. Books, rare manuscripts, and whole libraries change owners at Sotheby's; while as to furniture and household requisites generally, the places in London where they are sold by auction can be counted by the hundred.

There is, however, one saleroom in this centre of the world's commerce which is of quite a unique character, for it is a place to which all kinds of rare things find their way—a veritable 'old curiosity shop.' It is as varied in its contents as is the British Museum, with the added advantage that the exhibits are constantly being changed. This kaleidoscopic saleroom is in Covent Garden, almost next door to the building which was once Evans's supper-rooms, and it is known to all as Stevens's. Here there is a sale of some kind or other nearly every day of the week, and you can purchase here everything from the mortal remains of an ancient Egyptian to a rare orchid, or from a big telescope

to a live bantam. All is fish that comes to Mr Stevens's net—fish that remain in his possession for a short time before they find new owners.

As the writer of this article has, during a long residence in London, had many opportunities of attending the sales in these rooms, and as, moreover, he has been allowed a peep or two behind the scenes where are stored all kinds of rare things, he is able to give some information which may prove interesting to his readers.

It may be said by way of preface that if the mania for collecting things were not a very common attribute of human nature, Mr Stevens would find half his occupation gone. The man who collects coins, postage-stamps, shells, minerals, butterflies, fossils, implements of the savage, or other product of nature or art with such amazing perseverance, may be quite sure that when he dies, unless he should make some other provision in his will, the property he has acquired with such difficulty will gravitate to Covent Garden. It is curious to reflect upon the manner in which certain highly treasured objects descend, by a natural process, like heirlooms, to collector after collector, each one paying generally an enhanced price. Take, for example, the eggs of the great auk, the number of known examples of which is seventy. Every now and then one

of these egg-shells comes into the market, which is analogous to saying that it goes to Stevens's. Here it will command from two to three hundred guineas, according to quality, which is far nearer to its weight in diamonds than it is to its weight in gold. The price of these shells has been rising by leaps and bounds ever since it became certain that the great auk was an extinct bird.

Another natural product which comes under the same category with regard to value is the rare orchid, examples of which have again and again found their way to this establishment. Here is a true story about one of them. A visitor to the rooms purchased, one afternoon, two insignificant-looking growths for the modest sum of a florin apiece. If small in size, they were dignified by terribly long names to make up for what they wanted in stature. Some months elapsed before the purchaser again made his way to the rooms, this time bearing in his hand one of the two-shilling twins, which by this time had put forth a flower. But the blossom was not of that particular colour which might reasonably be expected from that variety of orchid; it was a yellow flower instead of a white one. Mr Stevens's keen eye at once saw that the little blossom was a rarity—what experts would call 'a sport'—and he said to its owner, 'Don't attempt to part with it yet. Let me see what I can sell it for.' He did sell it, too, and the modest floweret fetched one hundred and sixty-five guineas. Mr Stevens has many other stories to tell of the high prices sometimes given by orchid-lovers for rare blooms.

An echo of every important event, be it a coronation or a royal wedding here at home or a war at the antipodes, seems to find its way to these auction-rooms at Covent Garden. A slice of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake, duly authenticated by the original gracious letter from Buckingham Palace which accompanied it, was sold here a short time back. Another form of confectionery in the shape of chocolate-boxes distributed by that same good Queen more than sixty years later may be found here; while more rugged mementos of the late war are seen in fragments of shells from Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith. The loot which came from Pekin is represented here by articles of Chinese workmanship too numerous to describe in detail; but we may especially mention as curios of no ordinary kind the snuff-bottles made of jade, rock-crystal, and sometimes of glass, with the little spoon attached with which the user will help himself to the aromatic dust. A peculiarity about these transparent bottles is that they are beautifully painted on the inside with floral designs; and as the opening of the bottle would scarcely permit the passage of a pen, the artist must have executed the wonderfully delicate work with a bent brush at no small cost of skill and patience. It may be noticed here that many of the rings from Pekin are split-rings, so that they will expand to fit any finger. Japan contributes to this museum

an ever-changing and varied assortment of her wonderful artistic products, from paintings on rice-paper to richly decorated cloisonné ware.

At Stevens's rooms was sold not long ago the silken undervest worn on the scaffold by the ill-fated monarch Charles I., and doubtless the purchaser in giving two hundred guineas for it was influenced by the fact that it was deeply stained with royal blood. If Charles I.'s head had been for sale we may be quite sure that some 'Mr Dick' would have been found to give a high figure for the gory relic. Human heads fetch a very good price at these sales; but they must be tattooed heads, like those of the Maori chiefs of New Zealand, or must have some other peculiarity about them. They are rather gruesome objects these dried heads, although much of the humanity has been decorated out of them. The finest known collection is that of Major-General Robley, who has paid from thirty to seventy pounds apiece for them, many passing through this curious museum in Covent Garden. It is a matter for surprise that the late Mr Barnum, or some other noted showman, did not long ago acquire one of these heads and exhibit it as that of 'Macaulay's New Zealander.' Strict accuracy is not a matter which troubles the minds of showmen; and we call to mind the story of the skull of Oliver Cromwell, the smallness of which was apologised for by the exhibitor on the ground that it was the Protector's skull 'when he was a little boy.' There are other heads which also have a high commercial value—namely, compressed heads from South America, the secret preparation of which is known only to the Jwari tribe of Indians. The bones of the skull are entirely removed and the head is contracted to the size of an orange. These heads are very scarce now, and consequently they are all the more valuable from the collector's point of view.

A few fragments of calcined bones, presumably half-a-century old, but hailing from South Africa, were sent to Stevens's salerooms at the close of the late war, and much excitement was raised with regard to what was stigmatised as an outrage on our brave soldiers when these fragments were catalogued. A question was asked in Parliament about the matter, and in the end Mr Stevens withdrew the items from his list. One sentimental gentleman offered to buy the bones in order that they might have decent burial. It may be mentioned that these osseous fragments, which raised for a time as much excitement as if they had been the cherished remains of a saint, had a total weight of about six ounces. In certain places on our east coast the sea is encroaching on old graveyards, and bones can be picked up by the hundredweight; but connected with these poor relics of humanity there is none of 'the pomp and circumstance of war,' and agitators trouble not their minds concerning them. A reference to warlike matters reminds us that the present value of a Victoria Cross—and these rewards for valour do find their way to the public saleroom—is about fifty guineas; but should it have been

originally awarded to an officer it will fetch 25 per cent. more.

A well-brushed silk hat is one of the necessary appointments of the successful City man; but when that hat becomes decrepit and greasy from long-continued use it is generally regarded with unmitigated contempt. Not so a 'shocking bad hat' which found its way to these salerooms not long ago, and which was signed within, 'Paul Kruger.' 'Is it hall-marked?' said a bystander when it was put up for sale. 'No,' was the neat rejoinder from the rostrum; 'it is *Paul* marked.' Perhaps this little joke may have assisted in obtaining twenty-five guineas for the ex-President's discarded head-gear. On the same occasion Kruger's tobacco-pipe sold for nine guineas. The late General Joubert's sash, which he wore throughout the South African campaign, was recently withdrawn from sale, the reserve price not having been nearly reached.

An echo of the French Revolution comes to us as we handle the satchel in which Charlotte Corday used to carry her prayer-book. This is authenticated by a letter dated from Caen, where the assassin, or, as some would say, the executioner, of Marat lived with an aunt just before she went to Paris to kill and be killed. Another relic of quite a different kind is the wine-flagon belonging to the King of Benin, the barbarous West African potentate under whose sway human sacrifices took place daily until the British annexed his territories. This cup when found was said to have been full of blood. It still awaits a purchaser. Human skulls seem to have been the chief ornaments of this same monarch's dwelling-place and its neighbourhood, and they were stuck all about the grounds upon short iron spikes which are now found to make excellent tent-pegs if one can forget their early history.

A box of rusty manacles from old Newgate prison, awaiting its turn to be catalogued in some future sale, may perchance find a fitting resting-place in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's wax-works. There are some people who seem to take a delight in such gloomy relics; for our own part we prefer to pass them by and to learn something about the old two-handled loving-cups which have found their way to Stevens's. One which was formerly owned by Oliver Goldsmith, and sub-


sequently by his contemporary, the famous actor David Garrick, fetched thirty-six guineas; and curiously enough when it again found its way to Covent Garden soon afterwards it was sold for fifty guineas. Another interesting loving-cup sold here bore the inscription: 'Nelson to Emma, in commemoration of the victory of the Nile.—*Vanguard*, Sept. 29th, 1798, my fortieth birthday.'

It has already been indicated that mummies sometimes find a change of owners through the medium of Stevens's salerooms. It may be remembered that a short time ago a Peruvian mummy went astray, and a London coroner actually held an inquest on the remains. Subsequently the owners brought an action against a railway company for loss by damage and detention, and the company had to pay seventy-five pounds compensation. This was in spite of the evidence given by Mr Stevens to the effect that Peruvian mummies were simply dried bodies tied up in sacking, and had very little commercial value. It is very different with an Egyptian mummy, for, as the exportation of them is now forbidden, it is not often that one can be smuggled through the Custom House. But here is one believed to be of an Egyptian princess, but at present no precise details are to be had. There lies the diminutive little body in its original wrappings covered with hieroglyphics, and with its painted mask over the face. 'How is it possible to tell,' we ask, 'whether this thing is genuine? How do you know that these wrappings actually enclose a human body, and that the whole thing has not been faked?' 'Look here,' replied Mr Stevens, and he took from beside the mummy three large X-ray pictures of the remains—showing separately the head, the body, and the lower limbs. In these wonderful pictures the bony skeleton was revealed, together with certain dark patches which may possibly be plates of gold or some less valuable metal. In this wonderful manner the genuine nature of this mummied body is at once determined.

There are many other curious things in this wonderful storehouse at Covent Garden, but to give only a bare list of them would take up an entire issue of the *Journal*. A full history of the articles sold here since the establishment of the rooms in 1760 would be an epitome of the world's history for the past century and a half.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER V.

F Lord Cumberwell's misfortunes had gone further than the police cell this narrative would have been too painful for continuation. It is a distinct relief to be able to say that at that point the tide of circumstance ceased to flow against him. It seemed that Fortune was satisfied with her revenge, and confident that he

would never again indulge in the ungrateful fancy which had made it necessary to give him such a lesson.

When the presiding magistrate arrived at the X. District Police Court on the following morning, he found that his appearance was extremely welcome. The inspector had a curious story to submit to his notice.

This was the story of Lord Cumberwell's arrest. He related it just as it had occurred from an official point of view, and described all that had taken place subsequently. His first impression had been, of course, that the prisoner was a criminal pure and simple, who had taken advantage of an open door for purposes of felony. His eccentric conduct and his attempts at mystery had assisted in confirming this impression. But when he had demanded the presence of the Minister for War another explanation had suggested itself, and one which threw a clearer light upon his peculiar attitude. The man was a creature of impaired intellect who had somehow escaped from the control of his friends.

'You see, sir,' said the inspector, 'that would explain everything. No sane thief would risk his liberty for the sake of what he might pick up in a house of that stamp. Besides, when there's any great national excitement on there's always some poor people who take it into their heads that they are the men of the moment, though in other things they seem to be quite in their sober senses. So I thought I couldn't do better than call in Dr Boyle, from the next street, and get his opinion.'

'When he came he got into talk with the prisoner, and found that it was exactly as I had guessed. The man not only declared that the Marquis and the Prime Minister were his personal friends, but had the fixed idea that he was himself some one of great importance—a Minister of State or something of the kind. There was nothing for it but to detain him while we made inquiries, so we managed to get him into a comfortable cell.'

The magistrate nodded. 'And then?' he asked.

'And then we inquired, sir,' continued the officer. 'But this is the curious part of it. No one of his description has been inquired about at any of our stations, and nothing whatever was known about him. In fact, we couldn't get a word of any sort, so we were obliged to keep him all night.'

'Indeed! How did he take it?'

'Rather hard at first, as such cases generally do. Afterwards he calmed down, and this morning he seemed as right as possible, though he still refused to give any particulars of himself. The first thing he did was to ask who the magistrate was at this court. We told him that, and he seemed to be greatly pleased; in fact, sir, he seemed to know your name, and asked to be allowed to see you as soon as you came down. The next thing he asked for was a copy of the *Hour*.'

'Ah!' said the magistrate, smiling. 'Perhaps he wanted the latest news of his own movements in public! But you don't wish me to see him, do you?'

'Well, sir, if you'll excuse me, I think it would be best. He seems to know your name, and perhaps would be more willing to give you an account of himself. In such cases there's nothing like humouring them as much as possible. There's not the least

danger, sir, and I'll be close at hand myself all the time.'

With this assurance the magistrate was forced to be satisfied. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'in that case, of course—— You'd better bring him here, to my room.'

The inspector departed, much relieved, and the magistrate nerved himself for the interview. Even the bravest man might have felt tremors on being asked to face a lunatic, and he saw all the discomfort of the position clearly. When he heard footsteps returning he watched the door apprehensively.

The inspector opened it, ushered in the prisoner without a word, looked encouragingly at the magistrate, and vanished. 'Then—

'Charleston!' said the prisoner hoarsely.

The magistrate was transfixed with amazement. At the first glance he had suspected a jest, or some curious misunderstanding, for he seemed to be looking upon the face and form of the Earl of Cumberwell, the Foreign Secretary, a statesman who had long been quite a familiar acquaintance of his own. At the second glance he felt inclined to dismiss the idea with scorn. Though marvellously like Lord Cumberwell, this person, on a closer scrutiny, displayed certain differences. He was shabby and faded, whereas the Earl was famous for his always irreproachable appearance. He was also older than the Minister; his aspect was altogether more subdued; he was a little more gray, much more haggard. But that voice—that voice—and that look!

'Charleston!' repeated Lord Cumberwell, advancing.

Mr Charleston awoke from his doubts. He stepped forward in great agitation, and caught the hand extended to him.

'My dear lord!' he stammered.

When he heard the words Lord Cumberwell's strength seemed to fail him; he sank into a chair at the table, and gazed at his friend in a way which was extremely pitiful.

'I was afraid,' he gasped—'I was afraid that you would not—that you would not recognise me!'

Mr Charleston had forgotten his doubts by this time. 'Not recognise you!' he repeated in pure bewilderment. 'My dear lord—not recognise you!'

The Earl sat still, trying to recover himself. He was dazed, and could scarcely realise what had happened—that he was at last saved. After his late experience he had not been able to feel sure of anything, and it would have fitted in completely with the other portions of his nightmare if the magistrate had failed to claim acquaintance with him. The foundations of his world had been shaken, and nothing could have caused him astonishment.

'Ah!' he said slowly, in mingled pain and relief. 'Ah, my dear Charleston, you do not know—you cannot know—what I have gone through!'

So in fifteen minutes more it was all over. Everything had been left in Mr Charleston's discreet care,

and Lord Cumberwell was speeding back to his home in a well-horsed cab.

He was slowly recovering now, though it would be long before the pains left by his astounding adventure would be soothed. To escape from the vicinity of the station and its officials was a great relief in itself, and he was able to collect his thoughts. He tried to glance at the probable consequences of what had occurred. These could not be very serious. His absence would scarcely have caused alarm, for he was often away for the greater part of the night. Only Prettiman had seen him go; and though the circumstances of such a disappearance were certainly unusual, they need not have startled him to any great extent. For Prettiman was in every sense a useful servant, slow, cautious, and discreet, and he would not create a sensation until he thought it absolutely necessary. It was not likely that he would have thought it necessary just yet. As for Mr Lombard, he did not reside in the house, and his only surprise would be at the disappearance of his hat.

As for the still missing document, the Earl did not feel so anxious about it now. It had not fallen into the hands of the enemy, for he had scanned the columns of the *Hour* without finding the startling headline he had dreaded to see. Perhaps it was completely lost, after all; perhaps the police had recovered it; or perhaps it was now lying upon his table, returned through the post by some loyal and intelligent supporter. His first panic had been natural enough; but it had now passed, and he could wait a while.

The cab sped on through Baynton Gardens and into the respectable quiet of the Square. A moment later it drew up at the door. There was no sign of alarm, no trace of anything unusual. He alighted, still attired in the hideous hat and the shabby coat, and Prettiman appeared at the door. After the first glance the man's face was as placid and inscrutable as ever.

Lord Cumberwell replaced the hat of misfortune upon the table from which he had taken it, and gave Prettiman directions to pay and dismiss the cabman. He saw Mr Lombard crossing from the stairs to the study, and greeted him with a hurried 'Good-morning!' Then he passed up the stairs.

Half-an-hour later he descended again, a new creature, fully refreshed and transformed by a bath and a change of garments. As he strode down the stairs not even the most stupid of policemen or suburban householders could have mistaken him for anything but a Minister of State. He paused in the hall to question Prettiman.

'About that woman,' he said, 'who called last night with a letter, just before I went out: what did she want?'

'She was collecting for a mission, my lord. The letter was a circular letter of reference from the vicar of the parish.'

So that was the secret! Without another word the Earl went on to the study. His chase had been a wild-goose chase indeed!

Prettiman looked after him soberly, and when his master had vanished his generally placid face wore a look of curious uneasiness. Though he kept his counsel faithfully, that look reappeared many times during the days that followed. In fact, Prettiman had been intensely anxious throughout the night. It was not that his master had been absent, for that was no uncommon event; but the circumstances had been so unusual. He had come to the conclusion at last that the Earl had been suffering from a fit of temporary aberration, and had gone out under its influence. Two facts appeared to confirm this view. The first of these was the circumstance that he had gone out in his study coat and in Mr Lombard's hat, a proceeding utterly foreign to his habits; the second was that he had rushed away to overtake a person touting for subscriptions. Either fact would have been suspicious enough; but the two taken in conjunction were sufficient evidence to Prettiman of a want of mental balance. His lordship's return, apparently sane and sound, was an immense relief; but from that time he was always inclined to be watchful and apprehensive. He would have quitted the house immediately if Lord Cumberwell had ever again rushed out of doors in his study coat.

Unconscious of all this, the Earl joined Mr Lombard. 'I must apologise to you,' he said in his most genial way. 'I took your hat last evening by mistake. It was a'—he only just kept back the word 'hideous' there—'it was a soft gray one.'

'Oh, it did not matter,' said the secretary, smiling. 'I had another here.'

Nothing more was said about that mysterious action. Lord Cumberwell sat down to examine a number of letters which awaited him, running through them in a quick, eager manner. The lost slip was not among them. Then he leaned back in his chair, and his hand strayed, in a half-unconscious way, to find his handkerchief.

The coat he now wore was the one he had taken to the Cabinet meeting yesterday, and the article he required was in his tail-pocket. As he took it out loosely, something was released from its folds and dropped at his feet. For a while he could only gaze at it dumbly. Then he picked up a piece of paper loosely doubled. There was no doubt about it, no need for a careful examination. This was the lost document whose disappearance had brought about his shocking adventures. The secret of its loss was now fully explained.

In the cab on that eventful journey he had taken out the slip to read it, and had laid it down upon the seat beside him. A moment later he must have laid his handkerchief down also, covering the one article with the other. On reaching Downing Street he had picked up the handkerchief hastily,

and the paper with it. Both had gone into the same pocket, and the slip had thus escaped his subsequent search. That was all. His whole adventure, every indignity he had suffered, had sprung from his careless action in laying that slip of paper upon the seat of the cab.

Then, with sudden enlightenment, he remembered how he had come to commit so thoughtless an action. It had been done in a moment of mental triumph and exaltation. While scanning the slip and considering its contents, the idea had occurred to him that he might almost defy the Fates. His plans seemed so perfect, his position seemed so secure, that no set-back, no disaster, was within the bounds of possibility. Both in spirit and in deed he had dared to laugh at Fortune. And in the same moment his punishment had fallen. Dame Fortune, observing his attitude, had found it necessary to give him a lesson. She had seized the slip of paper, and by its agency had threatened

those carefully laid plans with utter destruction. Further, she had taken the man himself, had thrown him into a panic, had shown him his own insignificance by a series of ruthless incidents, and had ended by shutting him up for a night of humiliation and despair. Then she had released him and set him back in his own place, with painful memories to remind him of the fallibility of human plans and the utter uncertainty of human greatness.

Lord Cumberwell read the lesson in all its bearings. He rose slowly from his chair, and moved towards the fireplace, tearing into small fragments that sheet of unlucky notes. He dropped them, one by one, upon the coals, and the flames sprang up to receive them. As they vanished into ashes, so vanished also the last remnant of the Earl's sublime self-confidence. Never again would he dare to laugh at Fortune.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.



THE Zoological Gardens were opened to the public in the year 1827, and have ever since been regarded as one of the sights of London to which multitudes of visitors are attracted every year. It has long been thought that the Gardens are not large enough to maintain the animals in health; and, as it is almost impossible to extend the present site, it has been suggested that a kind of supplementary 'Zoo' should be established somewhere on the confines of London where certain of the animals could be allowed to roam in comparative freedom. Of course there is no thought of letting loose such predatory creatures as lions, tigers, leopards, or panthers; but deer, antelope, camels, elands, zebras, and many other creatures, besides birds like storks and cranes, might be given such extended liberty with great benefit, not only to themselves but to naturalists, who like to study animal life under more natural conditions than those afforded by the present collection in Regent's Park. The great difficulty will be to find a suitable place in which to carry out this scheme, for it should consist of hill, dale, and wood in order to meet the needs of its various denizens; and, moreover, the situation must be near the terminus of one of the great railway or electric-tram lines. Certain noblemen who possess small collections of animals have already carried out the same idea in miniature, and there is no reason why an extension of the scheme should not succeed.

ARTIFICIAL EGRET PLUMES.

The honorary secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds has called attention to a matter

of great importance to all humane persons. Seven years ago the late Sir William Flower wrote to the *Times* pointing out how ladies were adorning their headgear with the ornamental feathers of white egrets slaughtered during the breeding-season, in numberless cases while the birds were feeding their young. He further showed that the dealers were selling these plumes as artificial productions, so that ladies should not be dissuaded from buying them by any scruples of conscience. To quote his words: 'Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood.' The fashion has been revived and the falsehood is being repeated. The society named has taken the pains to visit the great fashionable drapery and millinery establishments at the west end of London, and has collected aigrettes sold as artificial, which have proved to be, after examination by experts, all genuine. Ladies are generally the first to take up the cause of any poor animal which has been subjected to wanton cruelty, and they can hardly be aware of the mischief they are doing in buying these egret plumes. The safe course is to refuse to wear anything representative of bird-life, whether it be sold as real or artificial, excepting ostrich plumes, which come under a different category altogether.

SUBMERGED COAL-MINES.

It was recently stated at a meeting of the South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire Mining Accident Fund that it had been decided to spend nearly seventy thousand pounds in the provision of additional pumping-power in order to free certain submerged mines of water. The work is to be undertaken by the Mines Drainage Commission of

South Staffordshire, which has had the matter under consideration for many years; but owing to the difficulty of raising the money the enterprise has been in abeyance. They have now full power to raise the necessary money, and it is computed that the operations will release something like forty million tons of coal. This will, of course, be of immense benefit to miners and consumers alike, for it will be equivalent to the discovery of a new mine.

A FUEL EXPERIMENT.

It has been asserted that when Welsh steam-coal is stored in the open air for any considerable period in tropical climates it gradually deteriorates, and much of its heat-giving power disappears. If, on the other hand, it is kept under water such action is altogether prevented. In order to test the truth of these statements, an interesting experiment has been commenced at Portsmouth, under the instructions of the Admiralty. About twenty tons of best hand-picked coal has been divided into two parts, one-half being placed in wooden cases, each holding two tons, and submerged in the harbour, and the other moiety being stored under cover on shore. At the end of twelve months it is intended that the two lots of coal shall be carefully tested not only with a view to ascertaining their calorific value as compared with one another, but also to ascertain whether the wetted coal is in any way dangerous for use on shipboard, or whether it must be dried before being issued.

MODERN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS IN SYRIA.

The American Consul at Beyrout reports that American machinery has invaded Syria. The first to arrive were windmills; now reaping-machines, an oil-motor flour-mill, a steam-plough, and hay-rakes, mowers, forks, hoes, harrows, land-rollers, pumps, farm-wagons, and petroleum-engines are coming into use. Eleven Chicago reaping-machines were working in Cœle-Syria and twenty-six in the plain of Esdraelon last year. For the first time, too, in the history of the country, a steam-thrashing machine from Richmond (Ind.) was working, and attracted great attention. It appears that its success was complete, even to the bruising of the straw, since, in the absence of hay—with the sparing use of oats, barley, and other grains—crushed straw constitutes the staple food for stock. The oil-motor flour-mill is now grinding wheat in Lebanon, and it is expected that it will soon have colleagues, owing to the scarcity of water-power. It appears that agricultural machines and implements are admitted into Turkey free of duty.

LADY ASTRONOMERS.

The Royal Astronomical Society has recently done honour to itself in honouring two ladies by conferring upon them the distinction of fellowship. Miss Agnes Clerke is well known as an astronomer of no mean attainments; and her book, *Problems in Astrophysics*, is but one of many

literary contributions towards the study of stars from her facile pen. Mrs Huggins, the other new 'Fellow,' has long been associated with her talented husband in those spectroscopic researches which have not only taught us something about the composition of the fixed stars, but have also shown how some of them are coming towards us at a headlong pace, and others are receding from us with the same marvellous velocity. It is not the first time that the valuable astronomical work of ladies has been recognised by the society, and the names of Mrs Somerville, Miss Herschell, and Miss Sheepshanks are recalled to the mind as recipients of similar well-merited honours at a time when learned ladies earned among the thoughtless the half-contemptuous term 'blue stockings.' Better manners prevail nowadays, and woman is rightly regarded not only as the helpmeet of man from a matrimonial point of view, but also as one who can aid him in researches of the highest and most recondite character.

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Any one who has taken a railway journey through the midland counties will know well enough what is meant by the 'Black Country.' Hundreds of acres are covered by the hideous accumulation of débris which has been dug out from the mines and thrown aside as useless material—the husks from which the precious kernel has been abstracted; and these ugly mounds of rubbish not only constitute a terrible eyesore, but they represent a wilderness of unproductive soil. A meeting has lately been held at Birmingham with the object of finding some remedy for this unfortunate state of things, and a mass of opinion has been collected in favour of clothing these barren hillocks with verdure, so that the country shall once more bear the same aspect as it had before the miner came upon the scene and changed the face of nature. It is believed on competent authority that these waste places might again blossom as the rose and become once more fit for the abode of human beings. Mr Herbert Stone, who was the first to suggest action in this direction, proposes to so treat the soil that it should be suitable for the growth of sycamores, lime, beech, ash, elm, or poplar; and Professor Fisher considers that some thousands of acres of the Black Country might be successfully planted with pine or spruce, so as to yield a fair return on the outlay in thirty years' time. On the whole it would seem that this attractive scheme is far from being impracticable, and we can only hope that it will be found possible to carry it into effect.

MODERN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The recent war in South Africa has called attention to the enormous importance of accurate rifle-shooting, and has led to the establishment in this country of many new ranges where our marksmen will have opportunities for practice which were non-existent four years ago. Especial interest will

be attached to the next meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley, for the reason that a team of Swiss marksmen, the finest rifle-shots in Europe, will compete with our men, and every one will be anxious to see how the Briton will fare when opposed to such splendid shots. The foreign ranges are not so long as ours, three or four hundred metres generally representing the greatest distance; but it must be remembered that we have the high authority of Lord Roberts that quick and accurate shooting at from three hundred to five hundred yards, or even less, will be the deciding factor in future warfare. The Bisley meeting will also afford an interesting comparison between the weapon used by the Swiss—which is known as the Schmidt rifle—and the Lee-Metford, with which our men are at present armed. The new rifle, of which so much is expected, will not be issued in time for the Bisley campaign.

THE INFLATION OF BALLOONS.

It is said that the invention of the balloon was suggested to Montgolfier more than a century ago by watching the smoke rising from a chimney, and he conceived the idea of enclosing smoke in a light bag or envelope so that it should ascend in the air. He soon found that the rising power was due to the hot air and not to the smoke, and the Montgolfier balloon became a success. The use of gas was in later years found to be more convenient, and hot air was discarded in its favour for balloon inflation. Mr J. N. Maskelyne and the Rev. J. M. Bacon have recently been carrying out some interesting experiments, from which it would seem that hot air will probably be reinstated in its old position; but instead of using bundles of compressed straw as a fuel, as was the custom with the old-time aeronauts, they employ the heat obtained from vaporised petroleum. By this means they were able to fill a balloon with a capacity of nearly seventy thousand cubic feet in the course of an hour, the patent burners which they used consuming only a few gallons of oil. Those who are used to paying gas-bills will be able to realise that the new system must be far more economical than the old one, besides which the apparatus required is much more compact and portable. This is a point of great importance in the case of war-balloons, as the necessity for carrying huge cylinders of compressed gas will be altogether obviated.

BLACK GUNPOWDER.

The invention of gunpowder, which has played such an important part in the later history of nations, is generally credited to about the twelfth century; but there are many references to a compound of the same character much earlier than that. General Wheeler, of the United States, who lectured not long ago upon this subject before the Franklin Institute, gave it as his opinion that the discovery of gunpowder must have been accidental. In many localities in China and India the soil is impregnated with nitre, and the common practice of kindling

wood-fires in the open air for cooking purposes must have resulted in the production of charcoal, and thus the two most active constituents of black gunpowder were brought together. Another fire kindled upon a spot so prepared would result in a flash, and the matter would be investigated. It is said that the Hindu code, long before the Christian era, forbade the use of firearms in warfare. It may be reasonably supposed that the first use of gunpowder was to be to frighten an enemy by its smoke and noise rather than by any other quality it might possess. *Cassier's Magazine* for May has an interesting article dealing with the subject.

A LIFE-SAVING KITE.

Of late years the kite has emerged from the position of a mere toy, and has been successfully employed for meteorological observations at high altitudes. A more recent application of the kite-principle is as a life-saving appliance to be carried on shipboard, its particular duty being to establish communication between a stranded vessel and the adjacent shore. It stands to reason that a ship in this position generally has the assistance of the wind in carrying anything shorewards, and it would be far easier to launch a kite under such conditions than it would be to fire a rocket in the reverse direction. The kite carries a guide-rope, and contains in a pocket a set of signals and instructions. It is also furnished with apparatus for telephonic communication between the crew and their would-be rescuers. But we must confess that, seeing the frequent difficulty of telephonic conversation ashore in a quiet office, we can hardly believe that it would be possible in a howling tempest. The kite is the invention of the Comte Brossard, and it is said to have been tried with success at Toulon and at Brest.

ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.

Nearly every town of any pretensions is now served, or is on the point of being served, by electric tramways; and a question concerning these lines which has lately given rise to much controversy is: which is the better—the trolley system or the conduit system? By the first the cars receive their necessary current from a network of overhead wires, which are supported above the roadway by standards; and in the second the 'live' wires are beneath the roadway in a conduit or trench, a narrow slot along which affords electrical connection with the cars. An interesting report on the two systems has recently been issued by the chief engineer to the London County Council; and as this body has adopted the conduit system on the lines just opened, we may assume that it is considered the better one, although its initial cost is per mile of single track about double that of the other. The points in its favour are that the cables, being hidden, are safe—that is to say, such fatal accidents as those which occurred at Liverpool when the snow brought down the electric wires are

impossible; moreover, they do not constitute an eyesore, as the overhead lines most certainly do. On the other hand, the conduit is liable to flooding in sudden storms, and when such an accident occurs the traffic must cease. There must also be considered the constant work required to keep the trench and its slot clean and the great expense entailed in making any alterations, such as doubling a line or adding loop-lines. So we may take it that the conduit system is to be recommended; but it is more expensive both to construct and to maintain.

REVIVAL OF THE DEAD.

Dr Robert C. Kemp, a physician of repute, has lately brought before the New York Academy of Science an account of some interesting experiments which he has been conducting on lines which were suggested some time ago by Dr Pruss. He asserts that he believes it possible, in many cases, to bring back persons to life and to permanent recovery who are apparently dead. His method, which he has already successfully practised on dogs, is to make a small incision between two of the ribs, and to thrust two fingers into the wound until they touch the heart. That organ is then pressed against the ribs, and its natural motion is imitated by a kind of massage. At the same time a saline solution is infused into the patient, and respiration is induced by a special form of pump, a tube from which is thrust into the windpipe. Under this treatment dogs which have been chloroformed to such an extent that no pulsation is perceptible have been brought back to life—in eleven instances out of twenty-three. It is true that when Dr Kemp tried the same procedure in the case of a human being, about a year ago, he failed to resuscitate the patient; but he believes, with the added experience which he has since had, that the method would now prove successful in his hands.

OUR COAL-SUPPLIES.

Our own home consumption for household use and in the industries, and our enormous export of coal, cause us to inquire how long our coalfields will hold out. It looks, sometimes, as if we were burning the candle at both ends. Professor Redmayne, lecturing at Birmingham University on the rise and progress of coal-mining in Great Britain, stated that the average yield of coal in the British Isles was two hundred and twenty million tons, of which the counties of Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester produced fifty-two million tons; Stafford, York, Salop, and Worcester, nineteen and a half millions; northern coalfields, forty-five millions; Scottish coalfields, thirty-three millions; Welsh coalfields, thirty-three millions; and Ireland, one-tenth of a million. The British Empire occupied a favourable position in regard to the world's output, claiming on the total of over seven hundred and sixty-seven and a half million tons in 1900, a total of 32½ per cent.

America came next with 32 per cent. The rest of the world had 35½ per cent. Basing his calculations on the figures of Professor Hull, and excluding seams to a depth of four thousand feet and less than two feet in thickness, Professor Redmayne estimated that in the United Kingdom there remained visible and concealed a total of eighty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-four million tons of coal still to be worked. This meant that, on an annual average output of two hundred and twenty million tons, there was sufficient coal left in the country to last three hundred and seventy-one years.

THE RISE OF THE BANANA INDUSTRY.

A Jamaica correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* tells the story of the rise of the banana industry. About the year 1868 Captain L. D. Baker, an American skipper, when trading on the coast of Jamaica, became interested in the bananas which were so plentifully offered to him; and, knowing the liking which his countrymen were fast acquiring for this fruit, he set himself to devise means to convey it in a sound condition to the American markets. He built up the business on most liberal lines, paying his people well, while making handsome profits; in fact, a more just or far-seeing man is seldom to be found, and no name should be more revered in Jamaica. The result of Captain Baker's efforts was the formation, in 1887, of the Boston Fruit Company, with Captain Baker as manager in Jamaica; and later the formation of a combination called the United Fruit Company, with a capital equal to two million pounds sterling, which now controls the gigantic fruit-trade between Jamaica and United States ports. The company owns and leases some sixty thousand acres of land, and runs sixteen specially constructed steamers, with passengers and fruit, between New York, Boston, &c., and Port Antonio, their headquarters in the north of the island, annually conveying some five million bunches of bananas and ten million coco-nuts, besides pimento, coffee, and cocoa. The labour is done by both negroes and East Indian coolies; the latter were imported years ago, for the negroes cannot be altogether depended on. Private telephones connect each of the forty plantations owned by the company with the president's office in Port Antonio, and there is the most perfect order and organisation throughout. The leading hotels are run on American lines, and any fresh capital being invested is mostly American. Kingston, the capital town, is splendidly served by a system of electric cars running out into the suburbs, the lines extending to some twenty-five miles, although it is a town of only fifty thousand inhabitants. The power is transmitted twenty-one miles from the river (Rio Cobre) to the transforming station in the town. This has all been done by a Canadian syndicate with a capital of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. The visitors as yet are chiefly

American. It is to arrest the irresistible drift of trade towards the United States that Sir Alfred Jones, in conjunction with Mr Chamberlain, has stepped in; and, looked at from this standpoint,

his enterprise in connection with the fruit-carrying trade to the United Kingdom assumes the level of imperial importance. The Imperial Direct Line is a true link of empire.

AN INCIDENT AT THE ROCK.



THE night was stifling and oppressive, and the heavy air redolent of that strange hot-country scent which first makes itself known to travelling northern noses in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, and which—ever increasing in intensity as Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Aden are successively passed—finally reaches its culminating point when the good ship drops her anchor in the shadow of the great Indian peninsula, the cradle of all snells.

In the bay of Gibraltar the riding lights of sundry vessels blinked fitfully over the water, and much nasal caterwauling, accompanied by the throbbing of many guitars—the singing (!) of the ‘scorpions,’ as the natives of the Rock are called—could be distinctly heard floating over the lower quarters of the town, causing many a pang of longing and regret to arise in the red-clad breasts of the hot and thirsty soldiers composing the Ragged Staff Guard, as they hung about the guard-room door, muttering curses on their fate and the weather, and counting the weary hours until the longed-for relief.

Inside, in the officer’s room, the fever-ridden twenty-four hours’ tenant of that insect-haunted prison sat profusely perspiring in an old and frowzy horsehair-covered arm-chair, whose uneasy seat, from years of persistent ill-treatment by vicious subalterns, presented such a surface of ravine and mountain as to make it an efficient deterrent, even in the case of the most inveterate ‘forty winker,’ against closing his eyes while on duty. A flaring gas-jet placed immediately above the chair increased the horrible heat; and, incredible as it may appear, the officer of the guard was tightly cased in a thick red tunic, with a collar of portentous height, and heavily belted in clumsy white buff! Such was the impossible dress insisted on by the wiseacres in 1882, the time of this story. Gibraltar was not then, whatever it may be now, considered a foreign station as far as clothing was concerned; and with the thermometer in the shade standing between eighty and ninety degrees, officers and men alike were condemned to wear exactly the same uniform as during the winter in England. Thick white buckskin gloves, which he dared not take off, covered the officer’s hot hands; for the guard might be inspected at any moment of the day or night by a martinet field-officer, and woe betide its commander if he failed to instantly take his appointed place in front of his men, duly trussed, gloved, and with drawn sword! Even getting the latter out of its scabbard might cause a moment’s delay, so it lay in all its glorious naked and blunt

inefficiency on a small deal table, in company with a heavy helmet and a half-consumed and tepid drink. To seize the one and cram the other on his head (the hat, not the drink) was as much as could be accomplished in the time at the officer’s disposal ere he scrambled out of the door into the dark night, tripped over the dangling scabbard as it waggled between his legs, and, panting and flustered, took his appointed place and gave the usual salute. A large lump of camphor suspended from the gas-jet by a string hung close above the sufferer’s forehead—a little device this intended to prevent the mosquitoes, of which there were myriads humming about, from battenning on his pallid face. These little pests detest the smell of camphor; but nose and lump must be in close and affectionate intimacy if the latter is to prevail over the attractions of the former. A tin of Keating’s powder on a crumpled newspaper lay on the officer’s knees.

Next door, in the men’s room, an equally tightly trussed sergeant ‘wrestled’ with a formidable spaced and printed sheet of paper, spread out before him on a rickety little table. A would-be important M.P. had lately strenuously demanded a return showing the ‘number of men in the army who had had their corns cut during the last two years with razors made in Germany, together with their places of birth, and the ages of their mothers-in-law, if any.’ A much-badgered War Minister had in a moment of mental aberration given an unwilling assent; and consequently all over the world, wherever the red-clad men rambled, hundreds of worried soldiers, from corporals to colonels, were struggling to compile with accuracy, as is their conscientious but foolish wont, this very useful and necessary information. Again and again the sergeant’s moist fingers gripped the grimy penholder, and drove it with a determined click to the very bottom of the reeking ink-pot, only to slowly withdraw it, and once more hesitatingly carry its well-chewed end to the chipped and tobacco-stained teeth. Drops of ink and perspiration scattered themselves impartially about here and there, and were greedily sucked up by a thin and thirsty bit of blotting-paper. They left little black and white blisters on the mothers-in-law; and as each spot appeared the man muttered remarks which I am sure the recording angel, if he had ever had to work under similar conditions of discomfort, would have cheerfully and sympathisingly overlooked. A couple of men lay grumbling on the wooden guard-bed, and a dishevelled terrier gasped in a corner.

Outside, the remaining men of the guard—such

as were not doing their turn of sentry-go—sat on a bench talking together in tones that, low as they were, nevertheless reached the ears of both officer and sergeant, soothing the superior, irritating the inferior; but presently a particular voice which the former had no difficulty in assigning to a man of his own company, called Meakin—guards are composed of men taken from all companies of a regiment—rose insistent above the others.

‘Pleecemen! I ’ates ’em, nasty interferin’ fellers,’ wheezed the high Cockney tones; ‘but I got even wi’ one onst, I tell yer. Yus, I got back a bit o’ my own, I did.’

‘Tell us the yarn, ol’ man,’ said two or three voices together.

After a moment’s silence the answer came, thin and clear, on the still night-air: ‘W’y, I don’t mind if I do, fur it ’appened so long ago, seven or height years m’ybe, that no ’arm kin come o’ it, fur I knows none o’ you chaps ’ll myke trouble.’

‘Wot abart the horficer?’ said a man cautiously. ‘Speak low, Meaky; ’e might be a-listenin’.’

‘E!’ cried Meakin, with fine contempt in his tone. ‘W’y, ’e’s my own horficer. I knows ’im; ’e’ll be sleepin’, or boozin’, or somethink. W’y, ’e wouldn’t ’ear a hearthquake, ’e wouldn’t. No fear o’ ’im, the silly kipper.’

But whatever hidden grains of truth may have lurked in Private Meakin’s estimate of his officer, the latter at this particular moment happened to be very wide awake indeed, owing to the attack of a mosquito, which, greatly daring, and in spite of camphor and Keating, had boldly plunged his tiny proboscis into the large and succulent one so invitingly spread out before him. This youthful warrior, therefore, who never by any chance took the slightest interest in his men and their affairs beyond what duty compelled—it was considered bad form in those days—on this occasion kept his ears open, partly urged thereto by Meakin’s unflattering opinion, and partly by a feeble curiosity to hear what might possibly turn out to be a good story. Tell it not in Gath! but this bold man now and again had the temerity to address a bulky letter, accompanied by a certain number of postage-stamps—which latter nearly always came home to roost—to the autocrats of sundry monthly publications, not, I fear, from any aspirations to literary fame, but with the sordid view of increasing the daily five shillings and threepence allowed him by a grateful country. So, with one eye to business, he duly closed both in case of accidents, and composed himself to listen with all the attention fleas and mosquitoes permitted.

‘Afore I ’listed,’ creaked the voice of Meakin, ‘I was at a printin’ plyce in London, an’ walked hout wi’ as pretty a little piece o’ goods as ye hever see. We was goin’ to git spliced bimebye. I ’ad to go aw’y fur a bit hon bisness wot don’t matter to nobody; an’ w’en I come hout—back, I should s’y—my gal Sally had chucked me ter tike hup wi’ a bloomin’ bobby. I on’y seed ’im onst—a ’uge, grite

beast ’e wor—an’ we ’ad words, hall three ov hus. Sally she ’eld to ’im an’ wouldn’t ’ave nothink ter do wi’ me, so I jus’ cut it, an’ ’listed in the old Slashers, hat Aldershot they wos, w’ere they drilled the bloomin’ ’ead orf me till I blessed Sally an’ ’er man as druv’ me ter go fur a soger.

‘It wor five years arter that my chanst come. We wor hat Devonport then, a plyce w’ere they shoves sentries hall over the dockyard ter see that no annechists don’t run aw’y wi’ the big guns or put the warships into their pockets, I s’pose. It m’y be all right, but has they ’as a crowd o’ bobbies ’ugin’ round has well, it don’t seem no sense keepin’ two lots o’ men hout o’ their nat’ral sleep. B’sides, it mykes a ’eap o’ hill-feelin’ ’tween sogers an’ pleecemen: each lot thinks t’other’s put there ’cause it can’t be trusted alone—see? An’ so Mister Bobby jumps hon Mister Atkins, an’ vice-versa, w’enever they gits a chanst. The reg’lations agen smokin’ in this ’ere dockyard hare tremenjous strict, an’ ye carry yer life in yer ’and, so ter speak, if ye so much has look hat a pipe. An’ it wor jus’ this very smokin’ that let me git even wi’ a bobby.

‘One night I was hon No. 3 post, which is quiet an’ hout o’ the w’y, like, w’en all of a suddin I ’ad a cravin’ fur a whiff as I couldn’t put aw’y from me no’ow. So I squints abart, an’ seein’ nobody round, jus’ slips behind a grite pile o’ round-shot, stacked up since Boney’s time, I should himagine, an’ lights hup my little clay. Would yer b’leeve it, boys, I ’adn’t ’ad ten draws ’ardly afore a sniffin’ round the pile comes a ’ulkin’ pleeceman, an’ there I ham fairly nabbed. “Ullo, me lad!” s’ys ’e, grinnin’, “smokin’, are yer? Ye jus’ come along ter the guard-room wi’ me. A pretty nice thing fur hus pleecemen ter ’ave ter see you red ’errin’s don’t brike the rules.” But I knewed ’im hat onst, which you’ll guess it wor Sally’s bobby, an’ an idea come inter my ’ead suddin-like. “Smokin’, are yer, Mister Pleeceman?” shouts I. “Ere, inter my box yer goes.” An’ afore ’e twigged wot wor hup, I puts the pint o’ my bay’nit ’ard agin ’is chist an’ fairly druv’ ’im inter the sentry-box that stood behind ’im. I wor shoutin’ fur the sargint o’ the guard, too, hall the time; an’, bein’ a smart sargint, ’e come runnin’ hup wi’ a file o’ men in no time; an’ before that bobby man could git in a word hedgeways I’d ’ollered out, “Ere, sargint, I’ve copped this pleeceman a-smokin’ agen orders, an’ ’ere’s the pipe I’ve took orf ’im,” says I, ’oldin’ hout my ’ot old dudeen!

‘Wull, genehnen, they don’t try bobbies by court-martial like hus. A commissioner or some bloke like that dresses ’em down in secret-like, ’cause nobody must know that pleecemen can do wrong. An’, would ye b’leeve it, Sally’s man got clean broke over that little job, turned hout o’ the force neck an’ crop, wi’ no pension, no character, no nothink, and wi’ Sally an’ three kids to perwide for inter the bargain. He ’adn’t a chanst wi’ me and the sargint an’ the two men, fur o’ course they b’leaved wot I told ’em, an’ swore to it nat’ral an’ ’onest; an’ the chap wot ’eard hour evidence wor a reg’lar ’ard un.

An' so that's 'ow I got level wi' Sally an' 'er 'usband, an' serve 'em both right I think you'll hall agree.

'I wor transferred to this 'onerable corps soon hafter, an' never 'eard no more on 'em; but I 'speeks they 'ad to go to the 'ouse, fur yer might as well hexpect to be a millionaire has git work after bein' sacked outer the force. No matter w're yer goes an' 'ow well yer may behave, some kind friend'll be sure to turn hup an' tell on yer.'

Meakin ceased, and there was a dead silence—it may be of disapproval, who knows?—and then another voice said slowly and with conviction, 'Wot a liar ye are, Meaky!'

'It's the truth I'm tellin',' came the raucous wheeze again—'the 'oly truth, s'elp me!'

Then the listener in the little room opened one eye in astonishment, for it was the sergeant's gruff bass, trembling with a strange note of excitement in it, that now took up the parable.

'You tell the truth, Meakin!' he growled scornfully. 'You couldn't if you tried, you miserable little manikin. You never got upsides with a bobby even with a bay'nit and a file o' men to help you. What was the chap's name, my sonny, and when did it happen? Quick now, before you have time to invent more lies.' There was a jeering laugh at this amongst the men generally, and Meakin betrayed his irritation in his answer:

'A most humcommon an' haristercratic nyme it wor, sargint. Smith, syne as yer own—271 R, Constable T. Smith. It don't take no inventin'; an', has I said afore ye guve us the pleasure o' yer company, it 'appened hat Devonport near height years ago.'

Then the officer got another surprise that opened his other eye and made him look quite alive and intelligent, for the sergeant, with a pale face and eager eyes, appeared at the door. He was so greatly agitated as almost to get through his salute in two-fifths of a second under the regulation time.

'Sir,' he gasped, 'Private Meakin has just told a story outside to the men that I would take as a great favour, sir, if you could get him, in some way, to repeat to you. It's a matter of life and'—

But the officer raised his hand and stopped the eager man with a gesture. 'I have already heard it, Sergeant Smith,' he quietly said. 'A very discreditable tale it is; but doubtless without a word of truth in it, as I heard you yourself tell the man. I know the fellow's ways. He is in my own company, you know, and he is a great liar. I don't believe a word of it, and shall take no official notice of the matter. Well?'

'No, sir. Oh no!' cried the sergeant, 'it's every word of it true. 271 R was my poor brother, sir; that's why I pretended to disbelieve Meakin, just to get the name. It all happened to my brother, sir, at Devonport, just exactly as you have heard; and now you know, sir, what I all along believed, that he is innocent of the offence for which he was punished. You have heard the truth from the scoundrel's own lips, sir, and now justice rests with

you. God has brought out the truth after all these years, and you alone can act on it. The men will never say a word; barrack-room honour will prevent them, whatever their feelings may be, and my word alone will be of no use; but you have heard it, and I swear it's true, sir, and'—

But once more the officer stopped the torrent of excited words.

'Sergeant Smith,' he said, as he gently sprinkled a little Keating on the floor round about his chair, 'make Private Meakin a prisoner, and send up to barracks for another man to take his place. I will explain the matter to the colonel in the morning. That will do;' and the sergeant, with a great joy shining in his eyes, saluted in silence, turned on his heel, and withdrew.

T. Smith, 271 R, is once again a proud member of the force, only this time as a sergeant, and a nice little indemnity or solatium; or whatever you like to call it, reposes in the savings-bank, a provision against the rainy day dreaded by all those who toil; and Private Meakin, clad in strange garments, gives endless trouble, as far as he can without risking a flogging, to the authorities of one of His Majesty's prisons.

The camphorated officer has long commanded his regiment, and the corn and mother-in-law return, very inaccurately compiled, I fear, lies peacefully in the dusty pigeon-hole to which it was at once consigned on its receipt by the great Red Tape Office.

Endless work and endless trouble
Endless money spent, in—bubble.

YOUTH AND MEMORY.

LIKE swift, elusive butterflies at play,
Gay Youth and Love dance through the careless hours,
And life appears a garden space of flowers,
Wherein old Time goes loitering on his way.
Full soon arrives the reaping-time of grief,
And scant the garner of unfruitful years
Made desolate and swept by storm of tears;
Life's tree bereft and bare of every leaf.

But, ere Death comes with winter shroud of snow,
An angel form appears, who bears a key
To open wide the gate of Memory
That guards the mystic past, where, all aglow,
Our treasures dwell, imperishable loves that smile
And lure us to the heaven we left erewhile.

FRANCIS ANNELEY.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.